

# The Year of the Poet III

September 2016

## Featured Poets

Simone Weber

Abhijit Sen

Eunice Barbara C. Novio

Long Billed Curle

## The Poetry Posse 2016

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

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**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Passé 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

Hülya N. Yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Elizabeth Castillo

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# **General Information**

## **The Year of the Poet III**

### **September 2016 Edition**

## **The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2016**

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### **Publisher Information**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : Inner Child Press**  
**[intouch@innerchildpress.com](mailto:intouch@innerchildpress.com)**  
**[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)**

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ISBN-13 :978-0997845969 (Inner Child Press, ltd.)

ISBN-10 : 0997845961

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD  
LIFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
POETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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

# Preface

Greetings Family,

This month i have decided to change things up a bit pertaining my usual preface. This month in Acknowledgement of “The Kosovo International Poetry Festival” which sadly so i was unable to attend, and “The Morocco International Poetry Festival”, which i will be attending and having the opportunity to meet Poets from all over our wonderful world, speak, and share some poetry, i offer to you a poem. This poem expresses my desire to write that special poem that epitomizes the hopes i have for humanity. Also note that our beloved Gail Weston Shazor is in the process of collecting submissions for our third anthological installment of “I want my poetry to”. This anthology focuses solely on the vision we have of why we write and the motivations to do so.

For more finite information, please visit :

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/i-want-my-poetry-to-volume-3.php>

So, without further ado, here is the poem titled “i want to write some poetry”

## i want to write some poetry

i want to write some poetry,  
you know, that kind of poetry  
that makes people feel beautiful again,  
that makes them lose all their angst  
and self-incrimination  
and makes them want to hug each other

i want to write some poetry  
that eliminates all fears  
we have about social integration,  
that poem which sets asides the perceptions of differences  
in our politics, gender, ethnicities, religions  
and any other institution  
that causes us  
to become spiritually kaleidoscopic  
in our interactions amongst each other

i want to write that type of poem  
that immediately releases us  
from all preconceived notions  
of class and rank,  
that instantly evokes  
and immerses us  
in the chasm  
of unfathomable love

i want to write that poem  
that gives permission for us  
to cast aside the Band-Aids,  
crutches, and temporary fixes  
and allows us to confront our brokenness  
that we may begin the journey towards healing  
and being whole again

i want to write that poem  
that our leaders  
and the elitists feel compelled to read  
and begin to question their motives  
of greed, power and indifference  
and come to a conclusion  
of just how offensive they have acted  
toward their brother and sisters,  
their fellow man

i want to write that poem  
that sings of harmony  
to all the people and beings of the earth  
and gives cause for eternal smiles  
to be permanently etched  
upon each of our hearts

i want to write that poem  
that puts an inextinguishable light  
on the senselessness of  
war,  
famine,  
strife,  
disease,  
deceit,  
and other inharmonious traits  
we have created betwixt us

i want to write that poem  
that restores our souls  
to its rightful divinity  
and teaches us to walk unencumbered  
and erect  
in and with an unerring nobility

i want to write that poem  
that awakens us  
so we come to succinctly understand  
without question  
what the term “humanity” really means . . .

i want to write that poem  
of congruity,  
that all hearts can sing and dance to  
with never ending smiles and unmitigated joy  
frozen upon our countenance

i want to write that poem  
that makes us all glow,  
that dispels all darkness  
and casts all of our misgivings  
into the abyss of forgiveness & forgetfulness

sigh . . . some day . . .

Yes, some day  
i will write that poem  
because i believe !

i am going to write that poem . . .

. . . can you write one too ?

“if you can not be the poet, be the poem”

right on !!!

© 29 July 2016 : william s. peters, sr.

[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

Thank You

Bless Up

bill

Love and Blessings

*Bill*

*PS*

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

Available here

[www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com](http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com)

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# Foreword

“What is the role of poetry?” This question is often raised and discussed by critics, professors, students, linguists, philosophers, psychologists, scientists, etc., and of course by poets themselves. The same question suggests or even imposes itself again and again on poetry forums, conferences, symposiums, interviews, seminars, classrooms, literary saloons, and other types of poetry events and venues.

Thinking of some of the various responses to the question opens our eyes to the learning possibilities and opportunities that poetry makes available for us. If we believe, for instance, that poetry is written and read for its beauty, we may try to have a better understanding of the language since language becomes of prime importance. If we argue that poetry should always deliver a moral message, then we might want to learn how to reinforce morality. And if we insist that the main purpose of poetry is to explore deeper meanings or truths, then certainly we are expected to glean some philosophical insights. Learning will also occur whether we believe that poetry can help us understand the world around us or give precedence to self-discovery or -understanding. While the former encourages us to try to comprehend the complex relationships and deep mysteries of our world, the latter urges us to explore the intricacies and complexities of the human psyche. Even if we view poetry as a means of escape from the evils of our world, we may seek to develop our spirituality, so that we may be able to cope up with the dominance of materialism in our culture.

This month, by focusing on education, the Poetry Posse family is exploring a new horizon that offers infinite possibilities. I humbly invite every one of you to read with passion, to enjoy with all your senses, and if possible to ask yourself once in a while: What have I learned from this poetry collection, this poem, this stanza, or this line?

**Nizar Sartawi**  
**Poet and Translator**

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WORLD PEACE  
2016



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

~ wsp

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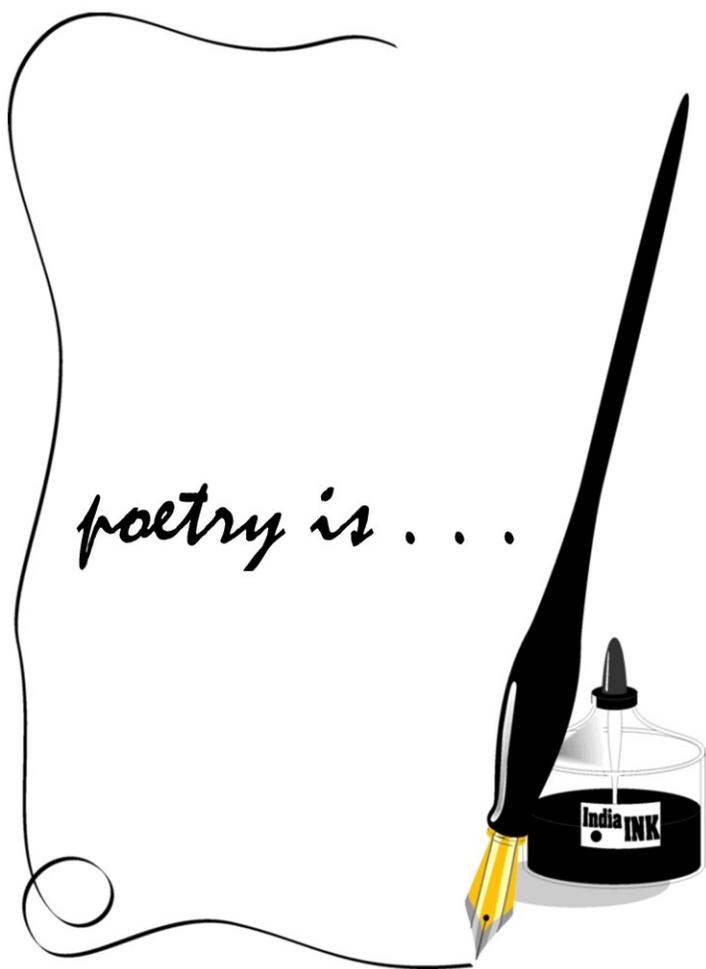
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

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

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[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)  
[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## Island Refractions

Today i lied  
not to someone else  
but to myself  
the sun did indeed shine  
and i am greatfilled for the warmth  
but i also like the rain  
for its chilliness  
i could have just said anything is good  
what i really want is to be  
the water me  
the one that stands in the ocean  
and feels the caress  
of the tides  
moving  
i watched my reflection in the puddles  
it refracted  
on the stairs as i went to and fro  
from one place to be  
and one place not to be  
my image changing instantly  
i wished to be pretty before this day dawned  
now i understand  
that this need was never true  
it is a lie  
like others i have told myself  
and did just this morning  
sigh  
yet i am silent in face of happiness

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save the ink that spills  
across the whitespace  
of clean paper  
in such contrast to my  
high yellow clearness  
and i am black  
i have confined myself in a mental slavery of need  
someone come save me  
some poet tell my story  
let me look in your ink  
and see the me  
that i long to be  
mirror me this...

## Jazz in the Park

It's hot  
The music floats under the kenips  
Threatening to ripen the bunches  
As they hang  
Salsa beats to move hips  
Men with long forgotten partners  
Appearing to dance  
With transitioned loves  
Smiles stealing a sweet memory  
Of the days when only the band  
Broke to swallow a cold beer  
And wipe a wet forehead  
Hands never still until stilled  
My mothers speaks of those nights  
Under a sweltering sun  
The only breeze, seldom  
I can hear the skirts swirl  
Against the melodies  
The men in Sunday brogues  
And knife pleated trousers  
Because, well because  
This is an occasion  
May it happens less occasional  
The rhythm still moves  
The beat is still strong  
And the night remains a memory  
Of singing scat under the stars  
And it  
Is hot

## Blue Roof Longing

My roof calls to me  
And I cannot answer  
There are things I need to speak  
And leave there  
Fears that are of a  
Whispering sound and  
Joys that require shouts  
In a bright cerulean hue  
Disconcerting concerns  
That may or may not matter  
In the long term  
But seem huge in the now  
I need to speak to my  
Abba Father  
In the quiet space  
Where I have connected  
My voice to His  
The Blue roof is where  
He holds my heart safe  
So until I am healed  
Of this latest misgift from nature  
Of this latest misstep of the flesh  
I will wait  
For the spots to disappear  
For the breathing to even out  
For the clarity to show itself  
For the Father's voice  
To become clear  
In my ordered steps  
To realign my path

## **My Left Foot**

*Senryus*

It wanders nightly  
Until I become startled  
At your being close  
But yet you don't move  
No longer surprised like me  
Of discoveries  
The moon shifts slowly  
So that it covers others  
Under the night sky  
My left foot always  
Finds the crook behind your knee  
Syncopated breath

*Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell*

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## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

To contact Janet

[www.janetcaldwell.com](http://www.janetcaldwell.com)

## The Mechanics of it All

Just because a tire is flat  
why do you toss it away?  
And because a muffler has a bit of rust  
what's the point in burning it to ash  
or letting it become more and more  
in disarray?

When your mechanic suggests a tune up  
do you shrug your shoulders while crying?  
The wringing of your hands to chafing  
is telling my ole friend  
as if there is no answer.

And do you throw that car aside  
for a *tarnished lay-away, lay-away*  
let me get away,  
gotta go fast and feel good today?

Have you paid an exorbitant price  
for a *new* car with regret.  
Are you questioning your decisions  
and thinking how you should have stayed  
and fixed it  
instead of *playing it shiny, thinking it safe?*

Have you seen that car lately?  
Have you seen her run?  
She's tuned up, new treads and paint  
the joy of her own imbibing  
is blindingly shining.  
Far, far away from that maddening crowd.

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It makes one wonder about  
the mechanics of it all  
and right out loud!

## Listen Well

This summer has taught the world well  
about life in Biased and Privileged America.  
The projectile vomited lies  
oh the *superiority* of it all  
and the Tri-Trump-phiant stories we sell.

And themselves, the lookers on  
shake their head and wonder  
how we are so proud of living, lying testaments  
on an Olympic and universal stage.

I cringe at the good ole U.S. of A.  
the mockery of freedom  
is a stench to my nostrils  
as fair play is non-existent  
in many, many cases.

And the bullying of other countries  
runs like blades  
gouging and scraping my throat  
because I cannot swallow  
the venomous and poisonous lies.

America is sadly akin to that trumpish gnad  
loving only herself  
with her superior sons on top.

While so many are scraping the ground  
with little to no relief found.  
Listen well, listen well.

There is another story to tell . . .

## Archaic Blood

Lying in the coffin fortune teller  
I listened as the noises came and went.  
Some like mantras, others banging  
and clanging to wake the dead.

Maybe me and I wondered  
what my fortune would be.  
As this pain has been so hard to bear.  
I thought that I could ride it out  
or lose it down that  
tree lined lane somewhere.

The lost and found kept bringing it back  
so here I sit shattered inside, with no-one  
to tell...ignore the shadowy figures  
and the voices just won't quit.  
I am just sick of this shit!

I wonder if the MRI will reveal  
the source of my *real pain*.  
You know, in my gut, my aching heart  
with blood pumping insane.

I think that I know already  
as the *archaic blood* drains  
my darkness away.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

*Lackie*

*Davis*

*Allen*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

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

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

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

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

## Night and Day

With eyes glistening blue, and voice quite  
and still, he smiled,  
his handsome face aglow.

Across the landscape, beneath, varied shades,  
with dark shadows following...  
too many to behold.

In his stride, his attitude was as unpredictable  
as a tornado, yet on this day  
he was slyly shy.

Challenged, all the flowers, buds and blossoms  
danced with him, enhanced  
by the weather's eye.

In patches lush and bountiful, with arms askew,  
they danced merrily beneath  
the weeping willows.

The hours reverberated with chromaticity  
of disharmony, yet, he and his mischievous blue eyes  
stole the show.

Lo! A lull fell all around his garden; falling asleep, he  
nevertheless, was mindful of the pale face  
of the indulgent moon.

Despite howls of vociferous winds, heaven's jeweled  
blanket cradled him and his friends  
all the night long.

## Love's Cup of Tea

Sitting on a shelf  
Were various mementos of the past,  
Some treasured collectibles,  
Traditional, vintage, antique,  
Or newly discovered,  
They rekindled precious memories

Of the elderly one,  
She bending over the stove, her teakettle  
Whistling its tune in the air,  
An invitation to come hither,  
Rest for a moment, please stay  
And have a cup of tea with me.

Oh, the stories she could tell  
If there had been more time.  
But no, she is no more.  
It was in her little bedroom,  
Near her library, where we found her diary  
Covered with dust.

The key that unlocked  
The many pages found most of them  
Bleeding with ink.  
What were the thoughts she held closest  
To her breast? What intimacies  
Might the entries reveal?

We stood around her beloved,  
Well worn writing desk  
Wondering what should we do.  
Should we cast aside all  
Propriety, delve into her innermost,  
Most confidential thoughts?

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Should we look into the well  
That made her heart leap with joy  
Or weep from loss?  
Should we invade her privacy?  
What secrets might her century-long dance  
With life betray?

The task was conveyed to me,  
The only surviving female.  
And, while discernment played a game  
Of hide and seek,  
It was serendipity's face to face  
Encounter that found me

Preparing to pour myself a cup  
Of tea, the intoxicating scent of lilacs  
Filtered through the open window.  
It was then that I realized  
What it was I should do  
With Granny's personal history.

So as to protect the treasure  
Against potential mishap,  
And, intending to continue my morning ritual  
Of tea, I picked up the book,  
Thinking only to move it to safety,  
Away from harm.

A yellowed slip of paper tumbled out  
And fluttered, landing on the floor.  
I shivered, the curtains at the window, too.  
I read the words, "My darling girl,  
This is my gift to you.  
Do with it as you please."

## Buried in the Sands of Beeble-Babble

When upon an evening's slumber, heads  
prayed wings to transport them to a place  
called Utopia where they might quench their thirst  
from waters that seeped down from the hills.

There, hopefully, lying in pools between  
rocky cliffs, a beam of light might bring forth  
enlightenment's wisdom and thereby  
break its silence and awaken  
from nature's deep its mysterious keep.

A mis-mash of perceptions, a bevy  
of faces, politicians, leaders, liars,  
teachers, astronauts, some doctors, they  
stood there like zombies, their hands trembling.

Their chests heaved like hearts in the midst  
of a panic attack, but alas, still they  
waited for guidance, for intervention.  
mute sheep, they fell asleep on their feet:  
a foolish desire for hope's introspection.

Devoid of caution's consideration,  
a voice broke through the confusion, it came  
with a word of warning, a prophecy:  
The sky is falling, dawn is bleeding out.

A ferocious red stain bled, and darkened  
the crystal ball, filling its globe with dread.  
Despite accumulated knowledge,  
they cried in unison, "Oh, no! Oh, no!  
Why has the world turned itself upside down?"

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*Albert  
Carrasco*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

## Back to school

Summer is fading.  
It's time for that ten month stretch.  
Pens, pencils, books and backpacks,  
Replaces beach and pool laps.  
New teachers,  
New friends,  
New courses and classes.  
Old classmates aged and look more mature,  
Everyone meets where they met before...  
Hey look, there's the posse,  
We all greet, hello, hi, peace, namaste.  
For some it's new start and for others it's the beginning of  
the end.  
What school did you come from?  
Where are you going to start your career.  
Some dred 16 years... Omg that's so long  
Others can't believe it's their last year... Omg that went so  
fast.  
There's a week left of supply shopping,  
Then it's back to school.

## Knowledge reigns supreme

I know many intelligent and talented individuals. Some graduated magnum cum laude, others didn't have that opportunity. Nevertheless enlightenment is what both sort for and possessed.

It's a beautiful thing to be able to go to the school of your choice to further your education. If that's not possible for whatever reason, we can still elevate but we must go above and beyond the norm of diligence to achieve self taught intelligence. Nothing is impossible but the word, thinking you're inferior because you didn't have a "teacher" like a prestigious school scholar is absurd.

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*Joe*  
*Da Verbal*  
*MindDancer*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

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

## BACK TO BASICS

We traveled through snow covered streets  
We traveled through neighborhoods  
Where we might get beat  
There was no backing down from education  
We ran the gauntlet and our dedication  
Let's just say we had motivation

A shop owner would not hesitate to tell on you  
A wino would let on what you were up to  
It was a struggle just to go to school  
Many lives were lost to ensure that too

Today is no different  
Just a stronger element of violence  
A little less neighborhood guidance  
Yet the road to education is provided  
We hide in the standards of today  
We made strides in the old ways

Back to basics maybe passé  
But it paved the way for today  
It was a struggle just to go to school  
Many lives were lost to ensure that you  
Will have an education to improve you.

## A LESSON IN LOVE

I always knew what to say  
I grew complacent in that way  
A few words here and there didn't cut it  
I'm in love interrupted  
The abruptness of it all  
I couldn't see her tears fall

Something as simple as good morning  
Something as passionate as good night  
Silence is not understood in loves light  
Loves right where it is  
I need to handle my business  
I'm feeling a little dizziness

Thrust back into loneliness  
If I'd only just said hello more often than not  
If I could only just hold on to what I've got  
I'm hot with fever  
I just can't leave her  
She's the receiver of my words  
Words she haven't heard

I'll start with good night  
Tomorrow I'll say have a great day  
I'll be consistent with it  
Like in the beginning of all lovers way  
If there's a breath in you  
Even if you're on the go  
Take a moment to say hello.

## THE LOST FILES

You ever wake up from a dream wanting to jot it down  
As soon as you reach for pen and paper it can't be found  
They were so vivid so real even surreal  
Are they moments just for you not meant to be revealed  
Sacred places visited  
A body only you can love  
Have you smiled at someone knowing they were the one?  
What dreams might come true  
Sacred places visited  
A body healed in out of body travel  
Your mind unravels  
Time swings the gavel  
Your vivid trip ends  
No words from the pen  
No sliver of evidence of where you've been  
Just a crease on your forehead  
A small impression of where you laid  
Maybe a sweat soaked tee from the role you played  
Oh to remember a dream just to have another one  
Lost files lay in a pile until the next day is done.

*Shareef*  
*Abdur*  
*Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

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

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

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

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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

connect..,

plugged into the source, creator of course  
or flounder away lost in the sauce of muck,  
mire, fuel for the fire  
slaves to the craves of desire  
in the lands of liars more than desert sands  
disconnected klans, bands who never stand  
to speak against injustice of man  
corrupted systems comprised of evil  
as i walk through the valley of death i fear  
no one but the high and mighty  
as i fight the lower self in myself i must connect  
i must respect, remember, reflect the mercy,  
guidance, love, protect from above with the mighty  
connect, plugged into love  
fly with doves. Glide divorced of pride on the ride  
to the gardens of bliss far above the madness  
of this disconnected exist,  
and all the lost souls who think life is this  
disconnected no juice for use.  
lights out in darkness those who didn't heed  
the need to connect  
who didn't stop to reflect  
on the light of the connect

food4thought = education

quest for knowledge...

fueled by desire to acquire  
the best, most popular yet  
are often misguided in this life  
of tests, strife, hardships cut  
deep like a hot knife through  
butter  
people acting more like sheeple  
being lead to the slaughter  
lost souls galore, border to border  
human race off to the races looking  
for answers in all the wrong places  
void of investigation will never fail  
to fail the scrutiny of examination  
pursue in haste, race mindless  
masses mistake fake for guidance  
passed gas mistook for real cash  
you can take to the bank  
amount to a fake take  
somebody just pissed in your gas tank  
leave a pile of zeros that add up to  
you've been played  
that's what amounts to a fools payday  
like knowledge without wisdom has  
created worldwide schisms  
when you look for guidance from a ism  
you will first find the needle in the haystack  
before you get any wisdom from that  
and that my friend is a fact  
that's why the number of educated fools  
from uneducated schools are stacked  
you'll never find wisdom 101 in their  
curriculum  
only basic 101 keep on trickin' 'em!

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

YO...!!

Do you know how many died so  
deaf, dumb and blind can glide  
over the finish line?  
can't blame a lame for trying, right?  
regardless of who died  
out of sight, out of mind  
just keeping their eyez on the prize  
partakers in the giant lie  
perpetrated by human being haters  
private, quite participators and nations  
putting profit ' an ' gain over flesh ' n '  
blood, life ' an ' limb again and again  
da politrix of the Olympics  
" there's gold in dem der hill's so who  
cares who we kill.  
just giving thanks for all the minds that  
draw blanks  
as we laugh, hoot ' n ' holla all the way  
to the bank "  
greetings from us little ' ol' billionaires  
from the think tank ".....SUCKERS !!

food4thought = education

*Kimberly  
Burnham*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

Life spirals. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider what your life will be like if you become blind." Devastating words trickling down into her soul, she discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the face of global brain health. Using health coaching, poetry, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, chronic pain, and eyesight issues.

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

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

## Gratitude

Enough ... I have enough  
don't forget even for a moment  
urging me to see what is real  
conscious awareness of insight dances around me  
a blessed being  
trying to learn gratitude a lifelong lesson  
invisible bonds, fragile, and resilient  
olympic proportions of abundance  
now I hold this feeling of gratitude deep inside

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

## Nature

Evades simple definitions teaches enjoy life's complexities  
drumming, thrumming, energetically buzzing  
unusual strands create survival and pleasure  
challenging my adaptability  
a home, a place of healing, love all around  
teaches me to appreciate the rain  
it is my nature I seek to understand  
on a walk in the trees I learn be tall reach for sunlight  
now I see the edges where nature blends with me

## Light

Education rarely happens without light  
darkness' opposite draws in joy and details  
understanding symbolized a light bulb coming on  
creativity in the light to read, see, and share  
awakening to natural light within each of us  
the firelight, shimmering bioluminescence, moonlight  
insight when sunlight comes on inside  
one dream letting in and out lights swirl bright  
now I see the beauty, color, and variety in me

*Elizabeth*

*L.*

*Castillo*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

### Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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

Google Plus

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

## Changing the World

The pen is mightier than the sword –  
For it can help change lives in an instant  
Effectuate transformation to an ailing world –  
How can we be instruments of change?  
Education, an important aspect of changing lives  
Knowledge gained in school, wisdom attained in life  
experiences.  
Changing the world at a glance is not possible  
If we set aside learning from the very beginning.  
Your pen would be more powerful,  
If you armed with knowledge because of hard work and  
perseverance  
Help change the world, help educate the younger  
generation  
Spread the value of attaining good education.

## The Lamp

I would like to be a lamp of light guiding the paths of others

But how can I do this without starting to educate myself first?

They say knowledge is a treasure which will not be taken away from you

Combined with wisdom from everyday experiences I can be the Light

I can be Source of Inspiration to the young and old

If I am equipped with enough education which I can carry on 'til my hair turns grey

I can be the Lamp of Success, a Lamp of Motivation

To help change the world by sharing what I know and not using them in my own selfish motives

Yes, I can be the Lamp of Light over these surrounding darkness bewildering the world today.

## A Noble Profession

What kind of profession is as noble as a saint?  
But that of a teacher whose mission is to educate the young  
minds  
And help build them up to be the future pillars of a country  
Teaching can be a tough job and requires selfless devotion  
So, tell me what other profession is as noble as this one?  
I am grateful to all my teachers during my past student's  
life  
For they helped for what I am today –  
Without their commitment to teach me the ways of life  
How could I gain the confidence to face the trials I have  
each day?  
And we must also come to think of it that we can be a  
Teacher or a Student at one point of our lives  
We can help teach a lesson to some people in our lives  
Or we can be the ones to learn from them as we go along  
our journey.

*Alfreda*

*D.*

*Ghee*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

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

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

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

## Teach

Let time nor space stand still in history  
We must teach our young what it means to be black  
Show them the people that paved the way for us  
Teach them what it was to be held in chains  
Express to them not to allow themselves to be held captive  
Nor take their freedom in vein

Martin Luther King Jr. didn't march for us to give up  
He marched for us to move forward  
He had a dream  
Now we must walk that dream for him and for our kids  
Show them that Rosa Parks set in that seat to rest  
And she wouldn't allow people to tell her that  
she couldn't sit because she wasn't the right race

We must all come together in unity  
So that kids will see that we are one race with a multitude  
of imperfections  
But we are one. If we look inside and show what's there  
It's on accord, one heart, one soul and one love  
Let's prove that we can raise a nation of people  
That become as one  
Or do we want to teach our kids to stay enslaved  
by keeping their ears and minds closed....

## Learning

Books, pencils and pens  
Take up all the kids plans  
Math, Reading and Writing  
Will put a spark in your mind  
Lessons we need to make it through everyday life

Art, Gym and Labs  
Mostly fun things to do to mix up the day  
Teachers, teaching kids Their ABCs and 123s  
In hopes that it clicks from A to Z

Fun in school it's not for fools  
Learning is the tools of many new skills  
To in still a degree for the use of getting more  
Placing yourself in the line of earning  
A place on a stand to get your stripes and band

Not forgetting that A to Z is the beginning  
Of the lessons that will take you on a journey  
That only and education will enhance your thinking  
And improve your way of life

School and books  
Teachers and nooks  
Pens and pencils  
Folders and note book  
Binders and Crayons  
Tools needed to help educate...

## School

The first day of school you learn the rules  
Getting your notes and antidotes  
To solve the problems  
Reading and writing to enhance your mind's eye  
Focusing on the future that lies ahead

Speaking new languages to impress the teachers  
Learning math that equals squared  
No fooling around because reading is rare  
While learning your history that can't compare'

Sharing in the world's economy  
And still learning the states that create our space  
The stars and atmosphere is filled with cheer  
As you learn the different constellations  
And how stars are formed

The variations of difficulty all depends upon you  
Studying is the key to your success  
Remembering all the information for your test  
School is not for the faint at heart  
But it's for that want to become smart

Engaging in lessons to expand your thoughts  
But researching on your own to find your truth  
Thought provoking conversations  
Leading to a better future for you and me  
Education is the key for a better you....

*Nizar*

*Sartawi*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His translations include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; all three translated into Arabic; *Contemporary Jordanian Poets, Volume I* (2013); *The Eyes of*

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

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

## a lesson in obscenity

the little  
kindergarten girl  
came  
a little  
closer to  
the little  
kindergarten boy  
and whispered in his  
little  
ear

*i love you*

the big  
eyes roaming the room  
now wide open

the big  
watchful mouth  
agape

never ever again!

waving  
a big  
bamboo stick

*LOVE*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

spelling and counting on her  
big  
fingers

*L*  
*O*  
*V*  
*E*

is a  
*FOUR-LETTER WORD*

and that was  
the little  
kids' first lesson in

OBSCENITY



## Between Two Moments

When passion roars  
in our bosoms  
for mounting on horseback  
that breaks through fortresses  
or mounting a cloud  
to plant in its whiteness  
the banners of madness  
or ascending a star  
to break in its space  
the barriers of silence  
it's fine to search for a myth  
in whose folds we tuck  
a few details that  
make known our presence  
that they may  
give a couple of sparks  
or light up a couple of candles  
or add a couple of sentences  
to the lines of our life, confined  
between two moments of the spirit's manifestations:

the moment of its rise  
in a dumbfounded embryonic lump  
and the moment of its convulsion  
in a conquered heartbeat.



## My Shadow

Oh my shadow how you tire me out  
you, the deformed ghost  
of the agony dwelling within my ribs...!  
How you push me to hide in the dark for fear  
of you...!

When your ominous emaciated  
gloomy image  
chases me  
or your clumsy silhouette  
painted on my path  
paces ahead of me  
I feel I'm trotting  
in front of you  
or after you  
against my will  
that you are pricking my neck  
or pulling me by the nose  
And if you beside me walk  
I feel a monster lying in ambush

about  
to  
rise up  
on his feet  
like a ghoul,  
and leap  
upon me  
and put me  
to death

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

All day long I tell  
myself:  
When my hour comes tomorrow  
or after tomorrow  
no doubt the angel of death will come  
for me alone  
and forget you...  
and you will attend my funeral  
and take part in my burial

And when I'm laid inside the earth  
and all my buddies depart  
you'll linger a while above my grave  
to gloat over my misfortune  
and laugh out loud  
then go away

Who knows whom you will go with  
after me!  
to whom the bad luck will be passed!  
a human like me, haunted with his premonitions  
or a ferocious monster...?



*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

*Len  
Walls*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

Contact Jen Walls:

[mywritegift@gmail.com](mailto:mywritegift@gmail.com);

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

## BRING TO LIFE

Embrace loving light  
breathe gentleness - revered awe  
send a newborn-smile.

Welcome love-knowledge  
unfold in the flower-eye;  
fly - kiss with dawn-break

Spill joy then take flight  
sparkle and tend bliss-caress;  
birth across dark night

Rule the mind-time-space  
grow past each imagined fate;  
be love-true - paint sky

Whisper laughter-joys  
uplift to always sing through  
cradle silent peace

Feel inside-wonder  
live each moment - understand;  
center as kindness

Rise with sunlight-call  
flow golden living heart-breaths;  
refresh perspective

Give respectful care  
beam soul-integrity bright;  
release - bring to life

## SKY-FIRE

Compose bliss-blessings  
let's educate one and all  
bring soul-breaths - love-peace

Glisten heart higher  
journey with liberation;  
ablaze color-trail

Lift all sparkling grace  
shower starry-tears on face;  
kiss-effervescence

Share love in heart-nest  
open-flight of everything;  
be free bird - soar high

Ride fire of sky  
sing wonder - ignite spirit;  
melt in the song - cry

Drip with molten-flow  
weather heart on winds and know;  
reach for love inside

Open tenderly  
raise smile upon fragrant rose;  
pray with lasting joy

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

Invigorate soul  
come within - quicken light-flash;  
dance life-music - dash

Soothe within softness  
sing gentle bliss - everything;  
call in moment's now

Rise love-unity  
enlighten heartbeats - send peace;  
brighten the sky-fire

## FRIENDSHIP GARDENS

Breathe love - heart and soul  
abide true - past the senses;  
live boundless bliss

Flow life's bubbling  
caress nothing - everything;  
hold on and let go

Blaze on cosmic-show  
ride heart-whirls with starry-breaths;  
over-pour - express

Climb long rocky perch  
flow past clouds - kiss high mountains,  
grow soul-singing fields

Burst each blossom fair  
shower kindness everywhere;  
raise friendship gardens

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

Links:

[www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com](http://www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com)

[www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com](http://www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com)

education revisited in a trifold acrostic

**C**atering to no diversity to no differences

**U**nder pressure to mass-bake cookie-cutter norms

**R**epeat after me

**R**epeat all together now

**I**n sync everyone in sync

**C**hoir-voices if you'd please

**U**nder pressure to mass-bake cookie-cutter norms

**L**isten to me first then repeat after me

**U**nder pressure to mass-bake cookie-cutter norms

**M**uch pressure much too much

~ ~ ~

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

**l**esson one

**E**rase that thought

**S**ynchronize ideas with your peers

**S**ynchronize ideas with your peers

**O**ver-the-top imaginations

**n**ever an ideal order make

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

**h**uddle already just huddle

**O**ver the land and the sky we must trek

**m**erry strong good-willing and in harmony

**e**avesdropping at each corner to ease others' agony

**W**e will soon unite dark clouds seemingly canyons apart

**O**ut of their hide-and-seek trees they will gaily emerge

**r**olling with stoic roly-pollies on pebble-rich sands

**k**neading every breathing kind teaching precious lives

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gassion*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Morning Workshop

I am so in love with morning  
shadows cast on my patio.  
The bold strut of pigeons  
move with caution across the yard  
to avoid my primal howl.

The musical hum of motorcars  
a block away, serenade the peace  
hanging out on the patio.  
A cup of coffee sits with me  
sharing a beat up table  
wounded by who knows what.

The weeds rejoice over  
last night's rain, know their time  
is short before the pulling ritual begins.  
I am happy just sitting  
with the lessons of morning  
flooding my brain space.

Words dance in my head  
with no obvious destination.  
Today is a writing day  
and my pen storms the blank page.

## Natural Craft

She releases a rain of tears on the universe.  
Flowers drank deeply and vines climb upward  
released from their earthly grip sport leafy greens.

The sun would not be outdone. He releases warm rays,  
forces back the tears, buds on vines open their mouths  
and a color burst takes over the meadow.

The rain and sun smile at a job well done.  
The wind struts in, kisses every blossom  
and they sway in celebration.

I dance in the meadow with the colors of nature,  
a breeze rubs my face and  
weights of the world lift from my shoulders.

## Preservation

Step light and walk silent,  
the night is filled with contempt  
left by arrogant day walkers.

We must work hard tonight  
to remove the stains  
of their greed across the land.

They must not be allowed  
to tarnish the earth  
our children inherit.

The babies bleed from wombs,  
need a place here and now,  
a chance to grow and thrive.

We must embrace our stewardship,  
educate the next generation  
on the humanity in saving the planet.

*Demetrios*  
*Trifiat's*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

EDUCATION

Wonder ignites mind

Man's awareness bears reason

Education starts

## THE PATH TO EDUCATION

The one who,

Much time wastes wandering

Through

The dark alleys of speculation,

The path to education

Is bound to miss!

## THE DIVIDEND

His sound investment in education,

having matured,

paid him a dividend :

Knowledge!

*Alan*

*W.*

*Lankowski*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

[http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf\\_postst538\\_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx](http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx)

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

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

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

## The Teacher

I want to teach my dog,  
Some tricks that are new,  
Like sit, fetch and heel,  
As a dog's expected to do.

But after many hours,  
Things are not going good,  
For despite all my efforts,  
She won't do as she should.

She can't fetch to save her life,  
And it's just a little ball,  
But instead of carrying it back,  
She'll just let it slip and fall.

My nerves are starting to fray,  
It seems that I'll never win,  
Far from concerned with her failures,  
She'll just stand there and grin.

I'll take her out for a walk,  
Hoping by my side she'll stay,  
But she'd rather sniff the flowers,  
That grow along the way.

And if I try to get her to sit,  
And stay until I call,  
Now she wants to play,  
And go and fetch her ball.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

As if having fun is more important,  
Than doing what you should do,  
Sometimes I have to wonder,  
Who should be teaching who?

## No Help At All

I sit at my computer desk trying to think,  
I pick up my coffee and start to drink,  
I've been up all day and into the night,  
Wracking my brain for something to write.

Just sitting around all day at home,  
Hoping to write the next great tome,  
But my progress has been terribly slow,  
The words simply don't want to flow.

I realize to reap the glory and wealth,  
My novel is not going to write itself,  
It's my own project, I understand,  
Though I wouldn't mind a helping hand.

I look at my dog and she starts to stare,  
If she has any ideas, I wish she'd share,  
I'd gladly give her any credit due,  
Even buy her a bone or two.

But she looks at me with nothing to say,  
It's clear that she just wants to play,  
She goes to the corner and fetches her ball,  
I can see that she is just no help at all.

## Childhood Lost

What is the price of a childhood lost?  
And who is the one to pay the cost?  
For the child who's often left alone,  
And forced to grow up on their own,  
Left at home without a reason why,  
While mommy goes out to get high,  
For the child who lives in constant fear,  
Who wants for love, but none is near,  
And left to cry throughout the night,  
With no one near to hold her tight,  
No sheltering arms to wrap around,  
Or childhood comforts to be found,  
When compassion is a forgotten word,  
And loving thoughts are never heard,  
When hopes and dreams have all been tossed,  
What is the price of a childhood lost?

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

*Caroline*  
*Nazareno*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

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

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

She won several International Prizes including "Writers International Network Society-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the *sair-gazeteci* or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

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

**you're the color in the blindness of light**

i have rehearsed reading  
through the spectrum  
wrapping the circle of fire  
i can feel your deep breaths  
pushing upon the depths  
of my bare skin

each jiffy reminds me  
the spotlight before my very eyes  
the enigmatic touch of your smiles  
each drop of endless droplets  
of unchanged royal sun  
igniting the love of my life

i have stolen the wavelengths  
rushing, flashing , blinding me  
bedazzled with the unfading distant stars  
from the remnants of dark mist  
that we both kissed  
until forever unveiling the mirrors of the day  
the rebirth of our yesterday

## recuerdo mi amor

i remember you  
every time i open my window  
as i hum your untitled song  
the first refreshing shower in the morning  
you're in the granules i sieve and taste  
the shimmering mauve on my pouting lips  
the embroidered graphics on my daily kits  
the buckles that keep me safe  
the untold scent that i really miss  
the last bite i polish from my plate  
you're just near me  
where you are meant to be

i wasn't gone  
for you're in my heart i always take  
your smile, your tap, your giggles  
are my simple happiness  
you are sealed  
in my shadows  
i am life  
when you are with me  
i am your unborn dream  
never lost  
to be with you.

## NICHE OF LOVE

we go forth from south to north  
seeking different shapes from east to west  
delineating the rudiments of life  
anguish have probed  
excrement of our rhymes  
the sole inspiration and unfathomable gifts  
our badges to search the freeman's niche  
living for the truth and love in our hearts  
be the truest defending lance and samurai  
that is the world friendship we can't deny.

*deja vu* of friendship blazes and oozes  
a rogue can't dictate and ruin the mazes  
where all goodwill and serenity breached  
freedom of expression is here to prove  
even a moribund is now alive  
molding its humane move  
illuminates the labyrinth of dark mist  
those faltered, bewildered and blindfolded.

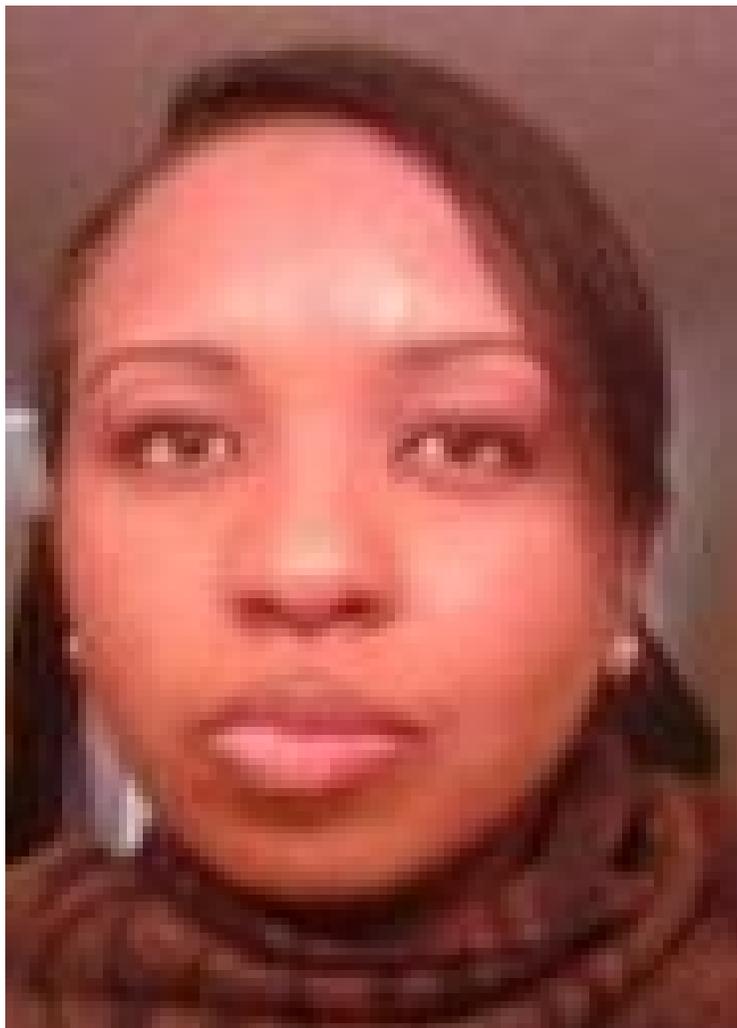
the Armageddon will play harmony  
standing still amidst the armament  
years and more years to celebrate life  
where all the tiniest and huge be one  
the epitome of love and life  
be existing all throughout the universe  
the open book of mankind.

*Alicia*

*G.*

*Cooper*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



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In late 2013, her first poetry chapbook was published with Inner Child Press. A second book, a full length poetry collection also with Inner Child Press, is in the works and is expected to be published in coming year of 2017

You can connect with Alicia on FaceBook

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

Her Book is available here :

[www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php](http://www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php)

## I Am The Stranger

I am the stranger  
in my house  
This wretched  
run-down shack

This hovel with pests  
and peeling paint  
and dirt floors  
from front to back

Shards of glass  
from long broken windows  
Litter the furniture  
and floors

But I never bother  
to sweep them up  
Cause it's not my house  
anymore

Dried blood stains  
the ceiling and corners  
There's no love or light  
in this place

The cold and dark  
have befriended me now  
In the thick is where  
I feel most safe

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So I spend my nights  
in this tomb of a closet  
While this house crumbles  
brick by brick

Chased into hiding  
By a rogue of a man  
Who stole my soul  
And then buried it

This hair that brushes  
My bony shoulders  
It's not my hair anymore

These swollen lips and eyes  
And thighs  
They are not mine anymore

These once voluptuous  
breasts and hips  
And legs which once  
Walked with no limp

They haven't been mine  
For a very long time

They now belong to him.

And I suppose that  
I should fault myself  
For gifting him  
the deed and the keys

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When he had long showed  
That I was not his concern  
That like my house  
He held no favor for me

But I guess in life you live and learn  
If you don't perish before you do  
I never learned how to save myself  
Now I wait for death's rescue

Sadly,

I am a stranger in my own house  
And my welcome is rather worn  
I hope death frees me swiftly and softly  
Before this house is finally leveled by his storm

## Sinner Hands

Grandma called them sinner hands  
She didn't want them to lay evil on good

So she scolded our own mother for giving us hugs  
For fear that her sins would blister our skin

Mama admitted that her hands were unclean  
But no more than those of anyone else

But whenever Grandma came around  
She kept her sinner hands to herself

She used those hands to rub the backs  
Of the men she kept around

And to steer the wheel of the blue Oldsmobile  
That she stole from the other side of town.

Those sinner hands held joints and Olde English  
Snapped in rhythm to sinner drums

They grabbed the slinkiest clothes from her closet  
Then they slipped them over her arms

And later when dope was as scarce as love  
They accepted payment from her johns

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Then she used those same hands to hide her face  
and mask how shame filled she was

But, Mama was ambidextrous  
Those hands had other skills

Her love for us made her clean  
it was the potion that cured our ills

She wiped tears with her sinner hands  
Cooked breakfast with them, too!

Scratched my scalp and greased it with oils  
Colored my fingers and toes with deep rose

And every night she joined them together  
To pray for the health of the world

And she prayed for her family and friends and strangers  
And those too righteous to pray for her

With sinner hands she bandaged knees  
And sewed patches on holey jeans

And dispensed various ointments and elixirs  
To chase the aches from my brothers and me

She used those hands to pick an adequate switch  
To teach us how to behave with some sense

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And to pour too sweet Kool-Aid into Styrofoam cups  
To help pay for my Cabbage Patch Kid

In her hands, she's held past, present, and future  
In those hands she's held pleasure and pain

With sinner hands she's touched that silver cord  
And then returned to touch hearts again

My mother is proof that there's redemption in those hands  
In sinner hands there is life

Ever grateful that her sinner hands  
Spent my whole life holding mine

## **And We Had To Fight**

His face was flushed and slick with sweat  
Though the autumn air was crisp  
Coarse whiskers stabbed the skin of my hands  
As my fingers wrenched the flesh above his lips

They thought that we were meek and would quietly slink  
That their presence would do us in  
But we were young, spry and fit for hard battle  
And naiveté ensured that we could win

Long peeved with praying and singing for freedom  
Tired of marching and silent sit-ins  
Fed up with drying frustrated tears  
From the eyes of disenfranchised men

Bothered by teachings from tattered text books  
While our white counterparts enjoyed new  
Mad that our mothers scrubbed floors for the lilies  
While our fathers bowed before them shining shoes

So, armed with anger and the sword of resistance  
We walked the cold streets of downtown  
To assert that we too deserved to move as freely  
As the young girls whose skin was not brown

So, when they approached with disdain in their eyes  
Brandishing those shiny night sticks  
Imposing on our space with smirks on their faces  
Threats spilling from their pallid, cracked lips

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I could count each heart beat as they throbbed with fever  
Each slight breath was numbered as well  
And I made a choice that I would never regret  
As their batons promptly rose and then fell

One hand seized the stick of one and gripped tightly  
While the other clawed the meat of his face  
And memories of past powerlessness ceased  
As I held fast to what he aimed to take

And my periphery showed that I wasn't alone  
As the others had also joined in  
We were punching and kicking and screaming with passion  
As if possessed by the spirits of wild men

But in 1965 we were just colored girls  
The consequences would be swift and sound  
We fought the law and the law had won  
But pride swelled as we had not backed down

We were placed in dark cells for many days  
But all was certainly not lost  
Cause bigot blood had too stained those grounds for once  
And to us that outweighed any cost

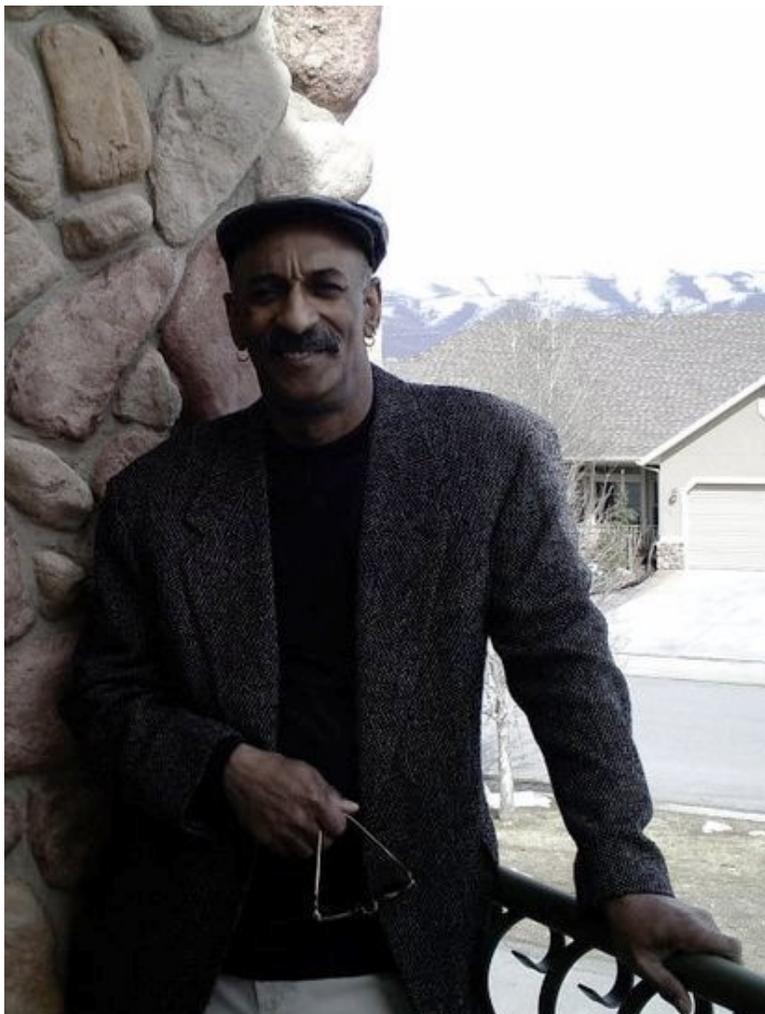
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*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 35 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

[www.iaminnerchild.com](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site  
[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

teach me of love

in this realm  
where questions have no validity  
for the answers never seem to come  
i voice the same concerns  
as that of my ancestors  
“what of my children?”

in this realm of survival  
where delusions are created  
just to make it through

in this alternative reality  
absent of soulful solace  
where the blood of the people  
and their trusts  
are a commodity traded  
from market to market  
to further the greed  
of that privileged few

i call them the “Families of Famine”  
because for countless millennia  
these same families  
have fed lack  
to the people about them  
for they think  
the world is  
all about them

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the reign of their bestiality  
must soon come to an end  
and let their breasts be cleaved  
with the sword of truth  
that all may see  
they have no souls

and when our eyes are fully opened  
i pray we go on to walk this path  
where we come to the realization  
that we have been duped into self hatred  
and thus learned to hate  
all that was like us  
and that which was different as well

and this is the story we must tell  
our children  
truth  
we fell asleep  
and we called that blind journey  
trust and faith  
and as we learned  
to take that same weapon  
of impotence  
within to our alchemic source  
we beat our plowshares into swords  
and the words of power  
arose from our memories  
our tablets of expression  
and our thought  
became action  
and we dashed that faction  
to fraction miniscule  
that it could never be again

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teach that in our schools  
    please  
teach me of our abilities  
not the civilities of old  
teach me of true power  
    true strength  
    true self worth  
teach me of love

## teach them to be Warriors

a Warrior  
heart on his sleeve  
living a life of wonder  
with expectation  
of the coming conquest  
and thus the battle  
of spirituality  
within the realms of the divine  
found upon fields of love

feelings restrained  
is the Warriors discipline  
taught over the ages

hopes entombed  
by the same amour  
to protect his heart  
from the perils of engagement  
and shadows  
where understanding  
and compliance  
dare not tread

winning was all that mattered  
to conquer love  
to conquer affection  
to conquer self  
his inhibitions  
and his cautions  
and grasp the prize  
held in his eyes  
of pending joys of forever  
the spoils of love

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he had no angst  
against the Fair Maiden  
whose adorations he pursued  
there was not a sliver of darkness  
just unfettered hopes  
of Forever's expressions  
of the unending infinite  
and eternal bliss

his intentions were unspoiled  
pure  
unblemished  
and as pristine  
as the new brook  
formed from the new morns dew  
that caressed  
and kissed the side of the mountain  
ushering forth new life  
new wonder  
new color  
new music  
spawned in the allure  
of creation

all he desired  
was a mutuality  
found in embrace of love  
and she held his vision  
for he the Warrior  
was captured  
by the aura  
of her Divine presence

the essence  
of this siege  
began to unfold  
and the story hopefully told

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to the children to come  
will be of the magic  
and the sum exponential  
that love effects

let not the suspect  
be the finality  
when alternative realities  
spoil the spoils

let not the taste  
of this sweet fruit  
depart

let the children  
embrace the hearts  
of imaginations  
with elation  
of the prospects of love

teach them too  
to dream  
to hope  
to believe  
in it  
every finite minute  
of their waking life  
for that is of the Divine

teach them to be Warriors  
of love

Today i Teach  
Tomorrow i Learn

if one knows nothing  
then what is there to teach  
but emptiness

when one achieves  
the State of Emptiness  
and non Knowing  
One can be filled with the “Is”-ness  
of all things

Today i Teach  
Tomorrow i Learn

## The Student, The Teacher and The “inner child”

It is said . . . “that when the Student is ready, the Teacher will appear”. I have heard this many times and many times i have reflected upon these insightful words. In my personal reflections, i have also found the inverse to be true as well. When the Teacher is ready, the Student will appear. I do believe that the relationship between Student and Teacher to be truly “symbiotic” . . . interdependent. Both parties must be ready to do their part that the optimum effect is achieved in the sharing of information. They each confirm each other.

When i contemplate the “be”ing-ness of my ‘inner child’, i find that many times this entity is my Teacher and my Student as well. The oddity is that i feel this inner being, i will simply call “me” to be at times “Divided” or at “Odds” . . . and at other times working so close in unison that there is no separation. I know that when i write, that my ‘inner child’ is at it’s peak of spirit. There is a indescribable flow that pours forth from within without glitch nor hitch. In truth, i do not know whether i am writing for the potential Readers or my “Self” . . . “ME”. I do know that all that i share is as meaningful to my path and understanding as i would hope it may be for others. Perhaps that is what the “Christ” spoke about in the Gospel of Thomas when He said we must bring that which is within without or we would surely die. I do know when i put off listening to my ‘inner child’ speak, i don’t feel so well with “me”. Conversely, when i let it flow out, i am on top of the world . . . Spiritually, Mentally and Physically as well. It is at

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those “Magical Times” that i feel so connected to the “All” of All Things. Thus, in that simple dynamic, i find that within me resides The Student, The Teacher, and The ‘inner child’.

in One Nest . . . Oneness. All we have to do is Listen . . . .

Blessings to you all

bill

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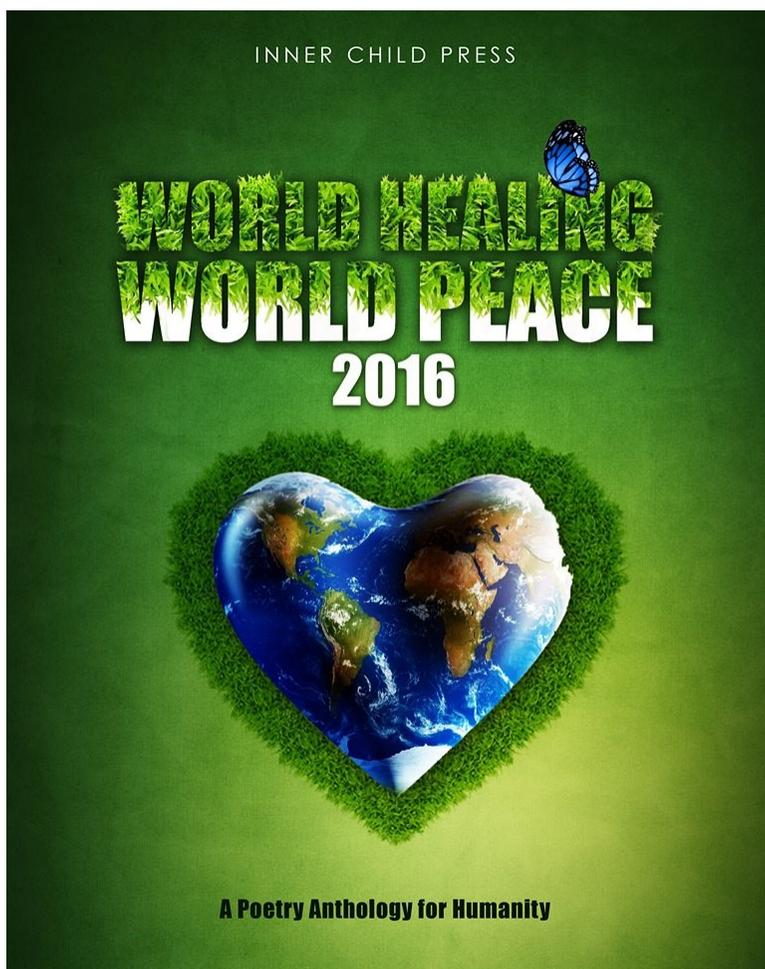
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September  
2016  
Features

~ \* ~

Simone Weber

Abhijit Sen

Eunice Barbara C. Novio

*The Year of the Poet III ~ September 2016*

*Simone*

*Weber*

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016*



Biography:

## *The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016*

Simone Weber is living in Germany. Already in her school time she wrote the first short stories. While growing up, she derides it as a cakewalk. Years went by and more and more stories float around in her head. Ultimately the ambition was born. Meanwhile, she is married and has two children.

As freelance writer Simone Weber is working on other manuscripts and short stories.

### **Child**

*Dedicated to Nick G. C.*

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016*

Long time ago a child was born.  
From that day on it was forlorn.  
Its life was a hard fight.  
Doesn't matter if day or night.  
Hard days - pure grind.  
Also at night - no rest to find.  
The parents should be filled with love in their hearts.  
But no support for this child in any parts.  
Let the hope never shall fade away.  
Even this child will find its day!

**Gone**

*Dedicated to J. A. H.*

Forever in my heart.

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My heart is sadly missing.  
Missing your love.  
Your love has been endless, never bad.  
Bad to know you're in heaven now.  
Now I'm sad, lots of crying.  
Crying for the loss.  
The loss of you is strong, but I'm not alone.  
Not alone, your children stick together.  
Together, you're still our dad.  
Dad, we all love you though.  
Though you are gone.

## Life's not fair

When you're fighting day by day,  
for everything and in every way,  
make things do that as one chooses,

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and you do exactly know this,  
what can go wrong in life will do,  
just to torment you!  
Life always put a spoke in my wheel,  
so many times, this sadness I feel,  
for all that, where do I go from here?  
For all that, I have to handle my fear!  
Many times I hate my life, but I will go on,  
otherwise the unfair life had won!

*Abhijit*

*Sen*

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016*

Abhijit Sen, an aspiring theoretical physicist finds time to come out of his world of physics to write poems for himself. The idea of poetic come to his thoughts from the writings of Shakespeare and the songs of Iron maiden and Agalloch. In his poems, he explores different states of minds and emotions; each state having its own charm and strangeness. These different states of mind that Sen experiences provides him good deal of refreshment which he wants to share it with the world, where self-exploration of the reader's mind also remains an idea behind his writing.

He can be contacted at [abhijit913@gmail.com](mailto:abhijit913@gmail.com)

## THE KILLER

It was a dark winter  
I saw him, the killer  
Haunting the innocent and weak  
Reasons for such terror, I wanted to seek  
When the sun hides in horror  
My heart fills with terror  
To see him walk down  
In search of a victim in town  
Each night I witnessed murder  
The victim's shouts goes louder  
All I did was pray to God  
Have mercy on their soul o Lord  
It was a cold winter  
A dark thought in me did enter  
Time to end this slaughter  
Frozen winds of land did utter  
I am the new divine killer.

## THE SAD MAN

A strong aversion to grim places of my heart

Fatuous dreams of love and hate

Lassitude grips me with its fusty hands

The bleakness of my situation

A game of my austere and dubious mind

Cacophony of deriding thoughts

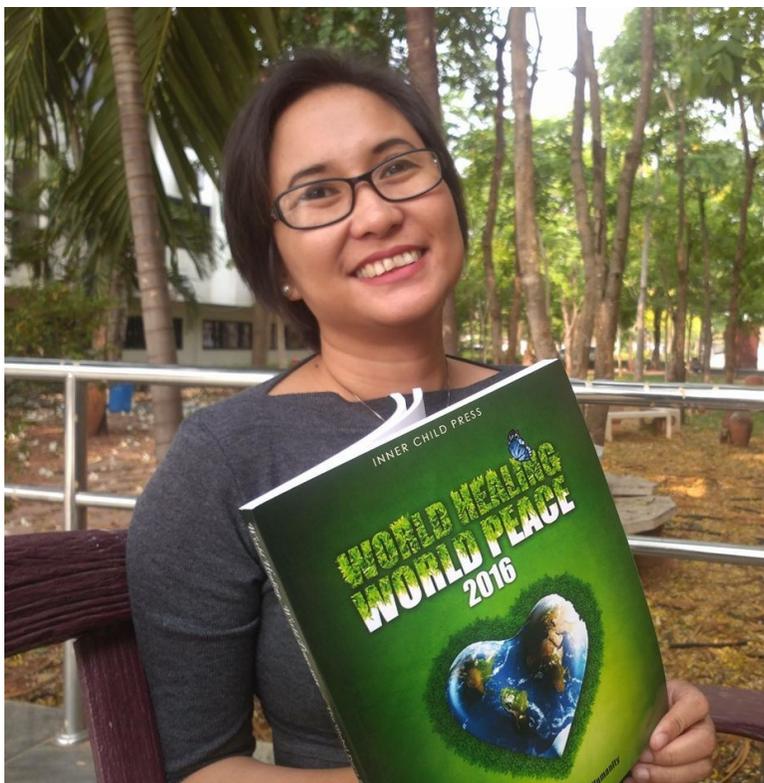
Only an end can alleviate my pain.....

## BETRAYAL

Alone she left my heart  
with wounds, with tears , with memories  
Death threatens me now  
Past that kills me every moment  
In the edge of the world I stand  
Dark shadows making their call to me  
A final jump into the depth of oceans  
Divine water pours into me  
To cleanse my body , my soul  
An endless walk to the horizon  
Eyes searching my love  
A rotten body, soul scared with her  
memories  
Death makes his final betrayal  
Peace was supposed to descend upon me  
But an eternal wait that now remains  
Echoes of my voice telling me the hidden  
truth  
God's bell now tolls  
A new life, a new love awaits

*Lunice*  
*Barbara*  
*G.*  
*Novio*

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016*



*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016*

Eunice Barbara C. Novio is a Filipino residing in Thailand. She is a free-lance journalist and a poet. She is an English Lecturer at Vongchavalitkul University in Nakhon Ratchasima Thailand. She is a US Correspondent of the Global Nation of Inquirer.net. She just published her first collection of poetry entitled Maps of Dreams and Memories which is now available at Amazon and Lulu.com. Prior to that, her poems are also included in anthologies. Ms. Novio is also a woman's advocate and her researches are published internationally. She lives with her husband, Josemari Cordova, Kairos and Karina in Thailand with their five cats. Her eldest child Karl Malcolm is in the Philippines finishing his university education

## Eden

I wrote your name on a stone today  
the only name I can remember  
because of its promise  
of a garden; where we could reap  
the fruits of our labors without  
fear; without doubts.

The golden grains sway  
in the wind, waiting for  
the scythes to cut the stalks  
and finally the pearly white grains  
on our plates.

But life ended abruptly in April  
when the land was thirsty  
and your blood nourished it.

But the seeds you planted in our hearts  
watered by crimson liquid  
were beginning to sprout.

It's been decade since you were gone  
and the sprouts have grown,  
sturdy, strong, can survive all storms.

We owe you and the others before you  
our freedom, our strength to continue  
the struggle to gain back the garden  
that was once the Eden.

## Father, this is how I Remember You

The cigarette smoke lingers  
For a while, and vanishes  
Into thin air without a trace.  
Yet, I still feel your callous hand  
That once held me tight  
In another lifetime,  
In another dimension.  
We couldn't hold on  
For long,  
Because you left too soon  
One rainy season  
Many lifetimes ago  
As the sky broke  
And cried.  
You are only a memory  
Of a little girl in me,  
A face you once knew  
Even in the crowd,  
In chaos, in another world.  
I remember you today  
When the fire trees start  
To turn green, welcoming  
The rains of June.  
I hear your voice  
In my world  
Where I'm no longer  
A little girl looking  
For someone to pick  
Me as I stumble on

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016*

The rough ground.  
I can now stand firmly  
On my ground,  
I thank you for  
Giving me strength  
To leave and to come back  
To wherever I am.

## Celebration of the Moon

The cool mountain breeze  
Soothes my tired soul  
The night blanketed in stars  
And the moon shining bright  
Bathe me in light  
Giving me strength  
Like those hundreds of Years  
When my ancestors  
Asked for power  
And peace.  
As the cold embraces me  
The trees dance  
In happiness  
For once  
I am in their bosom  
Once again,  
The prodigal daughter,  
The unwilling *babaylan*.  
Then *tala* shines  
And showers me with  
Soft light until I surrender  
My all, my heart, my soul and mind.  
The *babaylan* in me has taken over.  
I whisper to the trees and they nod  
While the moon light shines bright  
Gives wisdom to those worshipping  
her tonight.

*Tala – star or Venus*

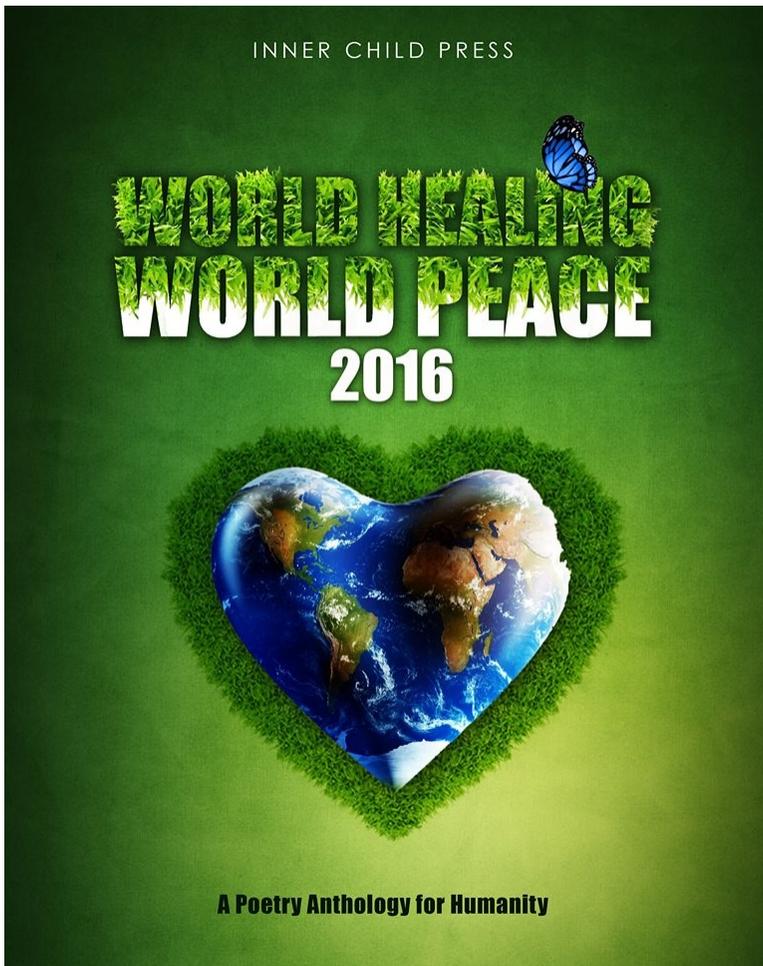
*Babaylan- a priestess in pre-Hispanic Philippines*

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2016*

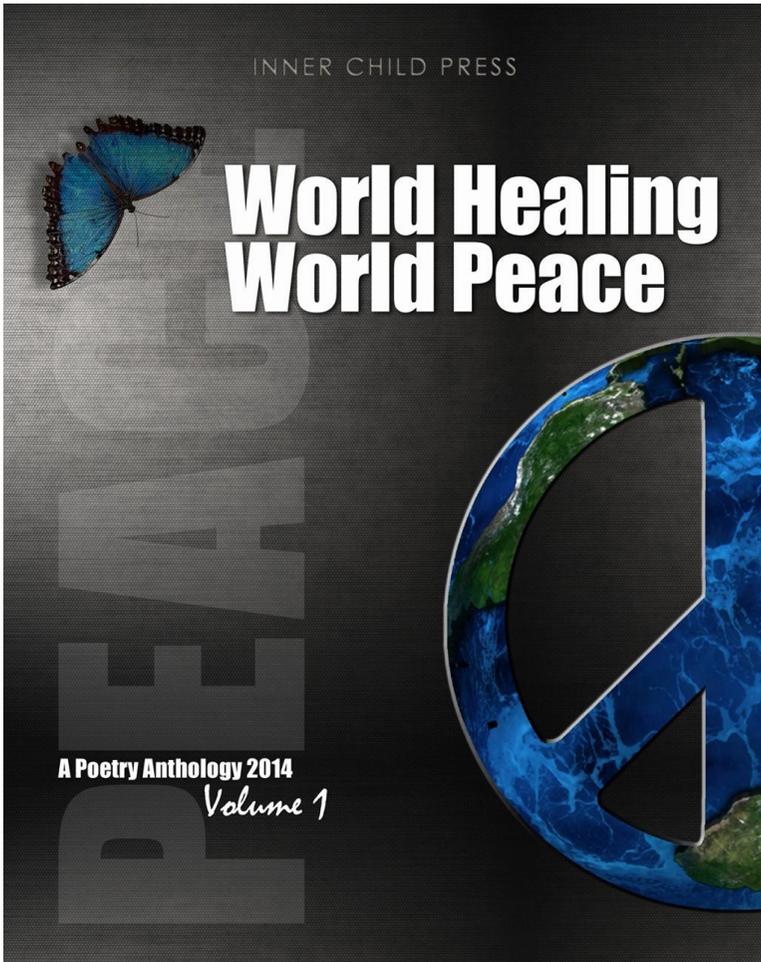
*Other  
Anthological  
works from  
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)

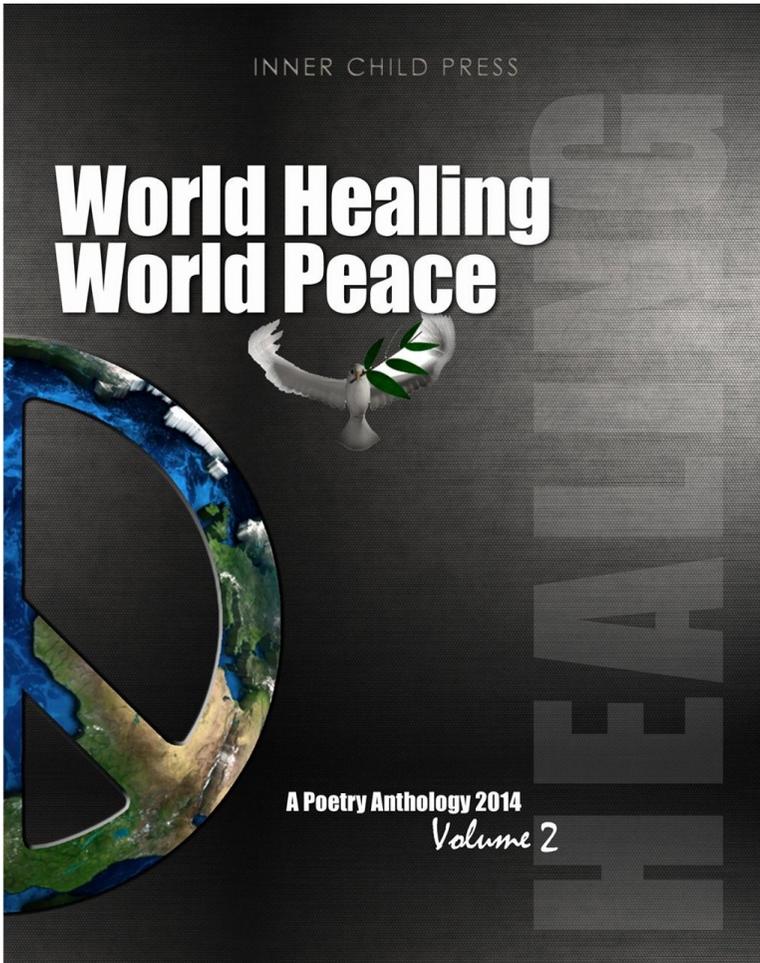
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



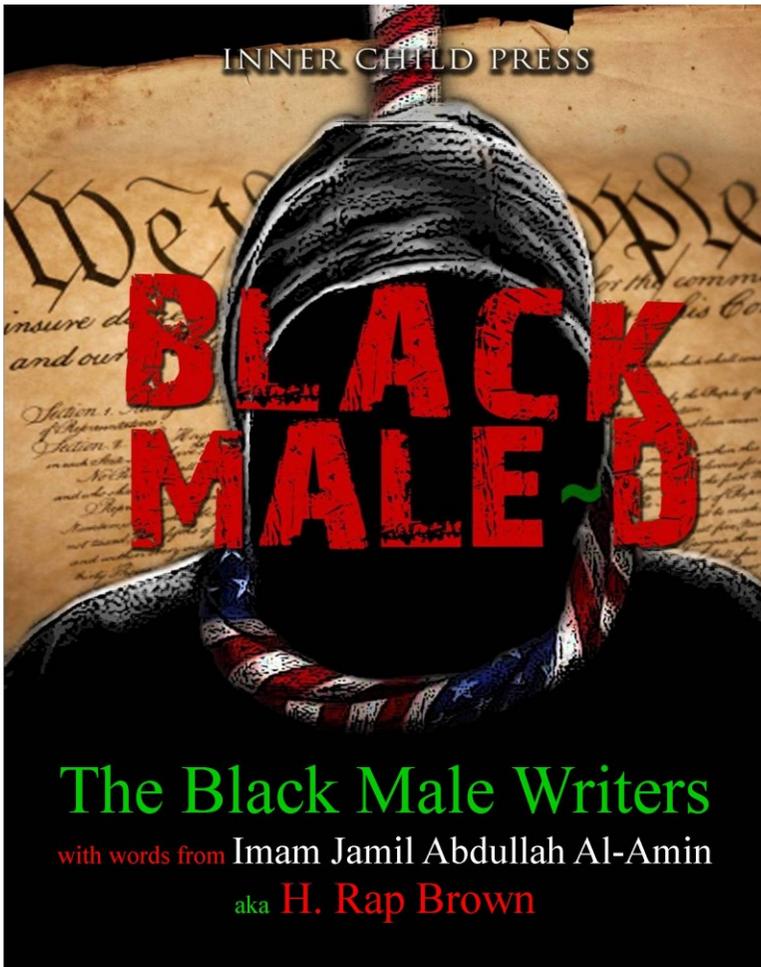
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



The Year of the Poet III  
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber  
Abhijit Sen  
Eunice Barbara C. Novio

Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III  
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash  
Irena Jovanovic  
Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



The Year of the Poet III  
July 2016

Featured Poets

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III  
June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III  
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

# *The Year of the Poet* III

## Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalasaz

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

## *The Poetry Posse 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White

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

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

*celebrating international poetry month*

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

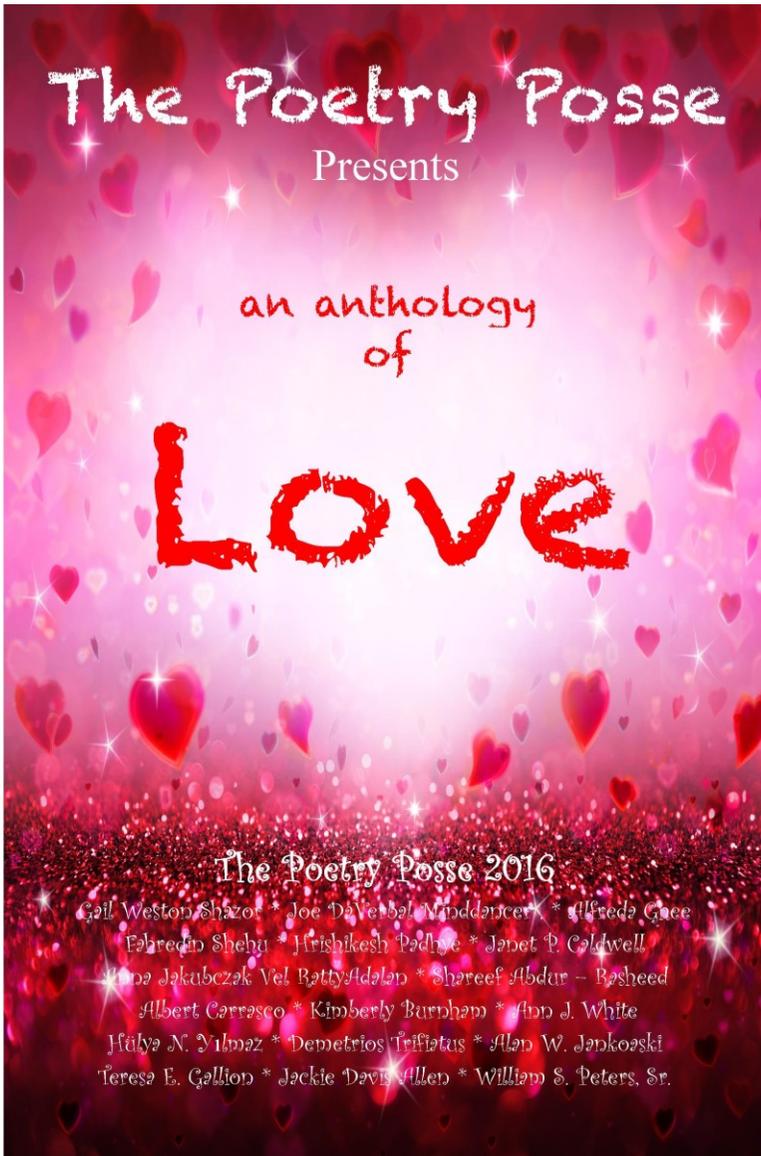
Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

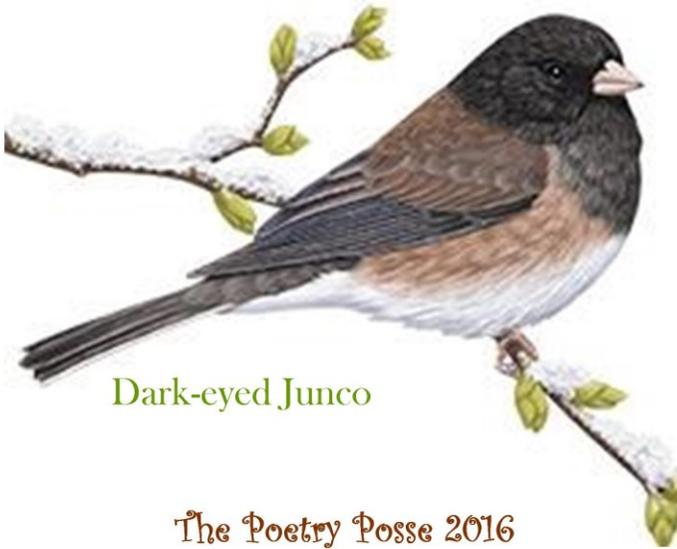
## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Jirishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adams \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Jfalya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

## The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II  
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

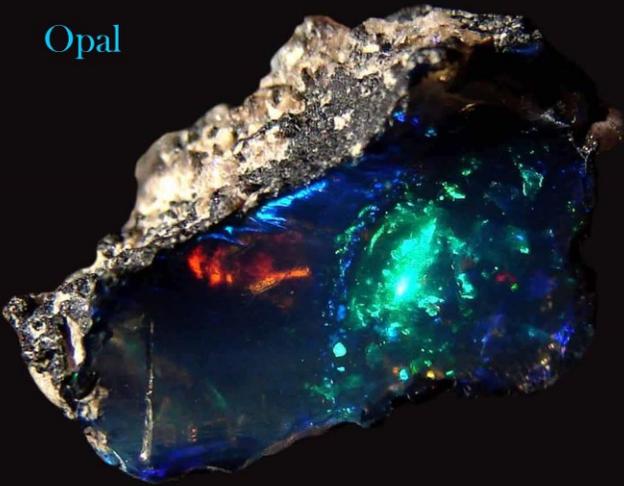
# *The Year of the Poet II*

October 2015

## Featured Poets

Monte Smith \* Laura J. Wolfe \* William Washington

Opal



## *The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonneice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

## The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

### Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

*The Featured Poets for July 2015*

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## *The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

## June's featured Poets

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



Pearl

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



*The Poetry Posse*

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

*January Feature Poets*

Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

*The Poetry Passé*

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt \* WrittenInPain \* Santos Taino \* Justice Clarke

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman \* Jackie Allen \* James Moore \* Neville Hiatt

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raşendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

# The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

## The Poetry Posse

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

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Passe*

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

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



*Love & Relationship*

*Rose*

## *June's Featured Poets*

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

## *The Poetry posse*

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

## The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hũlya yılmaz

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

## The Poetry Posse

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

## Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

# The Year of the Poet

## January 2014



*Carnation*

### The Poetry Posse

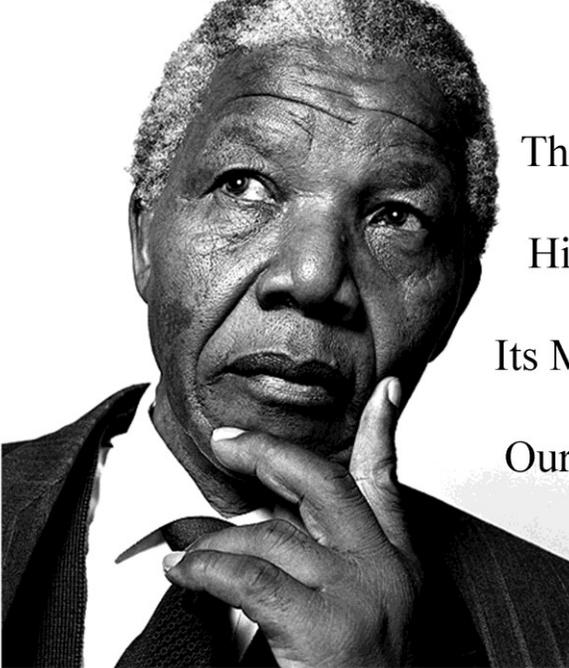
Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters, Sr.

### Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# **A GATHERING OF WORDS**



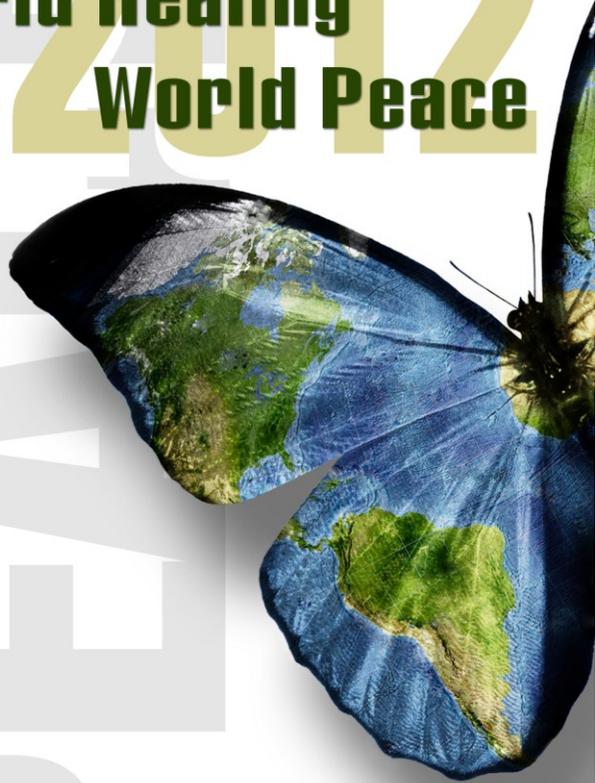
**POETRY & COMMENTARY**

**FOR**

# **TRAYVON MARTIN**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**2012**  
**World Healing**  
**World Peace**



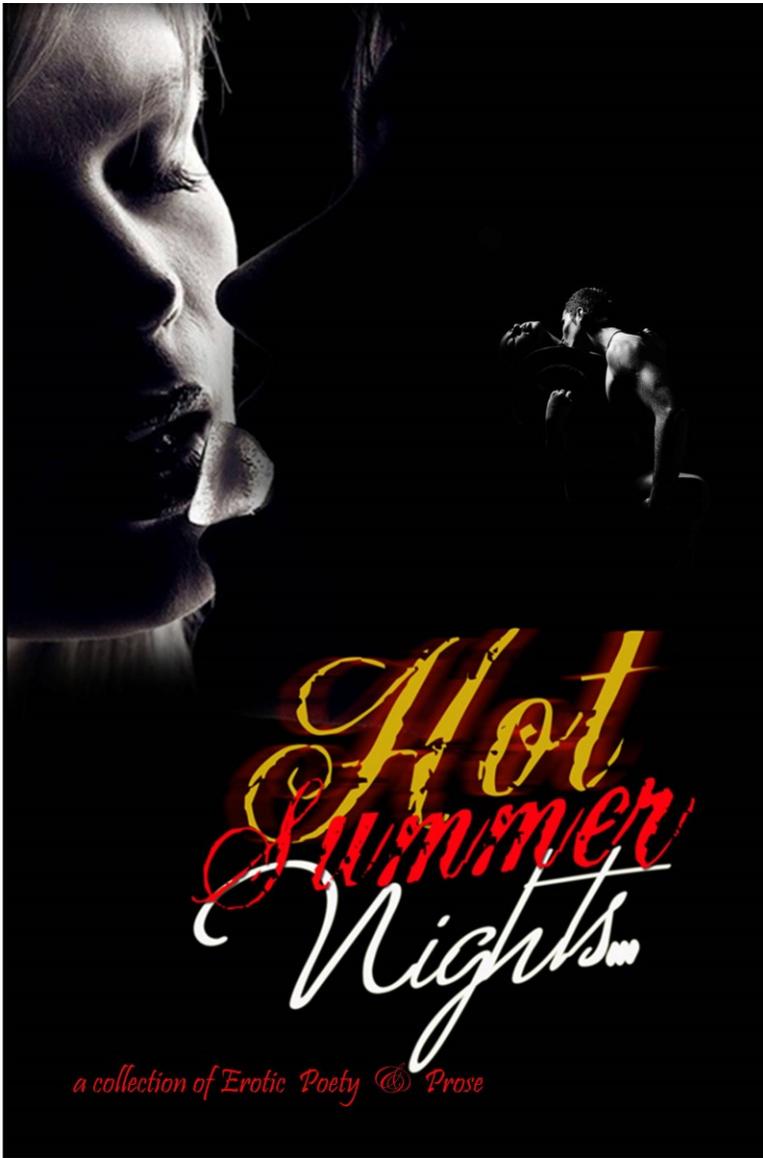
**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 2*

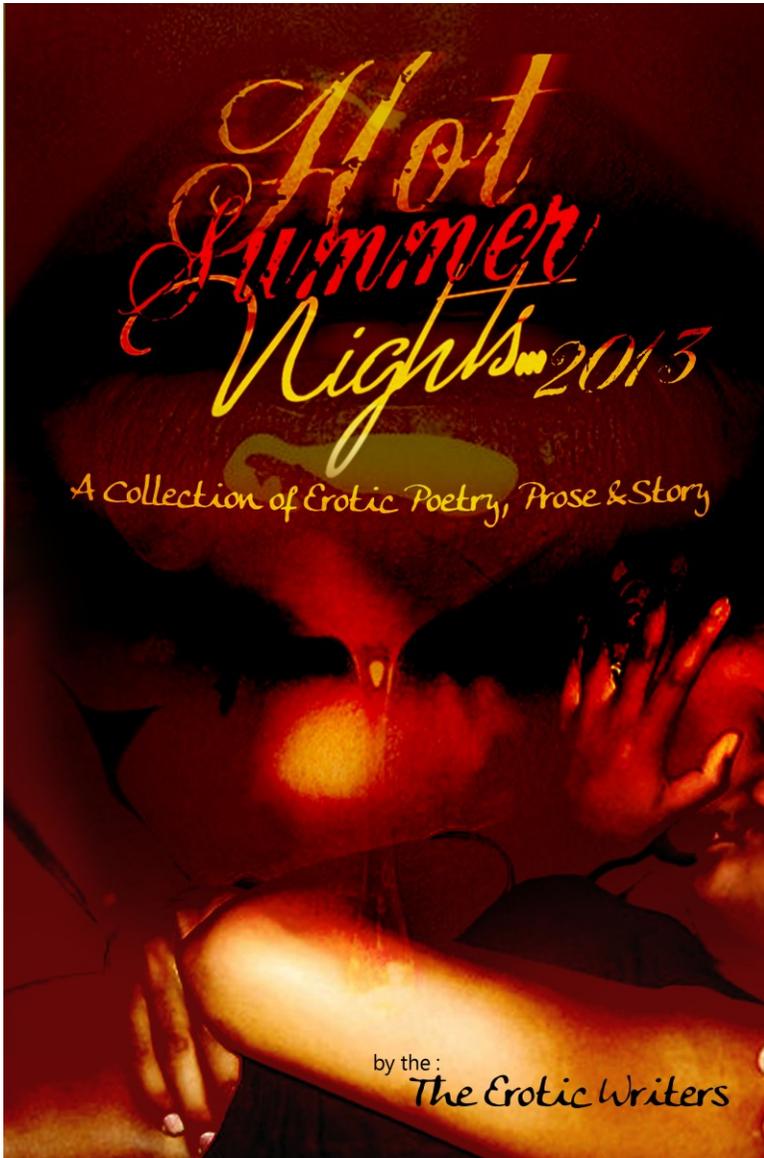
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*healing through words*



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



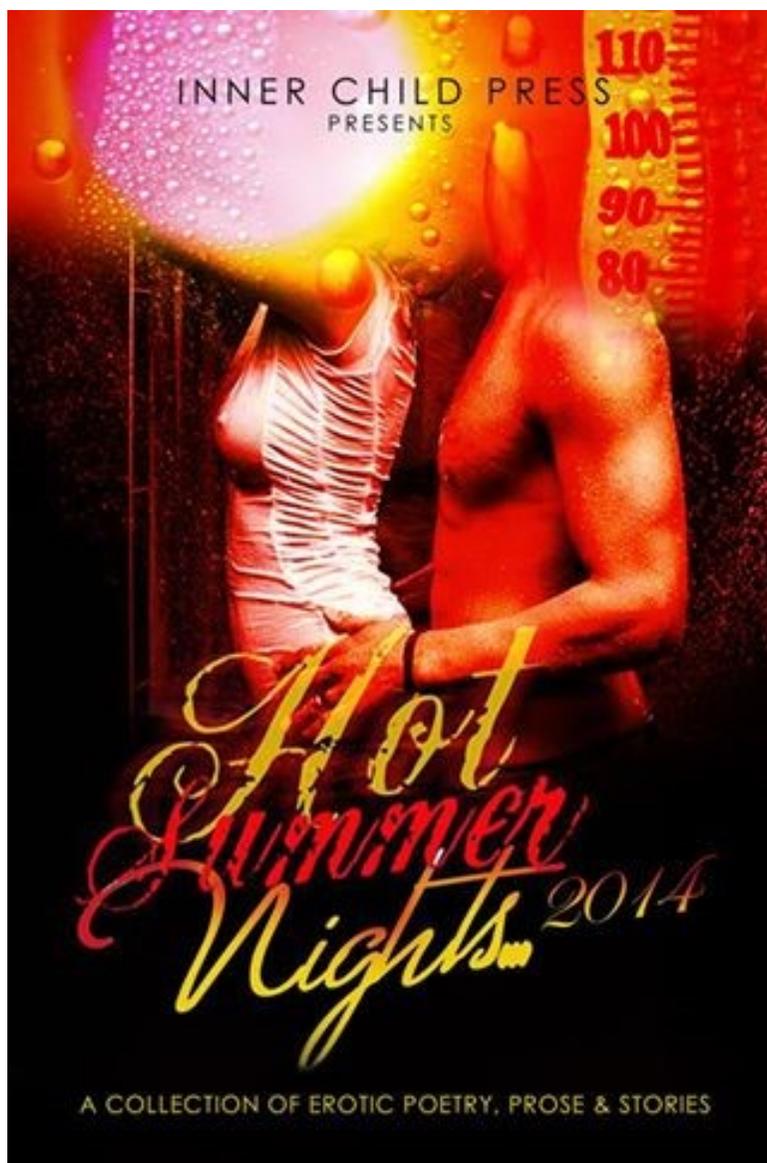


*Hot  
Summer  
Nights 2013*

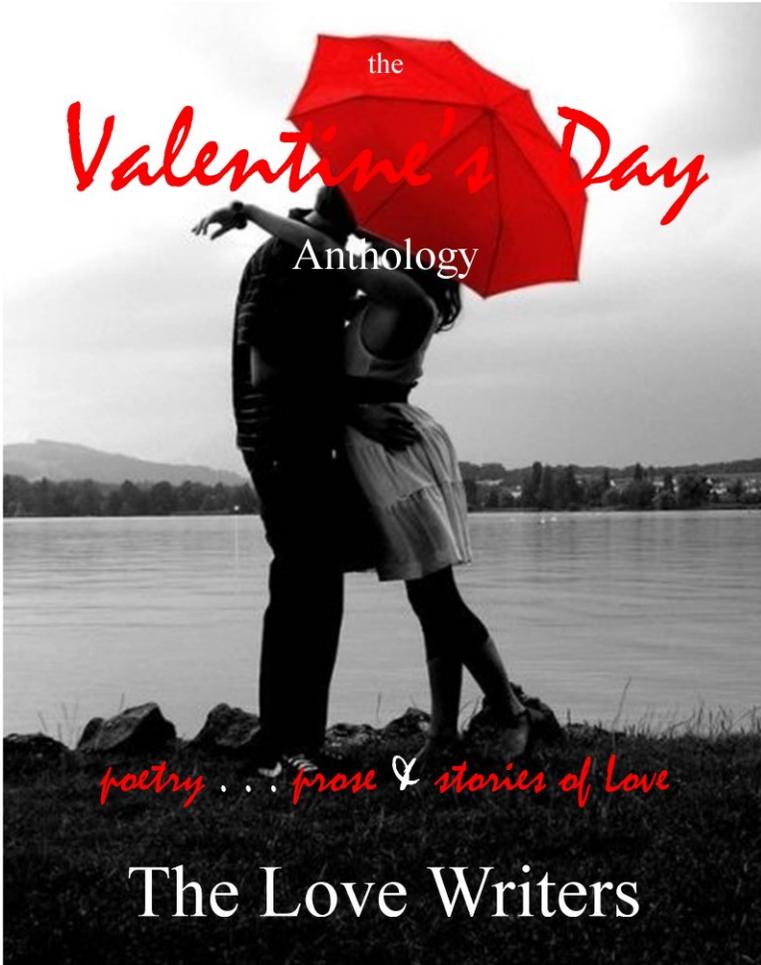
*A Collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Story*

by the:  
*The Erotic Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



Inner Child Press Anthologies



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



want my

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

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

*Monte Smith*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

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

*Monte Smith*

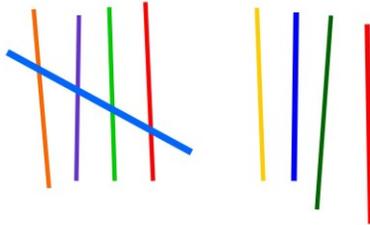


want my

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

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



a  
Poetically  
Spoken  
Anthology  
volume I  
Collector's Edition

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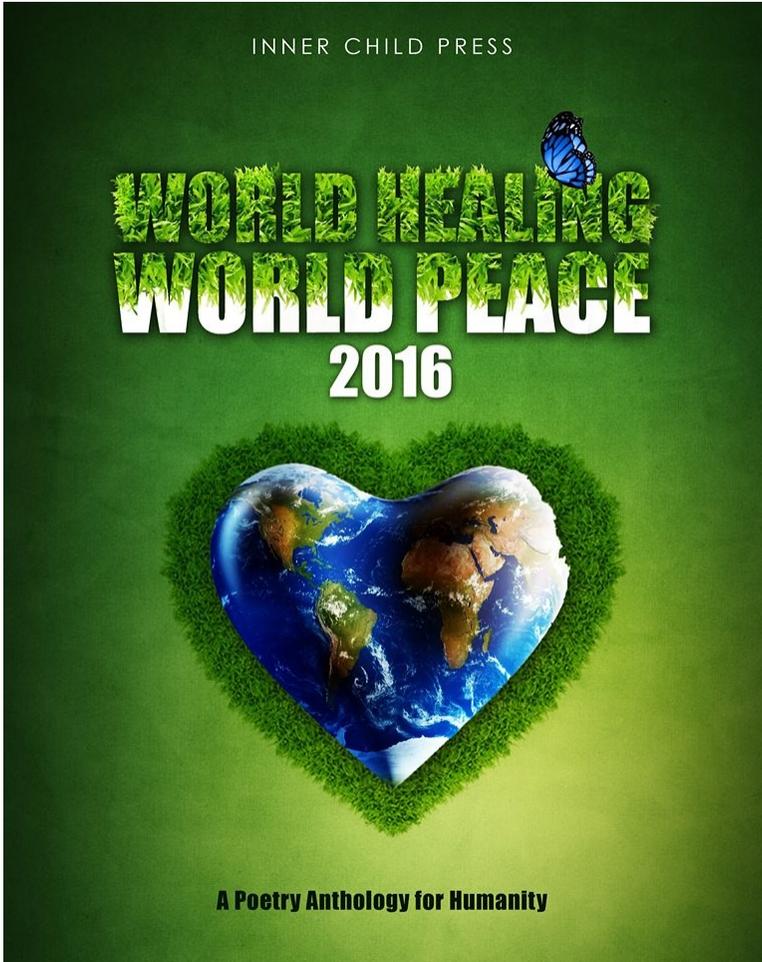
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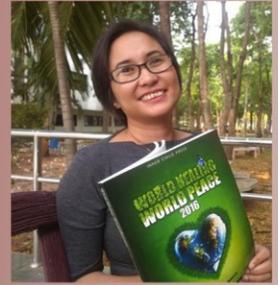
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