The Year of the Poet X December 2023

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc * Neha Bhandarkar Shafkat Aziz Hajam * Elarbi Abdelfattah

Children : Difference Makers



~ Melati and Isabel Wijsen ~

The Poetry Posse 2023

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



The Poetry Posse

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The Poetry Posse 2023

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

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

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

General Information

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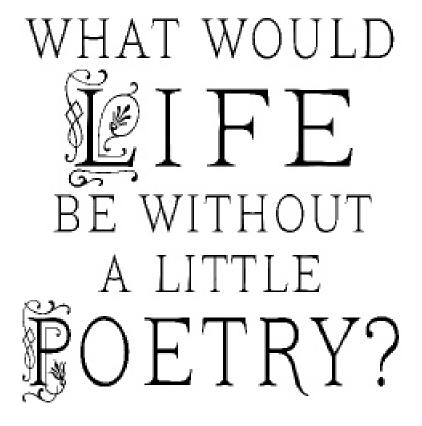
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Children: Difference Makers

Melati and Isabel Wijsen

As I write down these words, children are being killed by war mongers in several parts of the world *yet once again*. The lives of our most precious are being cut abruptly and violently *yet once again*, only to count as numbers of "fatalities"—if at all. It is a no-brainer to imagine that some of those children could have become notable enough to be honored for their groundbreaking inventions, discoveries or services to humanity at large, had they been allowed to live the natural course of their times on Earth. Not unlike the focus of the issue in your hands—Melati and Isabel Wijsen.

For the entire year of 2023, our monthly book's Poetry Posse and all featured poets had their eyes on children who made a difference on and to our planet. While calling attention to the humanitarian services of Melati Wijsen and Isabel Wijsen in 2023's final month, I cannot help but view the bigger picture: What if these Indonesian sisters, 10and 12-years old respectively when they attained the consciousness to raise a much-needed awareness among their fellow humans, were born into one of our modern-day war-torn countries? What if one of the siblings or both then became "a casualty" in that world region? Two remarkably influential children, who made a difference of consequence in and for our earthly plane, would have been dismissed, or better yet, discarded at the same speed and with the same indifference as all the children killed in wars in so-called modern times.

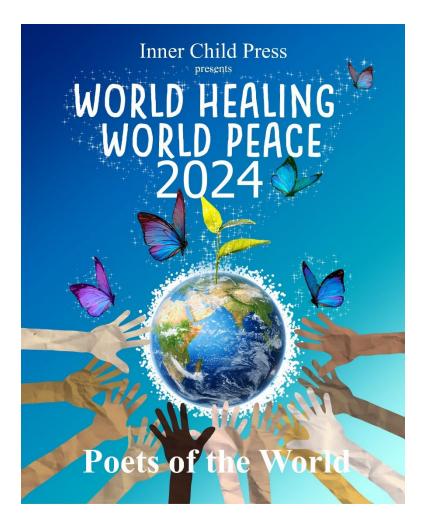
The UN Committee on the Rights of the Child recently reported its ongoing data, stating that one out of every five children worldwide live within armed conflict zones. A total of 2,985 children were killed across 24 countries in 2022, 2,515 in 2021, 2,674 in 2020 across 22 countries, and 4,019 children in 2019—according to the last three Annual Reports of the UN Secretary-General on Children and Armed Conflict. How many of those who are anon counted among the dead could have or would have become significant contributors to our humanity's needs and for its development?

So, as we through our poems celebrate the achievements of two sisters from Bali, I am reminded of the horrendous realities of all the children who presently are bound to those world zones where there is an armed conflict. We can only hope, as I desperately want to, that children in the likes of the Bali-natives Melati and Isabel Wijsen from Indonesia would one day survive the mindset of warmongering before it is birthed.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Penn State Professor Emerita, Liberal Arts Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press International

Coming April 2024



www.innerchildpress.com/world-healingworld-peace-poetry

Preface

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Children Difference Makers **Melati and Isabel Wijsen** December 2023

by Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.



Melati and Isabel Wijsen were only 10 and 12, respectively, when they started on a course of activism that has drastically decreased the global usage of single-use plastic. The young women were inspired by the country of Rwanda's ban of polyethylene bags in 2008 and decided to try to get their native Bali to do the same. Their homegrown initiative of beach cleanups and government petitions graduated to an organization advocating for reduced plastic use in 15 different countries. Bali is officially plastic bag free, and Indonesia will be by 2021, with the Wijsen to thank.

"Find that one thing that you're incredibly passionate about, that you think about 24/7. This is important because focusing on one thing allows you to find that tangible way that you can make a difference." — Melati Wijsen, Founder, Bye Bye Plastic Bags





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

 $\sim wsp$

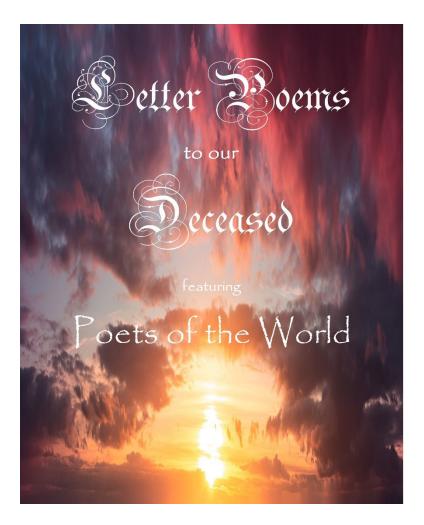




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

Now Available



www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthologymarket.com

Gail Weston Shazor



Gail Weston Shazor is a lover of words. She is fond of the arcane, unusual and the not yet words.

Coining words at an early age, there was often a bit of trouble with teachers, but she always had her mother and aunt to back up her choices in expression. Born in Mississippi, she spent her early years with her grandparents. Each of the four left very careful influences on her pre-schooling. She learned in turn how women worked in and out of the home and how men worked in and out of the home to support the family. She learned that a lack of proper schooling was not the only way to learn and understanding life was a great teacher. As in most rural families of color, women had a greater chance of formal learning. Both of Gail's grandmothers read out loud to the family whether it was the bible or the newspapers and important documents to their spouses.

Gail Weston Shazor has authored (so far) Notes from the Blue Roof, A Overstanding of an Imperfect Love, HeartSongs and Lies My Grandfather's Told Me. The number of anthologies is too many to list with the premier accomplishment of one of the contributors to The Year of The Poet. Gail will always lend her ink to community projects and will purchase the books of fellow poets in the Inner Child Press family.

Standing in the wilderness shouting

I am here, arms wide open Waiting on my creator to Speak Talk Move Give Me something for you So that I can be obedient To fall on my knees in fasting Eating only the words of Life Death Birth Stillness With all the power of first And all the waiting of last Beginning and end The words of the crafter Poet Writer Lyricist Deliverer And I will ink it quick Placing it everywhere you are So that you can see and hear What is in store for you Me They Us A11 There is never a time

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

When the word was not offered Only when it was not received And not called forth to teach Truth Wisdom Correction Love For that is our purpose And why were made And what we have been Ordered to spread among Ghettos Cities Fields Hearts Til all has been healed I remain Standing in the wilderness shouting

Koinonia

To receive goodness We must first pour out All that we have All that we are All that they have given us To make room for the grace This is the secret Of living goodness That the world never shares with us This is the secret that only family Can teach us And even then Sometimes Our only heart breaks In times such as these It is a hard thing This living broken But this, my loves, Is when the newly formed spaces Shine brighter than the Lived through ones The simple connection Becomes the necessary And we have to keep seeking The strength of each other And in the broken places We make room for more More love More people More community And love is always a sacrifice And love is always intentional And living is the love we share Through all our numbered days Selah

Poet (slammed)

I listen to your words Angry, sullen and revolutionary words You want change And You want it now I hear your words You scream at the injustice Of your childhood Absent father Drug addicted sister And you had to eat free lunch at school I taste your words Bitter and hungry at the same time You wound the ear In tirades Leaving a trail Of vowels Not ink For that last too long Establishmentarianism Which you are against Form and substance Eaten and spewed back out I smell your words Categorically denied That you are also tomorrow For tomorrow brings a new fight A new struggle Found deep In your recycled bag Of hemp and straw and lies Green

The Year of the Poet X ~ December 2023

Reclaimed You rally for the latest buzz I feel your words Tight and hot Quick and sharp words Thorns on rose bushes unseen Bleeding out the ones without knowledge And then you leave for the next March, next stage In your gas guzzling SUV Starbuck coffee in hand A "spoken word" artist And over your shoulder You loudly accuse me of being A "poet".

Alicja Maria Kuberska

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



The Year of the Poet X ~ December 2023

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

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

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

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

The Year of the Poet X ~ December 2023

Plastic bags

They fell like autumn leaves on river waters and soil. They drift in the seas and oceans

Eternally white, almost immortal, they are not subject to the cycles of nature

The leaves of the trees will rot and they will crumble to dust Plastic will last forever.

They were supposed to be a godsend, replace paper to protect the trees.

They have become a curse and seeped in everywhere. They are suffocating the planet.

Rain

Drops glitter on the spider's web - it's rain caught in a net, stretched between heaven and earth.

The particles glisten with silver and shine like white opals. They sparkle with rainbow colours

It is a pity, drops will soon disappear. They will rise to the clouds, to touch existence.

Night Dreads

On a starless night the wind sings differently. The leaves shake with anxiety, the branches are bent by fear.

Owls hoot, wake up the dark hours. The blackness of the clouds falls soundlessly to dreams.

Don't wake me up now. Let the sun rise and tickle with a ray. I am a child of light.

I don't want to be afraid.

Jackie Davis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

Making a Difference

Melati and Isabel Wijsen, two sisters, at the age of 10 and 12, convinced their country, Bali, to ban the use of singleuse plastic.

"Once upon a time", So the Fairy Tales begin, But, let me assure you, This is no Fairy Tale.

From the efforts, of two young sisters Inspired by concern's commitment, Decided to do something. And, they were successful!

Inspired by Rwanda's 2008 success Of banning single use plastic bags, Today, thankfully, Bali is also Free of the same. Thanks to Melati and Isabel.

Is there not something that can be Learned from these two young girls? Something that you can do, no matter How small, to make a difference?

Something Happened

Whatever happened, happened. And though each wished it had not, it did. And great was the pain that came. With time, supplication, prayers, shall sorrow not Be replaced by love's intentional action?

It never should have happened, yet it did.

Was there anything either could have done? Could either have prevented, changed the perception Of the other's actions? Or the words that brought On the blame and shame Of those cold winter days?

Alas, it never should have happened.

Threatening skies grew dark While the sleet and hail of words Screamed alienation. Wallowing in self pity, pride's suffering Mended not their wounds.

Lo, the price paid for forgetting the Golden Rule.

Hear Me, O Lord

I've come, bruised and empty, Searching for that which once quenched my thirst, Longing to be relieved of the emptiness That consumes my every thought.

I am crying, mourning the loss Of my creative voice.

Yielded up and waiting, I silently mouth the words, Praying that once again the poetic waters may flow, Even as I await your perfect Will.

I am determined to stay on bended knee If that is what it takes.

Why is it that the flowers continue to bloom, The rains still fall, yet within, That which once flourished seems wilted, Dead or dying?

Do you hear me crying? Father, I am here! Do with me as You please.

What's that? I wonder if I am dreaming, Though clearly I hear my name! "Dearest child, you called out to me.

And I have come, so rise up from self pity, You whom I have created with so much promise."

I slowly rise, as the Spirit Continues to counsel me.

"Waiting for me to work a miracle Is not the answer to your thirst. Use the gifts I've given you, and in the effort You'll discover that which you seek.

And you will be satisfied!" Oh, with such great truth supplied,

I knew my request would not be denied. Thank you, oh great Creator. I now understand that the gifts and talents Within, those that once flourished, must be used.

And, that neglect is not the answer.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

The Sounds Of The Lane

Within this steel shell, The iron bridge's copper pillars are spotlessly clean. Banana leaves and maple leaves, Gone beyond the ear's reach. The west wind, Sneaks in quietly. In the lane, The branches of the pomelo tree are ordered to blow down the wind from the wall.

Under the flowers, Shadows stretch out in a line. Are they white branches? Are they green branches? Are they the spring flowers' windblown branches? Are they the autumn leaves' blown-away branches? In the mezzanine, A timid bookstore. Modern poems, Still lonely between the pages.

A low house with a brick wall, Counting the passing of time. The hand pump stands alone, Declaring that the childhood that has passed for fifty years is beyond recall. A wild house with a cucumber trellis. The magical lane, Freezes time. Allowing me to steal just half a day, To live my life as it is.

Wisteria's Secret

I Sealed within this trellis of wisteria. My heart is warmed by the sun's embrace. As petals flutter to the ground, I follow them with my eyes. The pale lilac hue is both haunting and beautiful, Like a tongue that licks and devours the falling flowers. My youth is restless, and I will not let love linger on the wall outside. The fireworks are a beautiful sight, drawing me to the east, like a gentle breeze. The stream is cold and clear, counting the many words, I have spoken. I flaunt my secret, which I will never reveal this. If not for the scattered leaves, I would not have seen the lone crow perched in surprise on the wisteria vine. March is not yet cool, and the flowers are just about to ask, Who is the true master of this place? In April, the grass is lush and the garden is in full bloom. The colorful vines should not pretend to be willow branches, but rather reveal their pale green hue. In the unsanctioned red glow of the evening sun, the spring breeze gently savors the fragrant scent of spring. Spring! Who will come to drink this song of purple wisteria, one flower after another?

The Tranquility Of The Old Alley

How many years has that alley been filled with flowers? A world hidden in a pot of cooking millet Under the shade, a child does not sweep the flowers His innocent smile teases the wanderer with ease The breeze does not hesitate to come, all around No low houses, no red bricks Now, the traveler is lonely, brushing his clothes quietly He cannot find a single traveler anywhere

Tourists come in and laugh

Each of them is intoxicated in the butterfly flowers At the foot of the wall, a ground of broken foundations and plates

Five red brick houses count the countless years

The harbor is not that difficult to understand

The laughter from the walls is mesmerizing

When will the mud be deep enough to live in?

What remains of the old houses is still the same

Where is the vermilion door to come and play again?

The feet stagger, dodging the potholes of dreams that have returned for fifty years Since the old alley has already been sold to prosperity Why rush to come and go?

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

sisters in the bag

Bali near Indonesia Melati, Isabel Wijsen sisters 2013 Melati 12 Isabel 10 inspired class in school world leaders activists who took up vital causes aware big problem environmental threat plastic bags all over Bali sisters to the rescue started petition clean up plastic bags Only 5% being recycled choking Bali's environment generated 100,000 signatures movement on the move initiative named Bye Bye Plastic Bags notoriety grew generated by a hunger strike got attention of Bali's governor who made a promise to rid Bali of plastic by 2018 news of what became

a movement lead by youth spread worldwide Chapters of Bye bye plastic bags Popped up through out The region sisters invited to United Nations New York 2017 on United Nations World Ocean Day to speak Never underestimate the. ability of youth

Testimony

on that day when mothers will abandon suckling child, terrified

sun comes near, mankind immersed in their own sweat limbs will speak bearing witness to their utilization tongue gives testimony before the very one that already knows the answers but still it will give accounts about what and to whom it near, mankind others remembered it's maker, thee architect, designer this day revealed recorded deeds rehearsed letter by letter, verse by verse, perhaps wonderful, perhaps damning giving reasons to descend into abyss of fire genitals confess illicit tryst, consumed by desire hands will recount how they were directed to reach out to help, helpless, maybe heal by grace of thee healer or hurt them with blunt force, torture, traumatize, maim, murder

violent violations of law, theft ,touching, grabbing, groping what wasn't theirs or trembling, begging, held high, supplicating for forgiveness, seeking redemption from succumbing to temptation, avoiding damnation ears will tell of what they listened to, maybe gossip, backbiting,

falsehoods, conversely that which is good, like knowledge of right and wrong, words of guidance, inspiration to adhere to,

remind deaf, dumb, blind nations to enjoin peaceful, loving participation in that which enhance quality of life

eyes looking at that which steal sight especially insight essentially blind though physically functionable, spiritually void due to how they're being employed they as well will tell and tell..,

as will feet bear witness as to where they went and why and the owners of these limbs couldn't stop if they tried believe this or call it a lie but think a moment, really try do you think there's no rhyme or reason to why we live and die, meaning void of purpose that's why?

so, what's all the fuss about obeying universal laws that govern us when right or wrong we all end up with no punishment or rewards for any of us?

so, throw right and wrong out the window and let's do whatever we want to?

food for thought to remind you right and wrong is proven true as is the creator, architect, author that gave it to you

and dem body parts too

he who created me and you can and will do whatever he wants to when and how he wants to

just by proclaiming "Be "......Seeee?

blessed..,

are them who affirms it's true followed by gratitude manifest in attitude quest for truth ensues test of sincere conviction least to live contradiction manifest in *dawah speaking truth to power trying to follow through before your times up descends on you puts end to what you can do putting righteous deeds in heavenly bank overseen in unseen by he who created you seen and unseen too heaps rewards on you ooh how blessed are vou you overcame in the name of he who created you protected you, guided you so that to abided by what's true confided only in the one(1) who made you knowing that's the only source to bless you. him who forgave his slave though dem failed test creator gave

*dawah = invite to do right

Kimberly Burnham



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

The One Thing

Find the one thing says Melati Wijsen and her sister Isabel from which passion flows find the tangible way make a difference so big even a 10- and 12-year-old can do it maybe it is bye bye plastic maybe it is peace or perhaps clean water wherever you are find the one thing from which passion flows

Love, Joy, Peace

In Balinese, spoken in Bali "Dame" is peace and the name of a traditional sarong. wrap yourself in "Dame" or "Kasukan" or "Awiawahara" always do good with peace and sincerity

"Kapitresnan" is love and "Kasihin" as well love, care, invite to be good again while "Begèr" is passionate love

"Kaliangan" is joy "Kendel" be happy, be joyful satisfaction, joy, happiness, gladness flow from one to the other from me to you and beyond

The One's Responsibility

There is a word in Javanese "Têntrême" means peace, peaceful, and safe in this language of New Caledonia, Java and Bali

"Kê-" means to entrusted (with), assigned (to) as in "Kang kê- nata têntrême" the one whose responsibility it is to maintain the peace

Who is the one we are each the one responsible for peace

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

Web links:

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Youth Empowerment

Melati and Isabel stunned the world At an early age, they set good examples to the young Their contributions cannot be denied Advocates of environmental awareness, They banned the use of plastic bags in Bali Youth empowerment at its finest These girls are beautiful souls Making the Earth a better place for generations to come!

A Greener Earth

Lush greeneries abound Sweet smelling scent of blooming flowers in Spring time As children play around a beauteous prairie, The Earth used to be a cooler place to live in Fresh air we breathe, not much pollution, When we walk outside to enjoy a Summer's day. Can we still achieve a greener Earth? Despite all these toxic things around us, Man was designated by God to look over His creations But because of greed for power and money, He forgot what's his real mission on this planet Can we ever reverse the amount of pollution? A greener Earth is what we all dream of A breath of fresh air when the dawn sets in. To be surrounded by tall trees with branches Spreading towards the Heavens as if praying, For rains to come and shower this arid land A greener Earth is still possible if we simply take the initiative!

A New Genesis

In Genesis they held hands together, A Paradise in unity, love abounds The Tree of Life stood in their midst Prohibited by God to get near to it. Cast away, they walked to the ends of the Earth, Reincarnated lives continue to haunt their souls The Tower of Babel they built to reach the Heavens But God forbade them and off they fell down. The Great Flood came, vanishing lives in an instant, A New World emerged, a new age daring flight The New Adam and Eve built an empire, Worked hard to achieve whatever they desired. The haunting of the past continues its saga, Plagues kept testing the spirit of humankind The parted Red Sea of blood was a catalyst, In sending people to a new Promised Land. But still man was discontented, Money and riches were all on his mind Greed over power to him was an adventure, Until came the Day of Rapture. Pandemics can alter the lives of many But not all can experience the Epiphany, What if all these only test our faith? And that the dawning of a new Genesis is at hand? Tomorrow we can witness a brand-new beginning, Full of hope that we can all survive That the weary will have confidence in himself, And the sick will be healed in time.





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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

E-Plastic Bags

Falling from a shelf not meant for them. Parachuting gravity, what are these billowy things cavity's filled to the brim, We don't need more of them. Beaches by the score implore Find a solution! End this polution

Defined by children, knowing how it should've been Ten and twelve respectively, Inspired by others respectfully

Except the world is slow to react to facts Accepting what's easier, like not spending tax Melati and Isabel Wijsen spoke how they felt I too, feel certain things are lax.

"To all the kids of this beautiful but challenging world, go for it, make that difference"

it's with pride that I make that inference another closing of the year, another mother's frozen tears another reason to give thanks another season I hope won't be the same another vote and still I hope, it's not based on blame another beach still needs cleaning.

One By One

Removing the shape of game pieces It takes a steady hand, and a bit of engineering Who will topple the structure built so carefully Who will claim winner, as we begin again

I normally cry out cheater, When one capitalizes on my failure That makes it fun for me, but I never shook the table, I don't play with those people Don't we all have different labels

Board games for the bored Does this present a challenge Bent knees on the floor Some bet their rent, yet can't handle it Splinter free wood, smoothed to perfection Unleveled table, makes it lean toward me I'm about to cry foul, as a fowl flies by Judging by its wingspan, it damn sure ain't no owl

I called my friend a buzzard, He called me what I won't repeat here It's not my turn, is it? Was it, isn't improper English As the jingle of bells grow near There'll be these pieces all boxed so neat They'll be happy faces, and a look of, what is this. One by one, the look of converted minds I too, was sold on this simple idea.

Battle With Nature

I can't keep up with the fall The fall of leaves the fall of my serenity Wind-blown rainstorm from trees

It's a beautiful scene with beautiful scenery I could supply a million scrapbooks Oddly shaped leaves spiral down gently

Spinning in circles like a miniature helicopter Seeds by design fall the same The leaves in my tines hear my whining complaint

Complacency in statements, as nature waits some I'm a lazy raker, my efforts, I won't waste none Waste them? Bag them and place them on the corner

I won't mourn the loss of what shall bloom again I'm content with seeing through bare branches The moon again, I will swoon again for spring For spring is loves rising, yet still involves leaves

A leaf, a branch, and a tree, we'll spar again When it's dark earlier than it's been Mechanically blown, thrown into a firepit I'll sit in circumference, feeling the warmth from this pyre inspired by leaves. hülya n. yılmaz



Of Turkish descent, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Professor Emerita (Penn State, U.S.A.), Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, U.S.A.), and a trilingual literary translator. Before her poetry and prose publications, she authored an extensive research book in German on crosscultural literary influences.

Her works of literature include a trilingual collection of poems, memoirs in verse, prose poetry, short stories, a bilingual poetry book, and two books of poetry (one, coauthored). Her poetic offerings appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors.

hülya writes creatively to attain and nourish a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

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

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

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

Rwanda and Bali

Whether we call it a Domino-Effect, or assign a different name to the humanistic impact that materializes across the globe in complete disregard of boundaries, cross-cultural influences do exist.

Rwanda on one hand, Bali, on the other . . . 5877 miles of a flight-distance not exactly neighboring each other!

The first imposes a ban on its citizens in 2008: No more polyethylene bags!

Thanks to Melati and Isabel Wijsen, their native island Bali follows suit in 2020: A legislation, *Restrictions on the Generation of Disposable Plastic Waste Collection*, renders it illegal to manufacture, distribute, sell, provide, and consume disposable plastics; i.e., plastic bags, Styrofoam, and plastic straws.

The end-result? Through a narrow lens . . . The Republic of Indonesia's Bali province is officially plastic bag free;

The end-result? Under a larger observation glass . . . A growing number of advocates For reduced plastic use in 15 different countries;

The end-result? In pursuit of a broader inclusion . . . The tripling of the number of public policies to phase out plastic bags between 2010 and 2019, and the introduction of bans on plastic bags in 99 countries.

"Bye-Bye Plastic Bags!"

Thus chanted a 10-year-old and a 12-year-old on the island of Bali.

Their first online petitions resulted in over 6,000 signatures within a day alone.

Then waved everyone across the Republic of Indonesia goodbye to the pollution by that environmental foe.

99 countries soon followed in the Indonesian footsteps.

What about the U.S.A.?

Alas! There is no national plastic bag fee or ban currently in effect in the United States.

on this joint journey . . .

be a child, my child

be what you are meant to be

always smile broadly





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

Mantra for Melati and Isabel

We may sing a mantra for Melati and Isabel. A sign of respect for the determination of youth to propel the countries of Bali and Indonesia into a rally for conscious conservation.

Together they started a wave of activism to cleanup beaches and advocate for the reduction in plastic usage.

They won the battle and eliminated plastic bags. Their future advocacy will no doubt impact the war on a clean environment. For this, we sing their names with praise.

For the Fur Babies

The fur babies gather at the river bow to honor all their furry brothers and sisters crossing the rainbow bridge

They each raise a paw to salute them for completing the journey of love to support humans unconditionally in the quest for love.

Now they get to rest and renew before choosing their next human. Each paw beats the chest in gratitude of service.

Ancient Sightings

A songbird serenades my senses in the Temple of Philae. I want to fill the hollow space in my heart with the embrace of Isis.

How can I be here and there between my high desert home and the desert of Egypt? Shape shifting like a hungry ghost, I can trace hieroglyphics and petroglyphs running back and forth between divergent planes.

My breath releases a soul riding on the fingertips of clouds above the Valley of the Kings and the Petroglyph National Monument.

The thunder of color rides the ship of the desert and I smile back at those fellows strutting in the sand. High top boots strut near my home.

Night approaches like a lost lover and I am wired from Turkish coffee screaming through my naked veins. I must silence the thunder.

American cicadas and ancient Egyptian scarabs sing loud in the summer heat of the valleys. I want to trap this experience like a clawing honeysuckle and savor the exposure. Ashok K. Bhargava



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

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

Lack of Moderation

I love multi-layered cities, its meandering streets, nightlights, poetry readings, murals, smartphone whispers.

I hate its intolerance, divisions, car fumes, traffic jams, pollution.

In a park where I sit trees stand high a river of plastic bags flows by me in silence.

Desire

She was sad tear stained face and silent.

Without turning she lifted her chin up and asked had I seen an ant dragging away the wings of a butterfly?

No, I answered.

That's good, could I write or compose? What? I asked. A poem: a poem enticing a lover to make love Why? I inquired. I will shred it into a million pieces and burn it She said. Then without uttering a word, she got up and left leaving behind silence.

Terracotta Passion

I live like a Banyan root hanging waiting to reach the earth for soil to cling to for nourishment for rootedness.

Without you I am hovering waiting for your hands to hold me to infuse hope to energize to begin life.

With you I feel alive I embrace you like a Banyan root that has reached the earth and connected to the soil. Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

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

Links to her works:

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

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

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

Ocean Deep

Two Bali babies who fell deeply in love With the gift of flowing pristine water, And all the wonders that it holds, It mirrors their deepest mission To have plastic-free ocean, Believing that all creatures Under the sea are all precious, Interconnected waves, The calming salty breeze, Magical habitat— It's worth fighting for. Young but high-spirited bellas Racing to save the incredible treasure The ocean of life and for life,

I am becoming more and more

I am becoming more believing and more reliving With the kindness shared, the hearts you filled With goodness, I am more relieved, Because I know you're there.

I am becoming more understanding and more knowledgeable Because you share your wisdom You lift me up from the uncertainties, That you become the compass Of my wandering thoughts.

I am becoming more grateful and more gracious Because of the unwavering support And unconditional love, You make the impossible possible Within my reach, Because you make me believe, I can do all things, With you, the powerhouse of my energy.

My Sweet Little Boss

I came from school With a heavy headache, Almost drowsy and feeling clumpsy, I sat down, closed my eyes, My sweet little boss said, ''I want to hold you, mom, So you will feel better''

I told her, Thank you, my sweet girl, You're acting as if you are a true doctor, She held my hand, giving her milk bottle, I smiled, asked for water instead She gave me the warmest embrace, I love my sweet little boss, My daughter's purest love.

Swapna Behera



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

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"Bye bye plastic bags" say Melati and Isabel Wijsen

children prodigy they are Melati and Isabel decreased the global use of single use plastics inspired by the Rwanda's ban on polythene climate activists they are sisters born in Bali to Dutch and Indonesian parents someone has to raise the voice to save and sustain Mother Nature they tried it in Bali their native place a message that travelled from Rwanda to Bali beach clean ups, Government petitions accelerated the drive Bali is officially plastic free because of them Wijsen will lead for Indonesia some where some one is thinking for a safe environment they were only twelve and ten when they started campaign for the world free of plastic bags through education political meetings, campaigns and youth empowerment don't ever wait for age or permission to start a mission will tomorrow be made of plastics? will we be dumped in the graveyard of plastics...?

if you are with me.....

when you are with me the sky bows death flows reverse river becomes pregnant sparrow's nest swings in palm tree rice plants carry paddy consciousness stands boldly no abscission of spring words become crazy all orders are transmitted if you are with me fire is frozen sandalwood spreads fragrances birds twit; fears evaporate illusions get salvation solitude appeals for liberty and creates new languages the ugliest becomes the diva clay gets life if you are with me I forget and my memory is deleted the formulae of all mathematics is lost my ego is immersed explosion occurs I swing between your lost and found because at the end of this journey I am ordained with dignity I become you I become yours truly I become The Goddess

my mother's pandora box

you find safety pins ,candies, fur or seeds white hairs stuck to that she touches it every day and feels the existence of my father she is ninety four ;the walking encyclopaedia cooking or food preservation jam, jelly ,seasons or values she knows how to imbibe or sustain a former badminton captain ,excellent speaker now lean and thin, skin above the Skelton still has the interest and opinion for games, politics she is the youngest Diva for me my mother has become my daughter time changes the relationship struggling though with ageing process an empowered lady with ethics, values a good orator's voice is feeble but contents are robust we both talk about death and life hold our hands and smile together who cares death by the way ...!!!

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

www.innerchildpress.com/albert-carrasco

Melati and Isabel Wijsen

What were we supposed to do? sit back and watch a problem get bigger right in front of our eyes? watch it rise? No, my sister and I wanted to take part in the solution of ending Indonesia's plastic pollution. When we found out that only 5% of the plastic bags in Bali were being recycled, we wanted to change that, it was time for a clean up revolution. Of course it couldn't be done with just my sister and i, we needed the help of leaders and the community to spread awareness of a global nuisance. At just 10 and 12 years old we began a clean up campaign and we weren't going to stop until we reached our goal. We petitioned for signatures and had presentations to gather up needed attention on how important it is to stop the sales of plastic bags in turn for alternatives. "Bye Bye plastic bags" is something my sister and i started and became a social initiative, that was our part of making Bali and places all over the world affected by this problem a better place to live. With the help of the media our voices were heard in different areas. our movement gained momentum with the help of TED, CNN and the united nations. In 2013 we became familiar with the plastic pollution problem, in 2018 our hard work alongside others working together to make our world better helped make the ban of single use plastic bags out of our daily curriculum.

Harsh

Living through so much harsh treatment, so many harsh conditions, cause me to see nothing but bright visions. My interpretation of life was like that of one that lived in hell, when I narrate I speak of how hell fucked me so others can be celibate, before jurors and magistrates, before a barrage of bullets, skipping triage straight to emergency for blood currency. I live with pain and hatred not toward people but at all the things I did and things that was done and can't be unwoven, I go to cemeteries now as a 40 year old man looking at the first to die, they were children. Born in the 70's died in the 80's we were crack babies but moms weren't smoking, we were young coke cookers, pack pushers, Gat toters, we held down blocks till eternal resting spots, that's why i stare at kids faces carved on marble rock. I visit plots with moms and pops with the last sibling the same age as the one no longer living. I know it's hard for consumption, it consumed me, it moved me to push my pen on paper and relive my past, ghetto music, wood wind and brass of the aftermath of living fast.

Eyes

Have you ever been looked at from dead eyes? I have. I've been looked at by many with those eyes. Its look is just as yesterday, same expression. It's an I'll state of mind knowing any second any minute maybe within the hour, might be their time. Imagine the one starring at you doesn't know they're going to die. but... you..you soon find out that you were looking at dead eyes.. How would that feel? Let me explain. It's surreal. I gave him a hug and a kiss, daddy I love you don't ever leave me, he looked at me while holding me, na "ace" I'm not going no place ... Don't worry daddy I remember that look and your voice. I knew you would of still been here if you had a choice. It's midnight.. Al look I bought this gun! I didn't take it because like him I had a fascination with them.. He stared at me holding that gun... It's three in the morning now I mourn him. Dude I got love for you but these guys around here don't know you. Al I grew up here just like you. Yeah I understand but you moved. we kept contact these cats don't remember you. They're hungry. you eating off their plate is not safe, to them your a stranger, go back to Miami with your mother! He looked at me with those eyes, na al I'm gonna stay and make a killing.. He did.. He made a killer kill him. R.I.P. to him. Why did they have to look at me with those eyes?...

Michelle Joan Barulich



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

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

Melati and Isabel

Two sisters working together Brainstorming ideas to help the climate To reduce plastic consumption in Bali Hard work and determination Signatures on paper To insight the people To say bye bye plastic bags Driven by youth Your message received All around the world Way to go Melati and Isabel!

Unspoken Words

Sad songs that I listen to Funny how I think of you Before you left there was so many words You wanted to say But no one would listen There was so many feelings You wanted to touch But no one could care that much I hear my crying out loud Each tear means something to me And if the light of the dawn breaks first Will you still leave? with unspoken words unleft to say I can hear voices in your head There calling your name I can come in touch with your fears I can retrace yesterday's heartaches For I understand There was so many unspoken words To be revealed, now they lye in the dead....

Love is the Word

See no diamonds in the sky We all wanted to understand why Pick up the pieces and began again Realizing the mistakes, we have made Why must we try then lose the nerve? Searching for the way into my heart But ignoring the word that makes the start Love is the word that should be heard From coast to coast and around the world All around the world The people's faces are so sad All around the world The countries are so mad That's why this song is going to make you scream and shout Love is the word that should be heard From coast to coast and around the world I hope they hear our message They soon will take No more nothing if they push the button No more time to reconsider Love is the word that should be heard From coast to coast and around the world Everybody, love is the word that should be heard From coast to coast and around the world.





Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University.

Received *Global Literature Guardian Award* – from Motivational Strips, World Nations Writers Union and Union Hispanomundial De Escritores (UHE) 2018.

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020,

International Award Paragon of Hope (2020),

World Award 2020 *Cesar Vallejo* for Literary Excellence. Laureate of the Special Jury *Sahitto International Award* 2021, World Award *Premiul Fănuş Neagu* 2021.

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

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

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

Award - World Poets Association (2023).

Laureate Between words and infinity "International Literary Award (2023).

Resuscitation

Between the plastic bags, grains shine through – once called – golden beach.

What is left of it is the sea of plastic! Rustling with every gust of wind, breaks the seaside silence, doesn't let you relax your mind and rest.

Young people already know – it's time to act!

Reanimation of golden sands will let the living, those thoughtful and reflectionless, breathe a sigh of relief, and start the plastic abstinence right away, following the words of Melati and Isabel Wijsen:

- Bye Bye Plastic Bags

Nature expects to be freed of spaces filled with ugly poisonous artifacts.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Bald Words

You had many plans – all for later.

And she thought that a miracle will happen. You told her – your bald words, words like checks without cover.

She was sure it would be just like you promised. She never dared to ask: *when will it be new?* Yet you did not have any plans.

You knew that you will not make change in your life!

Translated by Artur Komoter

Dance

Her eyes said that she wants to dance, have fun, go crazy.

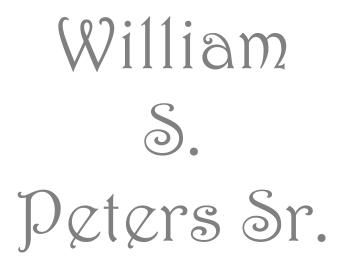
Perhaps she envied others – of their dancing feet.

She envelops in infirmity – she cried.

Nobody saw her tears, nobody saw that like others she craves for life.

Maybe he did not want to see?

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

The Plastic Death

Around the world Upon land and in oceans We see fit to Discard our plastics Only to further the death Of a world We once knew

Grocery stores and other too See it as a convenience

We once had paper bags, But they are too costly

Trees felled Lands cleared Because we need paper

There is hemp they say, But if we grow it Will we use it As a bio-degradable Self-sustaining alternative Or just smoke it Instead

When all the whales, dolphins and turtles are dead. Perhaps we will remember The efforts and The words said By Melati and Isabel Wijsen About "The Plastic Death"

Longing

I long for the time When caring is not a burden; Where empathy and compassion Is effortless; When love is like the ether It is everywhere

I wish to live in a world Where the smiles of the children Do not depart Even unto and beyond Old age and death

I long for the time When the only wars we struggle through Is the war of giving, The war of humanity enacted And we fight only To embrace

I long for the time When the angst of our differences Becomes a distant memory And all we see are Similarities and likeness

I know to some, This is but a fantasy, But was not The Wizard of Oz Real?

Yes, I believe in M & M's, The sweetness of Magic and Miracles,

And we all could do For a few Right now ... Don't you think?

I long for parity And the cessation of divide Between 'The Haves and Have-nots' I know this may sound A bit like a Socialistic preposition, But what can possibly be wrong With EVERYONE being OK?

I long for good water For everybody; A roof over everyone's head; Equality in Healthcare and education And so much more

I long to have the courage To confront my higher self And entice id to help me Overcome my 'self'

I long to challenge and defeat My lazy procrastination Well, maybe tomorrow

There are so many things That I long for, And so many more That I could, But what I truly long for Is to no longer have any Longing

The Fruits of Trust

I petitioned my Muses To bring to me The gift of words For i wanted to write about 'The Fruits of Trust'

I am a witness To the wonderful bounty and booty Yielded unto those Who are so blessed To give And to recieve This divine state of being

In seeing the fruits Of the seeds we plant Of 'Trust' How can you not exclaim To the world, To all creation Its sweetness

Trust is an ingredient Widely applied In relationship... And encounters.... Those of love, Those of friendship, Those of some strangers And some family members As well

I tell you, It is better to have trust Than not, After all, Who wants a life of wariness and weariness ... 'Tis not a good way To live

Yes, 'Trust' Is a wonderfully sweet Ambrosiatic quality That all should experience At least once, In their lives ... But I say, Why not vie to have it Throughout our lives ...

As I said I can attest that The Fruits of Trust Are sweet



Caroline Laurent Turunc

Neha Bhandarkar

Shafkat Aziz Hajam

Elarbi Abdelfattah



Caroline Laurent Turune



Caroline LAURENT Turunc Antakya, Turkey, Arab origin, the daughter of a family of nine children. She started writing at the age of 15. She wrote her first novel at this age and her family did not allow the book to be published, her brother and mother destroyed the manuscript.

This incident did not prevent her from writing more. She has written over 1500 poems since 2013, received many certificates from abroad, and participated in 12 local and foreign anthologies. Her poems have been published in many international journals and sites. She is writing a novel and is about to finish it soon. She published two poetry books, "Between Oriental and Schemal" and "Desert lily".

She won the second place among 2575 poets from every country during the championship of the world literature in Romania. She won a prize in the poetry festival held by Yan in China which led her to be selected into the "world poet Literature Museum" built by the Silk Road Cultural Center of Northwest University of China. She was also a jury member of the Galaxia International Award for unpublished Poetry, 2021 edition in Chile.

She is a Turkey-based Humanitarian and represents the u.t.e.f. International foundation in Paris. She currently lives in Paris, France

carolineturunc@yahoo.com

Malalai of Maiwand

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

hidden treasure

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

Decoding the Academic Regalia and "Abaray na Dayew"

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

Neha Bhandarkar



Neha Bhandarkar is trilingual authour and translator. She is columnist in Marathi newspaper. Her 13 books in Marathi, Hindi and English have been published. She is recipient of many most prestigious literary awards from India, like State Hindi Sahitya Academi and bagged awards from foreign countries also. Her many poems and stories are being published in many anthologies, journals, E Zines and magazines in all over the world. Her many poetries, stories have been translated in several foreign languages i.e. French, Albanian, Phillipines, Nepali, Greece, English. As well as Indian languages like Odia, Asamese, Telugu, Bengali, hindi, Brail etc. Her poems and short stories have broadcast on All India Radio, Akashwani, Hindi Radio, Chicago (U.S.A.), Radio France (FRANCE) etc.

Unattached

Giving no heed or precaution of acceptance and rejection she simply destines to string a chain of creation unceasingly, seamlessly

Protecting and germinating the seed is the only obligating task to her laden with such Sanskaras suffocates her existence

Caressing every passerby connotes killing her seed or the carnage of offshoots even she doesn't know the sept of misconception of misery But she knows her own destiny served on a silver platter like a plumage shedded peacock

Her sufferings never ward off nor she can be relieved even she observes the 'unattachment' same as between earth and sky as a plot of a lot

Her innocent pollens get churned out while she procreates intensely with an unattached mind and when it becomes indispensable

to give birth to another feminine form the chain of creation gets strung automatically

Sheerly in the name of subsistence!....

Setting Down

'O' dearest Poem! please do commit to the poets around the world that never will you die out coz if you wane, so do the poets

Have you seen the sun fearful or the moon finished?

O dear! in the circumstantial dark and glow countless efforts would be made to annihilate you Even so you rise again and again as the sun and the moon with a new ray of hope everytime

Like a sweet cuckoo recognise the onset of spring Affix the fragments of time with the cultured civilizations and enthron the hearts of every one

Be as aromatic as the blue lotus Be as fragrant as the essence of musk Keep waving your stole with this blossoming land

Shower your pitter-patter as the writing flow of poets

gush relentlessly drifted away as a river and keep sailing wantonly on the word-ferry

I know it is not easy to keep safe your existence in the ocean-like Word-web Even so, you try Try that you never set-down

It is said, "The world rests on endurance and hope".

Intolerant

An intolerant moment intersecting the death and solitude...

From this moment reaching to the conscience are innumerable sound-bound silent thoughts

The setting clouds peeping through large skylines uninterruptedly look forward to taking place precisely in such untoward moments in the wasteland made of solitude and dejectionAbsolutely being all carefree

In the illusioned space of mind In the caress of solitude with the dreams of death abound mingling with melancholy songs creating a rampage in the poems and at such juncture tolerance evolves out of a work of art that intolerant moment (intersecting death and solitude) as if; gets killedOnce again in a city of concrete!

Shafkat

Aziz

Hajam



Shafkat Aziz Hajam is a children's Poet from India, kashmir.He is the author of two children poetry books that mostly give a religious touch , titled as The cuckoo's voice and the canary's voice.

Though my skin is black,

Though my skin is black, My intentions are green. Let me put them into practice Colors of joys will be all around seen. Let me uproot the thorns of hatred, Let me sow the seeds of love, Peace will be enjoyed everywhere Everyone will symbolize it like a dove. In the hearts of people, let me Put out the fire of greed. All will take their fair share Of the things they need. Let me tie people with The bonds of brotherhood Let me teach them humanity. All will be just and will act as they should.

I Am A Book.

I am a book when you read me , The whole world you'll see. You'll visit the snowy mountains And the deserts where it hardly rains. You'll visit the bottoms of the deepest Oceans, You'll enjoy the cultures of different nations. You'll visit the stars and the moon And the Earth's hot and cold zone . You'll visit the palaces of the past kings , I will help you to fly around the world As I am your wings .

This poem is written for my little student, Yusra ,class Pre Nursery.

O Canary!

Soon thou wilt abandon me ,o canary ! My elated heart wilt become glum, o canary! Thou wilt visit me in spring, Till then in my garden who'll sing? Can not endure thy absence , o canary ! My heart wilt beat but with no rhythm Thy memories wilt keep me restless, Until thy arrival there wilt be no charm , o canary !

Elarbi Abdelfattah



Curriculum Vitae: Abdel-Fattah Al-Arabi, Tunisian, with a diploma in programmer and analysis in media Doctor of Human Sciences from Université Théophanie International Political and human rights activist, activist and union official, legal advisor at the court Cultural advisor at the Union of Arab Unity Meeting for Poetry and Culture in the Arab World in the Diaspora, Holland Branch Director of the Tunis office of the newspaper Director of the magasine **REVISTA AMERICA Sin Fronteras in tunez Responsible** for the Équipe de réseautage / activation du Monde Arabe team at the European International Foundation for Peace and Member of the Human Rights: Third Millennium Renaissance - Participated in Poetry Nights in Dhaka (the world's poets in the 100th evening of Odan Little TV magazine countries. - I gave a lecture at the Arab Youth Forum in London, - I gave a lecture and poem at the cultural café in Sulaymaniyah Published in many newspapers I am in the process of preparing to publish my first poetry collection.

Fire in my skull

Sixty years of war burning in my skull Between thoughts that illuminate the road and others that extinguish the light Between tribes from myself and others from outside my life Skull, put out the blazing fire! This war foretells destruction How many books have you read about conflict? Have you studied poetry theory? intracranial boiling, screaming, barking A hustle and bustle, a mixture of the snarling of the seas Have you made a ruling? I wrote how many poems on the wall Is your hair gray or has it escaped your scalp? Lots of ideas And I played you with the friction chain ancient interracial And a long life history Without a goal, but coordinated with a torrent of grinding words Incomprehensible and rejoicing in murky water Has time turned to an inevitable end? Oh time, how treacherous are you? From the beginning years a skull packed with written karatis With talismans, squares, triangles and drawings How long do we have to fill this skull? Unconsciously and deciphering secrets I read all the books of incantations and magic And the world and the cities swept over I was not able to know the great knowledge I do not appreciate the past tense I am unable to comprehend a future that the Almighty Creator knows

Meditation

Doors opened from all over the place on all edges Foretold all paths And I alerted all the orbiters Where are you Sirian? captured in a valley I know you exist in hand Those mysterious remote commandos oblivion Covering between death and another life Enjoying eternal bliss in the transfiguration And a clear look Unfold on doors that seem open But it's closed Opens through a hidden theology A world that swims and slumps from above don't realize it Meditate between unknown times The mutterings flow from you And the signs go with you Perceive sensory places It has an eternal whisper unconscious things You are in the presence of the showers the darkness of the darkness Do not know missing things I am nothing but a mirage Swim between the lobbies Meditate here and there

You are not and there is nothing Except for existence who contemplates the loss the infinite extending endlessly It's the loss

chime the bells

Ringing and ringing coming from above shake your head up You see nothing but the echo Singing into melodies all over your head You look at yourself and you only see an idol Nothing has moved for years stop everything You hear words here and there Just talk and action Nothing is moving The idol is looking at us He's moving that idol But we are in our places We hear bells ringing everywhere We walk but we stand where we are We peek at each other Sometimes whispering and other advice We have a void left full of air The bells still ring in us but we are a fetish We only move in the void We're writhing in a whirlwind storm And twist everything in us Even our minds, our hopes and our dreams Lose the flavor of life and reap Green and dry crops In our roots rip our veins sucks our blood Empty inside us and keep us cage People imprison us

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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Published Books

by

Poetry Posse Members

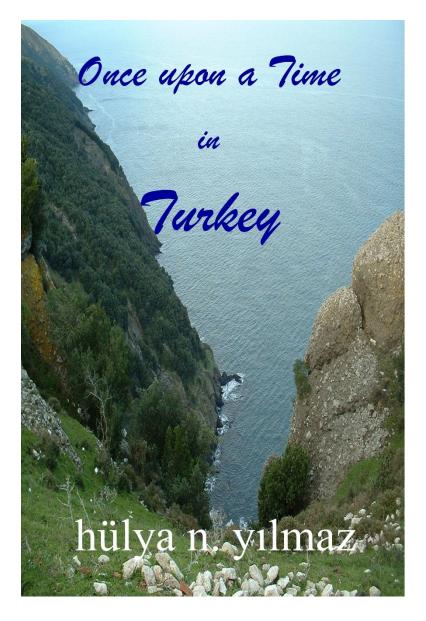
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

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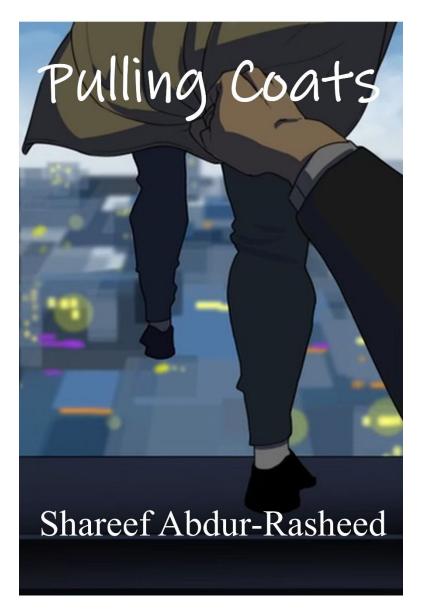
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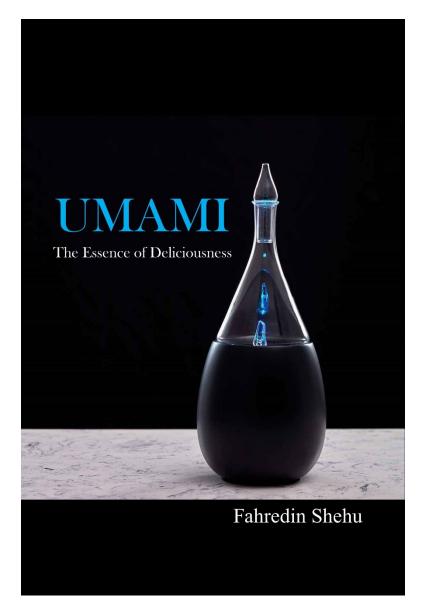
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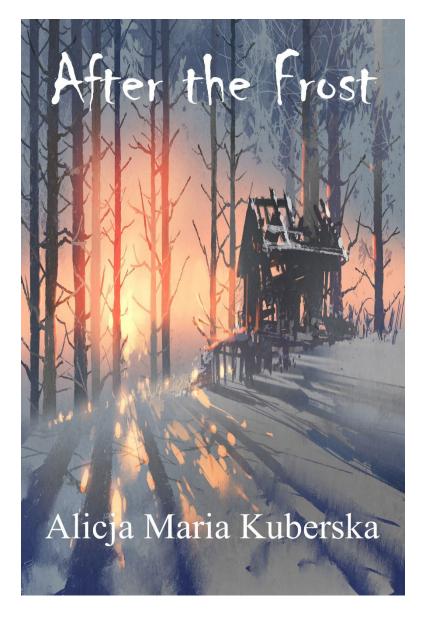
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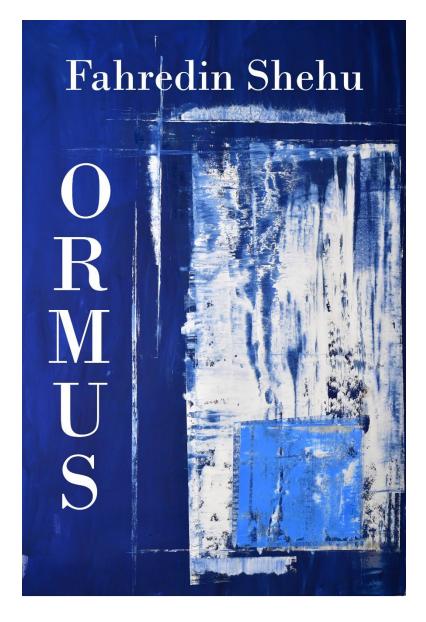
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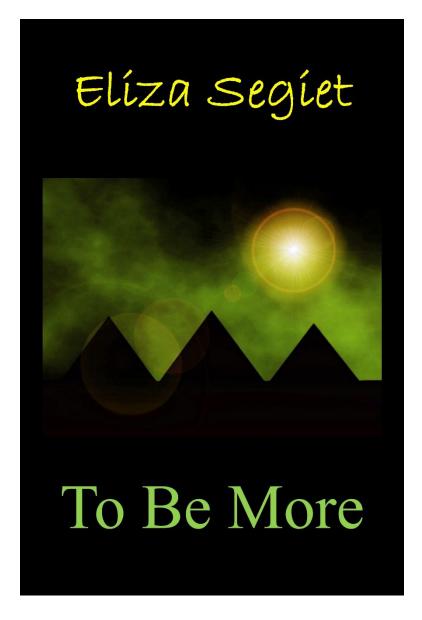
Ahead of My Time

... from the Streets to the Stages



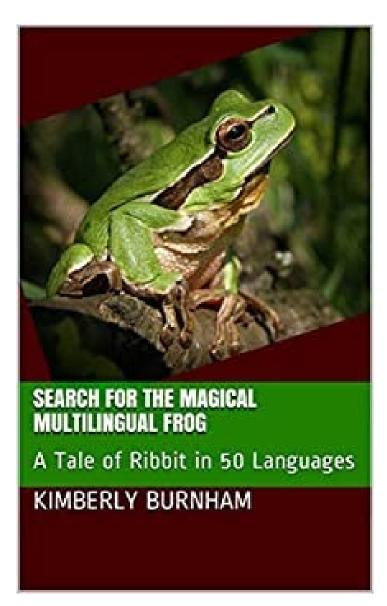
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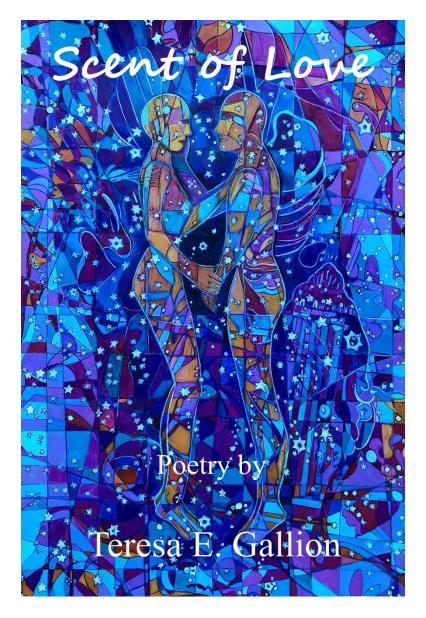
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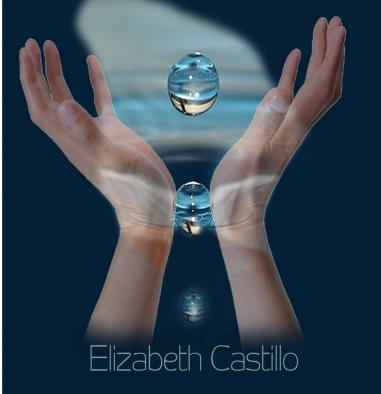
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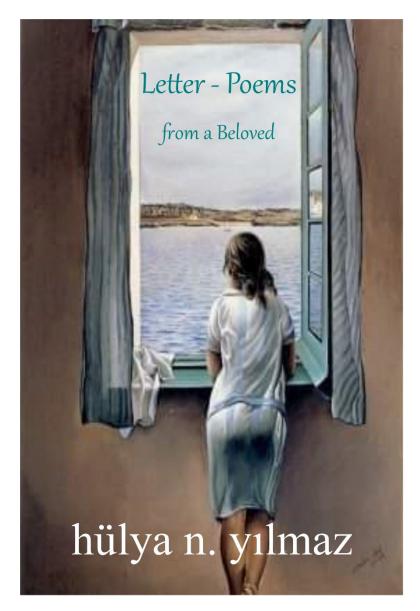
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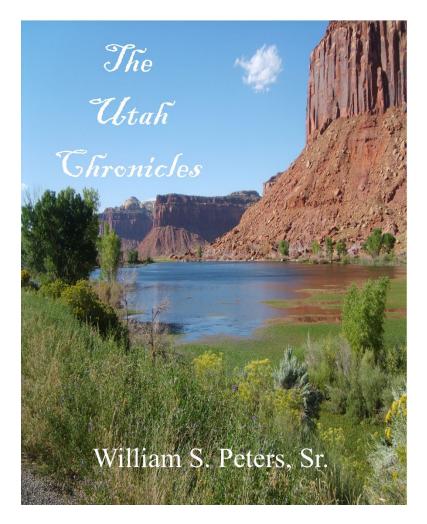
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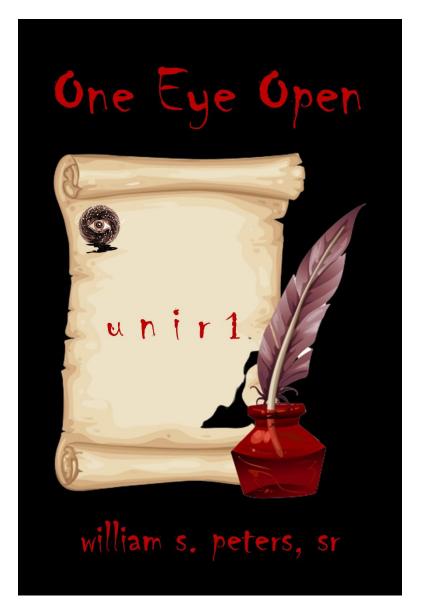


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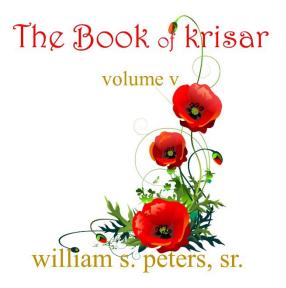


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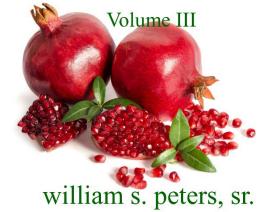
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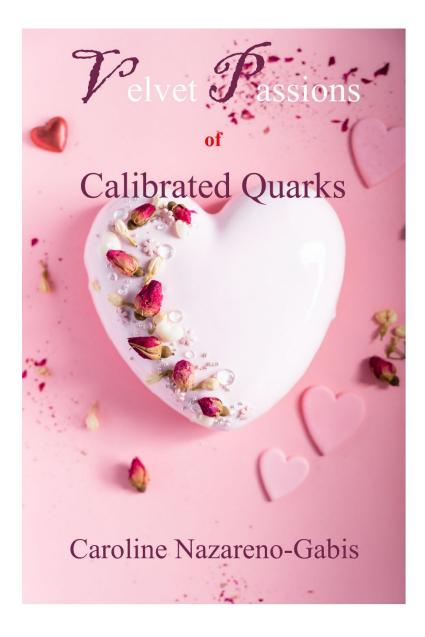


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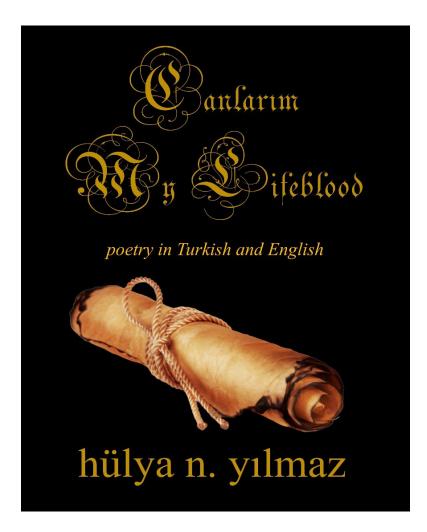
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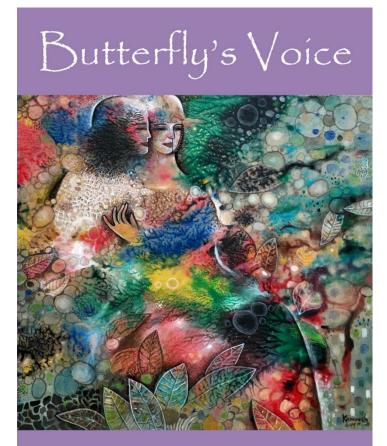
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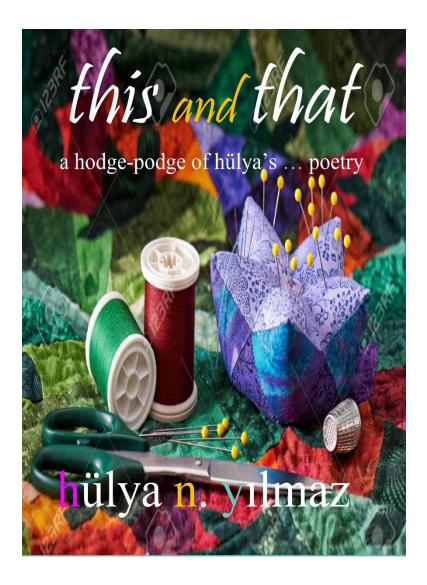
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass

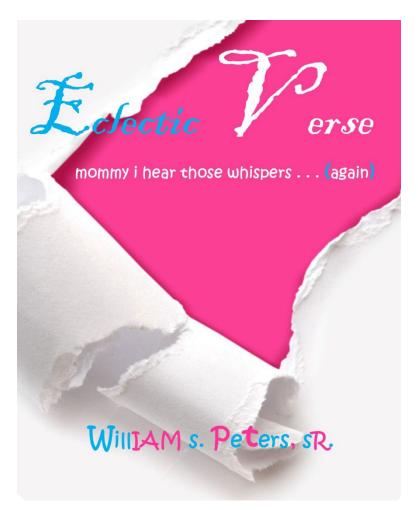


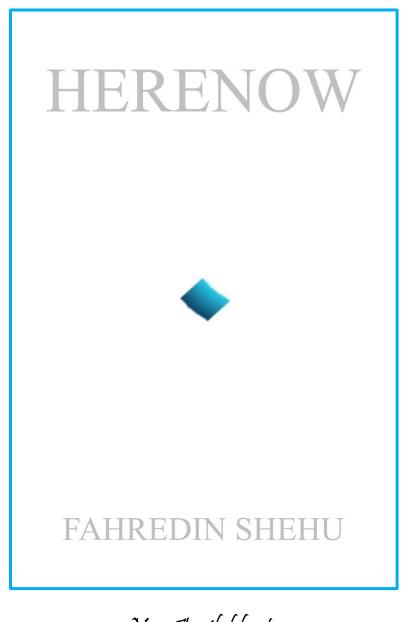
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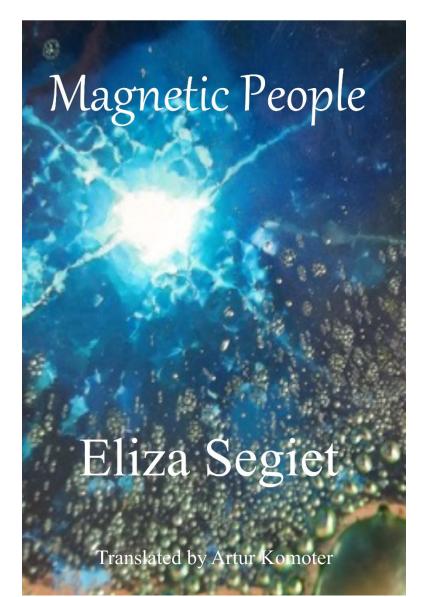
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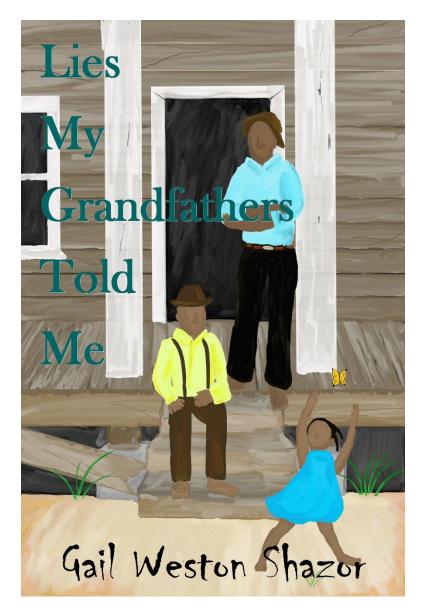


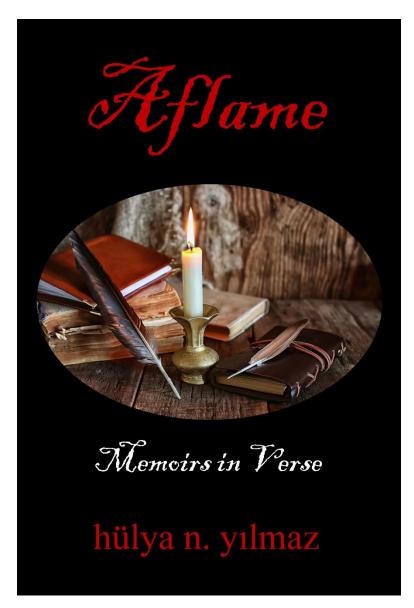


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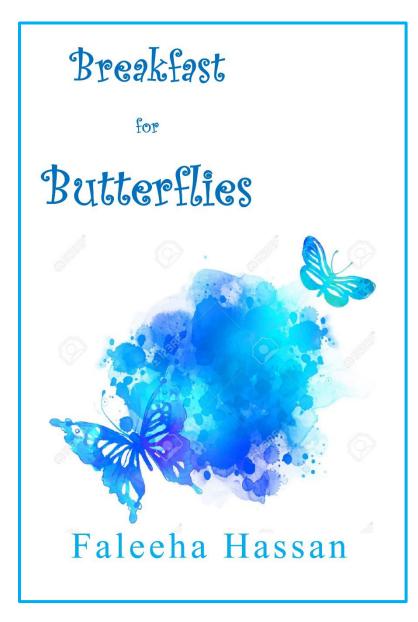
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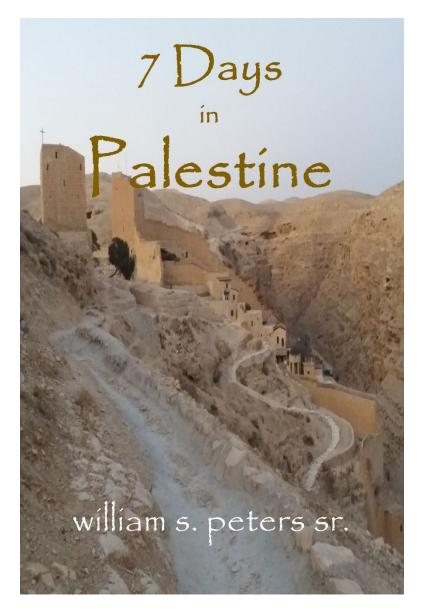








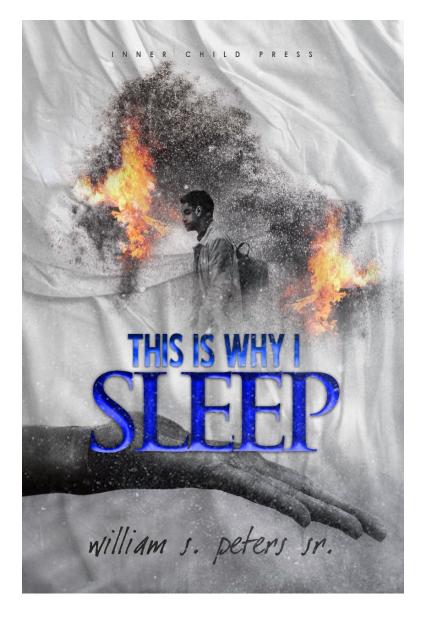


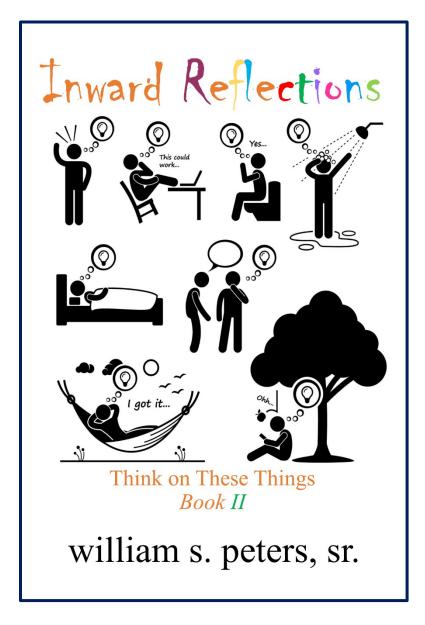




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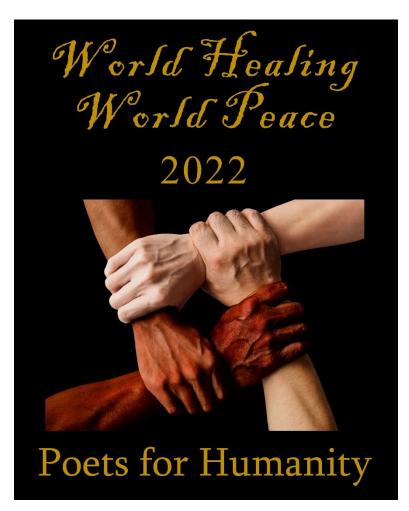
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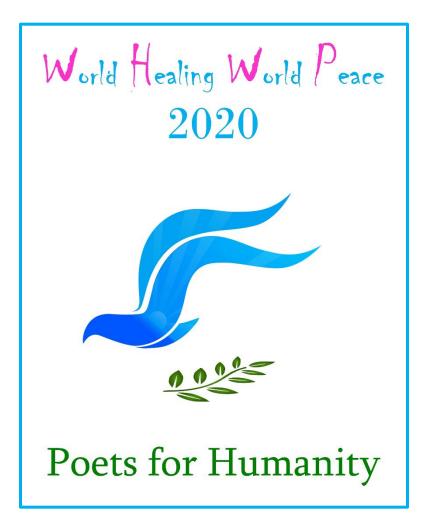
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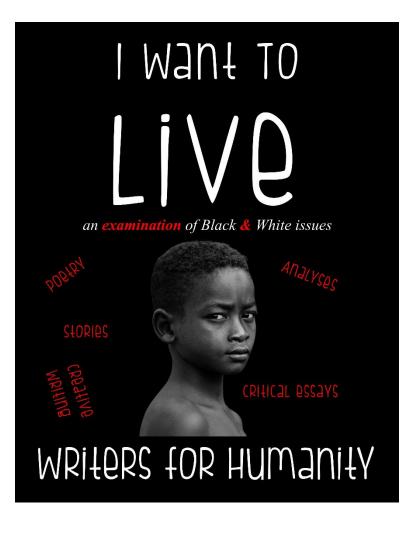
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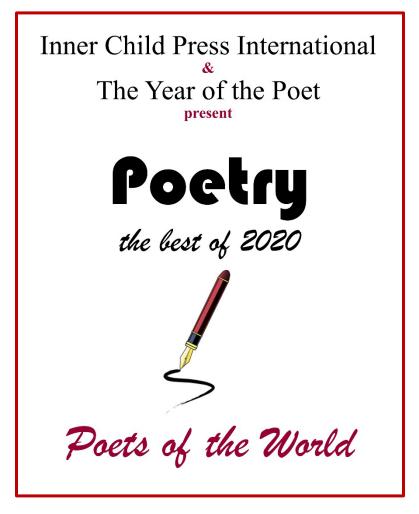


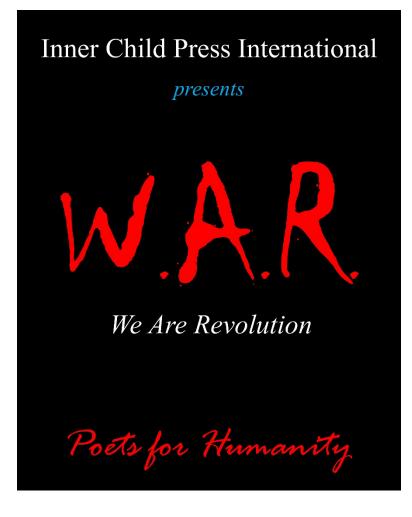


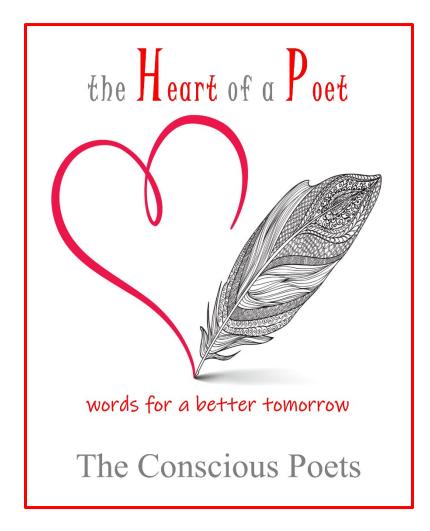


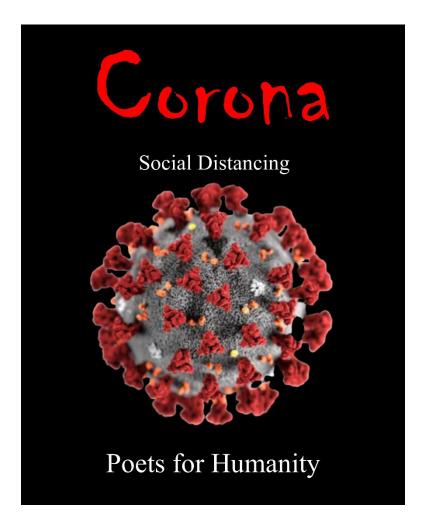
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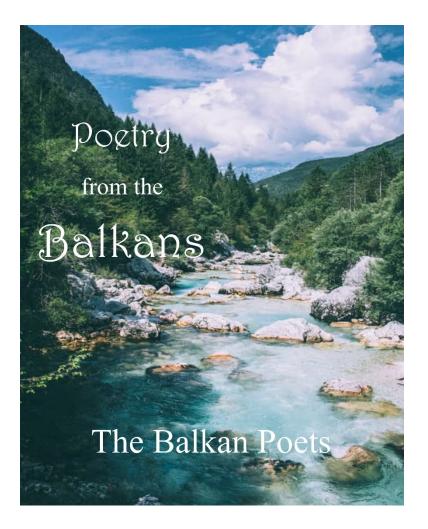


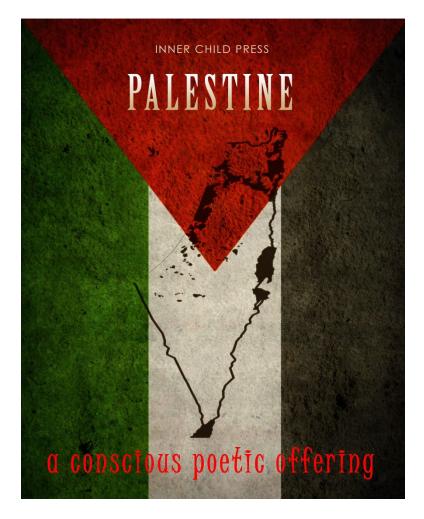


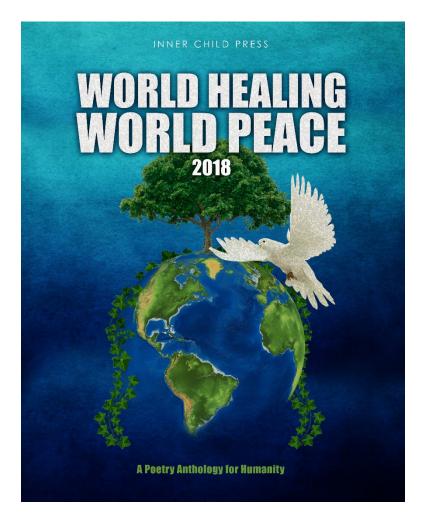


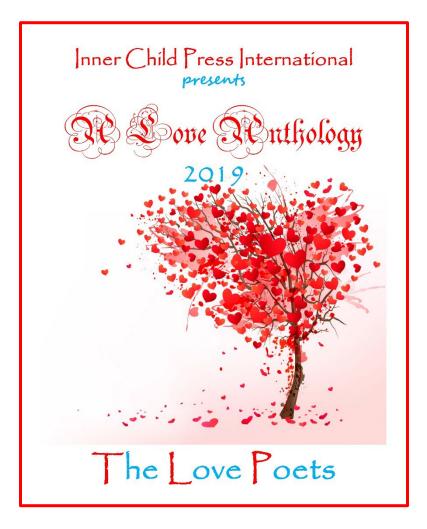




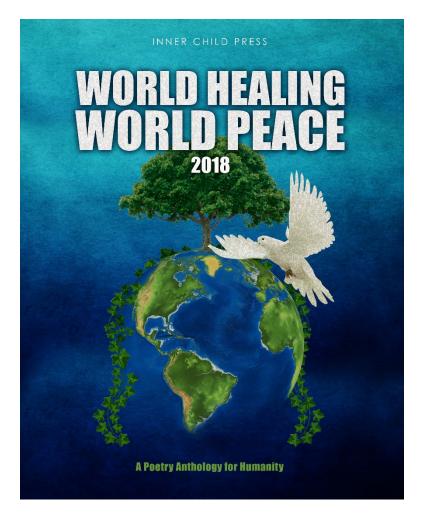








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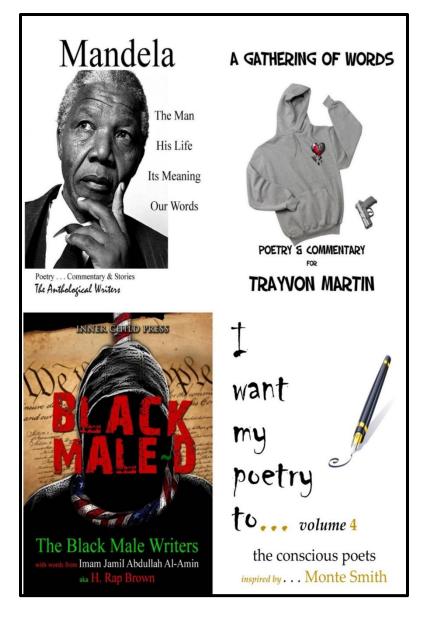


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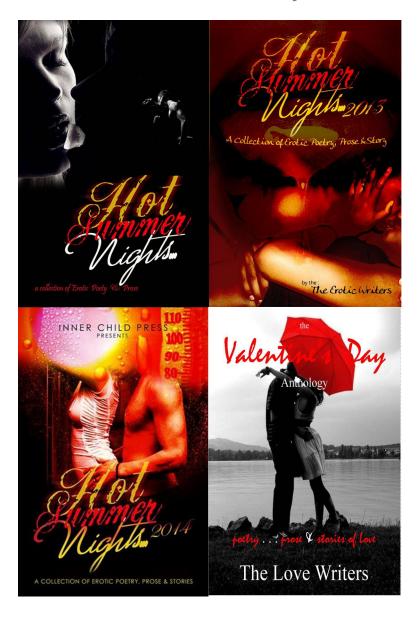


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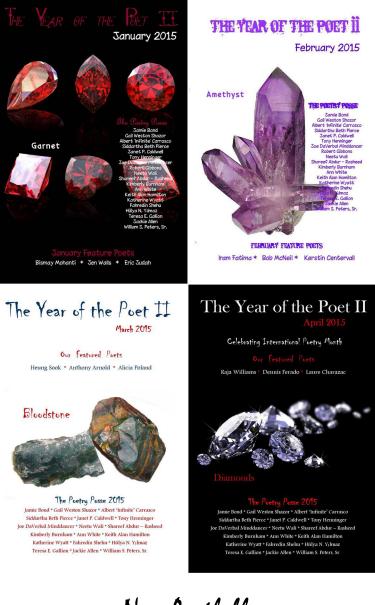




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The Year of the Poet II July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015





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June 2015



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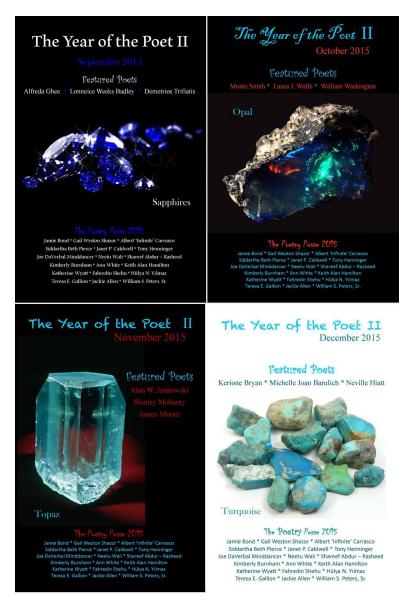
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Peridot Gayle Howell Ann Chalasz Christopher Schultz

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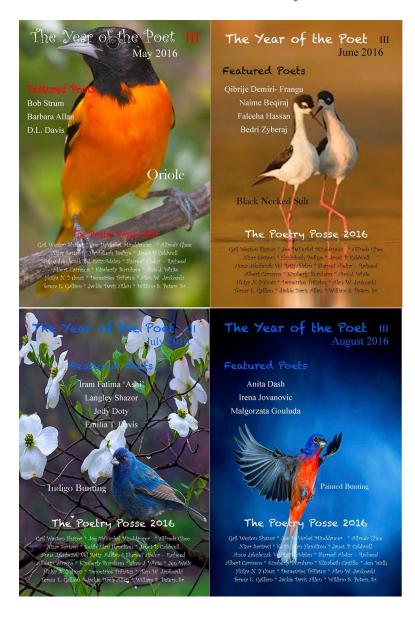
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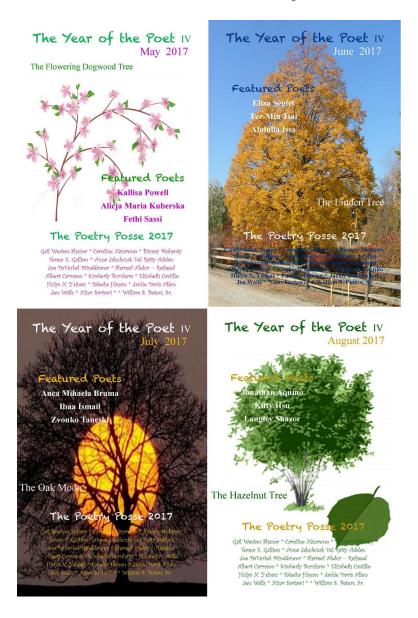
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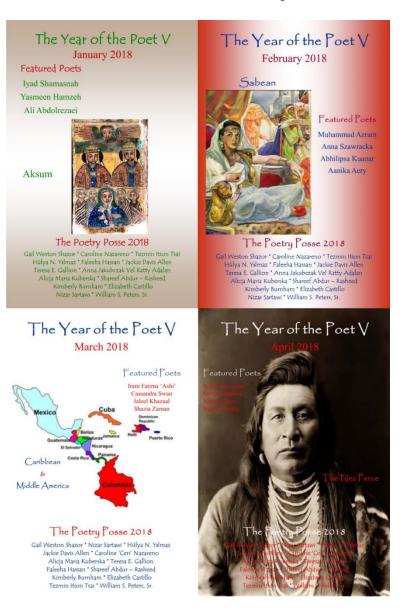
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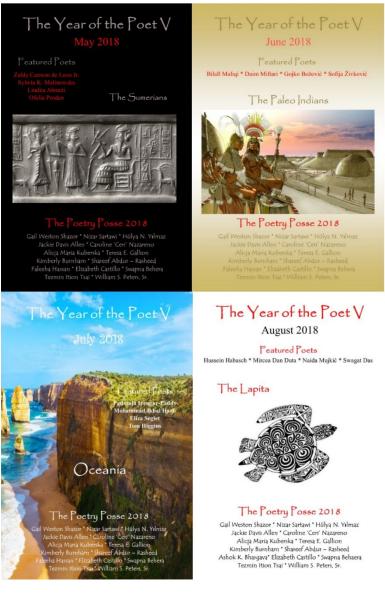
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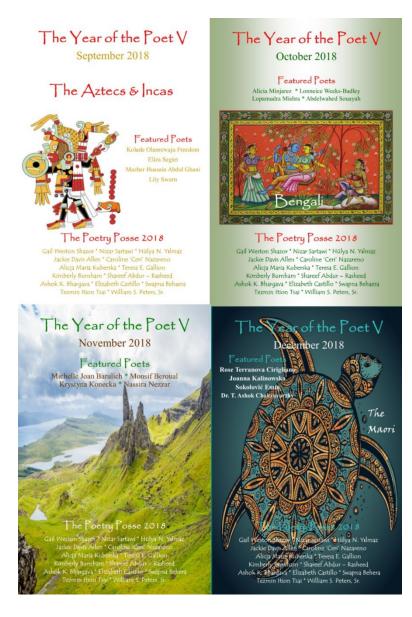
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Houda Elfehtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

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



Meso-America

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March 2019

The Poetry Posse 2019

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Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

Dream Catcher

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



The Caribbean

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DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

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January 2021

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



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March 202

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jab Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



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February 2021

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



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Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



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May 2021

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

Diego Rivera



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July 2021

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

Goncalao Mabunda



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June 2021

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

Rayen Kang



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August 2021

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

Mundara Koorang



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September 2021

Featured Global Poets

Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire

Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik

Heather Jansch



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

November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



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October 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Dale Lamphere



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December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church



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Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

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Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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Featured Global Poets Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



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

Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masih

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

Children : Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma The Poetry Posse 2023

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

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Ruby Bridges

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

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Claudette Colvin The Poetry Posse 2023

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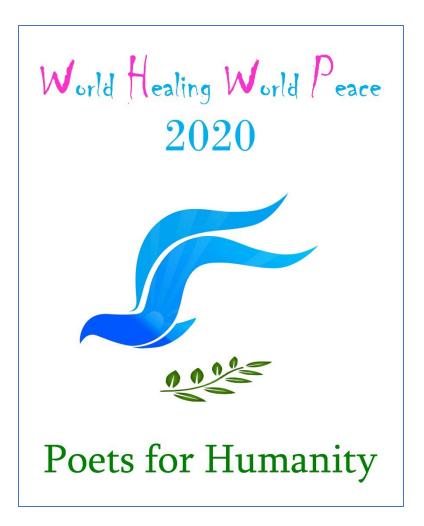
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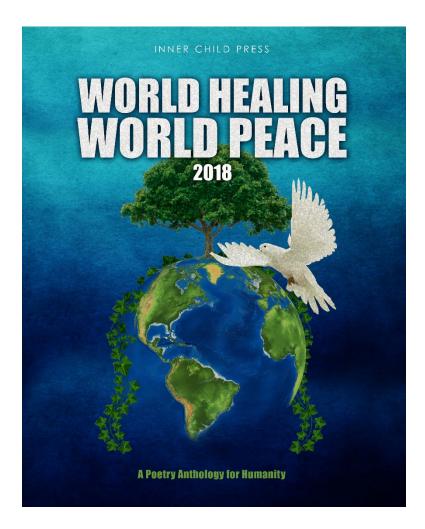
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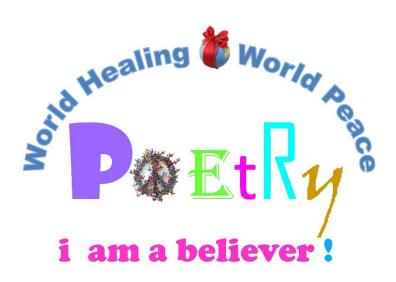


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2023



December 2023 ~ Featured Poets



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