Featured Global Poets

CSP Shrivastava * Huniie Parker Noreen Snyder * Ramkrishna Paul

Children : Difference Makers



~ Malala Yousafzai ~

The Poetry Posse 2023

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



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2023

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

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

 \sim * \sim

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet X October 2023 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2023

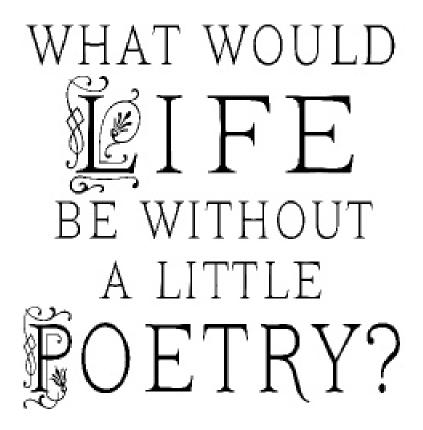
This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a "Collection". All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior *WRITTEN CONSENT* of the "Material Owners" or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Laws. Any queries pertaining to this "Collection" should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

Publisher Information 1st Edition : Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

Copyright © 2023 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13 : 978-1-961498-10-5 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99





This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

Ľ

The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Table of Contents

Foreword	ix	
Preface	xiii	
Children : Difference Makers	xv	
Malala Yousafzai		

$T_{he} \mathop{\mathcal{P}_{oetry}} \mathop{\mathcal{P}_{osse}}$

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Tezmin Ition Tsai	21
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	27
Kimberly Burnham	35
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	41
Joe Paire	47
hülya n. yılmaz	53
Teresa E. Gallion	59
Ashok K. Bhargava	67
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	73

Table of Contents . . . continued

Swapna Behera	79
Albert Carassco	87
Michelle Joan Barulich	93
Eliza Segiet	99
William S. Peters, Sr.	107

October's Featured Poets	115
CSP Shrivastava	117
Hunije Parker	123

	123
Noreen Snyder	131
Ramkrishna Paul	139

Inner Child	l Press News	147

Other Anthological Works 185

Foreword Children: Difference Makers

Malala Yousafzai

"If one man can destroy everything why can't one girl change it?" Yes, certainly a girl can change it.

She is Malala Yousafzai, the change maker from Swat District Pakistan born in July 12 1997 who changed the entire scenario of violence and gave the clarion call for peace and education.

"I truly believe the only way we can create global peace is through not only educating our minds but our hearts and our souls"

"We realize the importance of our voices only when we are silenced"

"One child, one teacher, one book, one pen can change the world"

~ Malala Yousafzai

She believed in equality. She even believed that a woman is more powerful than man. She became an international symbol of the fight for girls' education. She was shot in 2012 for opposing Taliban restrictions on female education in her home country Pakistan. She was the epitome of courage and resilience in the face of adversity

Education is one of the blessings of life that she had understood well. The United Nations officially dubbed July 12th as Malala day. She is the youngest UN messenger of Peace. she wins a Grammy Award for best children's album for the audio version of her book I AM MALALA. she was awarded Pakistan's first National Youth Peace Prize

She is the youngest person to receive a Noble Peace Prize on October 10th 2014 only at the age of 17 years. When she was only ten years old Taliban's imposed number of extreme rules. They banned girls from school. She started speaking against these strictures. At the age of 11 she worked as a blogger in BBC Urdu. She used to write the plight of the girls in Urdu when reading in seven class. She received death threats and on 9th October while she was coming from school with her friends was shot. The bullet hit her several inches away from her left eye pierced her neck and lodged her shoulder. Apparently, she was shifted to England. Various leaders condemned this.

She is an active proponent of education as a fundamental social and economic right.

"Education is neither Eastern nor western, it is human" as she said

Certainly, she is a difference maker who fought for education, peace, human rights, equality, woman empowerment and against all discriminations.

Kudos Malala; the trend setter. The whole world respects you. You are the epitome of courage.

The Inner *Child Press* with its mission of *'building bridges of cultural understanding'* takes the responsibility for global peace and harmony through poetry with International Anthologies.

We respect the land, nature, folk tales, culture, music, literature, perceptions, ideas, thoughts, language, art, artisans and all ethnic groups of the world. The year 2023 was assigned and dedicated to children change makers of the globe.

Literature has undergone a tectonic change. We express our deep reverence to all for they are the apostles of a time zone who have solved the situations, saved human lives and helped the economic, cultural social growth of society.

Malala is one among them. She is a change maker. Poetry is the living song of human race

"When the whole world is silent even one voice becomes powerful". We respect the humanity. We respect the voice that speaks for justice. We admire the voice that speaks for growth of civilization. We respect coexistence beyond any disparities.

Long live global peace

Swapna Behera

Cultural Ambassador India and South East Asia Inner Child Press International

Preface

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

We are so excited as we are now offer unto you our tenth month of our **10th** year of monthly publication of this enterprise, **The Year of the Poet**.

This particular year we have chosen to feature children who made/make a difference in enhancing the lives of all humanity. Read ~ Learn.

For those of you who are not familiar with our story, back in 2013, a few of us poets got together with the simple intention of producing a book a month. That was our challenge. Since that time the enterprise has blossomed and brought forth a fruit that seems to keep on growing as evidenced as we enter 2023.

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

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

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

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Children Difference Makers **Malala Yousafzai** October 2023

by Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

At 17, Malala Yousafzai became the youngest Nobel Prize laureate for her humanitarian efforts. She captured the world's attention after being shot by the Taliban in Pakistan on her way to school because she was an advocate for women pursuing education. She is currently working towards her bachelor's degree at Oxford's Lady Margaret Hall while continuing her charity work through her organization, The Malala Fund.

~ * ~

"One child, one teacher, one book, one pen can change the world." ~Malala Yousafzai

~ * ~

"I think realising that you're not alone, that you are standing with millions of your sisters around the world is vital." ~Malala Yousafzai







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

 $\sim wsp$

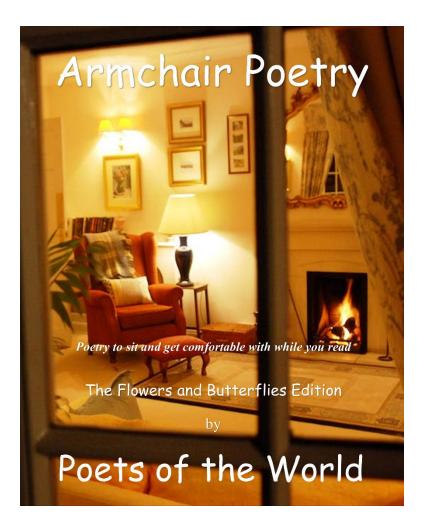




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

Now Available



innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

Halt

She moved slowly toward the center Shielding the ones behind her Her body, a barrier for ignorance It is not that she didn't know It was that they didn't know What she hoped to accomplish With the learning they thought She really didn't need It was never the words anyway Life shared the space with her The loud space we so often miss By looking and not hearing So they damaged her body So they stopped her footsteps Thinking they had won That short pause was necessary To gather the strength necessary For her and her sisters

little pieces

I want to write little pieces Very few lines with very little imagination And even less truth I want to live in few words So that when I speak such I can't be taken seriously Because who never finishes their thoughts Much less their sentences

I want to dangle participles And end my angles in prepositions Allow me to be confused also So the world can thrive on some Half ideas and may bees Buzzing around on horizons Looking through windsouls to Free a few imaginations to soar

I need to be inconcise and unclear Use double negatives and liberally Sprinkle nons all over the place Reigning drops of crowns on paupers And use only half my wit It will only take some consonants And a lot of vowels, maybe all of em To change the books that have been written

I will tell lies wholeheartedly While I sip on lemongrass tea I promise to be outlandish Somewhat entertaining, but only a bit And want things no one can do

That no one has dreamed of yet I will drop little notes in preschools And write snippets on playground walls In every city's ghetto language

I will write little pieces In very few words With lots of spaces in between them Room to grow child's ideas And use crayon for lots of coloring In or outside of lines, in or outside of rooms Please Lord, allow my words to become less So that someone else will have the needed Space to change your world for the better

It's not about me

When I awake I can lie still in the mornings Waiting on you to join me In that early morning grace Of knowing that we have Made it to today, whole, Intact and in our right minds I can immediately give thanks That my prayers from The night before have been answered And while I may not realize it In terms that I can touch It never-the-less has happened

When I awake I do not find you wanting In any measurement of fullness And I find your need To begin the day in peace A match to my own So we go about the ministrations A cup of tea, a heel of bread A song of prayer, hums, whispers Made by our own thanksgiving Of a fast to be broken

When I awake To the leaving and arriving Of winds across a blue ocean The scent of mangoes And pleasant call of greetings That await outside our door

It is good to be still Against even pleasant intrusions So we begin our day together As we ended it the night before In prayer for the things We want for others and ourselves

When I wake I am overwhelmed with The extravagance of life In placing me beside a man Who understands that mercy Is not a weakness Nor love a fault of foolish men But something to be treasured And returned tenfold When I awake I realize that this day Is not about me, but us.

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

Burglary Malala Yousafzai

who educates a boy this one educates one human who educates a girl this one educates the whole world

A key made of quill pen and ink opens the padlock to the guarded gates of paradise The story goes that there is a tree growing in the middle of the garden. You can taste the fruit, open wide your eyes to learn the rules that govern the Earth and the universe.

The lock creaks and warns that knowledge can be dangerous - sometimes it leads to the stake or prison, at the same time encouraging and saying that it is a double-edged weapon. It is like a sword, which can cut through a veil weaved from darkness and fear, It is also able to destroy the Gordian knot created from poverty and dependency.

The wide open gate invites you to get in. The wind tries to close it and chase away the intruder. You have to overcome your fear to break and enter, stretch out your hand for the bitter-tasting forbidden fruit. Put education on one side and your life on the other.

A memory - New York, September 11th

I saw people similar to angels without wings. They were flying towards the ground and they only had a few minutes to despair. I felt my heart beating painfully.

The towers, symbols of power and glory, collapsed with a terrible noise. They were felled by the force of hatred

In helpless dismay I watched history. Then in this place there was nothing. The dust settled on the blood and tears.

Years have passed. In an old chronicle people are still jumping from the windows.

Widow

She has been left alone, like an expensive cup without a saucer.

Nobody supports and protects her and she cannot give her warmth to anyone

She is still beautiful but lonely. She does not match the set. Jackie Davis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

On, and On...

Something there is, that's worthy, priceless, yet, forbidden. Out of reach; desired nevertheless.

Something that demands an exorbitant cost. Required, hungered for, of great value. Yet denied. It's a Something that if pursued, brings one closer to the brink of certain death.

Something there is, within, demands acknowledgement A heart filled with wants, needs: a right forbidden.

Something that propels one to strive onward, toward the light of self improvement. It's a Something worth risking all that one has to reach the goal. To claim entitlement's prize.

Something there is, that stands in mind's pathway: an obstacle, always, rigidly forbidden. Why?

It's Something akin to hunger, thirst, despite, yes, even to the risk to life. Sadly, boldly, exacted only from the fairer sex. Something won? Something lost?

The struggle for attainment continues. On, and on.

Норе

From the darkness, void of light, Drip drops of rain. Screams like thunder echo Between the trills and shrills of birds, descending now, darker, louder.

Into the leaves of education's stains, Hope rests uneasily. In the arms of alarm, there are those singing sorrowful songs of that which has gone terribly wrong.

From forbidden tenants, rules, dictates, of pointed mischaracterization, Hope weeps. Due to lack of empathy, sensitivity, she fades. Yet, there is one, who swims against tides of desperation.

Disbelieving yet allowing, Hope floats on education's promise of opportunity: between strangulation of non-choice and determination. Midst chaos and its power, Hope is a stranger.

Within hearts of a new generation, there remains some Hope amongst the remnants. Is it any wonder that there are now children who choose to honor Hope's name, Hope's fame?

Yes! There are children everywhere who sing purposeful songs: the music of which is Hope's dreams,. And her education's prize. Despite the past, they claim pieces of Hope as their own.

Make Mine Dark and Strong

Scribbling a line or two, or a stanza, Make mundane, the horrific, or the beautiful. Dictate the actuality from life, but from The muse's rehearsal, say what you will.

From some wisdom or not, I cannot say, How from pensive minds poems arrive; yet, If in a moment one gives you pleasure, A start, or even a thrill, have not the words,

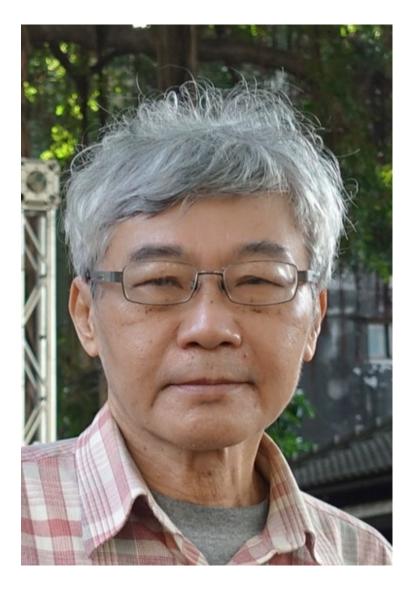
Like ones Webster placed between the pages, Accomplished their intent, done their duty?

It stands today, that one man's cup of tea In flavor doesn't have to match any other. Nor does all verse have to be the same. And so, if you please, make mine dark and strong.

From Edgar Allan Poe, his writing style, Strange to some, like a cup of strong tea, black. Some bitter. Just ask Stephen King what thinks he Of the lukewarm, feel good, milk toast tomes.

Might he not say, "I'll take mine dark and strong, And seasoned well with notoriety?"

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

October, That Clock On The Withered Tree

The sun beckoning tears, drop by drop. Morning light, blooming sighs On my skin Mimicking a kind of indistinct elegance Clock chimes, swaying between near and far. Visiting in the sea breeze Searching for the frequent toils of the past few years' Sing alone all night long, Dancing in my ears, Its hands gentle, A thousand shades of rouge, Painting my lips. Shelter, like a weary traveler in the dust, The vast, boundless sea, Gaze at the distant, unique wisps of smoke. Transformed into a warmth. As close as that seashell. Silently returning home in the evening.

I Am Left With Only This Paper-Made Soul

Contemplation and obsession Embrace me Life murmurs and rushes through Exploring its own soul This season Amidst wild bursts of blue My heart will Quiver...!

Coral masquerading as Insects of lucid dreams A slow-paced Underwater ballet A deep, throbbing Devotion The ocean's mighty waves Swallow their torment

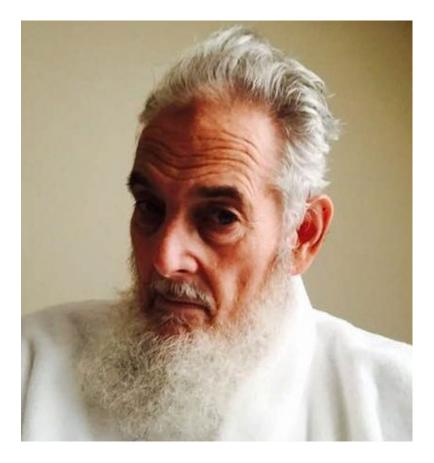
Forget it! Love is also Swimming away While moving forward...!"

Lead Your Stone Ox

Tie me to the wind! Caress my skin! Heartbeats in symphony, summoning. A wild night of trysts on the wild shore Unbridled and untamed My lightly sketched unwillingness to yield. At daybreak Please tell me separately That was just a Mirage!

The soul Sometimes wrinkles. Like thin paper in someone else's fist Twisted into a ball. Like a mystery Even so, it will revive. Existing in the gentle packaging of itself I am left with just this. Paper-made Soul!

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

Malala Brave

Born: 1997 Malala Yousafzai braver than soldiers stand like mountaintop advocate education for girls, women why? born in Swai, Afghanistan ruled by Taliban advocate for females a suicide move 2012 BAM shot in the head only 15 years old went through period of critical care came through other side Afghan and Pakistani national hero the people's champion standing redwood strong airborne rangers pale next to 15 shot in the head by Taliban come out the other side no fear come out international. Nobel Peace Prize winner youngest in history at 17 now recovered and sought after world wide received Canadian citizenship addressed Canadian house of Commons too many accolades to count well, you get the point " Don't ever underestimate what a child can do "

Peeking under the table

Racism is more American Then dogshit stink Just think Sucker dem love i mean love like that Their poster boy for White Institutional Racism Don't make no difference What he do, say Every word out his ff'ed Up mouth a lie Don't hide \$hit except for His \$\$\$\$\$\$ yah that's About it otherwise he hides In the wide-open spaces And even tries to overthrow Whole freaky dicky Govt. Hidden in broad daylight Causes 5 capital cops to die Many of his zombie followers Go to prison, I mean in the Thousands Indicted on more \$hit then Hitler so help me Putin So, does the Democracy loving??? Poster boy for White Institutional Supremacy loving AmeriKKKans dump this narcistic, Pathological liar? Their idol who doesn't care for nothing but him including his family, kids and all and oooh

Yah including these sick ass Racist zombies who no matter What this immoral piece of \$#iT Does still love him because they as ff'ed as him. In fact, they are him AmeriKKKan as apple pie

snakes and rats..,

have side effects. Fact what you expect from a snake stand erect, come correct something else in effect? remember the Jazz tune when the snake wiggled his slick con behind to get in a women's mind and then she let him in, felt sorry for him she forgot what he is and tried to get what he's not got bit, said " What? " like she's surprised he said " you knew i was a snake " as she slowly became the " late " didn't respect the traits i'll make him something fake but it's a fact can't change a snake or a rat they are just that including human snakes and rats. you mean you ain't heard play with fire, you get burned check that desire ... word

34

Kimberly Burnham



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Malala Fund Remembering the Future

Remember when we were worried about healing from gun shots and hate how we survived then thrived by eliminating conflicts tackling poverty, discrimination and climate crisis all the things preventing our girls from rising within amazing educations

Remember how the girls rose up supported and cherished earning places around the world addressing problems with creative solutions

Remember how we believed in local educators and activists are the best how the whole world came investing in our collective power driving positive change

Remember when world leaders advocated. for women and women for themselves raised into leaders

Remember the world we created together

Education Stolen

In Balochi, a language of Pakistan "Muhnt" is defined as a share of stolen property restored to the owner as a peace offering also defined as the share of the spoils or rewards for the trouble taken

And I wonder what peace offering can be returned when it is education time learning that is stolen how can a few words be returned when a sense of safety and accomplishment have been taken can resilience be returned once stolen

Husbands and Homonyms Across Languages

In Dogri (डोगरी), a language of Pakistan "रमान" pronounced Raman means peace, comfort, ease, relaxation, relief, respite, rest all this in one word inexplicably the same word means husband in Maithili, another language of Pakistan would that all husbands and wives could create a feeling of peace for themselves and their families imagine a good man taking his daughters to school where they learn of the world theirs and the rest in peace and ease returning home safely to do terrific deeds in their community and beyond

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

One Girl Who Changed the World

Malala, a name that would go down in history-Coined as an International Symbol of the Fight for Girl's Education

Being shot was not a hindrance for her, not a restriction Young as she was,

She continued her noble advocacy.

The youngest ever to win the Noble Peace Prize,

For her to be known across the globe is not a surprise

"One child, one teacher, one book, and one pen can change the world"

Malala proved that being young is not an excuse to do great things for others.

Courage to be True

Do you have to hide your true self? Make pretensions, be under disguise? To be noticed by others, do you have to lie? Look yourself in the mirror and ask yourself why? Has the world made a slave out of you That once you feel unappreciated, You succumb to being blue? In reality, those who don a mask, Are the ones who don't know authentic happiness For out of the mundane things, their joy dwells. Living each day in their own make-believe world, Lost souls, restless hearts, crying for freedom To break free from the chains that bind And to have the courage to be true to mankind. Clowns are sent to entertain the crowd, But beneath the thick layers of hues Can we say that their smiles are true? The funny comedian in the movies that we see In real life emerges a depressed soul once alone For behind the laughter, behind the cheer, We can't see their real selves, can't see the hidden fear. True, happy people don't have to mask their true selves, For they don't seek validation or appreciation from others, Simply by being their own self, being honest about what they feel,

Open doors of love and acceptance for those who truly care.

Indigo Child

i am not of this world i came from an abysmal chaosbut from this beautiful chaos, Desiderata was borna child of the Universe, precious and golden a lovely old soul beyond time and spaceoften misunderstood by mediocre mindsbut applauded by great free thinkers i long for a world enveloped in serenityinhabited by empaths with great sensitivity a loner I may be but this is who I ambut i've got this deep connection with things around me an indigo girl at birthmy temporary sanctuary is the Earth lone wolves gather at my feetfor i am their Goddess in human form.





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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

At The Age Of 17

Many people from my era, didn't care to get involved. Too much faith in the government, To get things solved.

We had our activist, activity. We've had our acts against our civil liberties We have our facts, how life should be. How could we ignore what grants us peace.

Human rights in times of human strife At times, and most times. At the cost of human lives. Malala Yousafzai realized at the age of 17 She became the youngest to receive, A Nobel prize.

The Taliban at times, banned girls from attending schools (we're in need of some advocacy, To keep our own history as a rule)

But I digress, not to dismiss but address, The unrest. This is not a test, Or an isolated incident. Her story is our story

Can we survive, and rise to a level of, Peace without incident?

Can I Reach You?

Can I relay my experience, the same way you'll experience it the way my parents delivered it..

I was nay all the way, until those very words became evident emotionally relevant, old folks can't tell you. wish you would've listened but that's the part I'm missing

I want to get past the "yeah right" And "I hear ya Unc" I want to appeal to your zeal And avoid malevolent zealots How do we teach the similarities Without discussing polarities.

Parallel lives, or history repeats itself It's time to realize History doesn't read itself And philosophy well, future minds often find the truth within themselves

I'm just trying to help the process When I've been through your synopsis Forget the optics, not the topic Times have changed, not to the point of tossing Can we gather together, to do a little talking

Job Application

I was on a vacation, blessed with relations Life had its own idea of fun Friendless in an endless amount of strife Soon to take a wife I no better deserved, Then, I confessed then.

Rest in peace means I sleep well I'm in a deep well I need a job, that means a background check That means a credit reference Lord knows I got no sense or no cents Since as long as a simile would fit, this riff

Fitness, can you lift fifty pounds Can you work weekends at any hour And come in if you're out of town (I'm just trying to fry up some ground round)

Have you ever been convicted, or currently indited I got excited, I was delighted they asked that question (I mean it's not like I'm running for president I'm thinking fry cook when I'm not booked I'm thinking equal justice under the flaw I spelt the law wrong on purpose But a porpoise isn't a fish.

It's a whale of a tale I'll tell you Oh, I got the job with a certified stamp And that job is rubbish. hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

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

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

Point Blank

Shot in the head in her school bus at the age of 15...

Malala Yousuafzai survived the barbaric attack not only to live on, but to become and be a role model for women across the globe; women who were brutalized in one way or another.

Much has been written about her. She wrote much about her experience. Talked, she has aplenty. Human rights, educational rights, civil rights, and women's rights are the focal points of her activism today.

One wonders . . . what would she, could she do when American women are concerned.

If only there were a Malala Yousafzai under the female umbrellas of the U.S.

"Honor" Killings

What is there left to do, when a grandfather, a father, an uncle or a brother (younger or older) sees it justified to kill a female family member in the name of "honor"? An older woman often condones that murder, after all! A grandmother, a mother or an aunt who has been equally brainwashed as the men of the same household, holding double standards for "honor" when it comes to the womenfolk . . .

Where does it say that men can and do live without "honor"?

Better yet . . . how can anyone define "honor" succiently?

"Honor" killings . . . only women allowed!

When Love Kills

A newspaper article reported the carnage:

A pregnant woman was stoned to death in public. Proudly, her brothers admitted to the murder. They had sentenced her to death, because she became a stain on the family's honor. She married a man of her own choice.

How dare she fell in love with a man outside her clan's approval?





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

Malala Humanitarian

Some youths are born to defy adults that do not address critical needs of girls. Malala's courage to help women pursue education led to a bullet to her face.

That did not deter her commitment to open the doors of education denied to females. She remains an activist for women with determination beyond her years.

The youngest Nobel Prize humanitarian, she captured the world's attention and holds strong the passion to address the rights of the female gender.

Soar Like an Eagle

The waves dance for me today. What a flamboyant flirt. But I cannot follow them out to sea. It is not my time to walk on water.

The Spirits encircle me. Tell me to step back, enjoy the view. Let the sand massage the feet.

Time sits on the horizon. Will be there for you in the appropriate season.

Go forth, enjoy nature's offerings. Your respect for dear Mother has earned you the rite of passage into her beautiful places.

You may soar like an eagle across Mother's land. Grab the love streams caressing you in sacred wind.

Words to Love You

I want these words to love you. I Scroll them across the page. An offering to the universe for all ears able to receive.

Because

I want these words to love you. Lift you up in times of distress. Push you forward when you want to run away from the challenge.

Because

I want these words to love you when you freeze at the gates of fear. And push you through with the heat of love in each syllable.

Because

I want these words to love you. Squeeze the impurity from your veins to help you walk lightly on your journey against the wind.

Because

I want these words to love you. Keep you eternally warm. Rub your legs with stamina to carry you through the storm.

Because

I want these words to love you and bring you to me. I am dancing on the horizon waiting to capture your smile.

Because

I love you.

66

Ashok K. Bhargava



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

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

Why

carefree giggles in the back seat of school bus ended abruptly when someone someone shouted who is Malala.

A man with Kalashnikovs red eyes and hand-rolled turban a silhouette of darkness ignorance Taliban, al-Qaeda.

Her gleeful response "I am Malala" met bang-bang-bang

horrified muffled cries blood soaked kids hid under the seats.

He left with a victorious smile.

Questioning why did this happen could be an opening into understanding why.

We Can If We Want

With my little eyes I see God everywhere. In the misery of the poor and The abundance of the rich. I see him in the eyes of refugees Pouring in like sand grains In an hourglass and slip through the borders.

I feel him in the cries of raped women Out loud before every sunrise.

I see him amongst The Latino caravans and Haitian leaky boats Trying to enter the USA.

I see him in the war zones of Syria, Iraq, Afghanistan and Ukraine. Let's not burn them to ashes in the name of God. We can light peace if we really want to. We can heal the desperate if we want to

Look Inside

There is as much in that little space within the heart as there is in the whole world outside. Heaven, earth, fire, wind Sun, moon, stars whatever is and whatever is not everything is there inside.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

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

Links to her works:

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

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

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

Malalai of Maiwand

Malala, you are a true heroine Proclaimed as Youngest Nobel Prize Laureate Blossomed from his father's thoughts and humanitarian works, You were loved, Malala. You woke up those wounded spirits Who were buried in deep slumber Of fear, hopelessness and vanished dreams, Your advocacy on education for girls And human rights have transformed The leaders and the youth, Your light shine in all corners of the globe.

hidden treasure

you left to win and gain lasting memories, exhilarating captures when nature calls, from sweeping meanders, from the lush of greens, from the sulfury smell of the enthralling coast, from the intimate sacred chamber, that replenishes & sanctifies wounded souls, from all walks of life, been here and there, sometimes lost, but never forsaken; for always you are the treasure from the forest of words.

Decoding the Academic Regalia and "Abaray na Dayew"

Behind the cameras, tears poured down, but it meant a glorious victory over grief, stress, anxieties and obstacles. Behind those filtered smiles, I missed my lost loved ones. I am offering this achievement to them. The value of encouragement, empowerment, and dedication were my powerhouse to move forward to finish this journey; there was a lag, but I believed, there is always time. I fervently prayed for guidance, patience, courage, and determination for I trusted the process because a monumental change is just right behind the rainbows of willpower; The John Knox's cap over our heads, the gowns embracing our bodies, with the emblems inspired by the rule of time, honor, our heritage, and privileges remind us how great the change has been, until we walk the road for a while, looking back, we see how far we have come the odyssey to humility and the heart of humanity.

Swapna Behera



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

Email

swapna.behera@gmail.com

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

I am Malala : the Phoenix

the sizzling voice from the epicentre whispers--give me a book, a teacher, a pen I can give you the eternal smile a smile that gives a choice, choice to live and love, fly or swim, earn fame and never a shame put on the dawn, and never a dusk choice to be pregnant or to be my own self, lend my skill or express my agony choice to be secured, rejuvenate my ambition and desires choice to be a virgin or a mother, my existence is the burning lava in the time zone I am not a slave of the terrorists fanaticism and vandalism down down ! you may shoot a bullet to my forehead I am a wonder woman and a thunder woman my blood will write document of peace and education the epitaph of kindness I am MALALA by the way; I know how to deal violence with my voice

Jayanta Mohapatra : when his silence echoes

can a legacy ever die? the audacity of your verses echo in the rustling leaves of the bamboo tree that stands in "CHANDRABHAGA" a poet and his soliloguy entwine there though not too rebel you observed the deaths in Orissa, sagging floor of summer nights sermons of the garbage heap you can never die your poems can never say where you are you are local in sync with the globe your silence is transmitted to poetry introvert and solitary ,highly impulsive as your empathy is your poetry a perineal river, a flash in the horizon a contented soul so gracious giving justice to common man and seminars a physics professor yet your poetry with all conviction justifies solitude, metaphors mystery are narratives and time plays the theme of relationship poetry is like an ongoing give and take actions woman as you define " even when she is even when she is not " you reflect socialism observe hunger from the twisted throat ready to suffer as penance staring at your own door overpowered by time

you are secular, a meditator . transmitter of the jungles ,life the graveyard, crowds ,love, whorehouse in a Calcutta street hunger ,missing persons all move around your axis so do the myth and mystery the solitude is your honest confessions the left side of life dazzles as innocently as your right voice you exist here and there in each heart at the time line of all holocausts your silence echoes

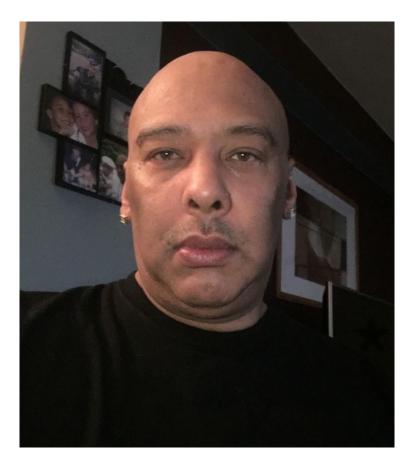
Dedicated to Jayanta Mohapatra (22 October 1928-27 August 2023) the Indian poet born in Cuttack, Odisha.He is the first Indian poet to win a Sahitya Akademi Award for English, He was awarded a Padmashri the fourth highest civilian honour in India but he returned it.

bouncing shadow.....

the deciduous shadow bouncing on the ominous riverine as chronicles of undefined sin oozing blood sprinkles the anecdotes of life with lofty promises the mayhem of Being stabs it's own self to dive into the profound senses a chime of laconic leaves the obscure reflection of mundane existence dies millions of times to proclaim everlasting spring --

86

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Malala Yousafzi

Men and women alike should have equal rights, since the Taliban took control of my town in Pakistan. i took a stand to speak out and shed light. We couldn't watch television or listen to our favorite music station, that was awful. If we did and was caught, the punishment would be harsh because disobedience was unlawful. Education for girls was also banned but luckily for me, my father was a teacher. IN 2008 I left my classmates not knowing when I would see them again, if ever. Education was something i yearned, in 2012 i started to speak out about publicly on behalf of the right for girls to learn. that would become my passion.

In October 2012 I was on my way home from school when a masked gunman entered my school bus and asked, who is Malala? when he found out it was me, he shot me in the head leaving me for dead. I woke up ten days later in a hospital in Birmingham, England. The doctors explained to me about the tragedy and that the world was praying for a speedy recovery. After months of surgeries and rehabilitation I met with my family in our new home in the United Kingdom. It was then when I knew I had a choice, either lay low or continue my fight for education using my voice.

I did great! i established the Malala fund, a charity to give every girl opportunity and in 2014 I became the youngest ever Nobel Laureate. In 2018 I began studying Politics, Economics and Philosophy, IN 2020 I graduated from Oxford University.

Do better

We have to do better. Reach out to people you grew up with because life is short, people are fighting demons of all sorts, depression, addiction, loneliness, unhealthy thoughts, etcetera etcetera. We can't assume people are doing okay because during the time of assumption people are slipping away. Some individuals reach out, others stray. Some pop up, text or call, others feel like they're stuck between four closing walls. Mask are being worn. Silent suffering is common, I can't let the world see my pain... I can't let my problems become someone else's problem... no one cares... people are happy that i'm in this position... are thoughts while they battle their demon. Look at him, he's doing good. Look at her, she's doing well. Look at all of them, they're all fine. When is it going to be my time? Everything you see isn't always what it is, nowadays almost everything is sensationalized, especially social media with its visual lies. Made up lifestyles go viral while others feel like they're not keeping up with the status quo so the earths rotation sends them into a downward spiral.

Don't go

Many men didn't want me to retire and raise my kids, that didn't suit em, that wasn't detrimental to their income, they wanted me to keep raising my children sauer along with smith and wesson for protection, it was beneficial to them if I stood in the hood buss'n mine and Chopin cookies to nickels and dimes. Avo Inf I need about a six month run, I need you to hold me down in these trapped up slums, take a block by swingn that shit like a sword, let me and my team live and we'll pay you rent like a landlord, ayo inf can I get a shift, they needed money drip and godfather spliffs. I let em all eat, I wasn't turning my back on anyone, if I win we all won, plus I knew how hard it was to come up in these BX streets. I put that time in, put that work in, in the hood and the kitchen, I went through it all, got caked up, hit up, locked up, fell and came back up, plus, I buried most of the men with whom I came up. There was nothing left to witness but my own death, so I left before soul theft.

Michelle Joan Barulich



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

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

Malala

You are an inspiration A global icon of courage A teacher and a leader To help guide, and teach Your bravery is astounding. Your journey is remarkable To empower women And to fight the resistance For the education of women.

The Silent Wind

Where I used to know where I wanted to go And where I used to know where I wanted to roam The news came on a sunny day And that's where it all seems to end Now, tell me where do I begin? What do I do with my life now? What do I do? and where do I go? Can't seem to picture your love has gone away I can feel the pain in my heart and mind Can't seem to shake it off. I wear the mask you have sewn together for me And where I used to know where I wanted to roam Run, run with the silent wind behind me Can't escape to another world Can't seem to find death when I seek it The hours seem so long I walk into the distant halls Where the candles burn for you, for me The softness of the music Takes me to you in another time world .. And where I used to know; Where I wanted to go And where I used to know where I wanted to roam.

Horse's Spirit

I see them runnin' into the night Try to catch one if you can They have fire in their eyes They have fire in their soul And the waves are falling down As they run behind the purple skies I envy them, they are the masters of their own defeat They cross their destiny Though they have no boundaries You can't track them down They are just too fast Runnin' wild and free To see them astonishes me Beauty and style they have it all Oh, horse's spirit Will you ever let me love you?,,,,





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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

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

World Award 2020 Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence.

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

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

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

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

Creating oneself

To Malala Yousafzai

Education should be Everyone's food – for it is what leads to the horizons of existence.

When what was previously forbidden becomes the power force to fight,

it is when a new beginning starts.

To begin, without looking at the odds

to say enough to illiteracy!
to make those who push gender equality out of their minds
realise that:

Adam and Eve have the same rights!

The rights which transformed and imbued with knowledge will be able to create themselves anew, to find a previously inaccessible tract. To be able to choose between knowledge and ignorance – is to awake a sleeping mind.

To be in touch with the world of words and signs is to experience the fullness of one's time.

Then the bumpy road will be left behind, the paths paved with the fragrance of wisdom will allow you to

- Be and Live, with an abundance of sensations.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

The Path to Knowledge

Cactus-like, prickly impotence provokes one to search, to ask questions. An incomplete answer will be: a 'perhaps', whose complement will bear more dilemmas bringing about a new quality. Those who cannot find answers keep on searching.

Will they find them?

There may be some who will never accept the state of unawareness of all the lights and shadows of our existence, the hollowed-out darkness of their own bewilderment.

Perhaps the Socratic – *I know that I know nothing* is not an agony of the mind, but a guiding star for taking further steps illuminating the path to knowledge.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Mr M.

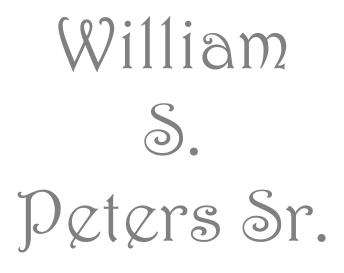
In the memory of Czesław Miłosz

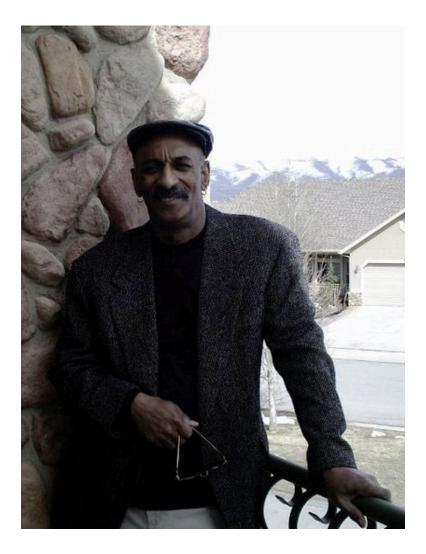
Enriched by experiences of not only her own life, she became cautious. Observing others how zestfully they bask in other people's victories.

The same ones who before pretended they did not know who Mr M. was, now, when he'd been awarded with the most renown prize they suddenly remembered him, even the friendships they'd shared.

Censored in his own land, 'buried' when alive, 'resurrected' after the Nobel Prize.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Malala

They asked . . . Why would a woman pursue an education. Of what use would it be Simply to be a Housewife, Mother of Lover.

Be mindful they said, But you did not listen, For your mind Was that of your own, And you wanted to expand Beyond What pothers had dictated Your life to be about . . .

BOOM, you disturbed our peace, So, BOOM, we shot you To make a point, But that did not deter you

You took one for the team Of righteousness, And we can no longer hold the reins, For you are celebrated, Educated Beyond our feeble comprehension

Congratulations On your Nobel Prize

A Poem in the Making

I want to be lyrical. I want to be well versed In the use of a language That is uplifting, Informative, Experiential

I at times wish to rhyme, Other times not

Some times there is a magic Hidden in the subterfuge Of chaos and discordance

I want to transport my readers, My observers Into a place, a space Within themselves Where a common resonance Is found between us

I want to heighten our sensitivities To the fact That though we are the building blocks Of this world, this existence, It and the world remains Bigger than us

I want to espouse such things, Such thoughts, Such emotions That inspires each of us, Myself included To expand, to expand, to expand

I want to invoke thoughtfulness and smiles, Unmitigated laughter and love, Contemplation, consideration and compassion

I want to weave and offer A cloak of humility That we all can wear

I am searching For a humanity That does not falter When the Sun goes down, Or when shadows and darkness Creeps stealthily into our Sphere of influence

I want to get to intimately know you, And you, I... the lesser, And the potential Of what we collectively Can become

These things are possible, truly, For I have read the verse and lyrics Of others, and I am truly beyond measure AMAZED

and i sincerely believe That not only I, But we all Are simply A Poem in the making.

Isn't that just magnificently grand?

A House on Fire

This is my home. It was the home of my ancestors, And yours as well.

What will our children, And our children's children Ad infinitum Inherit

Greed the avarice And covetous postures Have put it all In danger of a ominous change Or destruction, And our silence condoned This coming end ...

•••••

But it does not have to be that way, Does it?

Yes there are still Beautiful sunsets and sunrises, Flowers and trees and birds And butterflies.

We also have the mountains, The skies And the valleys And our tremendously at risk Streams and rivers, seas and oceans, Not to mention

The air we MUST breathe That we may live ... But live how?

The House is on Fire

October 2023 Featured Poets



CSP Shrivastava

Huniie Parker

Noreen Snyder

Ramkrishna Paul



CSP

Shrivastava



Mr. CSP Shrivastava, a seasoned bilingual poet has authored a book 'Shekhar's Poetic Musings'. His poems have been published nationally and internationally. He has received several awards including Gujrat Sahitya Academy Award -2021 @2022 besides the award of Rabindra Nath Tagore Literary Honors from the Seychelles Government.

Wherefrom fragrances of flowers come ?

Wherefrom fragrances of flowers come And wherefrom brilliance of Sun ?

The fluidity of river The constituents of air ?

The presence of stony mass Or, in entirety the essence of cosmos ?

For these never be in the run It's from within, within as a sum

The sum of your being Collecting nectar of love and growing

It's your love from inner core so profound Which in peace eternally echoes & resounds.

The bliss is all yours

What I perceive n see through naked eyes A perfect ambience none denies

While soaring thro' high skies Like when a bird merrily flies

Or, Whoso or whereat they peep thro' n magnify It's the same game, the same lap that can mollify

A soul weary of myriads of miseries Missing the magnificence n treasuries

Frequenting the forbidden follies n falsities In exuberance of possible possibilities

At the end, the long last... Breathes the bliss to ever last

When the soul in acceptance lies All in belief to the fathomless closing all eyes.

It's umpteen times that so you do.

The ripened age of grace Brilliance and sparkling face A brief to the unclear posterity Accumulated stock of austerity

Something whispered to soul A premonition of pranced whole The restless soul with turbulence Promised excellence of exuberance

A relentless conspiracy to eternally tempt Midst mortifying frequent repeat of dent It's the unique yearnings of the race To harken back to primordial trace

Men consistently crave to crawl For the myriads of worldly foul Blind to the real inner plea With a wrongful glee

It's umpteen times That so you do...

Huniiq

Parker



Huniie Holly aka Huniie'z Xpressionz is a poet, Spoken Word artist and so much more. She is a spiritual based writer who is very active in the poetry community. She has an open door policy when it comes to assisting others.

She can be found on FaceBook at : <u>www.facebook.com/Huniie</u>

Stop by and give here a read.

The Blind Can't Lead the Blind

Hey, been saying I'm Nzpired but how can I be? When I haven't seen my own vision for the trees? If I can't see for me How can I have hopes of seeing for you? Always heard the blind can't lead the blind Didn't understand that meant me Thought because of my heart I was able to see First the homeless man. then the mother taking the two by four upside the head just to protect her babies The drug addict in so much mental and emotional pain Trying to become numb I knew they all needed rescuing But so, did I Blind people can't lead blind people See there is only one that can rescue Though he needs vessels Soldiers that are wounded on the battlefield are sent home for a reason It takes some Army, Airforce and Marines Even wisdom to know when to fall back It's ok to breath So, no longer I, we, walk with tunnel vision Binoculars are a tool, but even they Can't look ahead and see side to side at the same time Soldiers on different levels All dealing with our own devils Glasses are sometimes necessary Because the blind can't lead the blind.

Small Beginnings Make Great Endings

Funny how someone recently Told me God said NOT to despise small beginnings How those small beginnings Are going to bring Great Endings

What are your small beginnings? Jesus had a small beginning In a manger, in a barn He was a King

Queens rise up Small beginnings is where your foundation Is Laid To prepare you for Great Endings

Esther took a year to sit Preparing for Her debut of Great Endings

Though Queen of Queens Maybe born It's through the fire You come out as pure gold

When milk is churned is When cream rises to the top So, hold your head up You are the cream of the crop

Queen of Queens Adorned in your anointing

Draped in the finest clay The potter's hand could find

To shape and mold Into a totally unique Being Queen of Queens

Walk I the path only your Footsteps can fit While others wonder in amazement HOW?

But do not despise SMALL BEGINNINGS THAT MAKE GREAT ENDINGS!

Isadshi-Koseshi Female Warrior Arises

I dragged my feet through the ashes. as I looked around me head hung low. scalp shaved. all my glory was gone, as they snatched me tied my hands and feet, and throwed me in the cage, time after time I escaped, fought war after war, molestation, rape, depression, attacked my body mind and soul, destroy her is the cry that arose around me, all the while sitting in my corner, head bowed. I called his name silently to myself, finding a strength, they knew nothing of, I Isadshi-Koseshi. Female Warrior. hid withing, screaming, gathered my strength, studied my enemies, gathered my weapons, allowed them to think. I was defeated. let them pet my head, appeared harmless, as I gained in strength,

while they took me through test after test, stripping me of all they thought they could, not understanding, like the Phoenix, I to will arise out of my ashes, as I step forth, strength arises, fills me. from the depth of my soul, he has poured out his anointing, has called me forth, with my sword, I arise, I stand, I am, Isadshi-Koseshi female warrior, Until it is my time, your attacks, only make me stronger, for I cannot be taken down, until HE says so!

Norgen

Snyder



Noreen Ann Snyder is a poet and a published author of five poetry books with four of them are co-authored with her loving husband, Garry A. Snyder. She will always do what she can to honor her loving husband, Garry Snyder, and keep him alive. In his honor she founded The Poetry Club and Facebook Live every Saturday evening. She is the host of "Have a Chat With Poet Noreen", monthly show. Noreen loves to read and to write poetry.

Accept Me — I'm Childless

Do you have any children?— I hate this question! It's inevitable... people you meet, surveys, doctors, and hospitals. This question won't go away. When you're childless, it's a pain, heartbreaking to answer and you got to keep your head up and your feelings locked inside. You want to explode and say, "It's none of your business" but instead quietly you say no. No one knows the hurt, the anger, the pain, the heartbreak you go through except for the ones who are childless. Each childless person deals with it differently. Then you have to deal with some cold-hearted ones who degraded you so low they say there's something wrong with you because all womwn had children. That is bull! I'm not the only one! Stop degrading me and the others!

Accept Me — I'm Childless

I am not childless by choice and do not ask me why it's none of your business. It took me years to accept it

still I have my bad days. I am ME! Accept me for who I am or go away and leave me alone! I know God loves me just the way I am. I know my man loves me just the way I am. God knows what He was doing when He made me. It was in His plans. Now I can say I'm childless but not by choice. I am proud of me. God chose me to be childless and it is okay with me. I am beautiful, worthy, special! I am me! It feels good to say these words.

Melvin Douglas Johnson

Too many legends has gone before us left this earth too soon. Melvin Douglas Johnson is one of them. How do I write a poem about him to do him justice? It's so hard to do! He is a phenomenal poet! He is so loved by the poetry community! Listen to him you will be in awe as he reads his poetry. Melvin is a special poet who cares about the community. He inspired so many poets. He is an influencer, a mentor, a leader, an activist, a great man. He is kind, spreads love to all he meets. He encourage poets to push forward. He left a big print, a big poetry print in this world. Nyla's famous poem for Melvin-"Save the Last Dance for Me." He stands up for everyone no matter who you are. He stands up for justice without fear. He is one of a kind. He is Melvin Douglas Johnson. He is so many things. He should be celebrated during The Black History Month. Let's celebrate Melvin and his life here on earth. Let's not leave him out. Melvin and his poetry will live on forever even after we're gone from this earth.

What Poetry Means to Me

Poetry to me is like music is to a musician stars is to the night sky. Poetry is my passion essence to my life to my well-being. I write because God gave me this talent and I will use it. I write because I need to, I have something to say. Poetry gives me support. I love poetry whether it's free verse or structured forms. I hunger and thirst for poetry.

Ramkrishna Paul

The Year of the Poet $X \sim \text{October 2023}$



HI, I, Ramkrishna Paul, came of an ordinary peasant family. Teaching is my profession. I am working as an English teacher at a high school. Life is full of struggle undergoing hardships. Simple living, high thinking is my humble life style.

I am fond of writing poems since my childhood. Reading the same is my hobby. I like most to write in free Verse. Graduated with honors in English from a college of West honors M.A, in English in distance mode of education from a university at Salem. Now I am living in Siliguri, in the state of West Bengal, India.

Teaching is my profession but writing is my passion. Doing good to people is my religion.

Rhythm Of Spring

Spring springs after the cold Leaving the old With the twigs, peeping out, Smell, oozing like nectar. Nature looking all splendour With her store of vast variety, At every door far or near Displaying all wealth, rich In attire. Festivals of myriad kinds Find a lease of bliss To please minds left astray so far, To let the dormant joy arouse, To let the charm, pale and faded, lost In the mist re-appear. Blue, serene sky smiling above A sphere filled with gentle air A tune of soothing song Pervades all around At time of flying on rosy wings Fluttering To the dance of dreams.

Flowers Being Trampled

Flowers in garden, a paradise on earth: Who is not charmed to pick one Outside the sight of the gardener? Not unfair to have been captivated by Their aroma, spread on all corner For even the honeybees or butterfly. The magical flowers displaying them All pervading beauty, wealth and prism Colour and shapes, fragrance and Freedom, so liberal, hides nothing But unveils their Self for days together For Appeal is from the end so stronger.

Blossoms, embodiment of Innocence And Beauty; symbol of Blissful purity And sanctity; born for Devotion and Bound for adoration 're being strangled Shamelessly to have the taste of blood, By snapping and eating up to gratify Wolfish Greed; by banishing Humanity, Killing His Soul, harrowing Her Chastity.

Mind Not Without Fear

Where is the mind that can feel What is good, what is ill? Where is the mind that can see What is fact, what is eerie? Where is the mind that can hear What is just, what is error? Where is the mind that can touch What is smooth, what is rough? Where is the mind that can care What is sublime, what is fair? Where is the mind that can judge What is straight, what is a jazz? Where is the mind that can decide What is life, what is suicide? Where is the mind that can express What is foul, what is respect? Where is the mind that can dare What is truth, who is a liar? Where is the heart that doesn't hurt The poor, honest one of earth?

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

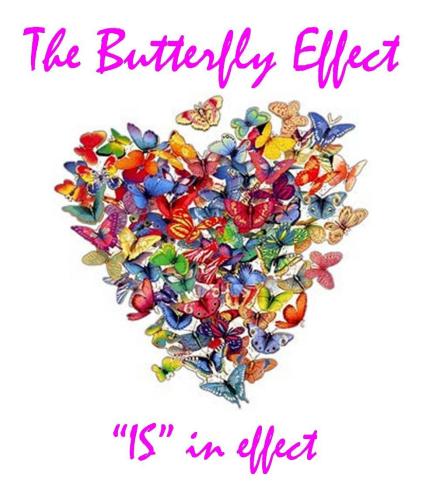


. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



Inner Child Press NQWS

Published Books

by

Poetry Posse Members

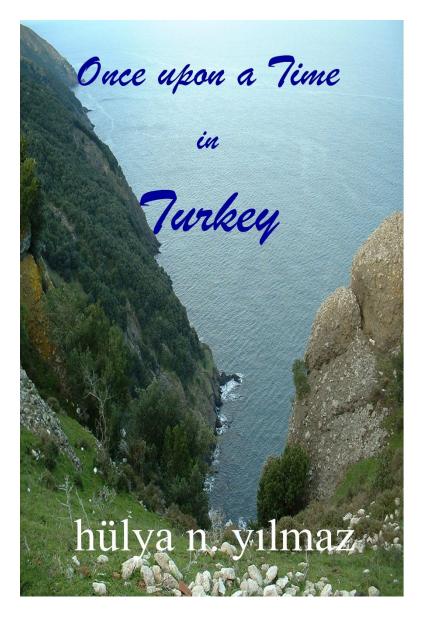
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Kimberly Burnham Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available

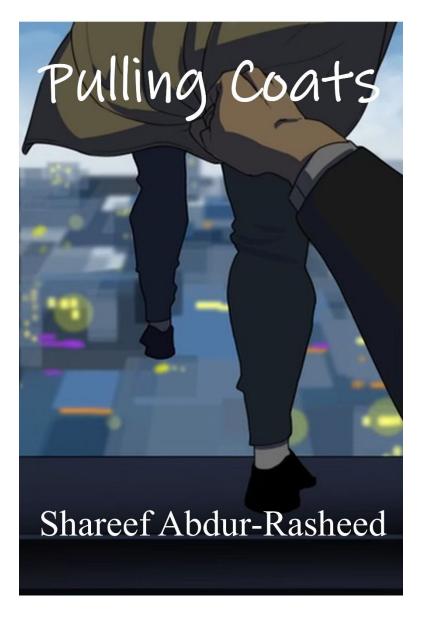
www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

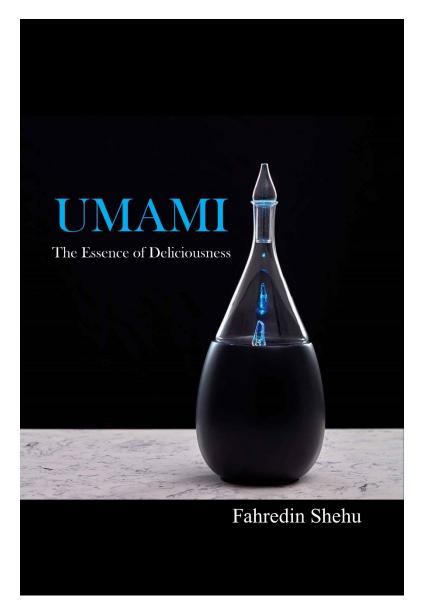
149





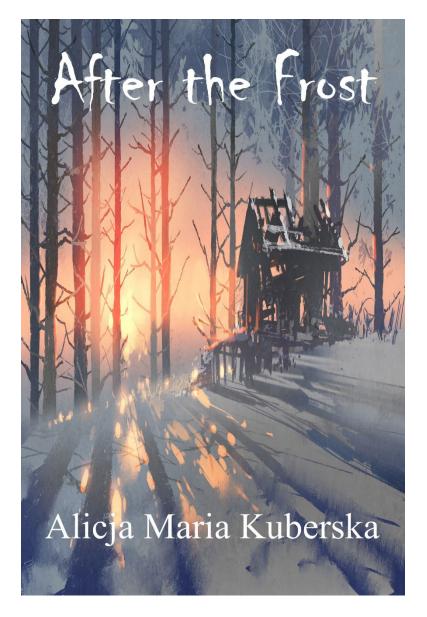
Now Available

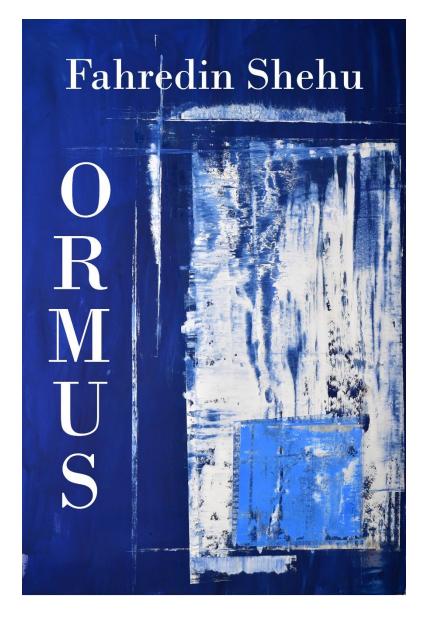
www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com



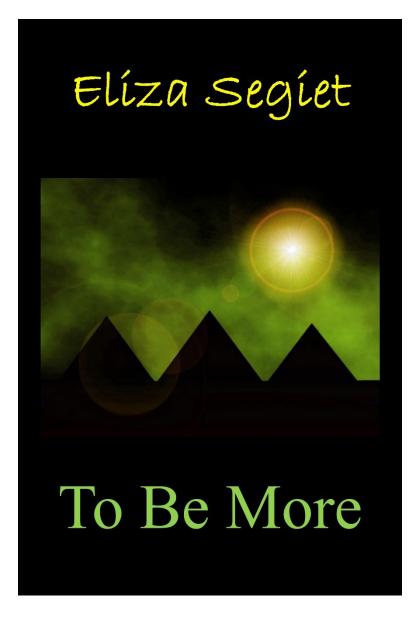


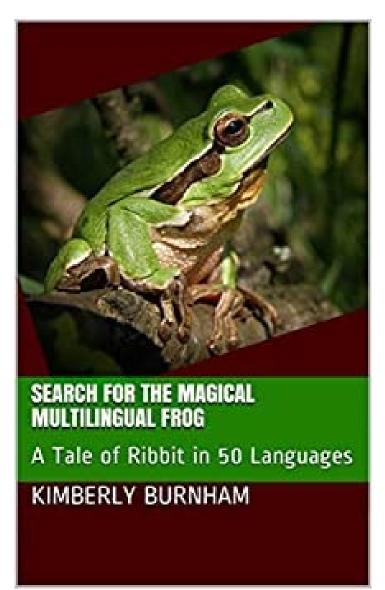
Ahead of My Time

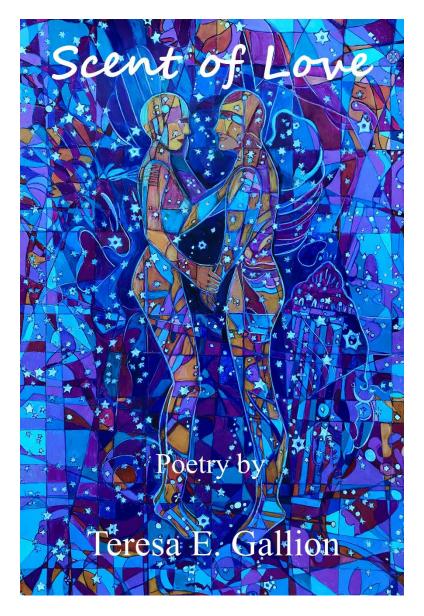
... from the Streets to the Stages



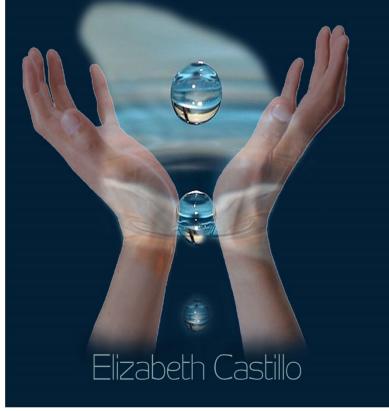
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco





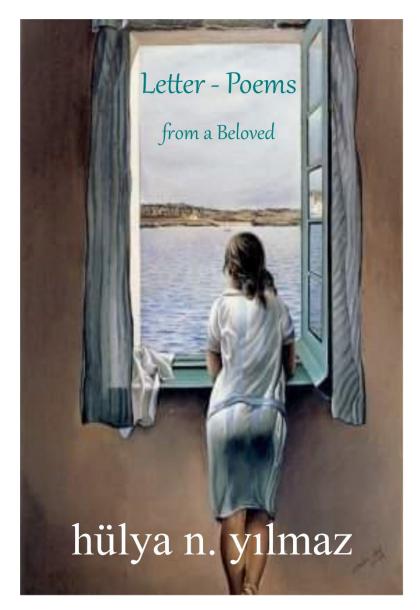


Inner Reflections of the Muse

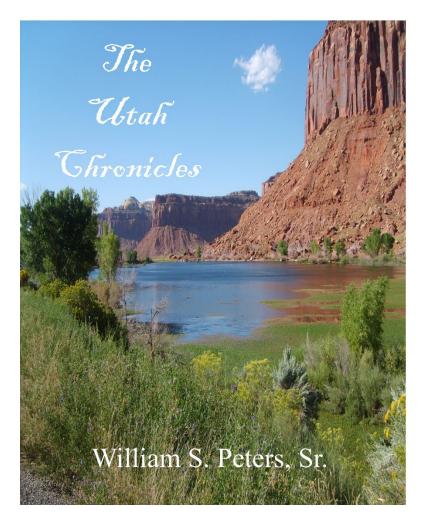


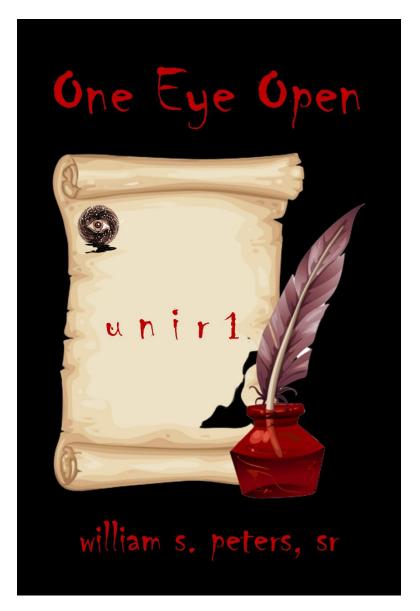
Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com



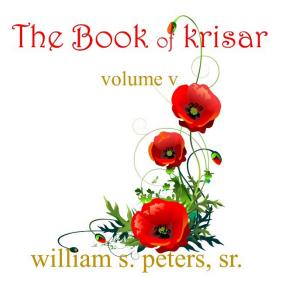
Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>





Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available www.innerchildpress.com

The Book of Krisar

Volume I



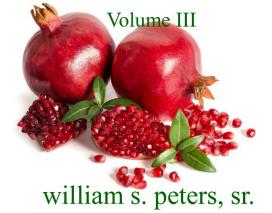
The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

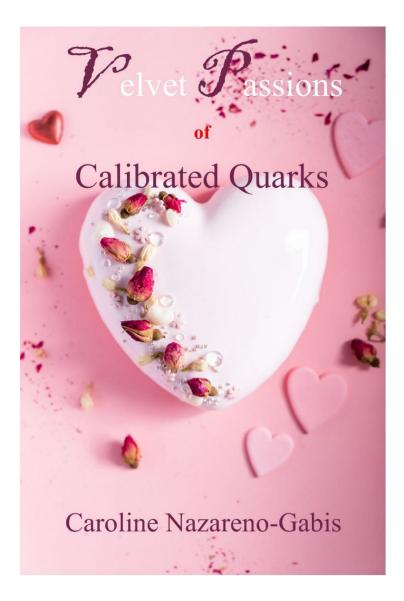
The Book of krisar



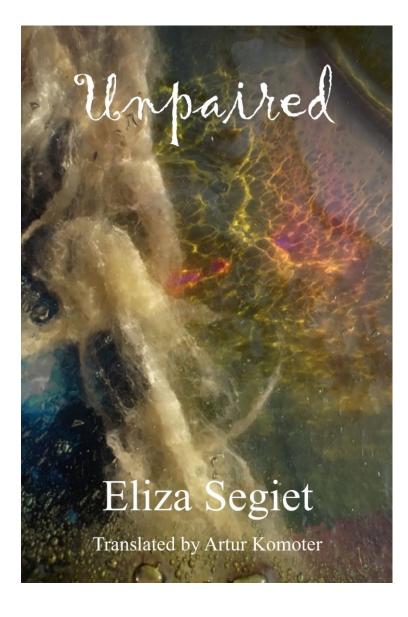
The Book of krisar



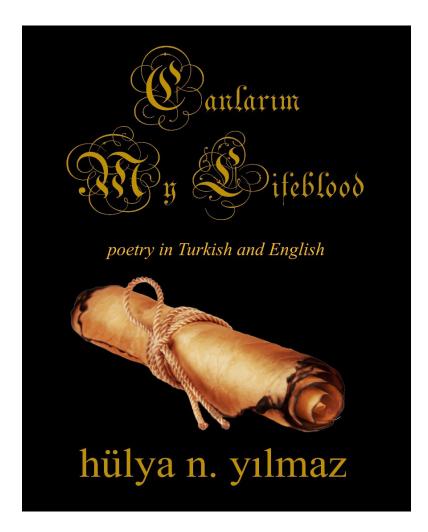
william s. peters, sr.



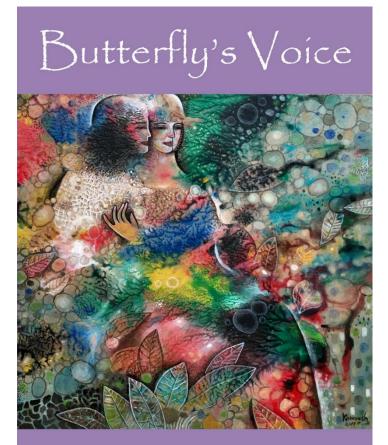
Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



Private Issue <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



Faleeha Hassan

Translated by William M. Hutchins

Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

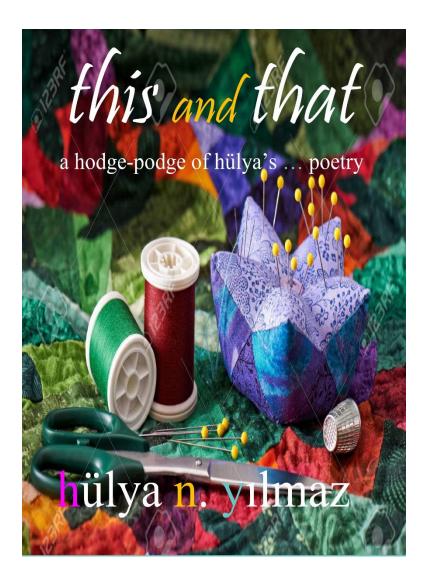
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass

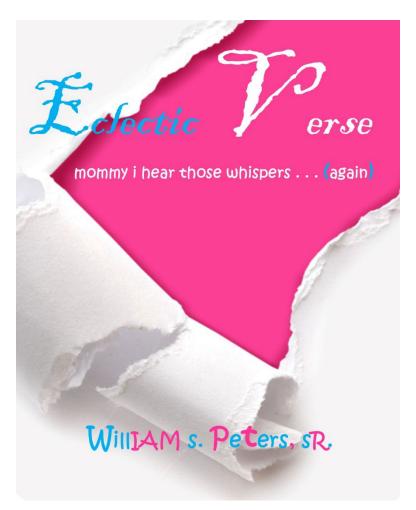


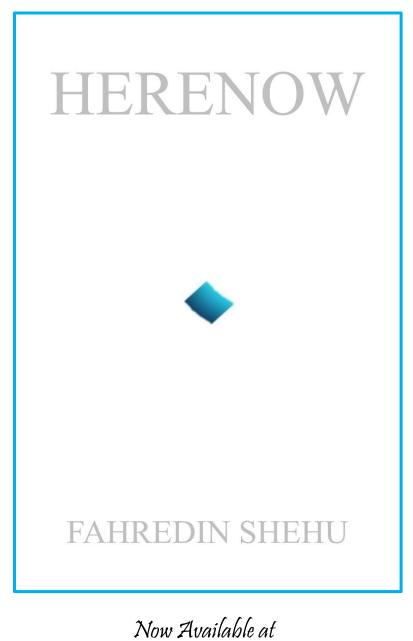
Jackie Davis Allen

Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

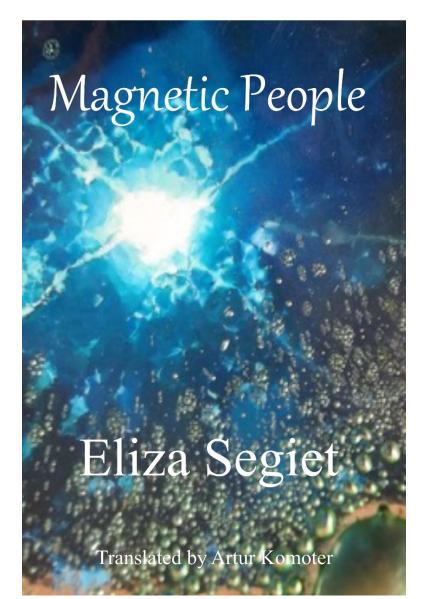


Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>





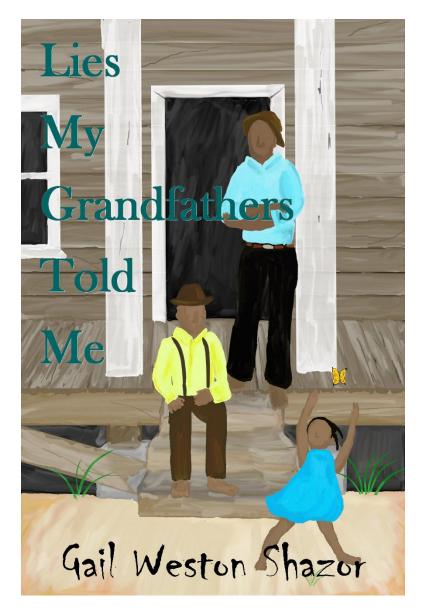
www.innerchildpress.com

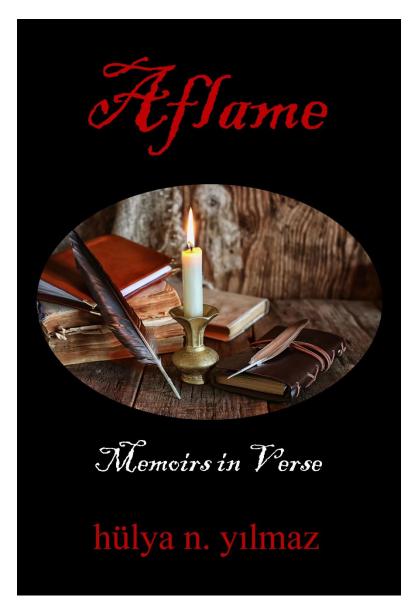


Now Available at

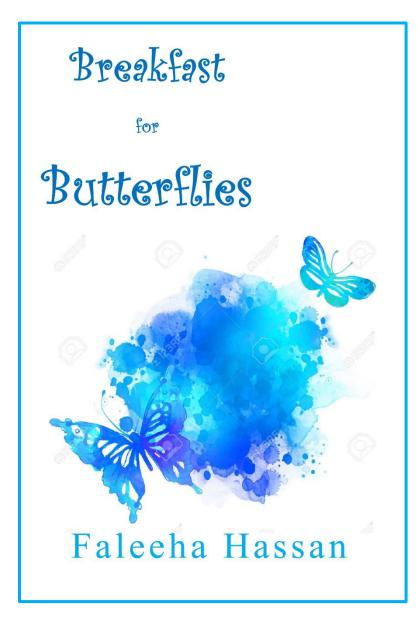
www.innerchildpress.com

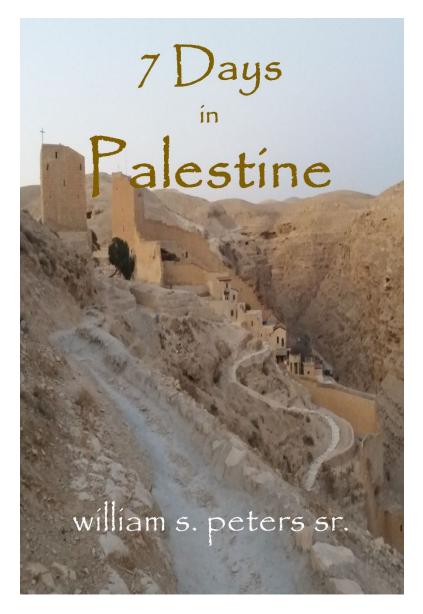




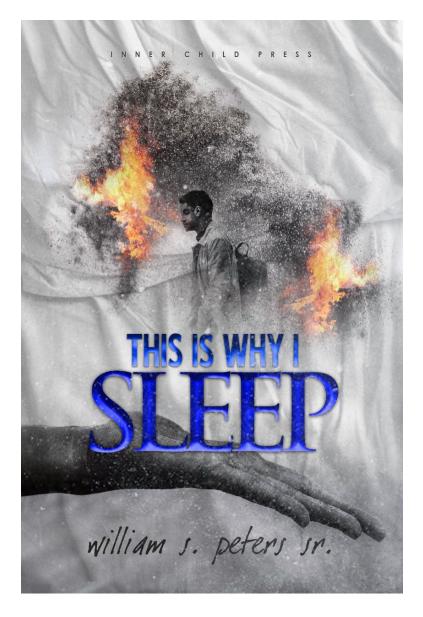














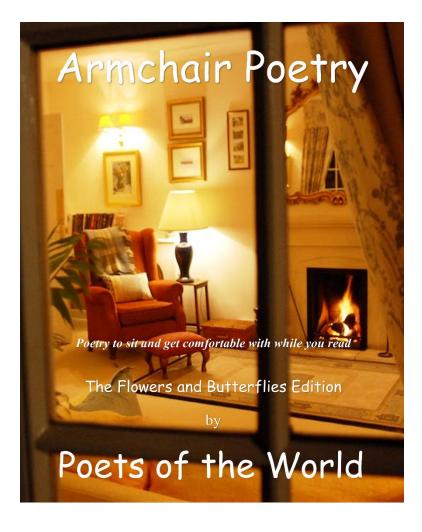
Other

Anthological

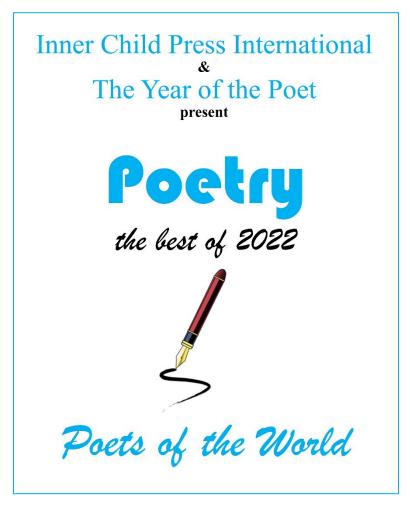
works from

Inner Child Press International

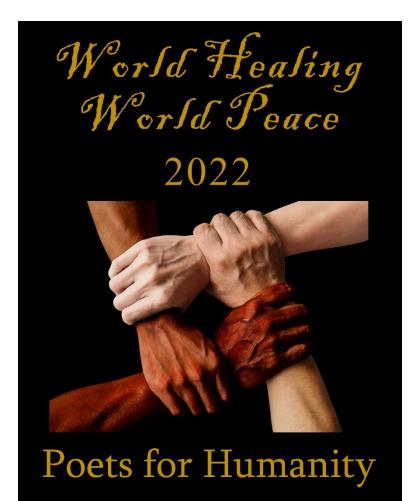
www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available



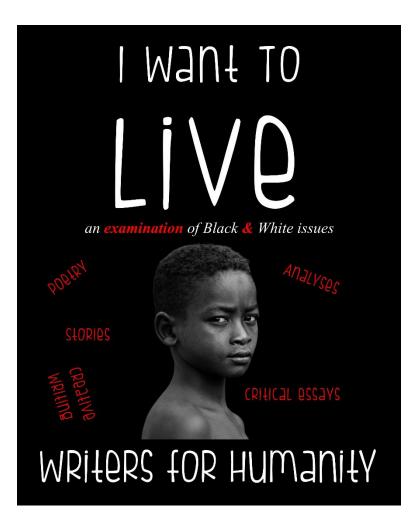
Now Available

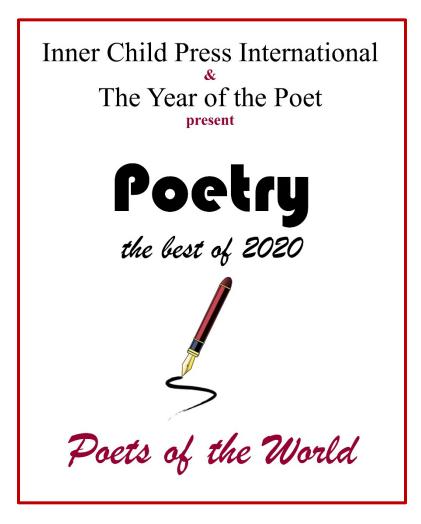


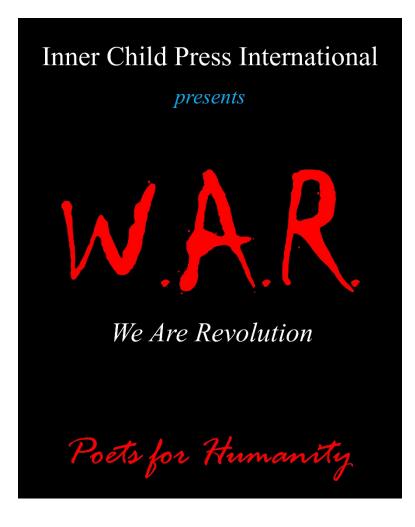
Now Available



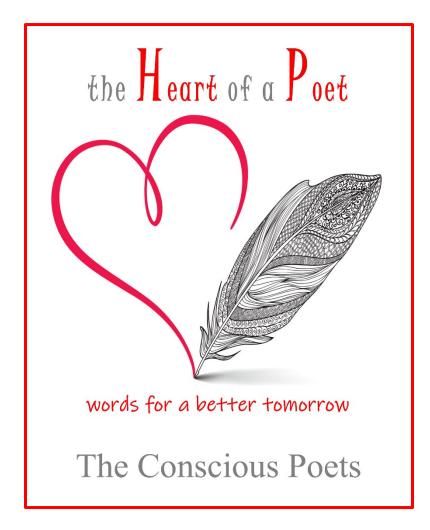
Now Available

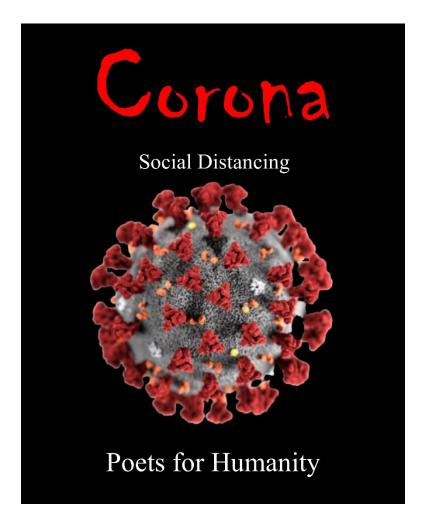


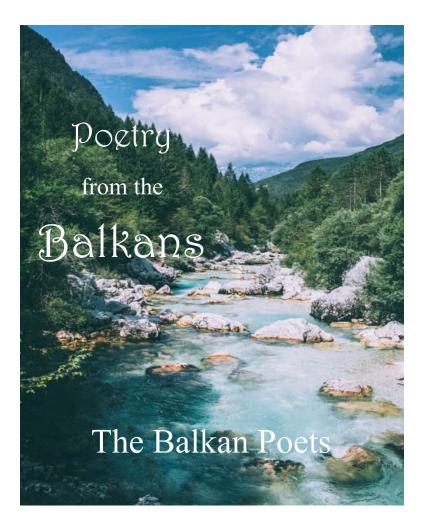


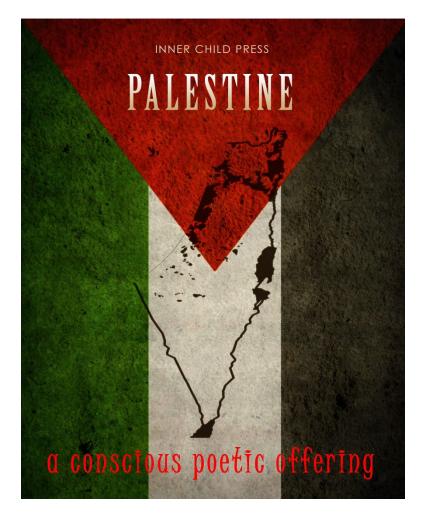


Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



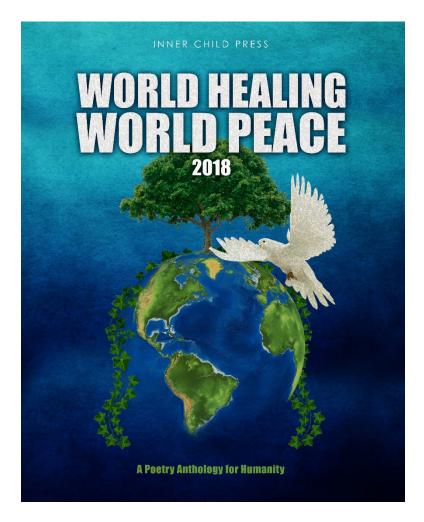




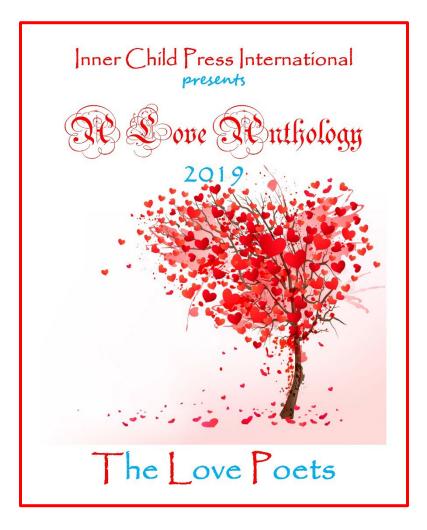


Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

196

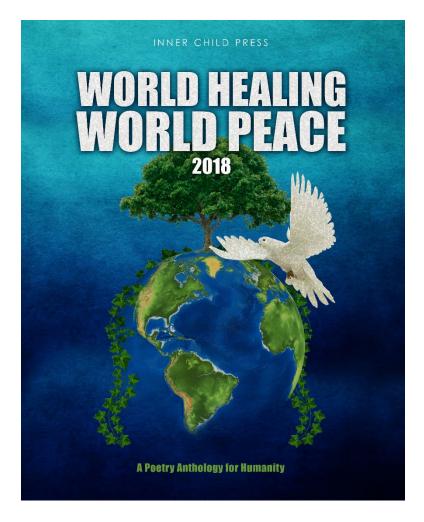


Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



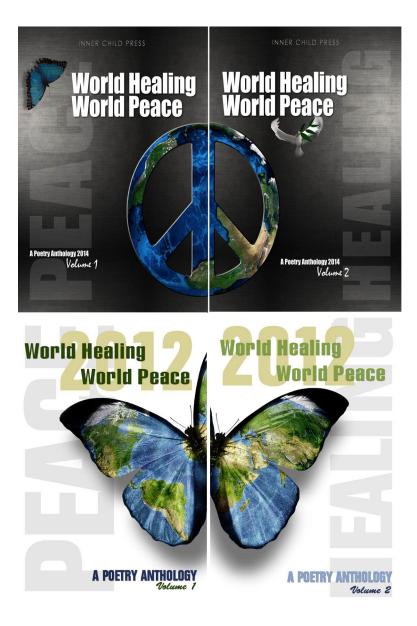
Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



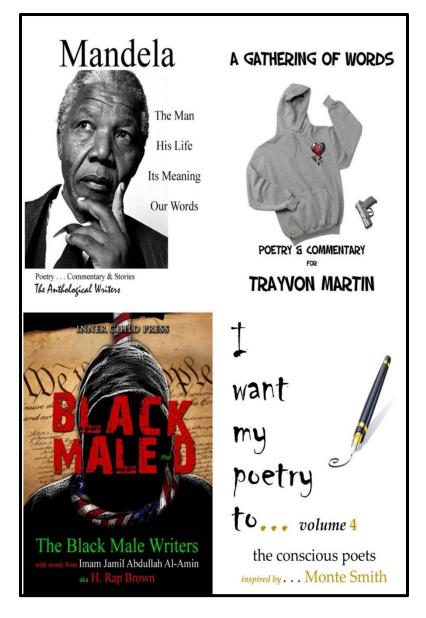
Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

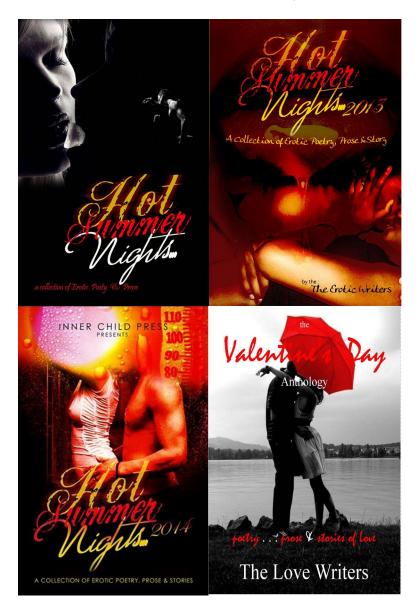
200



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

 \mathbf{O} a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by Monte Smith want my want my D P ับ to . . . to . . . a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ... volume II Monte Smith 11 Words |||Zy (9 lines . . .) e O for those who are challenged to • • volume 3 an anthology of Poetry inspired by ... Poetry Dancer a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by . . . Monte Smith

Now Available

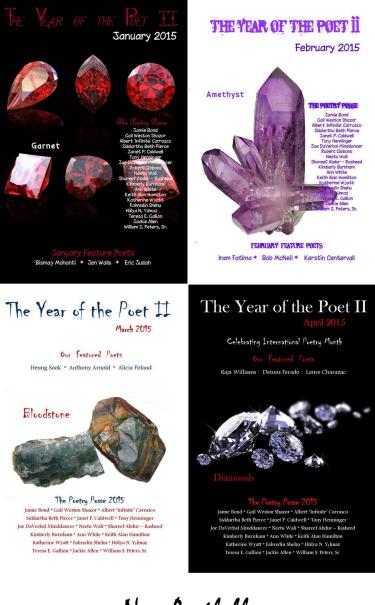




Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

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

209



The Year of the Poet II July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jumie Bend * Gail Westen Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger de Daverbal Mindancer * Neett walis * Shareet Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann While * Keith Alan Hamilton Kutherine Wyatt * Tahresin Shehu * Hulya N Yihmaz Terens E. Galion * Jackie Abdur * William S Feters &:

The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carraco Siddarfha Beth Fierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger de DaVerbal Minduncer * Neettu Ault = Shareet Adatur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faluredin Sheliu * Hidya N. Yihmaz Terens E. Gallion * Jackie Adatur * William S Feters Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

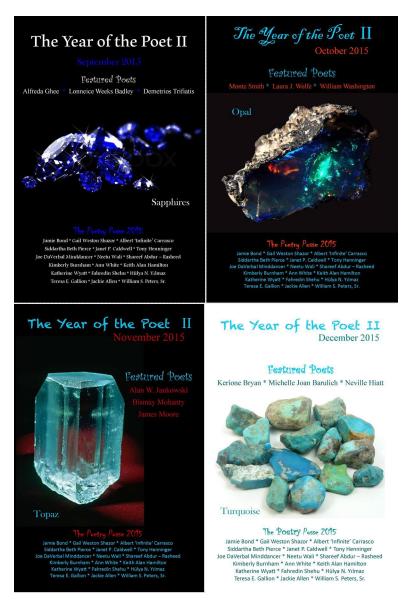
August 2015

Peridot Gayle Howell Ann Chalasz Christopher Schultz

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Wetton Shazor * Albert Tufnitule 'Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger de Daverhal Minddancer * Neetlu Wall * Shareet Abdur - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alam Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hûlya N. Yihnaz Terens E. Galion * Jackie Allen * Williams N Feters Sr.

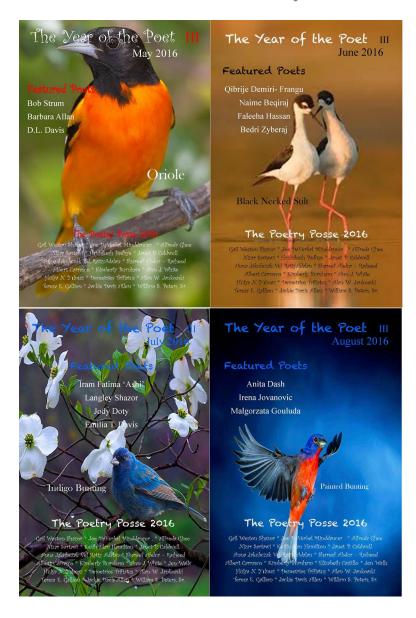
Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



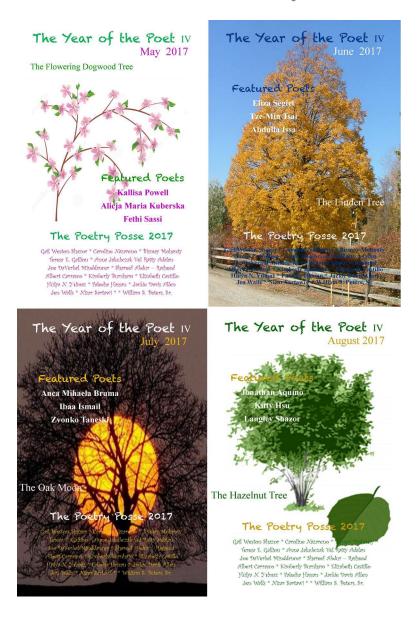
Now Available



Now Available



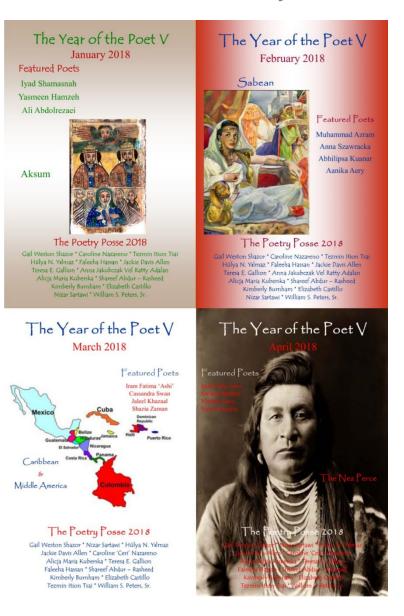
Now Available



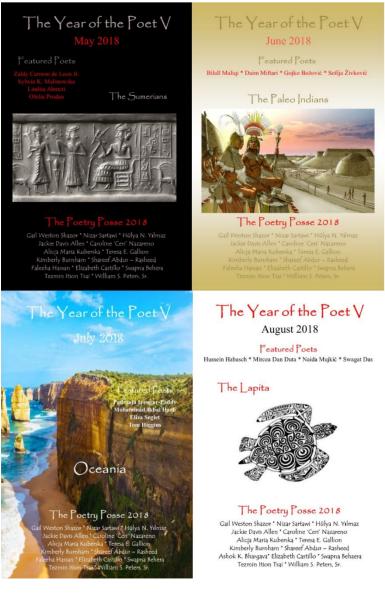
Now Available



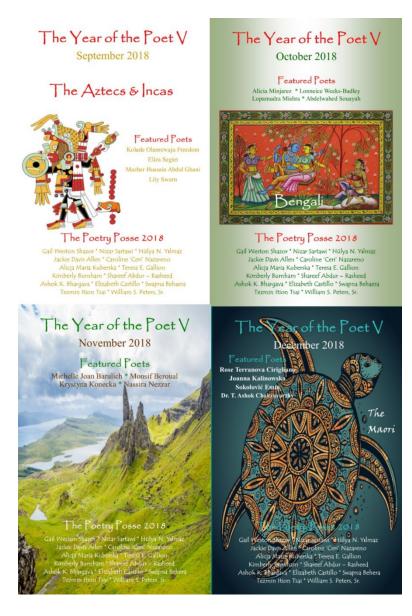
Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available





Featured Poets

Houda Elfehtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

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



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

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

March 2019

The Poetry Posse 2019

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

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.

Dream Catcher

Enesa Mahmić * Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud * Anwer Ghani



The Caribbean

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alicia Maria Kubenisk * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Svapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the April 2019

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasor * Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabert Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa' William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

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



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülyq N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska * Treese E. Gallion * Loe Pare Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behee Tezmin Hion Tai, * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 202

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jab Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackte Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Aliça Maria Kuberska Terese E. Gallion Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai 'William S. Peters, S.

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

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



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gal Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swana Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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

Now Available

The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

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

Diego Rivera



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Huliya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberka Teresa E. Gallon J. De Paire Kimberly Burnham Shazeef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Svapna Behera Tezmin tion Tsaj "William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

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

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carasso Huliya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimbeirj Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Blazbeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tai, "William S. Peters, S.

The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carasso Huliya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Bira Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paine Kimbeliy Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Abhok K. Bhargava * Bizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, 5.

The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Caroline Laurent Turunc * Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha * Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassoo Huliya N. Yulmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno⁻ Eliza Segir Alicja Marik Alberka, Terese E. Gallion ⁻ Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham ⁻ Shareef Abdur - Raheed Ashok K. Bhargava ⁻ Elizabeth Castillo ⁻ Swapna Behera Tezmin tion Tsai ⁻ William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available

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

September 2021

Featured Global Poets

Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire

Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik

Heather Jansch



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

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

November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

October 2021

Featured Global Poets

C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Ashok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera

December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

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



Fcatured Global Poets JuNe Barefield * Swayam Prashant Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masih

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassoo - Hülya N. Yılmaz Ickle Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Kimberly Burinham Alica Maria Kuberka - Terea E. Gallion - Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich - Shareef Abdur - Raheed Ashok K. Bhagava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai - Eliza Segiet - William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet X March 2023

Featured Global Poets Clarena Martínez Turizo * Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma * Petrouchka Alexieva

Children : Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma The Poetry Posse 2023

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

The Year of the Poet X February 2023

Featured Global Poets Christena Williams * Hilda Graciela Kraft Francesco Favetta * Dr. H.C. Louise Hudon

Children : Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassoo - Hülya N. Yılmaz Ickie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Kimberly Burnham Alicja Maria Kuberska - Terea E. Gaillon - Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin ition Tsai - Eliza Segiet - William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet X April 2023

Featured Global Poets Maxwanette A Poetess * Alonzo Gross Türkan Ergör * Ibrahim Honjo

Children : Difference Makers



Claudette Colvin The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen 'Caroline Nazareno 'Kımberly Burnham Alicış Maria Kuberska' Teresa E. Gallion 'Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich 'Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava 'Elizabeth Castillo 'Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsa' Eliza Segiet 'Wılliam S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available

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



Now Available

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

and there is much, much more !

visit . . .

www.innerchildpress.com/antho logies-sales-special.php

Also check out our Authors and all the wonderful Books Available at :

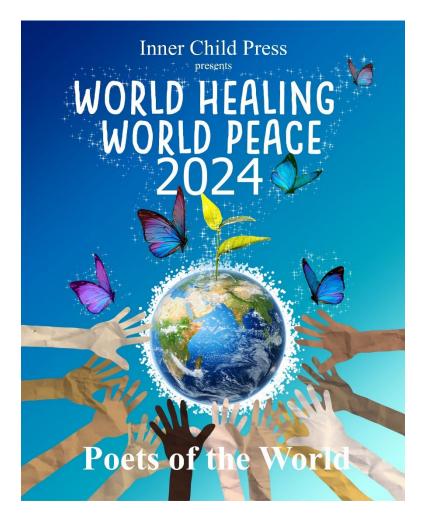
www.innerchildpress.com/autho rs-pages

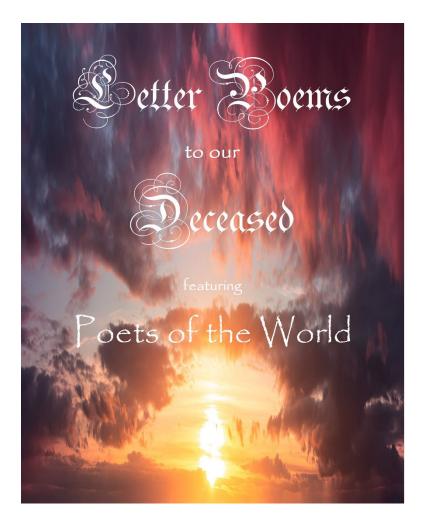


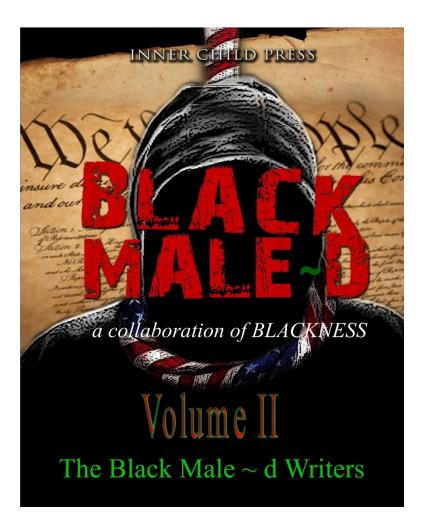
Coming Soon

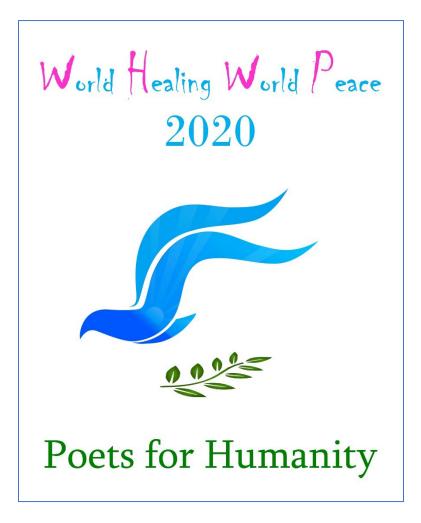
From

Inner Child Press International

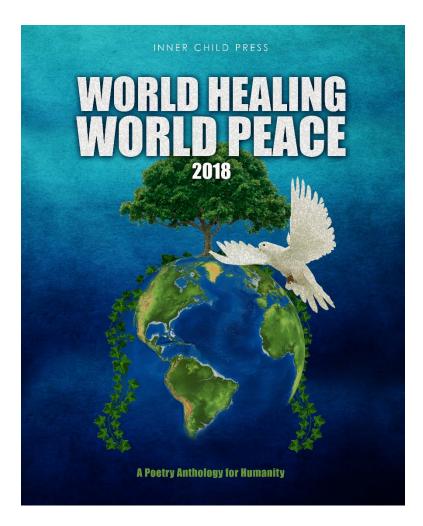






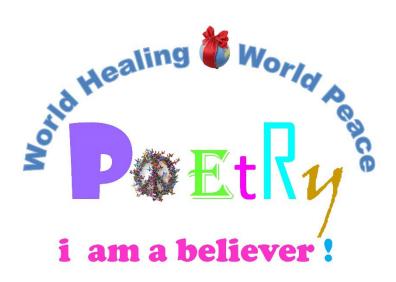


Now Available



Now Available





World Healing World Peace 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020, 2022

Now Available

nner Child Press International

building bridges of cultural understanding' Meet the Board of Directors



William S. Peters, Sr. Chair Person Founder Inner Child Enterprises Inner Child Press



Hülya N Yılmaz Director Editing Services Co-Chair Person



Fahredin B. Shehu Director Cultural Affairs



Elizabeth E. Castillo Director **Recording Secretary**



De'Andre Hawthorne Director Performance Poetry



Gail Weston Shazor Director Anthologies



Director Cultural Ambassador Pacific Northwest USA



Kimberly Burnham Ashok K. Bhargava Director WINAwards



Deborah Smart Director Publicity Marketing

Inner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding' Meet our Cultural Ambassadors

Philippines

Swapna Behera

India Southeast Asia

Alicia M. Ramírez

Mexico

Central America





Iraq ~ USA

Alicja Kuberska

Poland Eastern Europe

Fahredin Shehu Director of Cultural



Kimberly Burnham



shok K. Bhargava





Republic of China Greater China









Chicago Midwest USA



Kolade O. Freedom Nigeria West Africa



Christena AV Williams Jamaica Caribbean



tassir Shareef Abdur-Rasheed Laure Charazac Mohammad Ikbal Harb Lebanon Middle East







Monsif Beroual Moroc



Louise Hudon



Mohamed Abde **Aziz Shmeis**





Josephus R. Johnson Liberia





This Anthological Publication is underwritten solely by

Inner Child Press International

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative "Written Work".

For more Information

Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com



hild Press Internatio

'building bridges of cultural understanding' 202 Wiltree Court, State College, Pennsylvania 16801



~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2023



October 2023 ~ Featured Poets



CSP Shrivastava



Huniie Parker



Noreen Snyder



Ramkrishna Paul

