Featured Global Poets

Eftichia Karpadeli * Chinh Nguyen Nigar Agalarova * Carmela Cueva

Children : Difference Makers



~ Easton LaChappelle ~

The Poetry Posse 2023

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

The Ygar of the Poet X September 2023

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2023

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet X September 2023 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2023

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

R

The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Children: Difference Makers

Easton LaChappelle

Who is Easton LaChappelle? . . . He is the Founder and CEO of Unlimited Tomorrow, a company that creates ultra-personalized advanced prosthetic devices at a fraction of the cost of traditional prosthetics. LaChappelle founded the company along with Tony Robbins in 2014.

Everything started about ten years ago. Easton LaChappelle was 14 years old and he was interested in watching YouTube videos in his home in Colorado. They were on how to build robot arms from LEGOs. Play with bricks started new chapter in prosthetics. Today he has his own company which designs low-cost, 3D-printed prosthetic limbs that can be controlled by the user's mind. His business started when an accidental meeting with a disabled girl led him to the path of entrepreneurship. He was in the eighth grade at that time. LaChappelle recalls that at a science fair he met a 7-year-old girl who had an \$80,000 prosthetic arm, which he described as "archaic" and offering very little help with her physical needs.

He said:

[&]quot;I was shocked to learn how much it costs, especially realizing that she would soon outgrow it and it would

become useless at that point," LaChappelle, now 24, told CNN.

"I couldn't believe this was the best thing available for her, and that's when I decided to find out how I can create something that provides physical utility."

A prosthetic arm, for instance, should help someone complete daily tasks, like eating with utensils or tying shoes laces, he said. Through its appearance, it could also provide "psychological utility," he added, emphasizing the importance of his device's aesthetic.

This meeting and empathy caused that LaChappelle's interest in robotics and prostheses intensified and it changed from a hobby to a passion, and ultimately a mission.

He learned all he could about the technology when he studied in high school. He designed a robotic prosthetic arm at the age of 17. It led him to the White House Science Fair, where he used it to shake hands with the then President Barack Obama.

Now he runs a start-up that uses 3D printing to build prosthetic arms and hands, bringing the price down to just 350 USD. He also made the design accessible to download by anyone at no cost. The invention of Easton LaChappelle changed the lives of many people and allowed them to function efficiently in everyday life.

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Dreface

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

We are so excited as we are now offer unto you our ninth 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 ... www.innerchildpress.com. If you would like to know a bit more about this particular endeavor please stop by for a visit at:

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

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

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

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Children

Difference Makers

Caston LaChappelle September 2023

by Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

Fourteen-year-old LaChappelle built a prototype for a robotic hand out of Legos and fishing wire in 2011, which earned him third place at the Colorado State Science Fair. As fate would have it, he met a seven-year-old girl at the science fair who had a prosthetic arm that cost \$80,000. It was then that Easton's mission became clear — to build a more affordable alternative. Now he runs a startup that uses 3D printing to build prosthetic arms and hands, bringing the price down to just \$350 to produce. He also made the design accessible to download by anyone at no cost.



"I want to help people. This is something that started from boredom that can change people's lives. I believe this is the future and this is just the start of it. And what's gotten me here is curiosity. Curiosity is in every part of us ... I challenge you to challenge the system and look beyond all the boundaries. And to be curious." ~Easton LaChappelle





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



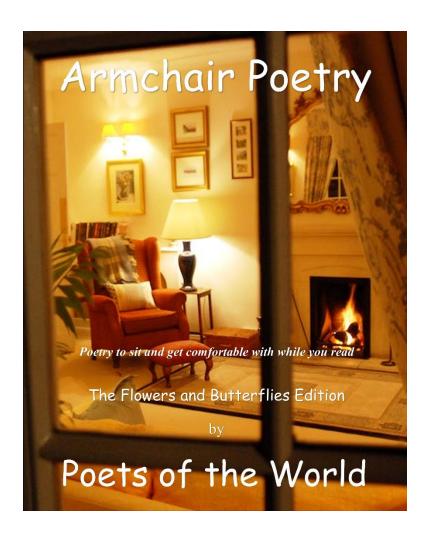




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

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Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

Robots

(modified blitz)

I move

I can

Move easy

Move now

Now is need

Now is want

Want wellness

Want wholeness

Wholeness of soul

Wholeness of body

Body parts

Body pieces

Pieces of man

Pieces of machine

Machine builds

Machine creates

Creates limbs

Creates hands

Hands to make more

Time

(synchronicity form)

"In his heart a man plans his course, but the Lord determines his steps." Proverbs 16:9
I sat out just to be happy
On the sideline but looking in
I watch

And trying not to be jealous With everyone smiling near me Blinded

Enjoying what they thought to be A passionate embrace of love Hands held

I once was one of the lucky Songs of joy ringing in my heart I sang

He took it all away from me And so I swore never to love Again

Quietly in my solitude I nearly missed words in my ear Of God

You are now ready for My choice I heard your prayers, and now I Answer

So why do you love me?

And you will know me

Beyond pain

Beyond passion

Beyond need

I seek your heart upon wakening

But only after thanking God

For grace

For waking me

For blessing you

As is my daily request

That always comes in the form

Of greatfilledness

For simple things

Like sun

Like rain

Like running water

And toothpaste

So why do you love me?

When you have yet to hear my heart beat

Under the palm of your hand

My smile

Across a table

The corner of your eye

In memories

There was a time when I trusted desire

To move beyond love

Unconditionally

Uncompromisingly

Unwavering

Until it could hold no more faith

And I was wrong

To trust it

Blindly
Reservation-less
So damage you find me
Flawed
Whole-ly
Encapsulated
Through no fault of yours

So why do you love me?
I know you are not he
And I not she
I cannot pay
And you do not owe
A debt not my own
Nor yours to bear
And I will hold you faultless
If you only trust me

So why do you love me? Yet hide What's in your heart On your mind In your soul

For a burden shared
Is halved in its heaviness
And like two equally yoked
My furrow must
Accompany
Follow
And be directed
By your ordered steps
Of faith
You must be the head of the house
Because it is written thus
And I will be contrite

In obedience To my God

You Love Me

So why do you love me?
I have to know that you
Won't shut me out
When it's tough
When you need
When you don't
Because I will need you too
To feel that I am a part
Of your life
And you mine
And to know
Beyond a doubt
Without question
And in all confidence
Why

Alicja Maria Kubzrska

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



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

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

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

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

Hands

Two hands
- left and right
Like twin sisters
Almost always together

They can
Build a house
Knit a sweater
Carve a figure out of wood
Perform the wonders of creation

One hand is lonely and still misses her sister When she's gone forever she enjoys her reflection and seeks solace in a prosthesis

The Album in the Open-air Museum in Kalv

In a wooden house after the former inhabitants, sabots and a few simple utensils have been preserved.

Scarcity has left its marks on every object - stigmata of poverty and hard work. Small windows closed the perspective.

On a table covered with a linen tablecloth there was a book in a cloth cover - the memory of consecrations in the village church.

The album preserved the faces of the children making their first communion.

The photos captured the sadness in their eyes.

In the center of the photo - a likeness of a pastor. He sat stiffly, serious like a judge. The fear of hell made everyone scared.

The lack of hope for a better fate crushed people.
Children dressed in coarse clothes surrounded their shepherd like a gray flock of sparrows.

In the following years photos take on color, and people – inner joy.

Dressed up girls stood in a circle Around a pastor with the appearance of a cheerful gnome. The smiles praised God for the mercy shown.

A Journey to Sweden

Here silence puts thoughts to sleep, They become mossy and heavy like erratic boulders. Enclosed in stone, the energy of the earth vibrates.

Distant houses are brought closer by light of lamps placed in the windows. In the evenings, lights flicker in the forests.

Reflections of clouds float on the dark surface of the lake. They are dark and mysterious like Scandinavian sagas. The old pines listen to the sound of water

The singing of the wind in the wilderness evokes poems and reflections over time, space, loneliness

Jackiz Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

Never Let it Be Said He's Too Young

In the heart of a child, In his mind, The desire to help.

Playing with toys, He's a boy in his teens, Realizes he wants too, must help.

From hobby to discovery, his gifts manifested, magnified, the world in acknowledgment: so to, a little girl.

He met the need, mechanically, technologically, emotionally, physically, economically.

With his invention.

Bleeding Heart

Having waited impatiently for months, Far longer than he could have imagined, Today, as always, with all of his love,

He is longing for sanity's return. In despair he is writing, once again.

Repenting these many long days, he weeps With tears unfailing, fears sorely profound. Yet, at this moment he's remembering,

Wanting to hear the familiar footsteps, Thinking she may have finally changed her mind.

Losing faith, weary, resolve flailing, he resorts To sleeping, the stars holding her and the hours In their arms, while he whispers sweetly, her name.

Saying, with voice of sorrow's regret, That in blame's shame, she was the innocent.

Lifting up his eyes to the heavens, he hopes She remembers his name and that the fragrance Scenting the air is that of their love song,

That the lines, he has earnestly penned, May find a warm place in her heart's home.

Oh, Amy...

Oh, Amy...

How I cried for you, the telegram pierced my heart With its grievous expression of sorrow at the death Of your dearly beloved, at the many tribulations

you faced when you heard the news, when you learned that your dearest Jacob had come home. In a box.

Oh, Amy...

How my heart beats with sympathy, with trepidation at the thought of seeing you and your children today.

I am wondering, how ever will you and your little ones handle this great loss, even as you prepare your home for the wake, with family and friends arriving, the three days and nights of mourning.

Oh, Amy...

No one would ever have faulted you one little bit If you had not come to the station, such a pitiful scene.

The youngest in your arms and three others Tagging along behind, so quiet, polite, And confused to see me, Why? Their Daddy's sister, from West Virginia.

Oh, Amy...
How proud your Jacob have been had he been aware of you standing there by the hole, waiting as his coffin was lowered into the ground.

Your tears spent, your grief nursed behind a veil, and you managing bravely to get through it all.

Oh, Amy...
As I ride back home
on the evening train,
I am remembering what you said
last night as you put the little ones to bed:

"Go to sleep my darlings. See you in the morning, and God willing we'll see your Daddy in the sweet bye and bye."

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



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

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

The Song of the Cloud Gate

I look up at the cloud gate,
And I see the world in a new way.
The clouds are like waves,
And the sky is like an ocean.
I feel small and insignificant,
But I am also part of something much bigger than myself.

I am part of the universe, And I am connected to everything around me. I am filled with a sense of peace and awe, And I know that I am loved.

I am grateful for the opportunity to see the world in a new way.

I am grateful for the gift of life, And I am grateful for the love that surrounds me.

I will never forget the feeling of looking up at the cloud gate,

And I will never forget the song that it sang to me.

Run Into

Travelers

Have always used calligraphy and ink to communicate with each other.

When fishermen meet,

They often talk about the lonely boat on the wild crossing. A roar from the clear shore,

The old woodcutter gazes at the green waves of smoke.

The waves are roaring,

The song breaks through the clouds that look like neither smoke nor fog, which is annoying.

The laughter of the tourists is intermittent,

The fragrant wind blows on the big stones on the bridge.

The setting sun blurs my eyes,

I let the customs wharf be a picture of vicissitudes.

Alone in my hatred,

The song of the cloud gate finally wakes from its dream.

Reflecting on old things,

The spring embankment is heavier than sinking water.

Pour,

Fill my cup with spring.

A fairy message,

Flowers grow on the gently smiling branches of the embankment.

Old Alleys of the River City

The river city's spring festival is late in March.

Old alleys, old streets

Why waste money on a luxurious house

Merchants and ships are gone.

Poetry, calligraphy, and paintings are so elegant.

Walking a few meters

It is not just for the seagulls to fly.

But I cannot bear to let that drop of water just keep wearing away the stone.

A voice from the left mountain, a testimony of last year in Marimba

A wave comes and goes, a wave dies and is reborn.

The rain is noisy, the people are talking and smoking, and no one is talking about the past.

A cup of coffee, a chrysanthemum in front of the gate.

Only this tide in a year, written into the willow grove.

The secluded rhyme is written.

Poems

The waves are calm, and the waves are flat at the place where the tide is ebbing.

Watch the sea water!

The people are quiet, the oar sound scares the gulls.

In front of Guanyin Mountain, the smoke is stacked in blue and green.

The water of fresh water is light, but it suddenly touches the sorrow of parting.

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

Easton...,

Easton LaChappelle gifted inventor extraordinary 14 year old young man built a prototype for a robotic hand from legos, fishing wire placed 3rd in Colorado science fair where he met a young girl with a prosthetic arm price \$80,000 he then made that his mission to make it affordable for all people who needed it now he heads up a start-up building prosthetic arms and hands price tag \$350 to produce making available to download by anyone price zero far cry from \$80,000 never underestimate the genius of youth

Just amazing..,

how life with all twist, turns, ups, downs propose challenge after challenge nothing is guaranteed always need to strive to succeed always need to plant righteous seeds separate wheat from weeds what do i mean? implying effort to be clean of heart, mind, soul implying the whole that constitutes piety require sincere intentions can not fake real complacency does not replace real zeal though fleeting this life there is time to get it right requires fire burning deep within i must fight to attain self-control starve the flesh, feed the soul when shaitan whispers into the heart you say no i don't want to go where you go this can never be heaven, why? to attain heaven we must die remember the old saying "everybody wants to go to heaven but nobody wants to die "? remember all acquired here possessions stacked, bank accounts packed mansions of generous proportion creates misleading distortion that it constitutes substance notion evaporates when angel of death takes your soul and all that you lived for you then will know has no worth no meaning anymore never did from jump street folk say " you can't take it with you " but the way folk live for material pursuit you would think they don't believe that's true, just dropping lip service on you self-control can only take your deeds with you down underground alone in that dark, cold hole called the grave then known as home righteous deeds and creator's mercy is what you need to succeed to go to heaven now that's what you call substance

Sound

of laughter penetrates the air feeling good everywhere drowns out the sounds of fear that drains the hearts, souls, brains living in a world of turmoil, constantly lies fed living on a powder keg could be living like the living dead should try giving not taking instead good food for the heart 'n' soul could a fool understand their earthly role? now you know the answers 'no' listen to the sounds profound that resonates from heaven to ground thunder, lightning loud rain splashing window pane coming down from the cloud birds singing praise penetrates morning haze how much mercy bestowed to all souls undeserved, never owed but ooooh does the fool know enough to be grateful? is that the sounds of lives being ungrateful, wasteful? question: where's the love to counter hateful? Answer: from above comes the love dear faithful

Kimberly Burnham



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Curiosity, Creativity and Chance Meetings

A bored teenager, Easton LaChappelle's curiosity greased the path into a future a chance meeting a missing arm a challenge met with creativity genius part youthful optimism part luck part the universe opens possiblities

Appreciation of Access

Often, I don't look around and think about what is accessible to me
the abundance in my world
how far things have traveled
so that I have the chance
to try, savor or experience
there is plenty
an abundance of access
and today appreciation

Fortune Smiling

Sometimes when I meet someone

interesting or helpful

on a plane, in line at a store, at a friend's house

I wonder at the universe putting them in my path

or me in their path

it seems impossible that it is just coincidence

Clizabeth Castillo



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

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Tech Superstar

This Tech Superstar is brilliant
Making lives easier for others is his mission
He deserves unending admiration and recognition
Mind-blowing low-cost robotic arms is his specialty.

"Success to me is being a good person, treating people well,"

He said one time, for his heart is pure with good intentions At a young age, he already thought of being of service to others

A brilliant mind with a soft heart to reach out to his fellowmen.

And They Healed

Restless souls pleading to the heavens, Surrounded by angels, harps playing The skies of blue greeted them anew Leaves of green like palms outstretched, As if succumbing to a fervent prayer. Prisoners of their own doing, Leading solitary confinement When will they see the breaking of a new dawn? Masked faces enveloped in fear and scorn. Frightened of the darkness, Weary shadows, creased faces The Promise etched in the sands of time. God will hear their cries. Waking up to a brand new morn, They can never go back to what they were once The Plague being a catalyst to change, Repent they did, and they healed. Light from the heavens emerged, The glaring rays of the sun Creating a vibrational shift Man realized his faults and mistakes, And they healed.

Racing Time

Look at their faces-Bewilderment written in every crease Anxiety cracking each vein-Dark circles around each eyes Worry engulfing each waking day. They are racing time-In a moment that seems frozen The pandemic gets into their system Humanity being erased by a single virus. Racing time, fearing droplets in the air, Suffocated, panic becoming a hobby Life pathetically wrapped in worry Racing time, how can we be fools of our own doing? Don't you realize evil is tempting our faith? When fear takes the lead in every move we make? When the Uninvited Guest-death Makes us forget the purpose of our life's journey. Racing time, humanity in a frenzy Have we abandoned all hope That instead of living in fear each passing day, We should spread love and compassion? We don't have to race with time And bring everything to a halt, The Universe is challenging us in a hard way Not anyone of us knows why.

Jog Pairg



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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

I Didn't See It At First

It wasn't a big deal to me at first glance Projects built from toys and useful hardware Who is this young man to me?

What possible difference could he make in my life What social advantage could I obtain, from a young brain.

Easton LaChappelle is his name, his moniker
His honor was to make affordable prosthetic limbs
From the cost of thousands to the hundreds
A singer once said
"What have you done for me lately"
He devised a device, made cheaper and safely
No thought about profit,
You can download his file free.

I'm glad to be at an age when seasoned in doubt Becomes a freedom without the "Back in my day" line Back in my day I remember my ideas And those with twenty years on me So set in their ways, it's like they didn't know me Yawning at the possibility of a better way to go You see I didn't see it first, I didn't realize good ideas mean more than a purse

Easton LaChappelle, opened my eyes Hoping is fine, doing is proving, A young mind can help lives.

Deep Seeded Thought

Can we ever get past the appearance of people Those who differ or pray to other steeple's They like this, you like that. What kind of seed could I possibly plant

What type will grow. into the truth that we are all alike what night would be peaceful as we go peaceful into that goodnight what right to be denied again who dies before we cry again realize some don't vie, via the Vatican

I was baptized in dirty water
I chose my own to kneel before,
To confess to, I've kneeled before I met you

To be blessed through Honor and respect, I suggest you observe what you reflect I in turn I've learned, not to project

Forever launching a counter effect But who am I besides what you expect Think about, ink about, hold a note and sing about The foundation you'll protect

Who'll be protected during a war
With brother's on both sides
We pluck out our own eyes
With whom will we cut ties
Some seeds weren't meant for fertile ground.

Back To Fool

I lack the tools to go back to fool
Back to view the backward rules
What game is this to start anew
I've conquered all my quest
Defeated all the bosses
You want to start a new game now
When you saved your king and toppled his

Gestapo wit, like hooligans Vying to be in rule again Trying to reschool the preschool Buying illegal weapons to retool

Make great again what you're selling men Except the men with melanin Reteach not to accept your fellowmen This can't be the truth the way you're telling it I guess Christopher Columbus built the Pyramids Is this an experiment of our experience To circumvent our relevance, expelling us Behold the three I hold, these hustlers are shelling us Monty Hall's let's make a deal Three card monte is more like it The way I see it, and always will The truth can be enlightening Seeing is believing, an eyewitness, even better Don't water down my history Teach me every letter. Without our help, you'd win no thing Back to school with jumbled letters

hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

"Unlimited Tomorrow"

A working robotic hand . . . from LEGOs?

Thanks to my darling grandson, I have known about the LEGO-obsession for quite some time. My handsome little prince puts LEGOs together at high speed and with ease.

But . . . a robotic hand, and a working one, at that?

Easton LaChapelle, the Founder and CEO of "Unlimited Tomorrow", please enter the stage!

Let's See . . .

Where was I, what on earth was I doing, looking, hearing (not seeing or listening, mind you) at the age of 14?

Not that I am putting a young genius and myself on the same shelf . . .

but rather wondering aloud: What was he about?

LEGOs all around, putting his genius to work wherever enough space is found.

Watch out, dear 'morrows! Mr. LaChapelle is on the ground.

Questions Fogging up the Mirror

Do you ever get tired . . .

From getting up in the morning?

While waiting for the steamy coffee to drip?

Before even taking the first sip?

From wondering, will it rain or snow today?

When noticing that the house is in disarray?

In other words . . .

Do you ever get tired . . .

From creating your own daily dismay?

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

Arms and Hands

When the time is right genius ripens from hands of love to enhance the lives of the broken.

LaChapelle walks into robotics like a white knight in armor ready to battle and win.

He builds prosthetic arms and hands that affordably lifts the lives of those in need without funds.

Lift your glass in gratitude with arms and hands given at birth in praise of the young genius, LaChapelle.

Hieroglyphics and Butterscotch

I drink from a cup with your imprint. I ask the goddess on the mountain if you are real.

She says swallow and digest the love of angels swell your belly. Your angel wings will grow.

I take a sip and smile like the camels in my dreamboat. I am instantly transferred to Egypt.

I hug the walls of hieroglyphics and feel a thousand moans calling my name.

I close my eyes and hug a ponderosa tree, smell butterscotch and vanilla bark. A New Mexico Mountain massages my soul.

Water Lyrics

Waterfalls sing such beautiful lyrics. Sit beside a sacred waterfall. Close your eyes and absorb the lyrics of nature's choir serenade the soul, vibrate bones, send tremors through veins. Inhale the mist of bubbles floating on air just a moment in time. Rejuvenate the spirit and rise born again in nature's embrace.

Now Egypt keeps intruding on my waterfall dreams. Ancient desert sand unveils temples and tombs of a master civilization that grabs, holds tight and speaks. Listen to the lyrics on the walls. They tell intimate stories a thousand years old.

Mind melding the ears of the present overwhelms the senses.

An ancient history so powerful, it is difficult for 21st century homo sapiens to breathe in and assimilate.

The mind tries to pull away from this intensity.
Floats back to its waterfall dreams flowing into the Nile River and the Rio Grande.

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.

Finding New Hope

To live now is awkward for her with painful self-effacing stiffness.

Agony keeps her awake anxiety upon anxiety returning like currents crash on shores.

Her eyes probe thousand times a day the horrible life-altering accident.

She puts her faith in the resilience of the sockets of her artificial limbs.

Admitting it doesn't bend enough to bend as it needed to be bent.

Still uncomfortably tight new 'pieces of steel and plastic' carry her far beyond her dreams.

Tree Relationship

Tight embrace of branches locked tight as a cage in the dark verdant shades of a dense forest

Converging sun rays melt us into each other so we can't fly away anymore

We can't change how trees feel about us don't even try to guess just like them

to perform a miracle of doing the impossible by defining what is possible

Deer Park

break away from desires to attain nirvana echoes all around here

clicking photographs
of the ruins of Sarnath
site of Buddha's first sermon
we attempt
in vain
to refute the cravings
of modern bungalows
sculpted lawns
luxury cars
to detach
from the self-made entrapments

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis



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

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

Links to her works:

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

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

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

Unlimited Tomorrow

(A Tribute to Easton LeChapelle)

When everyone else is busy Traveling, playing games and money-making, You climb the mountain of invention So you can help others rebuild their lives, The destination of anyone's dream Doesn't end in just a corner, Those who quickly fear losing strength That made them incapacitated, You designed prosthetic arms, limbs, joints, and legs, You gave more smiles to the despaired, Hopeless and poor, You mended those once, undeniably scary future To be more, valuable and livable, In the ocean of innovation, Amputees were given a lift, To a meaningful song of life's direction.

Sojourner's Bliss

Lately, I was looking far I was thinking, I was left behind, There were so many people Who asked, what was my plan? I was in the corner... Feeling so hopeless and empty, I covered my eyes with my hands, Ready to pause. Thinking Of the next pages, Of the new chapter Of my sojourn, My heart is still pumping blood Circulating in my veins, My lungs are intact, My body aches but still complete, I was like searching for more but less of me, My child was singing, "What are you thankful for?" What are you thankful for, mom? My tears run deep, speechless and hugged her, Thank you, because The Mighty One Gave me you. My lovely, precious daughter, And so many blessings.

Lost in The Sun and The Rain

Let the sun meet the rain,

Like lovers under the prismatic umbrella,

The bittersweet anamnesis

Between heliophile and pluviophile,

You can feel the sun

Piercing your skin,

The rain gently falls

Over your cheeks,

Marrying the blubbery tales

Of unspoken symphony.

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 http://swapnabehera.in/

Easton La Chappelle ; the messiah for amputees

Easton La Chappelle; the robotic engineer made robotic hand from fishing wire and Legos expensive prosthetic arm of a seven year old girl motivated him for affordable alternate ultra customized personalized devices today he uses 3D printing to build prosthetic organs with designs can be at no cost He is the founder of "Unlimited Tomorrow" a twelve year old rural boy curious in robotics his journey is to use technology to make prosthetics affordable and accessible who need them life is a combination of binaries people like him knows to add smiles that is why he is the change maker his encounter with the seven year old girl who had a prosthetic arm is his Ah -ha moment he is the messiah for amputees merging man and machine we salute you you are a peace maker

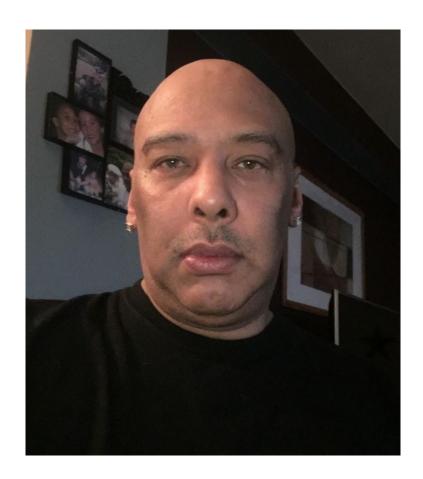
green prayer on the burning street

spinning around your own axis is easier but spinning around the orbit in sync is so difficult the vertebrae need strength, integrity, loyalty a prayer is the inner call of a soul body, mind and soul needs oxygen a little space to weave alphabets a pinch of strength to know your weakness germination is stopped when concrete structures stand on the slumbering seeds their prayers flag march on the urban streets the dry logs of the jungle are desperate they are sagged, stumped, felled flora and fauna are disturbed a leaf needs peace like a human being it vibrates and cries trees, animals can't do press conference or seminars the water level goes down and down the glaciers are melting the tears of the green prayer reflect silently the future zone our kids will carry cylinder of oxygen to the school trees are living poetry let the prayer march forward with green alphabets to sing oxygen Anthem

appeal of the orphan space debris

millions of space debris in the sky once upon a time they had their parents stamp marked with a country's name hash tagged with lucrative banners today they are debris crashed space rockets, burnt or expired they are the dead satellites to the agenda of human research left in the orbit at the end of their mission once they were the royal heroes covering print media, social media they are useless now having no function the paint flecks, junks, artificial materials as large as a rocket or as small as a microscopic chip of a paint they are problematic for exploration and for mother Earth orbital decay of debris take centuries dear human beings; please clean the debris using laser nudges. space tugs and space lasers tons of space junks can fatally damage aircrafts Don't ever spoil your own space, your own ecology tracking and monitoring of space junk is a responsibility are these fragments the orphan debris?

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Easton LaChappelle

I loved to play like every kid. I'm an ordinary kid from Mancos Colorado with an extraordinary vision. my go to pass time was legos, i would stack them up as if an architect gave me blueprints for plastic building construction. I was the architect and the construction crew too. I've built flats, tall towers, huge skyscrapers and anything my mind see's while my imagination takes over. In a few hours an entire city would be put together. I would make people, cars, buses, trees, animals, planes and helicopters. My plastic city was so realistic, I loved my stationary creations, building is my passion. Through the years I wanted to build something that could move, I wanted to add motion to my passion. At fourteen years old I did just that, I built my first mechanical hand out of legos, surgical tubes and fishing wire strands. Now my creations can actually reach out and touch someone. One day I met a 7 year old girl with a prosthetic hand at a science fair, she became my inspiration, she fueled the fire for my next mission, i used my intelligence and my passion to help a lot of people with her condition. I do it for love not for money, adding motion to my passion is helping a lot of amputees, My hobby turned into modern day technology

Hip Hop

I remember when I was young, I used to rewinding tapes over and over to learn lyrics. When the tape deck stopped rewinding I'll use a pencil and manually rewind them to the beginning. It took a long time but I had to memorize my favorite rhymes word for word and line after line. I'll be walking the streets spittn raps back to back as if I was the one the wrote those bars and went to the studio to lay down the tracks. Listening to people who lived like me and looked like inspired me. When I went to park jams I studied the MC, they had the entire community rockn, "yes yes y'all" "throw your hands in the air", I'll always be posted up by the speaker to hear clearer, wishing the MC was me. I wanted to move the crowd. Storytelling was intriguing. Hip hop isn't just music, it's a culture. It's language, it's dance, it's attire, it's life and I lived it. Ebonics. Breaking and popp'n. Pilot markers and krylon for wall and train tagg'n. Poverty led to hell on earth, stamp bagg'n, color slab'n and a lot of casket carry'n. While learning life from gained scars, I didn't know the knowledge I was gaining would be used for urban bars. I had a fascination with rhyme, now I'm putt'n together fascinating lines. I am hip hop and I have a story, so I write and recite non fiction poetry.

Praying on my downfall

They didn't want me to win, they're tired of me shinning so they pray that my light goes dim. I'm on my job writing urban scriptures producing mind blowing pictures of clouds, sunshine and rain as if I was drawing the weather. It's infinite, eight letters, the horizontal eighth number, the way I put words together should make me the eighth wonder of my genre. I went from the streets to stages to published pages, I'm a hustler, there's levels to this, Perico and Manteca were phases, I still have material, it's all mental, ya know memories of the birth circa and trappers at early ages, up to now when most of those trappers or dead or In cages. I got that work. I'm hitting heads like my old environment, I don't have to worry about raids like my old apartments, there's no more wars because of the love for money getting violent and no more lost freedom due to physical confinement. I miss men i bonded with a few years after birth, they say what goes up comes down, so can anyone tell me when are the souls that went to heaven returning to earth?

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

3 D Visionary

Unlimited tomorrow

to help, comfort, and to restore

People can now touch, hold, move, and walk.

With your 3D printing

Not only helping humans but it also helps

The animal kingdom too

Your kindness and wisdom

Has restored mobility.

A treasure you cannot put a price on.

Showed

Dedicated to my Mom, Joan Fay Barulich

I miss my friends. I miss my place But most of all Do you know who I miss most of all? When I was down, she lifted me up When I was sad, she made me laugh She took my hand, and encouraged me in anything I wanted to be I miss my friends, I miss my place, But most of all Do you know who I miss most of all? And when no one wanted to bother with me She stood her ground and stood beside me Through her sweat and tears she made me see A teach and a friend Do you know who I miss most of all? My Mother,,

Obstacle

I need warmth and security I feel fire surrounding me The sky endless like my grief And clouds their weeping just like me Can anyone hear their screams So loud across the world An echo never to be heard Is this the world we have made? We walk among hells corridors Looking for any site of light We touch death so many times Again, once more we kill the crimes Can anyone hear their screams So loud across the world An echo never to be heard Is this the world we have made?.....

Eliza Segiet

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



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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

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

World Award 2020 Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence.

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

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

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

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

Passion

to Easton LaChappelle

It's good to have a passion, It's even better to be able to enjoy it.

Finding joy in creating substitutes for normalcy for those whose life will be made easier gives sense to his work.

Ordinary – extraordinary printers make a difference in their world.

They smile, they can shake the hand of the one who saved them from the hardships of existence. They become beautiful!

Creating a new quality of existence, sharing good may become a way of life.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Cliff

She still remembers how they stood over the cliff, staring at the bay. In love.

She could smell the seaside breeze and him, smelling of lust.

On the wrinkled tract the glow of a passing lighthouse. Veiled with an umbrella of love, staring at each other.

Enveloped by the past, they contemplated the future. Inspired by themselves - they flourished!

Translated by Artur Komoter

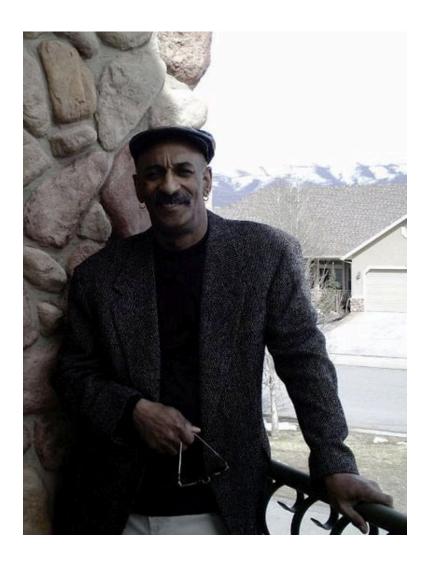
Rock

She flashed in your life like a point from everyday life. Why did you delude her? You pretended to be a diamond, when you're just a shard that hurts.

You're not a diamond, an amber, not even a shard. You're a rock!

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Easton LaChappelle

The need was there,

And when I saw it,

I said to myself . . .

Let's Go LEGO

And I breathe

Have i lived nobly? not always.

.

Am I doing so now? The best I can do is try.

All to often,
We put aside,
Or forget
That which is important
In our little lives

We oft falsely Inflate ourselves To be more than what we are, But this is but Self-Delusion

We are dependent upon Illusory things That we may have something To which We afix our values

We say that we are thoughtful, But that by definition Is quite different than Thinking

We say that we care, That we are considerate, But even that premise

Is subject to
The tentacles of 'convenience'

Love unequivocally?
Begins within,
But we spend far too much time
Chastising 'Self'
Instead of forgiving
And embracing our
Misgivings and frailties
With compassion and understanding ...
....So how does,
How can one
Truly love another?

When I breathe,
I am inspired
To exhale that
I may breathe again
And feed this machine
Of many needs,
..... More than I am aware of

In my solitude
I sometimes get lucky
And touch my breath
With observance
Hoping that perhaps i
Will discover something
Which is cherishable
Deep within my shallowness
That is worthy of
My continual and staid
Gratitude

Oft times i ponder such things As 'Wisdom', an elusive anomaly, But each time I Contemplate such things I realize my Utter foolishness

In the end-game,
(And it is a game)
The forces of existence
Relegate my ambitious self
To an abyss
Where silence and stillness abides,
And all that I am
Is but one breath away
From the next one,
And the next one
Ad infinitum...?

....

Until they are no more Yet ... still And I breathe.

The Cauldron

And the demons are dancing ...

I stand guard of my thoughts Moment by moment As I like you Am being assailed By the prevailing spirit Of negativity That surrounds us

In 'The Cauldron'
The task at hand
To maintain one's light
Can be an exhausting challenge

We inject our mind-stuff With hope and gratitude That we may feel worthy Of the 'small pleasures' Life affords us From time to time

We examine our past,
Take stock of our presence
Only to project
In to the future
Of variables and ambiguities
Making promises,
Declaring affirmations
That tomorrow
Will evidence
The desires of our hearts,
Of our souls.

In the meantime,
The children, the children
Must navigate and make sense
Of the ingredients
We willingly allowed,
Willfully defended
As the pathway
For them to tread

Is this the stew
We believe to be acceptable,
Palatable and ingestible
We offer to those to come?

Who seasoned this dish? Perhaps the fire Needs to be lowered ... Or turned up

There is but 'One' pot,
One planet,
And contrary to
Some aberrant beliefs
We all belong
To this same sphere of expression,
We occupy the same cauldron.

"Right thinking leads to right actions" ~ wsp

The Butterfly Effect



September 2023 Featured Poets



Eftichia Karpadeli Chinh Nguyen Nigar Agalarova Carmela Cueva



Eftichia Karpadzli



Kapardeli Eftichia (Greece) He has a degree as an art conservator 2021 She has a Doctorate from ARTS AND CULTURE WORLD ACADEMY. World Academy of Art and Culture | Facebook Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH **TAGORE** INTERNATIONAL 2022 International AWARD Ambassador of International Chamber of Writers and Artists LIC Academy, @Lily Baylon, President of the CIESART World Organization Ciesart Europa | Facebook ,world ambassador to International Ambassador POETRY, LANGUAGE OF THE {P.L.O.T.S.} SOUL THE CREATIVES MAGAZINE, APPRECIATES OUR AMBASSADORS PLOTS PLOTS PLOTS-The Creatives Magazine | Facebook

She lives in Patras. She writes poetry, stories, short stories, haiku, essays. She has studied journalism too A.K.E.M. and has many awards in national competitions. She has many national and international anthologies to her credit. She is a member of the World Poets' society and poetas del mundo, member of the IWA, member of E.E.A.Σ.Π.Η The Union of Greek Writers-Authors of the Five Continents, member of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF GREEK LITERATURES-ARTISTS-DEEL

https://somateiodeel.blogspot.com/
PEL, the world association of writers in Greece) Panhellenic Union of Writers

http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013_10_01_archive.html

ΜΥΣΤΙΚΟ ΖΩΗΣ

Το παγωμένο λουλούδι τρύπησε την πέτρα μοναχό και εκεί αποκοιμήθη Πέρασαν αιώνες δακτύλιοι χρωμάτων ξεδιπλώθηκαν και θριάμβευσαν σαν φωτός μεθη

Με την ρίζα σφηνωμένη στης ένωσης το μέτρημα βαραίνει τρυφερά γεννιέται και ανθεί πάλι σε κρυφή αρμονία το μυστικό της ζωής Εοδεύει

SECRET of LIFE

Ice flower
pierced the stone
alone and there dozing
They spent centuries
rings of color
unfolded and
they triumphed as
drunkenness light

With the root
wedged of
the union
measuring weighs
the secret of life
spends in hidden harmony
tenderly born and flourishes again

ЕПІГРАММАТА

Ξαφνικός ανεμος και ο ηχος του κύμβαλου μοίρας κραυγή ****

Γυμνοί στα κόκκινα νησια ...του ερωτα ****

Στο ησυχο φώς κρατώ το σφυγμό σου ενωμένη σιωπή ****

Επιφάνεια και βάθος αδιέξοδα ονείρων ****

Ιδανικός χρόνος πνευματικός οδηγός

EPIGRAMS

sudden wind and the sound of cymbals cry doom ****

Naked in red ... islands of eros

In the quiet light hold your pulse united silence *****

Surface and depth dream deadlocks ****

ideal time spiritual guide

119

Εποχές κα ρπών

από γόνιμες σπορές ...
σαν την συμφωνία των πλήκτρων
σε ουράνιες μελωδίες

Ψηλά δένδρα Ξυπνούν ενωμένα Στο φως απελευθερωμένα ***

Τι δεσμός !0 σπόρος Στο νέο χώμα δένεται και λύνεται βαθιά μέσα του γίνεται βλαστός ,ανθός Καρπός

Authority-germ stem

Seasons fruit from fertile sowings ... like arrangement of keys in heavenly melodies

> Tall trees wake united In light liberated

What bond!!
The seed
In the new earth
tied and solved
deep into the
done stem, flower
Fruit

Chinh Nguyan



Chinh Nguyen

Her true name is NGUYEN CHAU NGOC DOAN CHINH. Her pen name is HONG NGOC CHAU. She is a Master of Educational Administration, a member of the Ho Chi Minh City Writers' Association (Vietnam), and an Honorary Doctorate in Literature and Humanity of the Church and of Prixton University. Admin member of W.U. P (World Union of Poets), GENERAL COUNCIL level World Union of Poets with MEDAL SILVER Investigator (14th medal of World Union of Poets), VISHWA BHARATI Contributor - India (Vishwabharati Research Centre), International Ambassador of the International Council of Writers & Artists, Administrator, moderator, group expert of many literary forums around the world;

Today's Goddess

1

Women, Goddess are always gorgeous morning sunlight, golden silk knits much As a moon spreads ivory silk on the world They are still worshiped all over the world 2

There are no words to say about women truly All my life my mother watching over me truly She wants me to grow up as if over a dream Mom's hair is gray, she hopes I have a dream 3

Even water eats my mother's feet, it's hard My dad to earn a living, and they work hard They give for educating children to upgrow They have children's wisdom, as you know

Just as silently sacrificed is hard to say all Just as she loves me with all her heart all She keeps morals for all her child to clean She wishes to have a child, a bright clean

Flames of love cannot be extinguished Sunny hope shines everywhere indeed For sweet life, they have a warm family Let's build a good life for all the family 6

Gentle and strong women sacrifice their life Their confidence and self-respect enter life As they cultivate knowledge, a bright mind Useful for life that is always boiling mind

7

For expressing feminism with practice In many areas, it is stable to practice Everyone in society appreciates more They're proud of a good woman more 8

Women are like all the still rivers indeed Countryside soul makes me intoxicated Just as ripples of waves in a moonlit night It was wetting an emotional affection right 9

Do you just know how deep waves are? Minds fluctuate according to bow guitar Quiet times suddenly passed years They still wished to share the closer 10

Dealing with people's lives in the world Because of such harmony in the world World peace Goddesses give to donate For happiness still contains the donate

Women in the new time of modernization For all her behavior is emotional affection She still follows the times and the culture She still abandons all old routines forever 12

She does all the suitable conditions It no hard to work for the mentions Charity work is taking care of a little To innocent children and old people 13

just as the goddess is the woman sure Just as ready she's worthy we honor her We see all over the world people really Praise virtues she sacrifices so sincerely

14

World at peace, men and women contribute Treat yourself wholeheartedly not contribute We know that men and women are equal So follow life to avoid injustice to people 15

Women today have a wide understanding They used to be female astronauts flying Also are the researcher of science truly What a benefit for everyone wonderfully 16

In short, if we understand women before Today's different, not the same as before We consider it to be worth a goddess They'll be honored more than, endless

I Write For My Daughter

1

My April's daughter has many dreams of us Twenties are radiant just as the pink lotus Good-natured, bright heart, black-eyed truly Not a little dust of life mother's heart worry 2

Step by step you enter life you'll discover So many different things you're a dreamer Smooth sailing downwind and luckily Just as life is changed just you worry

Feelings of joy and sadness need to be filtered The joy of sharing a fresh life of the dreamer The sadness you ponder and should let go You should do good things to people know 4

The sincere feeling you always lead people Just as your heart is known to love people You are careful with your every word truly Let's cherish the love, don't be lazy really 5

Caring, considering, you surpass difficulties We're walking together for the future really Youth strives not to be distracted, you know Advantage of accumulated time right now 6

Just unwavering faith and aspiration all-day Just you are serious and diligent day by day Life skills are more stable and more decently Just knowledge is cultivated more diligently

Full of happiness, you know how living You give and receive many blessings As you treat other people so reasonably Keep filial piety you will progress quickly 8

April birthday of my mother's daughter Bright and cheerful as the sky is bluer Welcoming the mothership all our life As flowers bloom you get a good life.

Let Be Proud! The Roses

The roses symbolize women, above all Instead of words say to love someone Accepting roses offered means love destiny Promising a beautiful pledge, able to marry

Deep secret feelings, love is budding What's better than flowers are bridging! The fragrance is pleasant, sweetest scent To beautify for love of loyalty in existence

No coincidence that roses are on the top They're the idol that all of the flowers hope As a personality, they have scent and colors Like women are beautiful and well-mannered

In cold rainy winter, they always show off colors Like women express their delicate behavior Experiencing the vicissitudes of life states Fresh colors, nice fragrance, still passionate

Appearances and souls are always attractive Women stand up and assert feminism, active Without fearing difficulty they plan to succeed Like wonderful fresh roses in the garden indeed

Women are also thorny roses if someone minds Thorny because women don't live a drifting life Not soft and weak to live a negative existence For changing life, they rise their active strength

The roses have thorns to protect themselves. As a woman to protect conscience, nothing else Less beautiful she keeps courtesy for the blessing She is still loved by a lot of people being adoring

The fragrance from the human heart radiates Admirers call it discreet charm to dedicate Confident women expand their knowledge Powering their beliefs to progress more or less

Humbleness, honesty, and courage, don't lack Love everyone so that they really love back Respecting them is a way to let them respect That peaceful way of treating people to connect

Women as flowers, despite any colors Should keep themselves spotless as ever Their energy is always full of vitality It means they repay the grace of life, you see

Nigar Agalarova



Nigar Arif was born in 1993 on the 20th of January in Azerbaijan. She studied at Azerbaijan State Pedagogical University in the English faculty in 2010- 2014 and graduated from "III Youth Writers' School" in "Azerbaijan Writers' Union" in 2016- 2017. Nigar Arif is a member of "Azerbaijan Writers' Union", "World Union of Young Turkish Writers", "International Writers' Union Kyrgyzstan", "Writers Union of Central Asia" and the "International Forum for Creativity and Humanity" in Morocco. Her poems have been partially translated into English, Turkish, Russian, Persian, Chinese, Portuguese, Montenegro, Spanish, Arabic, İndian, Urdu and have been published in different countries. She was a participant of "IV LIFT- Eurasian Literary Festival of Festivals" which was held in Baku in 2019 and "30 Festival Internacional De Poesia De Medillin" in 2020 which was held in Colombia. "Panaroma International Literary Festival 2020" in India at an online platform. She participated at the" Word trip Europe" project, "100 poets around the World for love" and "Fourth Global Poet Virtual Meeting 2020" and so on...

Run After Childhood

My eyes slowly drift away from me, See the things through glasses as grow old. My feet have got a fast walk, running before me, 'Cuz they're in a hurry to reach to my childhood.

My fluffy hair's looking for its braid-time, It becomes white and bare like this winter, Time calls on wrinkles my face and hands road to road, as I'm bored year by year.

That's how I'm getting older, tale by tale, My pains turn into small kids like my children, listening to my stories and fairy-tales, Don't even get off my arms and knees.

The old years like the black and white points, come on and stay in the domino-stones. I lose each game on purpose to my grandchild, At my old age – in my "childhood" years.

The Woman

Your life like an ant was away eaten, There's not even one day left for you. You had the weight of the world on your shoulders like an elephant But no one really ever appreciated you. You skimmed off and cleaned up your life, But you'd relied on hopes, woman! You just laughed in silence at your grief, You'd troubled about your joy, woman?! You're pinning your hopes on now, Your land is at the end of its rope. Woman, maybe we don't just know: the land is unwitting, the stone is dark. The death you walk on the balls of the feet is your eaten life that waits for you, It just waits for you in silence as dead.

The Way

Who did really cut out my way? Either the way is chance or I'm green. I may be the last human on this road, Maybe I'm just a gravestone of this road.

My dreams looking through the window, My leg got tangled with my own way; I don't know how it looks from that side, My fate is clapping at my falling.

Or maybe it's not me going on this way, It's my road, limped, my road's crawling. It turns to ground, it changes to stone, It just follows and blankets with me.

How this way did fall on my fortune? Maybe it slipped out of my pockets? Had I trampled on its face and head? That's why it is so impudent to me?

Carmela Cueva



Carmela Núñez peruana, residencia Utah EEUU. Profesora jubilada: Lengua, Literatura, Filosofía ,Expresión Artística. Autodidacta en poesía ,pintura.

Trabajé en radio WRCL 91.1. Publiqué poemas en la revista Enjoy.

-1993 expuse acuarelas en Manisfestaciones Artísticas de la Mujer.

2000 Expuse en Third Annual Utah Country Board Spring Art Show.

-2014-15-16-17 primer, segundo, tercer premio en Art Show Payson Usa.

-2021 "Embajador Itinerante" Confederación Latinoamericana de Escritores y Poetas del Mundo.

-2021 Plumas y Letras de Curcumani "Globo de Cristal"," Embajador Cultural Universal Ambientalista ""Pluma se oro".

-2022 Academia Cultural Universal "Embajadora de la Casa de la Cultura".

-2022 Embajadora de Indian Art College.

2022 IFCT Embajadora de Buena Voluntad "Gracias por tu Humanidad"

-2022 Directora Ejecutiva .Embajadora Itinerante de La Paz , Embajadora Emérito Colegiado en CONLEAM. Muchos certificados, reconocimientos por mi arte.

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Un Sueño Dormido

Quiero sentir tus mágicos besos esta noche Tallarlos en las nubes de mi silencio Dibujando esa magia suave, tierna Que embriaga mi alma Cada vez que yo te siento. Mi desnudez no se embriaga sola Desde que entraste en mi alma Mi vida floreció como abanico al tiempo Rociada de tus dulces caricias al alba Sembrando esa pasión gota a gota En sonetos que cantan al viento Escalando cada trocito de mi corazón abierto Si...tu amor encadena mi todo Vivo deshilando cada momento Ese fuego de amor que vibra por dentro Roca de nuestro amor eterno. El sentimiento rebalsa mi tormento Mirando la tristeza de tus ojos negros Que por mí suspiran de colores al cielo Con lágrimas abiertas a los recuerdos. Se termina si...mi bello tiempo ... Me acurruco en tus fieros brazos Me besas hasta quedar sin aliento Recorriendo tu sangre en mis débiles venas Quedando mi cuerpo en un sueño dormido Sin poder despertar... Hasta encontrarnos...en otro camino.

La Paz Verdadera Razón De La Libertad

Eternos días, estrellas en eternas noches Vuelan pensamientos en los desiertos Desnudando al viento pandemias del tiempo, Vivencias en guerras que el mundo subsiste Poderes inicuos resbalando violencia Fuerza brutal con corona de rey que domina Imponiendo injusticias con furia sin ley Sin Importar la mujer, el niño, ni el amigo En este mundo perdido.

Una luz de pronto emerge en el subsidio Despertando esa paz que necesita el alma Hombres y mujeres impondrán sus sueños Encerrados estaban en cárceles de miedos. No existe cuarentena para resistir su honor Aman a su patria amparando hasta el desvelo Mostrando auxilio con valentía al afligido Brindando al mundo un nuevo camino.

El futuro reinará si se enfrentan con amor Si nuestra pluma al verso abre esperanzas La vida será distinta en este jardín sombrío Conquistando autonomía ,derechos oprimidos Enfrentando respeto con certeza, equidad Con amor profundo entre naciones Brindando verdadera amistad Sintiendo Paz...la verdadera razón de la libertad.

Un Niño Perdido En La Guerra

Vuelan por los aires Estrellas de fuego Cruzan torbellinos de luces en el firmamento Los oídos estallan en los vientos fríos Retumbando truenos pidiendo auxilio Llantos y lamentos en calles sin abrigos .

A los lejos un niño esta perdido Llora, gime, no entiende el porqué de los chillidos Busca a su madre entre escombros escondidos De pronto ... Se hinca ante la sangre en el silencio Quiere arrancar su alma destrozada Grita al cielo : ! Porqué te la llevaste Dios Al ser que yo más quiero! En su mente deshila la verdad de los hechos Pide perdón a Dios y no entiende : Porqué las guerras, porqué pistolas en manos Porqué muertes y más muertes Porqué los hombres son malos Ambicionan lo que no tienen, Porqué la soledad brilla en este campo Escondiendo el amor de nuestro pueblo.

Moriré si...junto a mi madre que amo tanto Para que entiendas hombre de otros suelos Que no importa el oro ni las riquezas Ni un pedacito de tierra Sino conquistas La Paz en lo más sagrado Que es mi alma que la llevo aquí...muy dentro. Derechos reservados.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Inner Child Press

News

Published Books

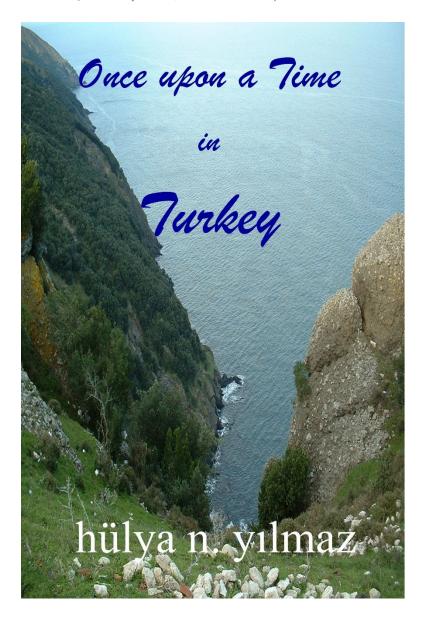
by

Poetry Posse Members

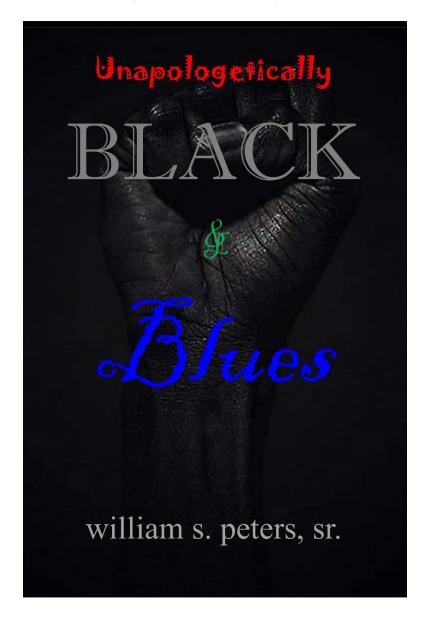
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

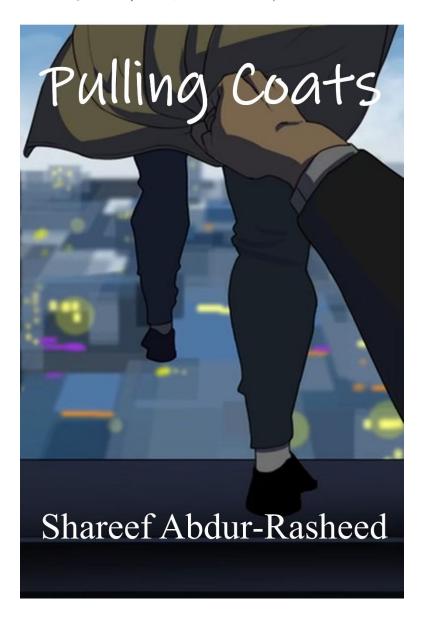
On the following pages we present to you ...

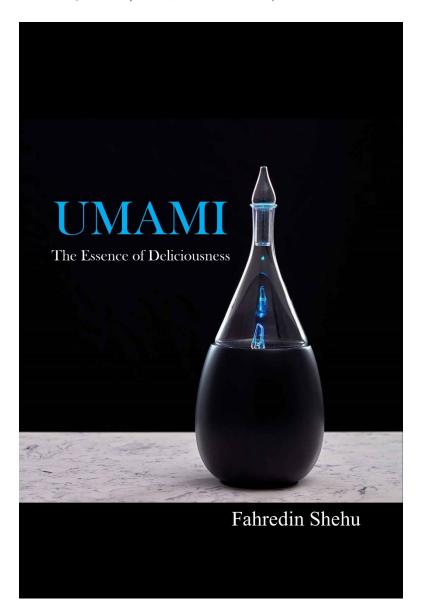
Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Kimberly Burnham Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.



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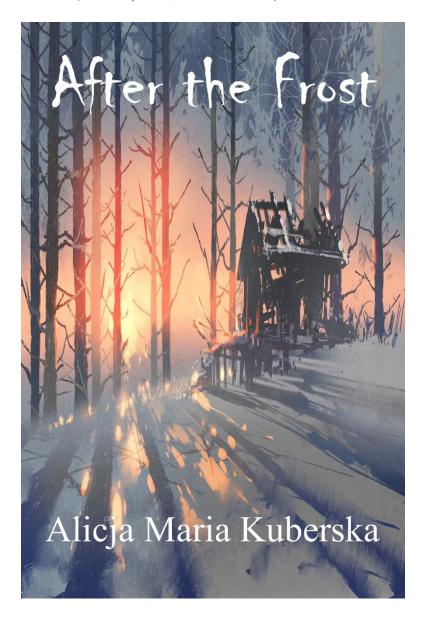




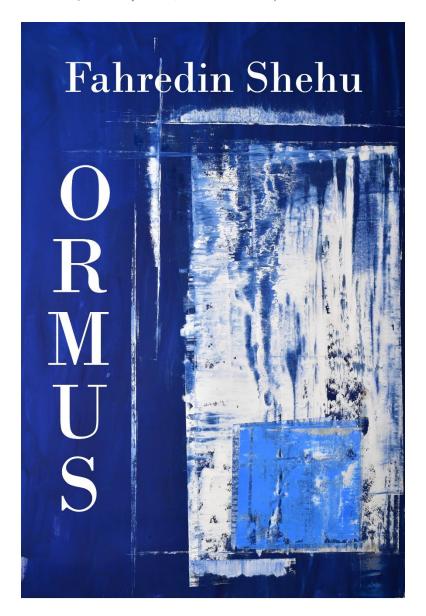


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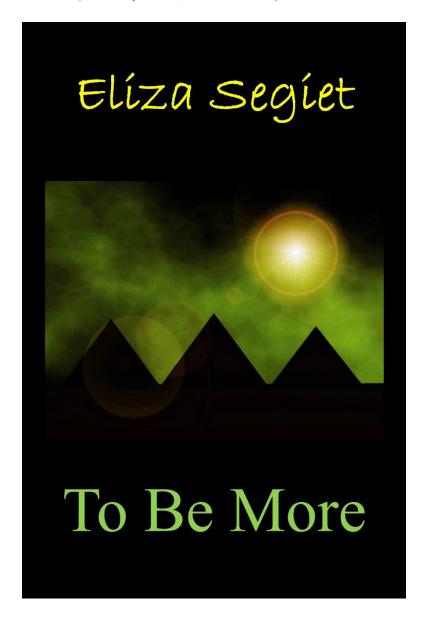
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Ahead of My Time

. . . from the Streets to the Stages

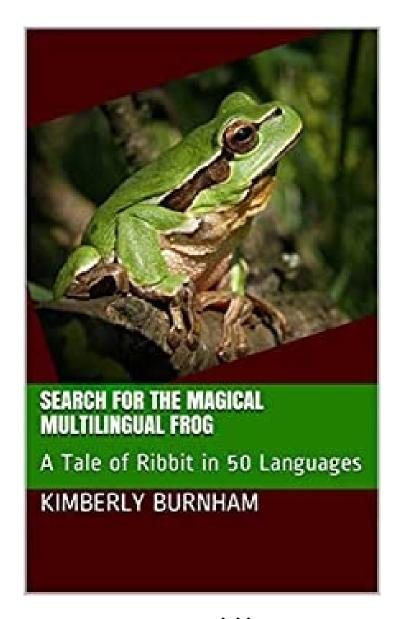


Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

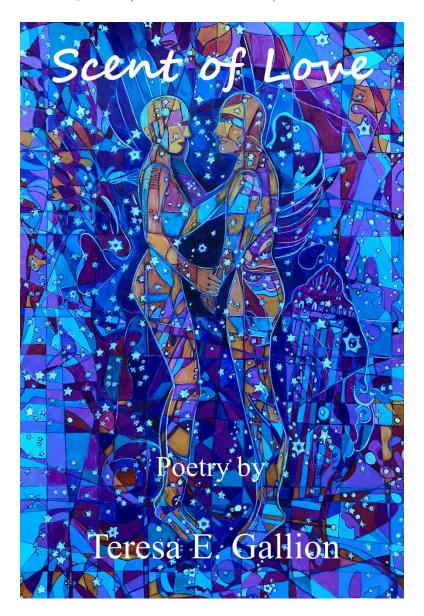


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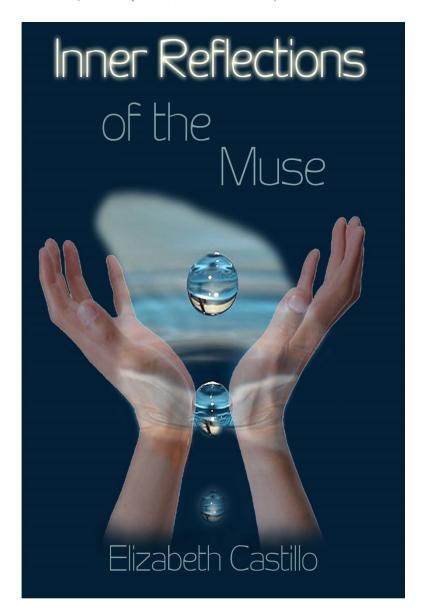
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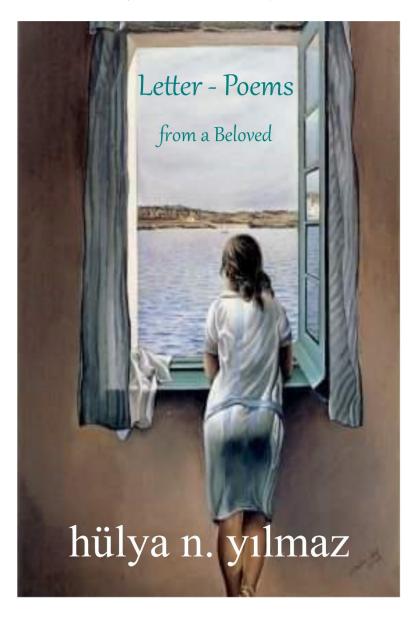
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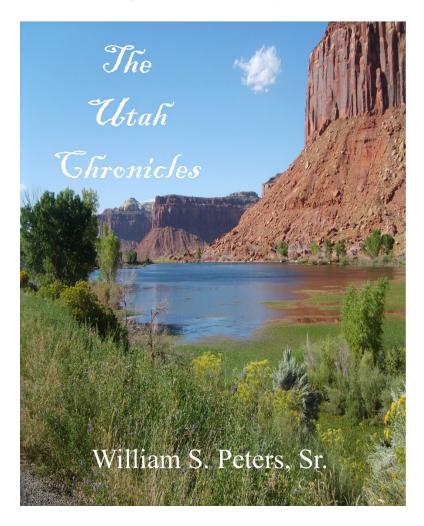
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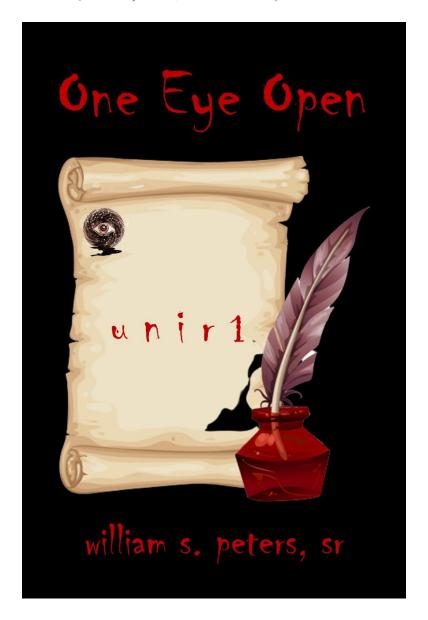


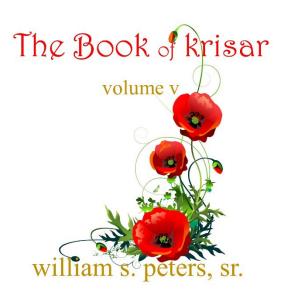
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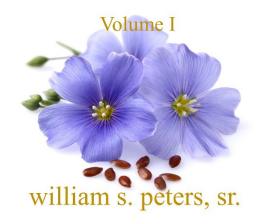
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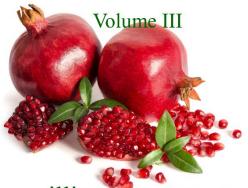


The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

The Book of krisar

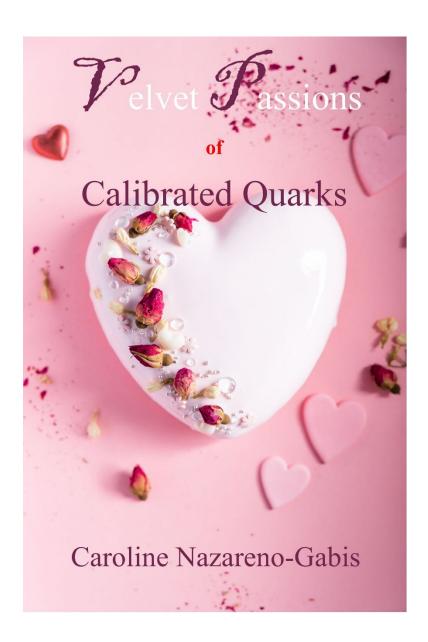


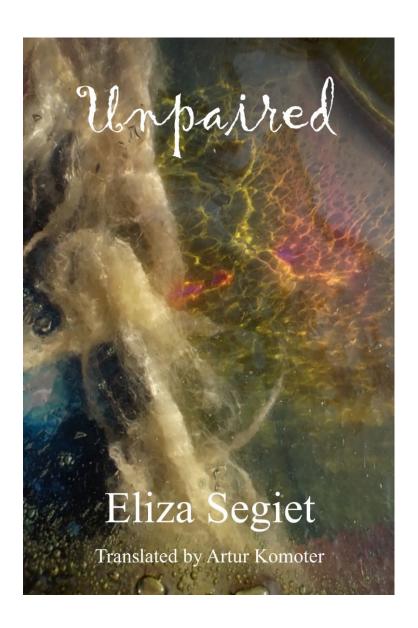
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The Book of krisar

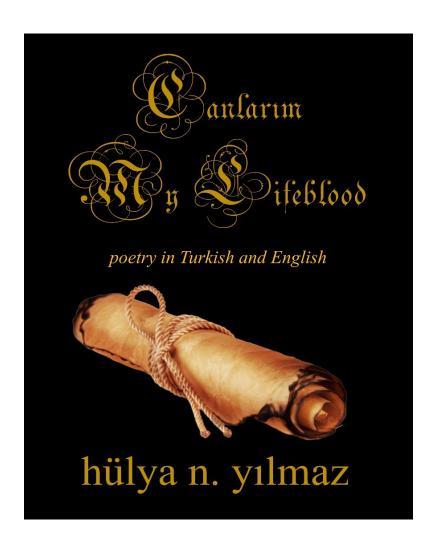


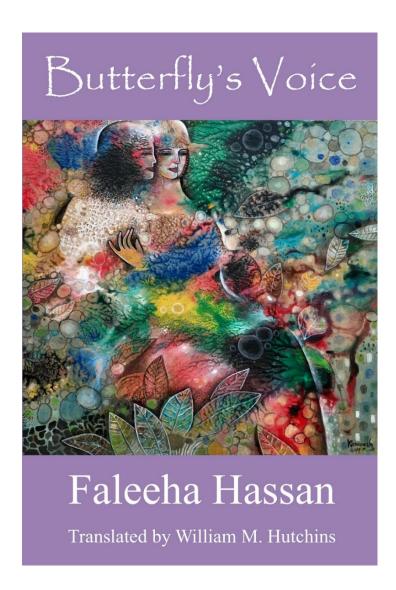
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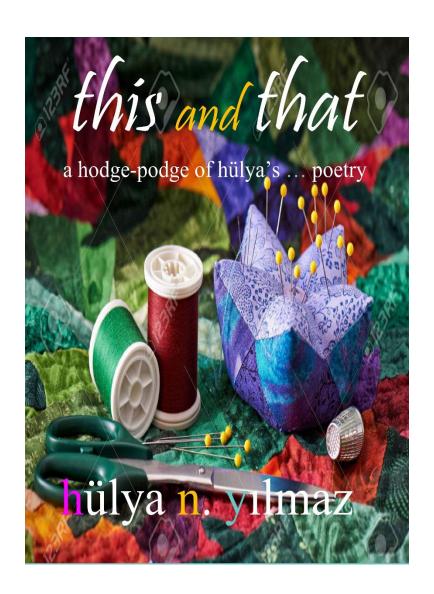


No Illusions

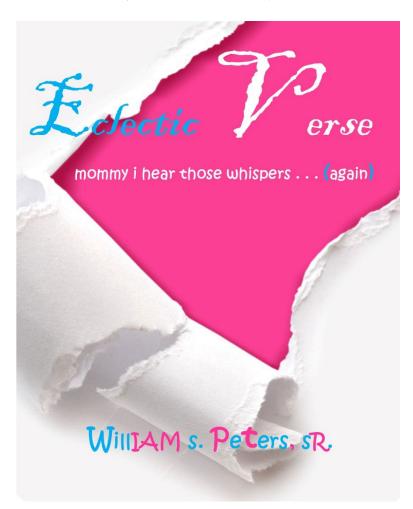
Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



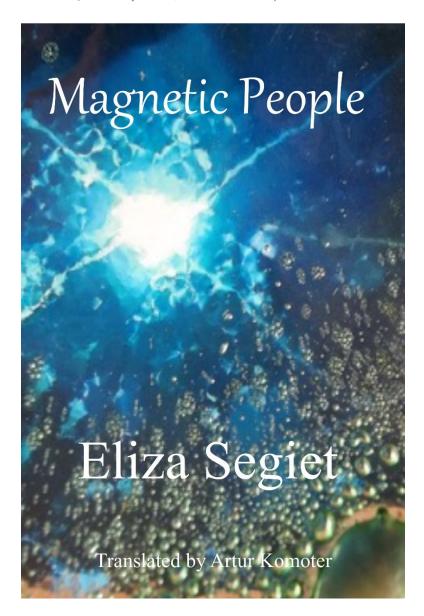
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HERENOW



FAHREDIN SHEHU

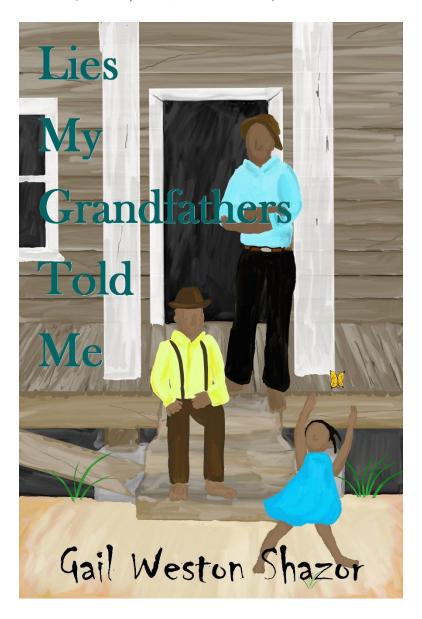


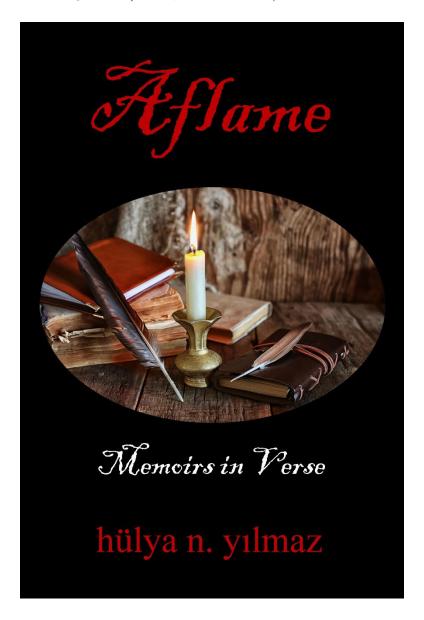
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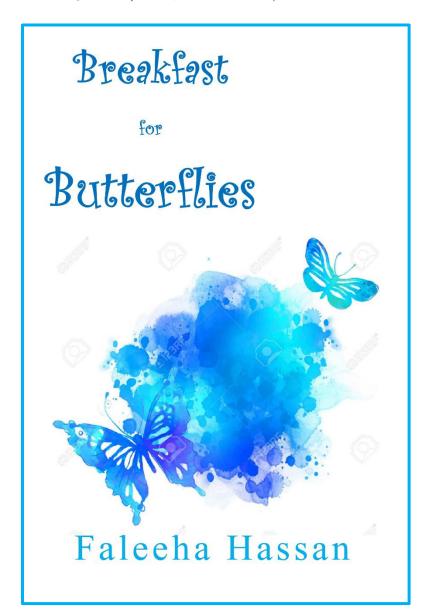
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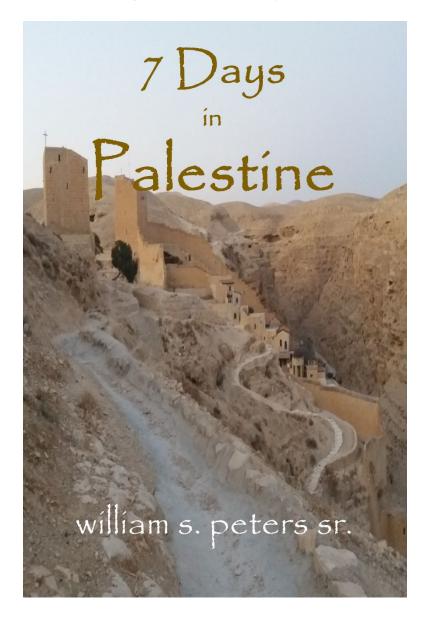
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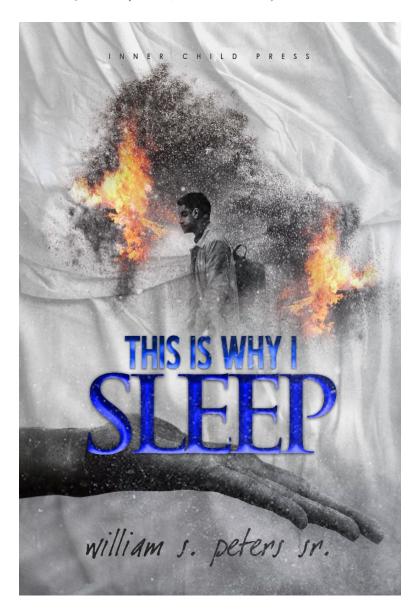




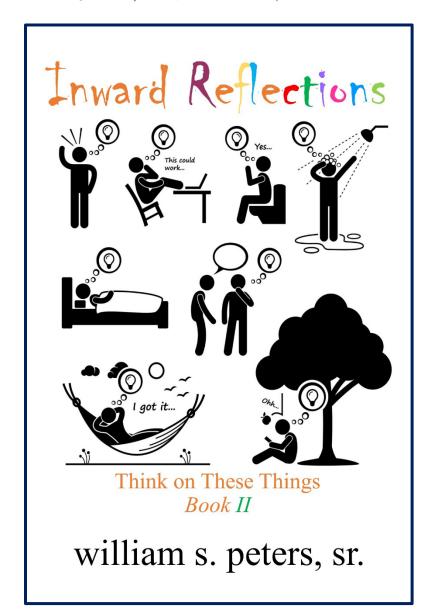
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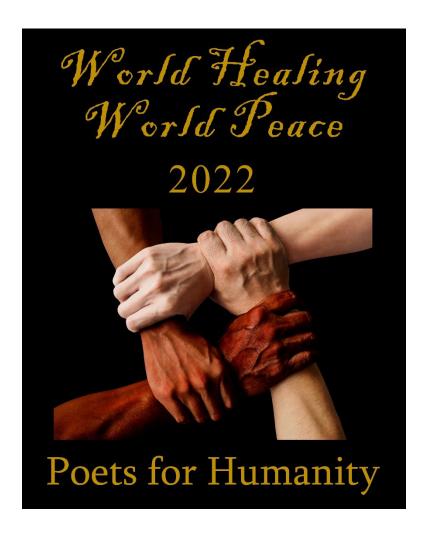


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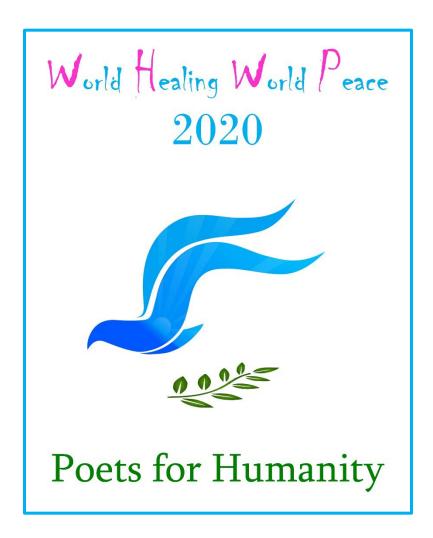
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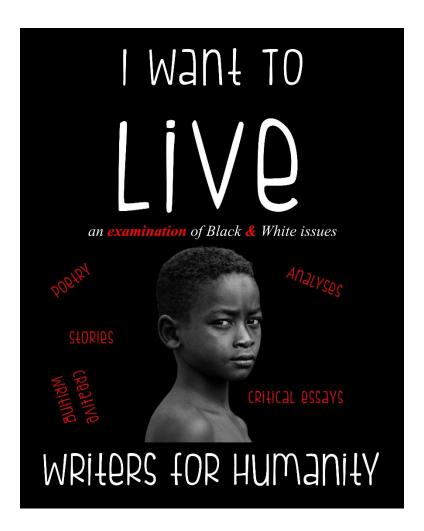


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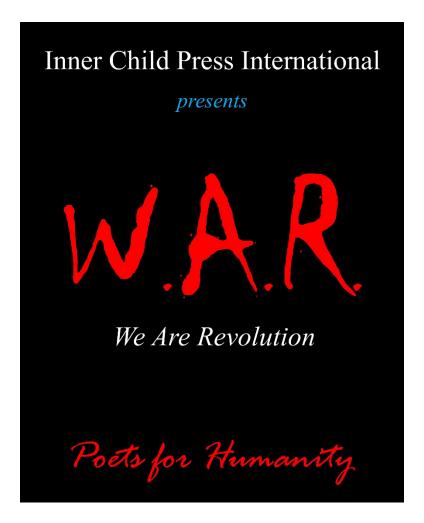
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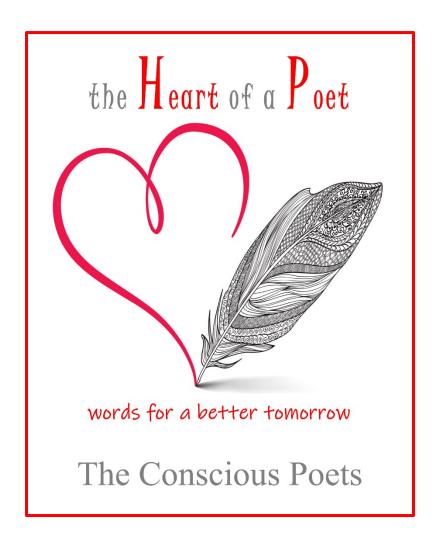
present

Poetry the best of 2020

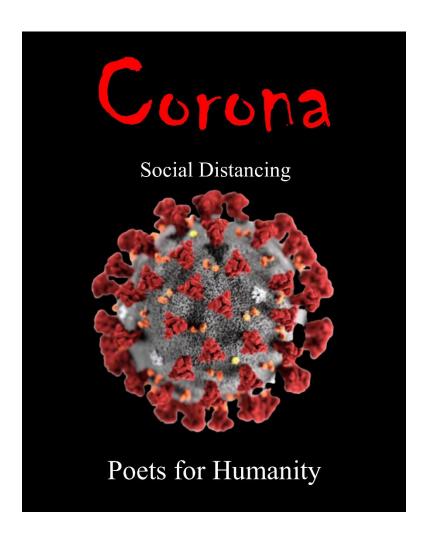
Poets of the World



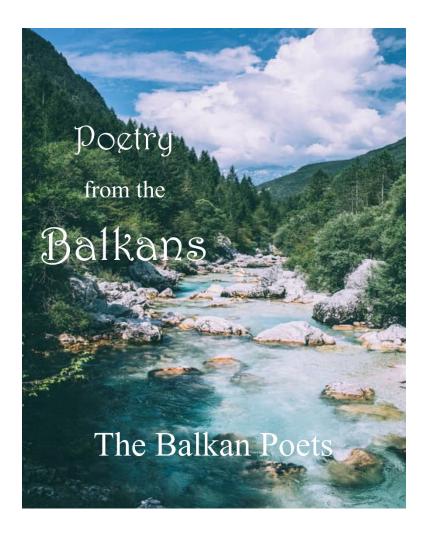
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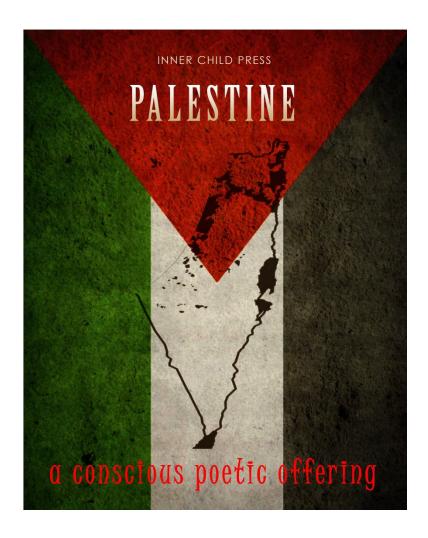
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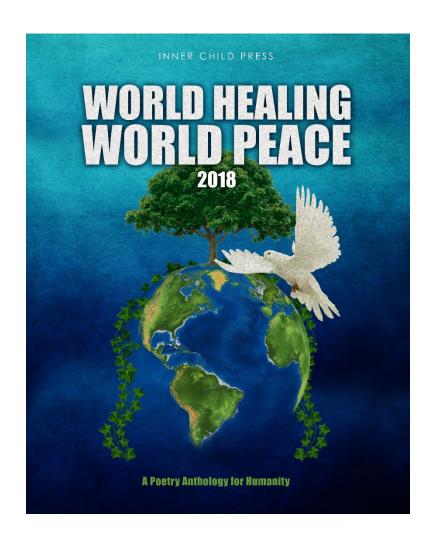


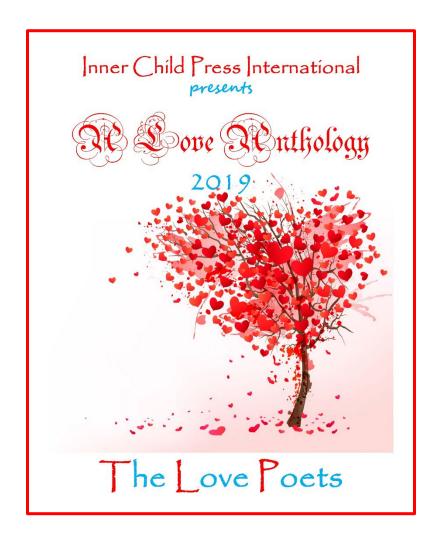
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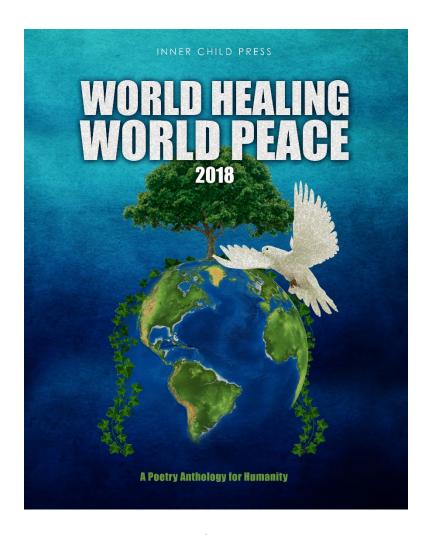




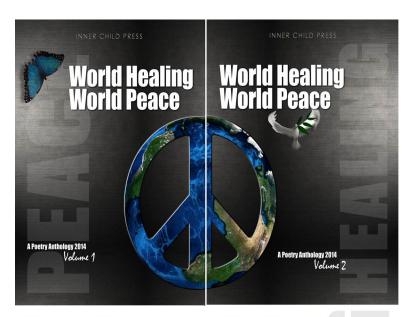


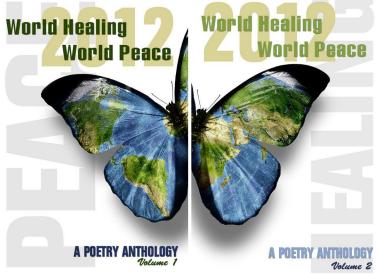
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www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



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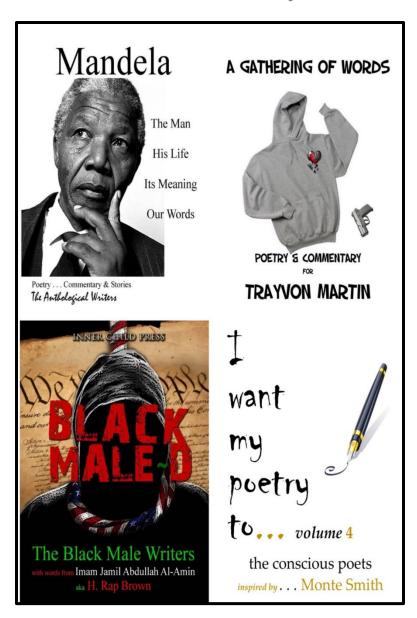
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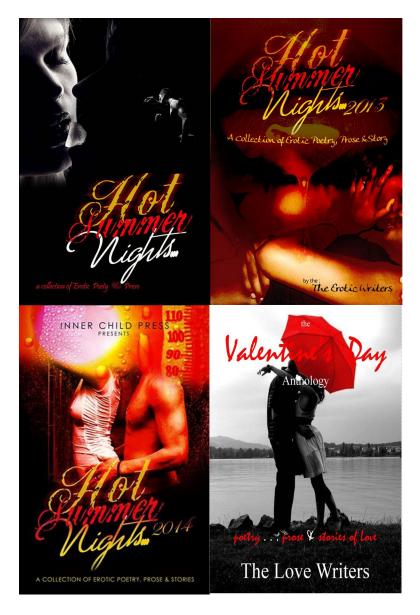


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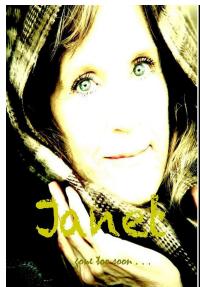
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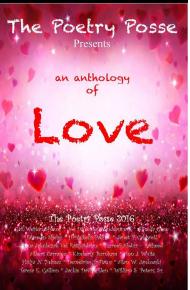
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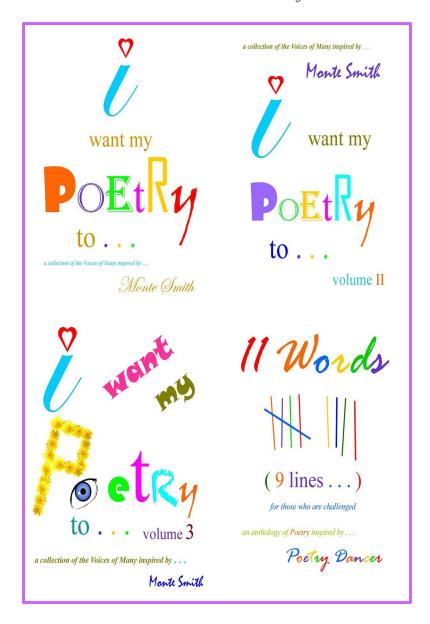




a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition



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Our February Features
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Roley for March 2014 Jame Bond Gail Weston Shazor Shifted Belich the Committee Carravo Shifted Shared Andre Carravo Toy Henninger Joe Da'verbal Minddancer Robert Gibbon Netu Wall Shared Andre Katheed Kimberk Burnham William S. Feters, Sr. Our March Featured Poeta Alician C. Cooper & Initya yalmaz

the Year of the Poet



celebrating international poetry month

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The Year of the Poet September 2014 Aster Morning-Glory Wild Carnes See West Fly or Flower

The Pooling Plance
Samle Bond * Call Weston Stazer * Albert Infinite Carnasco * Siddertha Beth Pierce
Same P. Cathwell * Sune Blag Bereffeld * Debto M. Alben * Tony Herninger
Soe Delvietad Medicane* * Robert Call Samle * Netal t Wall * Servered Albert-Alanheed
Conderly Sumham * William S. Proten, Sy.

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



The Packey Page

Samie Bond * Call Weston Strace * Bloth I Individe Camson * Sidder the Beth Pierce
Samet P. Caldwell * Sure Bagel Borellids * Debbie M. Allen * Torry Henninger
Soe Delverbal Minddencer * Robert Cibbons * Neetla Wall * Shreee Abdar-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sh.

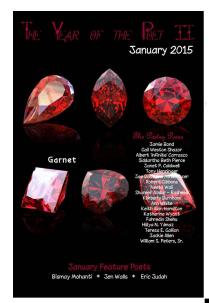
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



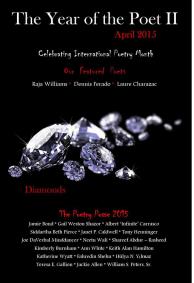


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The Year of the Poet 11 June 2015

June's Featured Poets

nyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

The Featured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

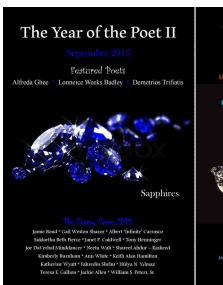
Pearl

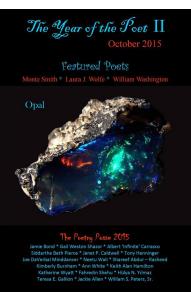


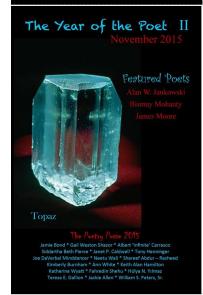
The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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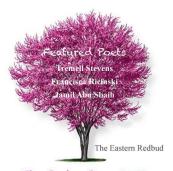


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



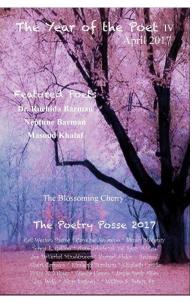
(gall Weston Shazon * Carolline Xizareno * Bisnay Mohauty Noar Sertunt * Inna Jakubczek Vel Retty Holan * Jan Vells Joe D'Verfall Müddener * Sharend Holan * Usehend Albert Carraco * Kinberly Burnham * Elzzbedh Castillo Holya N. Vitnaz * Feledha Hissan * Alba VV. Jankowski * Taress E. Gilllon * Jackie Drek Alba * Vvillan S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. (dellino * Homa alakhbezak Vell Batty Halam John Da'Narha Mindahorer * Baybend Halam - Baybend Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hulya N. Yahouz * Estedha Hassan * Jackie Dreis Allem Jen Vella* Nuzar saturku * William S. Reter, Sr.



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The Flowering Dogwood Tree

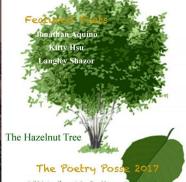


The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shuzer * Carollow Aszareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion * Isono Jakubezak Vel 1841; Hilden Jon DeVerbolt Middlencer * Sherens Hilden - Bishead Hilbert Carrasco * Ethoberty Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hilly N. Vilouz * Esleah Hesson * Jackte Dreks Hillen Jen Wolff * Nizer Serbout * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



Gell Weston Shizen* Ceroline Nizarenov Teress E. Gelllon* Hinos alekubezek Vel Nativ Adalam Joe DeVerbolt Mitodalene* Shirenes Hisken — Rishaed Albert Cerrisco* "Kimberly Burnham" Elizabeth Certillo Hilly N. Yulmaz. "Eslenbe Hisson " Jackte Dreis Alllen Jen Wells" Nizar Sertent* " "William & Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets
Kay Peters
Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shatiyu

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



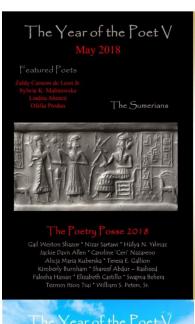
The Poetry Posse 2017

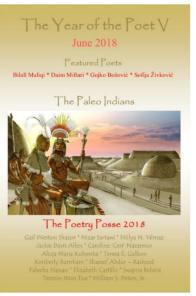
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Galilon * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Sharefa Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

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The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

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

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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubesika * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behaera Tezmin Hion Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

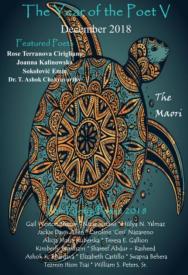
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



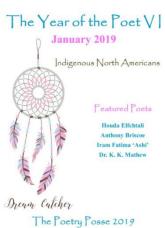
The Poetry Posse 2018

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





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Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019 Featured Poets Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier

The Poetry Posse 2019

Meso-America

Gail 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 * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.

April 2019



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Featured Poets

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



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kubesika "Terese E. Gallion" Jobe Patre Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Bizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tail "William S. Peters.

The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2019

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





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The Year of the Poet VI

November 2019

Featured Poets

Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida



Northern Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

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

The Year of the Poet VI

December 2019

Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska " Teres E. Gallion " Jobe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizaleth Castllo " Swapna Behera Tezenio titon " Sai " William S. Peters, a

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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Feace
Celebrating past Nobel Feace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Year of Teace

Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassoc * Hølya N. Yilms Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Carllo * Swapna Beher Tezmin titon Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur * Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Termin Horn Sat. * William S. Peters *

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace rating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.

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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 * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis 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.

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

| Weston Shazor | Albert Carasco | Hülya N. Yılmaz ackie Davis Allen | Caroline Nazareno | Eliza Segiet klıçla Mara Kuberska | Teresa E. Gallion | Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham | Shareef Addur - Rasheed hok K. Bhargava | Elizabeth Castillo | Swapna Behera | Teresa Burnham | Teresa | T

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail 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. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * 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

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazon - Albert Capassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet - Aliça Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire - Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed - Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera - Tezmin Hion Tsai - William S. Petess.

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

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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maria Kuberka * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bharjayar Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera * Ezmin Itlon Tsai Willian S. Peters.

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

September 2021

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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alıcja Maria Kubeska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Sharecf Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Now Available

The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change: The Ice Cap



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesia" Terese E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai " William S. Peters, 2

The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

in an inches

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsai * William S. Peters, 2008.

The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Oceans





*Celebrating our 100th Edition *

Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

Climate Change and Birds



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The Year of the Poet IX

June 2022

Featured Global Poets
Yuan Changming * Azeczat Okunlola
Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



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The Year of the Poet IX July 2022

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

Climate Change and Animals



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The Year of the Poet IX

August 2022

Featured Global Poets

Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



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The Year of the Poet IX September 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





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The Year of the Poet IX October 2022

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed Carthornia Kouroupos * Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power





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The Year of the Poet IX

November 2022

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

Climate Change: Time to Act





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The Year of the Poet IX

December 2022

Featured Global Poets

Elarbi Abdelfattah * Lorraine Cragg Neha Bhandarkar * Robert Gibbons

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

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The Year of the Poet X January 2023

La ICILIPA

JuNe Barefield Swayam Prashant Willow Rose Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masil

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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

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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

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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

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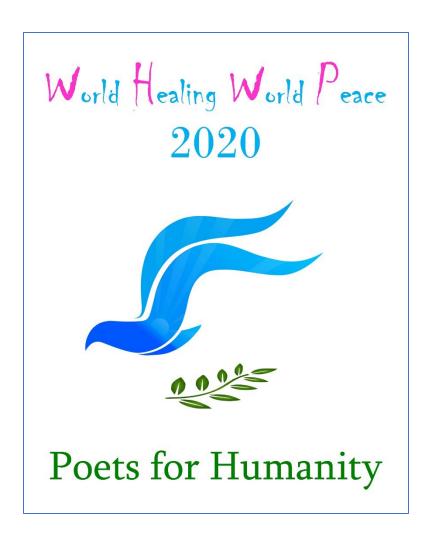
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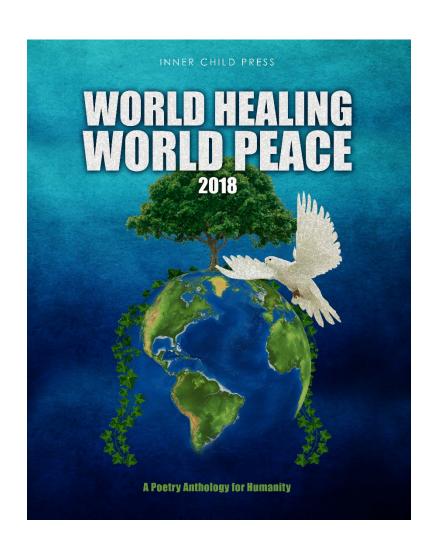
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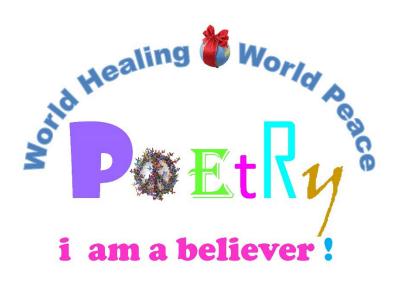


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2023



September 2023 ~ Featured Poets



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