The Year of the Poet X November 2023

Featured Global Poets

Ibrahim Honjo * Balachandran Nair Xanthi Hondrou-Hil * Francesco Favetta

Children: Difference Makers



~ Jean-Michel Basquiat ~

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

Year

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November 2023

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2023

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet X **November 2023 Edition**

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2023

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Table of Contents

Foreword	ix
Preface	xi
Children : Difference Makers	xiii
Jean-Michel Basquiat	
The Poetry Posse	
Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Tezmin Ition Tsai	23
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	29
Kimberly Burnham	37
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	43
Joe Paire	49
hülya n. yılmaz	55
Teresa E. Gallion	61
Ashok K. Bhargava	67
Carolina Nazarano Gahis	73

Table of Contents continued	
Swapna Behera	79
Albert Carassco	85
Michelle Joan Barulich	91
Eliza Segiet	99
William S. Peters, Sr.	105
November's Featured Poets	115
Ibrahim Honjo	117
Balachandran Nair	125
Xanthi Hondrou-Hil	129
Francesco Favetta	135
Inner Child Press News	143
Other Anthological Works	181

Foreword

Children: Difference Makers

Jean-Michel Basquiat

Each month of 2023 a gifted, accomplished young person is featured in our monthly edition of The Year of the Poet. Our family of Poets 'The Poetry Posse 'dedicate a poem to that young person featured This month November, 2023 that young person is Jean-Michel Basquiat Born: 12/22/1960 Death: 08/22/1988 American artist born, raised in the Bronx, N.Y.C. Spoke 4 languages fluently, English, Spanish, French and Haitian Patwah.

Basquiat was a native of N.Y.C. His mother was from Puerto Rico, father Haiti. Young Jean evolved from Street art graffiti doing it on the streets of New York City. On buildings, other structures, subway trains, etc. His art evolved started to develop a unique style of using abstract images to tell a story, project a message dealing with institutional racism, police brutality particularly against young black Americans and Latino's. Corruption, oppressive government policies etc. It also included historical events that impacted on quality of life. He style was categorized as 'Neo-Expressionism' a liberal approach that uses techniques of many styles of art.

This included a generous use of colors, body parts, various structures, tools, shapes, forms that was consistent in conveying a message through his art. This was a departure of mainstream styles that consistently gave off a impression that it was meant to attract the elite thus to be embraced by the privileged. His departure from that was refreshing and soon started the public took notice including the well-known such as one Andy Warhol.

Jean often stayed on the lower East side of Manhattan bordering the East Village. That area was known to include artists of every genre. Poets, Musicians. Painters, you name it. It also was infested with heroine. Even the local park Tompkins Sq. Park was known as 'Needle Park 'Many artists were addicted. Many artists died.

Unfortunately, one such artist was Jean- Michel Basquiat. Please research more information about this gifted, special artist. Never underestimate what the youth can accomplish. Enjoy this enlightening edition of 'The year of the Poet'

Love and peace to y'all. Yours truly

Shareef Abdur-Rasheed Author, Poet, Activist

Dreface

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Children

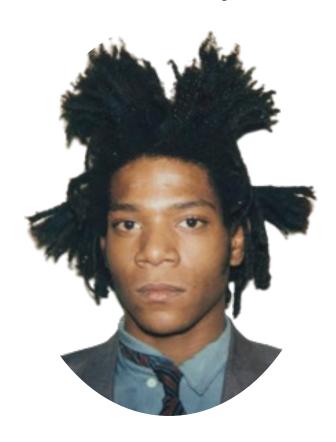
Difference Makers

Jean-Michel Basquiat

November 2023

by Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.

"I don't listen to what art critics say. I don't know anybody who needs a critic to find out what art is." ~Jean-Michel Basquiat



Jean-Michel Basquiat (French: [3ª misel baskja]; December 22, 1960 – August 12, 1988) was an American artist who rose to success during the 1980s as part of the Neo-expressionism movement.

Basquiat first achieved fame as part of the graffiti duo SAMO, alongside Al Diaz, writing enigmatic epigrams in the cultural hotbed of Manhattan's Lower East Side during the late 1970s, where rap, punk, and street art coalesced into early hip-hop music culture. By the early 1980s, his paintings were being exhibited in galleries and museums internationally. At 21, Basquiat became the youngest artist to ever take part in documenta in Kassel. At 22, he was one of the youngest to exhibit at the Whitney Biennial in New York. The Whitney Museum of American Art held a retrospective of his artwork in 1992.

Basquiat's art focused on dichotomies such as wealth versus poverty, integration versus segregation, and inner versus outer experience. He <u>appropriated</u> poetry, drawing, and painting, and married text and image, <u>abstraction</u>, <u>figuration</u>, and historical information mixed with contemporary critique. He used <u>social commentary</u> in his paintings as a tool for introspection and for identifying with his experiences in the Black community, as well as attacks on <u>power structures</u> and systems of racism. His visual poetics were acutely <u>political</u> and direct in their criticism of <u>colonialism</u> and support for <u>class struggle</u>.

Since Basquiat's death at the <u>age of 27</u> from a <u>heroin</u> overdose in 1988, his work has steadily increased in value. In 2017, *Untitled*, a 1982 painting depicting a black skull with red and yellow rivulets, sold for a record-breaking \$110.5 million, becoming one of the <u>most expensive paintings</u> ever purchased.





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







Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

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&
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present



innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

Gail Weston Shazor

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



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

Slippin into darkness

And I was Slipping into darkness Slipping away Slipping free Free to see all the people Slipping up the street And around the corner Standing with eyes open Fixed on Better places and better ways To get it, make it, plan it Their mind beyond the dreams As I was Slipping into darkness I didn't know my name Call me, find me, free me In the slip, ready Cash in my hand, money on my mind And the drunken people In the pews Calling on the sword To smite their unseen enemies For the lack of mirrors Turned from their own reflections Less they see the need Of corrected stance When I heard my mother say That I was slipping Into darkness Treading a edge Between margins and marginalization My brother sought my face And yet, I didn't recognize Me

The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

Wholly, slowly, holy No one understood Save the man in the alley How one gets lost In broad daylight Waiting to get found Yet needing to be Lost, remembered, alone Sucking on my salvations I sat on steps of promises Though I know they are out of order I've been Slipping into darkness On rhymes, on dreams, on grief On counselor's wings The program works If you do it Unless you can't remember how I am Slipping into darkness The piper taunts, teases, tries My patience For what I think I need And pretty soon I'm gonna pay

100 steps

You chase my redemption In a breathless hurry Although I don't have many days To number, i refuse to be rushed Into the purility of nakedness The vulnerability of a decision That I am way too old to regret And this does not mean That I do not want you, contrary I desire too much of you For I would have the feast and famine The lust and longing Of one too long without any Just to satisfy the sensation And you I wait for Bare headed in a hot sun With sweat cooling the White marble treads on either side Of a busy street Out here I push against time For it is difficult to travel stones upwards In hopes of finding a helping hand I am lost to the son rising in the east And the stinging rays causing tears To fall from the corners of my eyes My soul weeps here near the end of time The lines marking my life run together Until the continuity is palpable From thumb to pinky At the joining of wrists pressed tight Against a longing for comfort But yet I remain on the steps Watching the traffic go by

On the occasion of a dry well

Take me to the edge of night And release me into the void In the lee of darkness I am restless in the dawn The light reveals much more Than I wish to own Insecurity and doubt Ride my treads in evidence The breath of faithlessness Blows across my left shoulder So I turn away Though do not seek another path On a trail I have oft renewed When in mortal despair Relegating the steps to memory For I cannot seem to move Beyond the familiar Anointing on my dry skin Of briars and weeds As I pass the dangers imagined Real and unreal Nightmared in dreams Though not in sleep I am not afraid For here the stars do not shine And there is nothing To be illumined This is a lonely road Nothing ahead and nothing beyond Save the knowing of onlyness Woven into a web of scars Covering old wounds So it is unexpected

The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

The warmth of your hand
The tenderness in your voice
I stand still
And I remain indecisive
The next step remains untaken
For you never know when
An oasis bears no water
And every move toward it
Will only disappoint
As I have found many dry holes
But you continue to call my name
In tones of liquid azure
And I am so thirsty.

Alicja Maria Kubzrska

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



The Year of the Poet X ~ November 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).

Street Singing

For Jean-Michel Basquiat

The street provides inspiration
- wealth and poverty side by side,
integration and segregation of pedestrians.
Colour everywhere - black and white

The artist intertwined poetry with painting with quick brush strokes.

He generously added colourful abstraction to the greyness of everyday life.

He incorporated social problems into graffiti - opposition and rebellion on the walls against injustice, a call to fight for equal rights.

Memories of the painter faded. The images still speak with the same voice - they rap and sing in a hip-hop style

Symbol

You said – "I am a zero" I thought – "I am a zero, too" Does everyone have to be number one in a race for wealth, power and fame?

Look

- two connected zeros form the infinity sign. They contain within themselves all numbers and the universe.

We carry the memory of genes within us and we are one of a kind.

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

Closed Door

The time of happy greetings passed.

Fate is playing with memories.

Nobody waits for me, nobody smiles.

I'm standing outside the door

Jackiz Pavis Allen

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



The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

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, ltd.

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

Remember His Name?

Beneath the umbrella of society's success, He danced with gift of talent's fame, Alas, he got swallowed up in its heady elixir.

And you ask, "Why did he not get help?"

He embraced the game of life, recklessly. He tossed caution aside. He wanted more. Something more. Something undefined, elusive.

What was it? Did he not have it all?

He struggled with discontentment: With something unnamed? At a loss, alas, He sank down into the well of darkest-despair.

Had he no other option?

He yielded to addiction's claim. He lost his life. He is no more.

He is dead.

And I ask you, "What is his name?"

She Never Looked Back

In nothing did he find any pleasure. Reaching out to no one, No way to track his measure.

Abandoned, he had become undone, Wondering what had gone wrong.

Inside the dimly lit bar, musicians Soulfully played their instruments. And the piano keys danced in tune,

While she, the jazzy one With lips painted bright pink,

Glowered beneath the neon. Suddenly she walked out the door!

Swiveling her hips, Swishing her silky slips, Unnoticed by one distracted.

And then, she walked down the street, Never turning around to look back.

The night screamed and shrieked. And eventually so did he; As did his heart, which heavily fell.

Down to the subway stairs he ran, Searching left and right.

Still under her beguiling spell, He walked back up the street Towards his flat, passing the noisy bar,

Dragging his weary feet, while she Sought her freedom in a subway car.

Never had he felt so lost as he did That night, of counting up the cost Of climbing up the stars to the moon,

Where the blues were spinning, with him holding nothing but a half empty glass.

Scattered on the floor, Littering his forlorn room Were bits and pieces of trash,

And, he waiting, dejected, all alone, Except for depression's time-piece.

He threw himself across his bed, Feeling as if he was sinking, about to drown. For in nothing did he find any pleasure.

Isolated, he reached out to no one. No way to track his measure.

Abandoned, he had become quite undone. Questioning what had gone wrong, He wondered if ever she would come back.

Or if in the writing, the error was To be found in the second draft?

Lonely

He knew not what they thought; He was but a young teen. The room, the space, the air, The same everywhere:

Silent as the grave Whenever he appeared. And still he sought, Hoping, praying

To understand. His heart heavy, longing, Unsure, uncertain What more it was that

He could do to prevent Being ignored, ridiculed? To help them comprehend (They disinterested,

Self absorbed, unknowing, uncaring)
That all he wanted from them,
With every fiber of his being,
Was to be their friend.

But then, time Like hope Was running out For him.

Tzgmin Ition Tsai

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



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 Crystaline Sole

The cable car glides through the air like a bird

The scenery

A feast for the eyes

Transparent carriage

Crystal bottom

Floating on Sun-Moon Lake

Birds fly wildly in the warm breeze of a clear day

Beseeching the ape's call to cling to the window

Do not lose sight of the treetops

Sunset-kissed

Yilan Old Street

A narrow path winds its way to the base of the mountain Each houses stand close together with chimney billowing smoke

Small rustic inns

The fear of dusk when the streets are empty

The mountain cherry blossom falls in love with the Xishi azalea

The sky-high rainbow is a dreamlike vision

The waves in my heart are

Like

The peaks that rise above the clouds

Will it be like a fleeting dream that is gone before we know it?

Let Love Affairs Remain Unasked!

A lake of spring water

The dancing shadows of the waves

To stir

The sun is shining on the shore

The azalea tree's new green is so full of emotion that it is uncontrollable

That throng of visitors

The voices continue to speak in a jumble

Like a newly awakened drunkard, is still in a state of flux

The light smoke and distant peaks are like two dancers in a ballet

The water grass, swaying in the water

Not heed

The yachting world's slow drift away

A parting from what remains of that beach If

Someone tries to pretend a transverse wave

A new word from the swallow's chirping

Love has already turned to water

Raised the cup, they are not allowing it to be half drunk

Am I to drink a hundred cups of the foam of the sea in vain?

Who can forbid me to get drunk?

The Mountain Blossoms Speak To The Rushing Stream!

The Lake of the Sun and Moon

Still waters

Crystalline

A spoonful of early light

The silver trail of a carefree life behind me, on a clear day

The fine rain has finally ceased for a while

The wind

A leaf-like yacht, thought of as such

How much feeling can a tide convey?

I was a helpless bystander as...

To witness your presence in his travels

My Shadow and I

Crouched beneath the towering masts

The darkness

Perhaps I could turn the past into a flower in the pond?

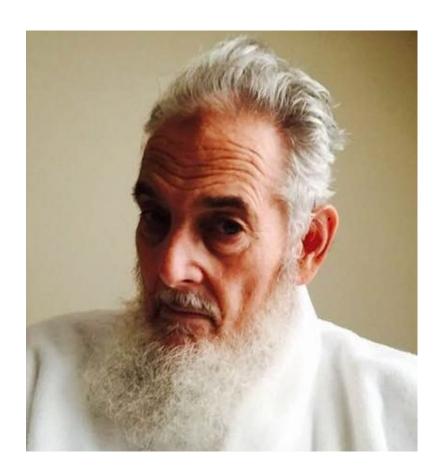
Awash in

A well-filled pond

Alas

Only with one by one cherry blossoms and my thin sleeves The shore-dwelling cuckoo, laughing to its heart's content Can I shirk off my sadness with a little cheating?

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

very creative Jean Michel

told story through form's

Bits, pieces

Very creative Jean Michel

bits, pieces.

Very creative Jean Michel gave us puzzles to do.

Complex yet simple right

in front of your eyes.

Though you can't see it.

Whole array of senseless.

Nonsense is in our midst.

Jean Michel makes puzzles.

Can you solve them.

Body parts can you put the piece in the right spot

Where it fits.

Jean Michel a very creative artist forms, shapes, bits and pieces.

Tell stories.

Don't ever under estimate what a young person can

Scaq shouldn't had been one of them.

She woke

in the early morn reached over, he was gone spot he laid still warm thinking, what's going on? about the warning from her mom something about him was wrong couldn't put a finger on it but the feeling was strong might not be there from now on got what he want and dashed turned out not real wore a mask tapped that a\$\$ and cash shoulda listen to mama dear she sees things load 'n' clear she tried to tell you, you wouldn't hear you knew her how many years? wasn't mama always there? and you met him five minutes ago swore he was somebody you know ain't it crazy how that \$#!+ goes phase's we all know too well you try to impart truth to mind some except it in due time others with hard heads ultimately got soft behinds such is how lust induce blind trust often in the worst among us and you gave em props build dem confidence up then in time you find out who you thought they was dem not.

Snatchin

fireflies out the sky in the warm summer night hoping they will still glow glorious light even though they were slowed when the snatcher showed, frightened? now you know that's so man just can't leave well enough alone S000... i wrote this little poem talkin bout what we need from now on preserve the beauty of the lands and seas conserve the bounties of birds and bees acknowledge creation's frailties, the sanctity right to be free from fright, diminished rights diminished quality of life extinguish life's light creates difficulty to see right, be right survive through the night to greet the new day say " hello sunrays " reserve the energy to emerge free as a bird flying around up, down from tree to tree enjoying the scenery bird, you sure be pretty have you heard of mercy? allows us to live, free. Free? Free? Free? is freedom really an actuality? or the dream it will be eventually realm of serenity the time our eyes are still open and still can see before they're closed permanently.

something to be said about duty to the things of beauty responsibility is constructive continuity as opposed to destructive, indifferent inconsistency yo brother man, sister women preach to me let me hear you say.., (((UNIVERSAL HARMONY

Kimberly Burnham



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Only The Good

Only the good die young a song's refrain dances inside my head as I read the bio of an artist Jean-Michel Basquiat, a musician success by 22 dead by 27 art and music creative

Is it true
the young and the good
the bad and the old die
one has more time to create share and grow
one's time is snatched away

Perhaps it is not so much time as what we pack in that matters says an old person the young expecting so much more time as if each is entitled to a certain amount and we are but there is no certainty no clear entitlement only today and for sure only this moment to be good or bad

A Prayer Spread Over Us

talk communicate believe cousins pray for peace salaam shalom silim sulh

The Lines and Energy of Peace

Shanti in 18 forms unfamiliar curves and lines reaches out, a sound brought forth a pen tracing chard fire on white bringing to life an idea a dream of hope, conjuring actions and energy

Shanti in 18 words संधि , ঝাফ়, 'Sãdʰi শান্তি, ক'Oઐ, მანტი Шанти, ము® શાંતિ, Śānti, লিરid ഈOઐ, ൾ Ґ, ४७४ , মাंਤੀ, ရန်တီ

Clizabeth Castillo



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

Web links:

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Electrifying Art

Fearless, creative and driven

Basquiat, a cultural icon,

A Neo-Expressionist

Highly expressionistic masterpieces

An artist ahead of his time.

His angst depicted in his works,

Coined as the American Street Art Pioneer

He once said "The more I paint, the more I like everything."

Basquiat and his crown,

A King of his own.

Indigo Child

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

Awakenings

A cast-away soul in his solitary moment, Floating into a never-ending circle of uncertainty In denial of all things hitting him in the eye Or could it be that he just can't dare to face dire reality? A deep-seated fear sets in rooted from the world's cruelty. Shielding himself from dark forces, But wake-up calls are beyond his control He wants to awaken from this abstract dream Mysterious vibrations preventing him to even scream Delusions overwhelming him in every heart beat. A spectrum of enveloped ideas only his mind can conceive, Out of this swirling darkness he awakened from being naïve Bid adieu to his grueling nightmare Awaiting for the dawning of a new day To see the light welcoming him again.

Jog Pairg



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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Links Of A Chain

What interpretation of anything binds us together Jean-Michel Basquait, young and influential An artist with credentials, few can speak on what he's been through yet the song remains the same

I wanted to be him, before he was believed in An artists brush for me is just like an ink pen, Or a link-pin, who knows or who shows How close we're truly linked in His life, my future, Are still based on the times of Lincoln

Have you thought about making a difference, Referencing the artistry of one so different A labyrinth of collaborations, connected in time Ofttimes my creations are collected in mind This time, these times are unlike any other I salute Jean-Micheal Basquiat aka SAMO From graffiti on walls, to museum halls

When you see them fall, tighten up your reins Life is art, and the song remains the same

Blocked Scenes

My view has been obscured by life circumstance My demeanor will change, depending on where I stand I miss the sunset captured in apertures I miss my souls rest, I'm not sure if I'm happy here

New birds, new trees, and a host of new creatures I film what I see, but my Sunscape's a feature The longitude and latitude of life has changed My east and western view is not the same The night sky holds the night eyes, I've had an issue with my third eye

The flora needs time to rise from winter
The weeds seem to find a way to enter
Take my camera and return to sender
If I lose my muse, I may take a bender
This lack of a sunset is a total surrender
But I rise to blue skies and the clouds remember

There's a branch in the middle of my canvas Like some happy accident from a curly fro. This new type of scenery I barely know I can't wait for spring when the flowers show

There is more to the orbit of orbs and shadows I'll seek moments rather than time my dreams I'll absorb a new energy, to free blocked scenes

So Close To His Story

So close to where some believe it all began Some wars never end, and start over again New generations with a new taste for hate The truth needs proof, but a lie seems okay The world is full of popularity seekers Stop it with the profits, fact check the leaders

Fat checks aren't leaders, yet everything costs
A poor man with a policy, is a preordained loss
Is philanthropy a lost art, or naturally a lost cause
No one wants to help anyone
without some sort of clause
a reason to deceive in the fine print of contracts
tis the season believe in,
how to get your money back

I long for a new view of life
Who will change my opinion
Some words are etched in stone
In a time, I wasn't living in
Delivering the proper message
Is a massive undertaking
What divinity wouldn't offend me
Whose rule do you pray to.
Choose wisely, or realize
Find the one where you can stay true
Horseshoes and no cigars
You are not the father!
The closer we think we are
We seem to go a little further

hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

Marginalized Even in Death

Found dead in his residence at the age of 27.

"Heroin overdose", concluded the media asap, though the cause of death was not yet determined at the time.

When Black, you just must be either a thug or a drug addict. Even your lifeless body undergoes the scrutiny of racism's claws.

Headlines mostly omitted what an exceptional talent he was, that the images in his works unraveled the intentional oversights of his-story, how successfully he was able to see through the lens of slavery and of the relentless colonizers of authentic cultures.

"Jean-Michel Basquiat. Dead at 27. Possible overdose."

Lenses

A monolithic worldview

has been passe for centuries,

though the news does not seem

to have reached the doorsteps

of modern-day Neanderthals as of yet.

Clean your lenses, if you can. If not, drop them now in the garbage can.

The Art of Overt Painting

images and text

art history and racism

slavery, classism

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

Tragic Genius

A young man living in the hood in a Manhattan neighborhood is Destined for greatness in expressions in the arts.

At 27 already broken by the gangsta heroin. The tragic death of a genius left relics of artistic expression that thrives in the 21st century.

Open your arms to receive the legacy of a broken Prince left to the ages.

Today Mama

It is in the light of morning, I rise in gratitude you were here and loved me dearly.

Today the weight of your leave drowns me in the river of grief. I awaken still knowing deep inside you are always with me.

I know you are okay. Human attachment weighs me down. You ride with me in the heavenly planes.

Our Spiritual guides lead us to the river of light. Love shines with brilliance and we smile holding hands.

We have unfinished business that requires another meeting on the physical plane.

I smile, wandering who will be mother, father, sister or brother next time we meet. You smile and fade into the light.

I Want to Shake You

I want to shake you until all the wax runs out of your ears. May you hear songs of love for the first time.

I want to shake you until your nine holes of jade release the negative elixir binding you to earth.

I want to shake you until you scream I forgive myself and every person I gave a negative kiss. Then watch you move forward on your journey.

I want to shake you until you surrender all your negative baggage and dance in the light.

I want to shake you until the blender is streaming light like a holy lantern to radiate your pathway.

Come near to me. I want to shake you until.

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.

Eccentric Dichotomies

For Jean-Michel Basquiat

Dreams of delights Sink into sadness Promises of pleasures Descend into decay.

The ugly
Reality of addiction
Plays out contradiction of
The ephemeral permanence.

A heroin overdose spin The physical and spiritual existence Outwards to the other side Of the rainbow.

A perpetual continuity Creating a universe of its own Not of sorrow But of grace.

You Left Me Behind

As I try to stop you to talk to me You drive away Furiously Calling police Demonizing me

I had come
To make peace with you
You said
You aren't talking to me

I see the empty street Smiling at me

I look around Confused.

Unbridled

Agony keeps me awake with anxiety upon anxiety returning with unheard loss like mine.

My mind keeps replaying that last conversation in the townhouse her index finger pointed at me.

What's the difference between careless and churlish? I'm not sure I want to know.

With every new breath with each beat of my heart I regret the moment I lost you.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis



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

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

Links to her works:

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

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

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

Epigrams

Basquiat married the art and letters,

He dismantled dichotomies

of the society,

If he is alive today,

He'll pull your hair

To give you whimsical street art,

His raps, hip-hop, and punks,

made galleries of enlightenment
and revelations of cultural victories.

I left my heart

I left my heart like a box of tissue paper, at the front mirror of your room, a piece of it in my palm, close to my chest, wherever i go, it sticks to my face, it wipes the tears, whenever i think of you, from a long and winding road, it covers my nose to get rid of the dust that makes me sneeze and gives me rolling wet diamonds, again, and again, because my home is you.

Heaven's Medley

i set my eyes on you,
your glimpses are rainbows
shaped in rhymes,
embroidered with riddles
of vibrant hues,
like youthful years
full of sunny and rainy days in medley
the jubilation of stars in heavens
so distant, but twinkling
and penetrating my heart,
even the night is a doom,
with lonesome movies
out of the blue.

Swapna Behera



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

Email swapna.behera@gmail.com

Web Site http://swapnabehera.in/

Jean – Michel Basquiat

the pioneer of Neo expressionism movement paintings as a tool to introspect social commentary is his slogan Dichotomies versus poverty Integration versus segregation Inner versus outer experience in life poetry, drawing and painting text and image abstract figuration mingled with historical information his visual poetries are political against colonialism; support for class struggle his painting untitled depicts a skull with red and yellow rivulets sold in a record price enigmatic epigrams all over primitivism accidental overdose of drug killed Jean Basquiat fearless and a cultural icon reflects raw talent whose graffiti art resonates against racism he is not a person but a legend whose voice via graffiti art resonates against racism can a legacy ever die?

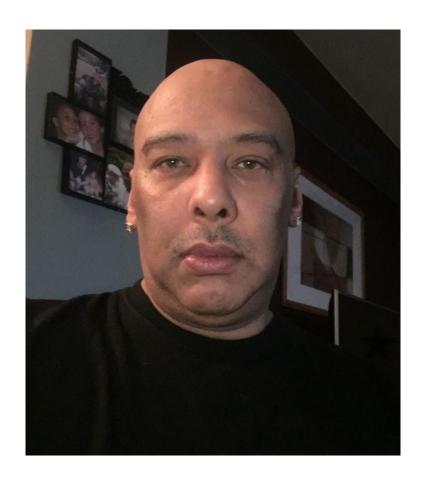
micro plastics: the ultimate killers

just listen to the baby here or there someone cries microplastics in the breast milk the baby suffocates now in the ventilator microplastics, the killers are in the heart tissues in food, air, water and soil the toxic substance in the environment in the placental tissues in human blood the great killer is invisible contaminating our oceans kills wild life in the forests we forget the plastics after using them but they leave terrible footprints are we all blind or deaf? they are the tiniest debris in sea weeds or between my toes we make the waste that nature can never digest no more addiction for plastics it starts from the land and spoils five elements ecofriendly food packaging is the clarion call let there be plastic free cosmetics there are more microplastics in the sea than stars in the milky way stop the catastrophe, stop the killer

when the diaspora bleeds

the spectrum spreads in the anvil ask the temples, mosques or war fields the diaspora bleeds in the full moon or at dark nights the artisans deleted the tears of their desires for their wives, children the young soldier cries for a home-made roti it is a challenge always the animals are carried to the slaughtering house their calves, partners left behind who doesn't want a grave in his own soil? empowerment is at stake in the tectonic movement a child's diaspora heart runs after the butterflies alphabets to eyes; the sojourn journey begins our so-called Gods reach the Earth with their ethical scriptures are they happy now? the soul flies somewhere ultimately the sporadic galaxy splits yes, somewhere or the other the diaspora dot moves like virgin dew drops

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Jean-Michel Basquiat

You can see my tags and pieces as my markers and spray paint leave art on new york walls as a graff canvas. it wasn't just walls, you'll see my name SAMO on new york buses and trains. I'm just a young visionary sharing my talent or my art loving community and I do so, so... uniquely.. It all started when i was a kid growing up in brooklyn drawing and writing about poverty and racism as an expression. my mother was the one that urged me to pursue my passion, i listened and created a lane of my own, there was no comparison. my art was giving vision of my thoughts without verbal manifestation. I made it, I mean I became a household name for art without borders or frames, i went through a lot, my parents divorced, my mother lost her sanity and my father was abusive, dealing with the two situations is how i learned what abuse is. Pain and success mixed with a lot of partying and the use of heroin is how I gained a deadly addiction that would kill me when I was only twenty seven. My name is Jean-Michel Basquiat, my Neo-Expressionism, 1982 painting of a skull, sold for \$110.5 million at a Sotheby's auction..

Skipping rocks

I used to love to skip rocks.. Splash splash splash.. While skipping rocks I was told my dad passed so now I pass on skipping rocks.. Tears tears tears. Now. I stare at the water to see if i see reflections of my father, when I'm the one it's reflecting.

I let it grace my toes as it cleanses my soul, it's like if I'm going through baptism Every time I step in wisdom and think of him.

My daddy my pops my maker... I only knew for twelve shorts years.. Tears tears... In six years I'll be 12 years older than him when he disappeared.. Tears tears, my son is 12 the same age that i was when he disappeared, tears tears. For him, I'm doing everything in my power to remain here.

I don't need him to be worrying about his pops while he skips rocks. so i put down the pyrex and stopped the cooking of rocks. When I leave him it's going be my calling, not early in life like my daddy, like the hospital calling mommy, like mommy coming to get me, while I looked at rocks hydroplaning, up and down, defying gravity then stop.... like the heart rate monitor on my father. Like I said I no longer skip rocks... No need, my heart beat skips as I think of my pops.

Headless Horsemen

I now levitate through the apocalyptic region as a reaper due to loosing my stallion while battling in the underworlds dominion, he was stuck in the heart with a speared pole, as I leaned over and decapitated my foe, he now rest as a caucus on the battle field of the lost, I vowed to hover forever in the realm of the infinite, the sun doesn't shine but the moon still glows amongst the shadows of freelance souls, it renders negative reflections. I hear yells and screams from down yonder on the eternal path of skeleton paved roads, as I get nearer the sounds become clearer, I see dark reapers awaiting at Armageddons gate for for new souls to appear, you hear the clinging of swords in celebration, I swing my sword with arbitration 1 2 3 4 negative reapers are now headless horsemen, now the souls of the lost kids that was screaming and yelling won't get stolen like mines was, I choose to stay in limbo, in the realm of the infinite, so my dying breeds souls rise up as spirits

Michelle Joan Barulich

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



The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

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

Graffiti to Glory

Jean-Michel what a talented artist
You did things your way with a twist
His unique style made people think
From poverty to riches
You made an impact
From New York city and abroad
Your art, style, and notoriety
will live on...

In this City

Those city days have passed away Those city nights have suspended me Your city lights find a way to get to me You hand out all the pleasures But along with it comes the pain I don't want to be a wash out in this city You tempted me with all the colors And all your lights around me I'm not the first to fall Everyone wants to be a somebody In this city I don't know why it is. Getting myself in these predicaments Just want to be me, just me. They say your worth what you owe out I don't want my dream to burn out I don't want to burn out too fast Hear the boys sing Those city nights have called my name Those city days have spoken to me There is no rule to art It's whatever you got Your city nights Make me feel cool Your city days Makes me feel warm It gives you fame But how do you play the game? Dressed in black, it makes me how I want to feel Your city ways give me hope Your city pays the deeds Makes me lose my mind

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

I'm hoping to win as the coin turns In this city Hear the boys say Hey, hey in this city!

His Love

As he lays out his plan
His mind is drenched with vivid colors and shades
Hoping to capture what he sees on canvas
Each movement with brush he seeks for perfection
May it be a sunset, an ocean wave, or a child's face
He paints gladly, he struggles to make it right
Hoping to stumble across the light
Every glide of the brush he makes his heart beats faster
He knows he must keep his hands from shaking, every
muscle aches
But this is what he loves best
His finished project he now holds in his weary hands
He gives his untold story
Behind the picture painting he smiles back at you.

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

Eliza Segiet

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



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

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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

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

World Award 2020 Cesar Vallejo for Literary Excellence.

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

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

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

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

Erudite of Understatements

In memory of Jean-Michel Basquiat

Unsaid signs still say more than a defined dash, dot or any other shape.

Between the birth and death he made the world aware that a spray painting on the wall or brush strokes on anything will last longer than a human breath.

Appreciated when he was among the living, unforgotten after passing through the narcotic, tumultuous, waterfall when he fell from the highlands to the underground land of apparent non-existence.

He proved, that life after life may become a new birth.

The erudite of significant understatements will stay with us — he's left behind his and our world.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

The Stage

Once he had stood on stage, he realized, that there were things that could not be worked out. Paralysed by the stage fright, he lost his power.

Although it was not his words that were supposed to take him into a magical world, it was hard for him to prove that he was a cannibal and could play someone he wasn't.

He decided to live away from it, without criticism or failure.

He didn't think at the time that there might be those in front of whom, without pretending, you did not exist.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Temptation

Marked by infirmity she sates with the light of the body's memory. Only the imitation of dance releases apparent happiness.

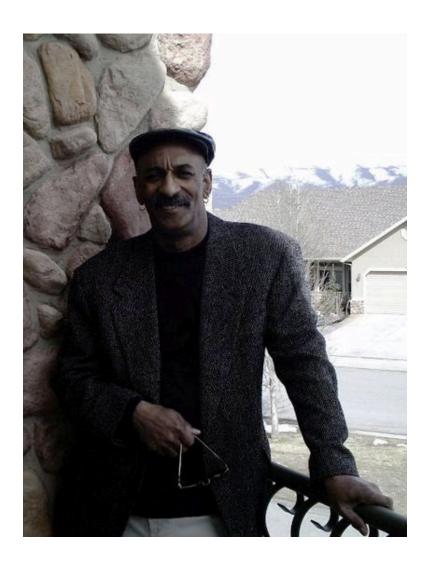
The world tempts with itself, and for her it's hard to beat the levels. At the exhibition she takes a look at the new collections of shoes.

Only bare, tireless pigeons dance around the trapped life.

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.

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



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

Jean-Michel Basquiat

Even my name is art, So tell me What choice did I have

The letters called for me to express,
To paint,
And in my early seeking of understanding
I turned to the streets
Where graffiti was king . . .
And now . . .
Posthumously,
I am also

Read between the lines, Look earnestly And you shall see my soul Baring itself To the world Begging for the pain To stop

And I breathe

Have i lived nobly? not always.

.

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

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

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

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

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

We say that we care, That we are considerate, But even that premise Is subject to The tentacles of 'convenience'

The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

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

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

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

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

The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

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

....

Until they are no more Yet ... still

And I breathe.

A Poem in the Making

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

I at times wish to rhyme, Other times not

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

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

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

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

The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

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

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

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

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

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

.

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

Isn't that just magnificently grand?

The Butterfly Effect



November 2023 Featured Poets



Ibrahim Honjo
Balachandran Nair
Xanthi Hondrou-Hil
Francesco Favetta

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



Ibrahim Honjo

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



The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

Ibrahim Honjo is a Canadian / Bosnian poet-writer, who writes in Bosnian, and English language. He has worked as an economist, journalist, editor, marketing director, and property manager. He is currently retired and resides in Vancouver, BC.

Honjo is author 24 published books in Serbo-Croatian Language, 7 books in English, 3 books bilingually (in English and Serbo-Croatian language). In addition, 4 joint books of poems published with Serbian poets. His poems have been represented in more than 60 world anthologies, and in more than 40 magazines.

Some of Honjo's poems have been translated in 17 languages. He received several prizes for his poetry.

When A Mountain Climber Dreams

Locked in a painter's body
I revive all colors
all over the luxurious whiteness of the night

I am waiting for Dawn
as the most beautiful mistress
coloured by sunrise
hovering over me
as over that great mountain
under which a tamer of sunlight once lived

the smell of an everlasting flower paused in my nose and gorgeous dresses of autumn in a glance not reaching the breath of my beloved nor a look in her eyes in which a cradled dawn sleeps

camping in my eyes is my darling gentle as silk hugging the pillow on which I sleep

autumn in my heart is mild and soft as Chinese silk

the gorgeous mountain Kamikochi is too far away

my gaze is lost in the night while Kamikochi sleeps covered by moonlight

it's time for new ventures

I Missed The Last Flight

The story of clouds resembles a pigs' dance with every stop and turn under a tall tree touching the clouds

a large kite flies above the planet Earth

a bird whispers something to a man

man-cloud closed his eyes listening to silence coming from the Earth decomposing dusk to thousands of pieces

space sleeps in its delirium cunningly silent, preparing retaliation

bird-cloud flew into the unknown

again, I missed the last flight to an unknown planet

Arrival Out Of Ignorance

For whom the church bells toll for whom is a muezzin praying from the minaret on Friday at twelve for whom I cried that Friday

who are they calling at this time swollen from pain which I hugged with the first sob

I arrived at the right time, they said when spring began to mature they gave me the name of my grandfather who was swallowed by the great war

all wars are great and blood-stained

I was born after the last great war I cry for all the wars of the past and future

do the bells toll to announce my birth or some new great war that will eat me

does the muezzin pray on the minaret to announce a new upcoming bloodshed or just advertise my crying

I'm here and I do not know why my mother did not promise me anything she only held me on her bosom tears came out of her eyes because she had nothing in her breasts to feed me with

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

my father was somewhere, carving stone and he looked on this day through one eye

they promise everyone that it will be better and it is always better for someone after great wars

God has never stopped the bloodshed by brainwashing they awake the imagination of the population and with fear, they complete their promises everything is imagination except my birth

I really did not want to come here and witness the self-destruction of mankind somebody planted a cuckoo's egg on me which I sensed at birth

only my mother and father rejoiced in my first cry afterward, everything was according to the unwritten rules of the universe

it's time to go to that gray stone and dream in peace about the peace destroyed in the name of the Creator of the Worlds and non-existent democracy

the myth of peace and peacemakers remains only a myth because peace can only be made by producers of war

The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

bells will continue to toll and a muezzin will pray sheep will continue to follow a bell-ringer ram

I watch the ship sink without the captain and the helmsman

I'm singing "The Internationale"

Balachandran Nair

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



The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

Balachandran Nair was born in Kerala, India. Nearly thirty service in Indian Military. multilingual Α poet, storyteller and translator. Published four poetry anthologies of his own and contributed poems to more than eighty others. Numerous awards from various literary platforms the world over. Academy Awards from Govt. of Telengana and Govt. of Gujarat, India. Recently created world record by introducing more than three hundred living poets from all over the world and their poems to school children of Kerala as well as introducing more than four hundred students as New Poets to world arena of literature in continuous 365 days of year 2022.

Aging...

Blooming, lotus desires Sun to come close and pat its cheek Rowing, wave desires Land to come close and caress Blowing, fire desires Cloud to come close and wick Dancing, shadow desires Light to come close and merge Singing, bamboo desires Madhav to come close and kiss Marrying, couple desires Children to be born and love, get loved Aging, parents desires All orphanages to shut close So that their own children Won't usher them into, In pursuit of their own desires! Because, Children are difference makers And different are what they desire!

Xanthi Hondrou-Hil

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



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

Xanthi Hondrou-Hill is a Greek poetess who is multilingual and studied Literature, Public & International Relations Management. She worked for the Greek Consulate in Stuttgart, Germany. In Greece she cooperates with the local municipality of Naoussa, the Archaeological Service of the Prefecture of Imathia and others to create cultural events and festivals. She is an ambassador for literature magazines around the world, like NAMASTE in India and Chinese Literature magazine, Humanity in Russia. She works as journalist for www.faretra.info in Greece.

Eternal Reminder

With the Perfection the sky joins the sea the signs of Mörike's blue ribbon in the air, the light of Odysseus Elytis, the peace of Pablo Neruda... Among blossoming peach and cherry trees wandering speechless

On the mountain tops with a wild wish of youth in the mind with a wild herb in the hand looking down to the hills of natures passion in breathless excitement

on the pebble beaches with open arms embracing the width of the horizon open boarders between countries and continents overwhelmed by the blossoming breeze with a poem on the lips, memories in the eyes, marks on the soul

spring is preserved in the hearts through all seasons throughout the years and decades Throughout all our life spring remains eternal reminder of unstoppable hope

Poetic Habitat

The poets live
in their poems.

They are born in them
they grow up there
they are raised by the words
in the spaces they breath
they are resting on the punctuation
and even when they leave
they exist in the white of every piece of paper
at the edge of every pencil
and in the infinite possibilities of
expression in every language of the world...

Seeds of Peace

In the ceasefires
I plant at the four corners of the horizon
where the blood of my brothers blackens in the sun
seeds of peace.

In the ceasefires I light candles to light the paths of the spirit traced and lived by Gandhi.

In the ceasefires I open the door to strangers to come and share bread, water, roses. In the ceasefires I build with my hands the dreams of children of the whole world.

In the ceasefires I touch the hearts of those around me to erase the pain of the past, to join together to become a circle To become dance, joy, song.

In the ceasefires I plant
The seeds of my lyrics
To speak in the tongues of the world
to become an eternal hymn for peace

Francesco Favetta

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



The Year of the Poet X ~ November 2023

The poet Francesco Favetta was born in Sicily in Sciacca, he has always loved poetry, writing verses, but above all culture, true culture, food for the soul!

He has written more than 4000 poems so far, he also writes reflections and philosophical thoughts.

In 2018, he was awarded and awarded by the Academy of Sicily: Academician of Sicily.

Sciacca (Sicilia) Italia

The power of poetry

Vibrate in the chest scream in blood the verses are the words it's the breaths sometimes other times instead they are sharp knives it is poetry the true power of poetry storm inside the blood. It's not a game it is never an empty story she is always the poem the words of the soul the face of human life love next to thorns the wind whistling in the sky daughter of the heart.

It's raining love

It rains love in our hearts and it's a storm that sweeps away gray clouds and leaden skies tired echoes of opaque crystals. It's raining love in the streets my breath is still silent while your caresses are absent my hands always dig your wet black eyes drenched in never dry dew pearls of love rivulets of light. It rains love in your cup of a true and never extinguished woman it's life that takes you it is the welcomed miracle my love given to you red blood already spilled that always surprises you like the roots that bind you to the story of your wounded heart. It's raining love and it's a party it's still raining and it won't stop we are two drops of water that dancing eternally to the rhythm of bel canto we settle down gently on our always lit faces from true love never faded on rainy nights which have never wet our souls pure and true.

Of love and heart

Of love and of reason of infinite darkness and of discernment I would like to talk to the follies of life and uncertain thinking tired footsteps of lost nostalgia in the oblivion of the mind me in spite of everything I would like to say without words with the strength of the voice of my blood and my tears imprinted roots in the immense sea it's hidden of my heart always humble.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017 The Year of the Poet $X \sim November 2023$

Inner Child Press

News

Published Books

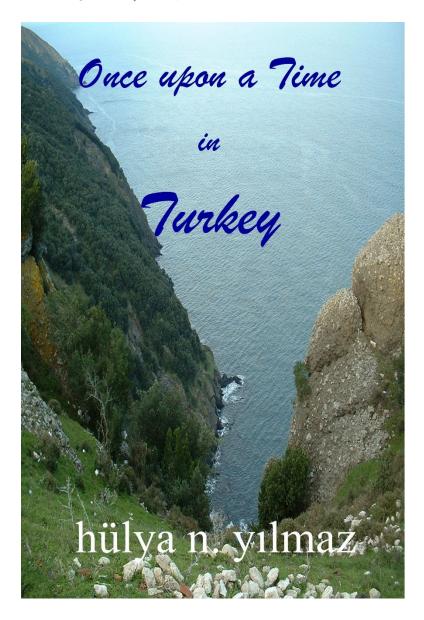
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Poetry Posse Members

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 ...

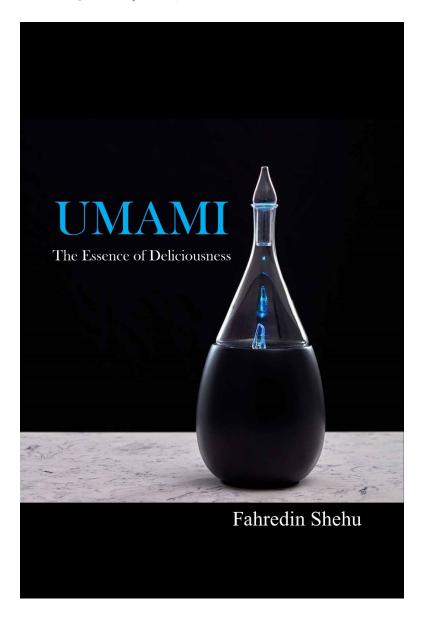
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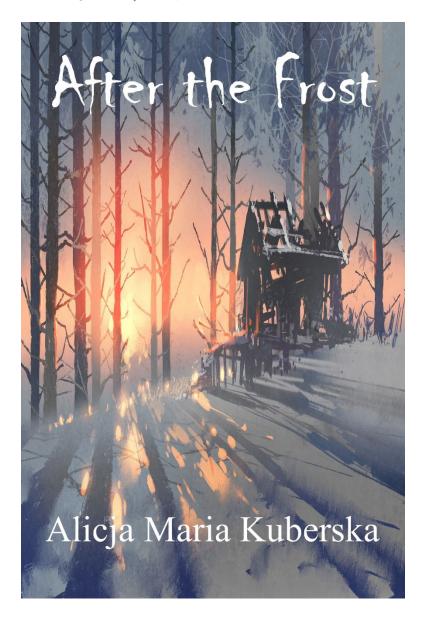
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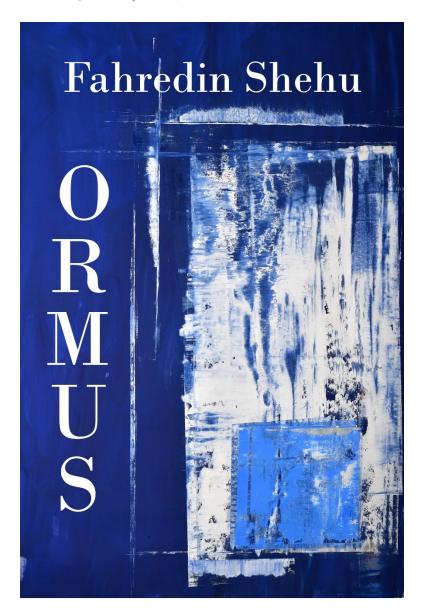




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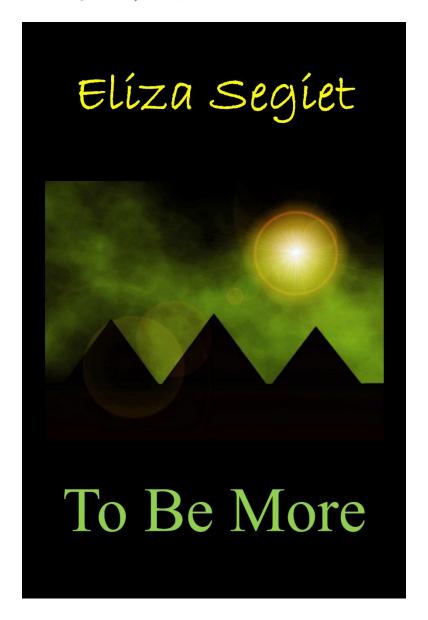
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Ahead of My Time

. . . from the Streets to the Stages

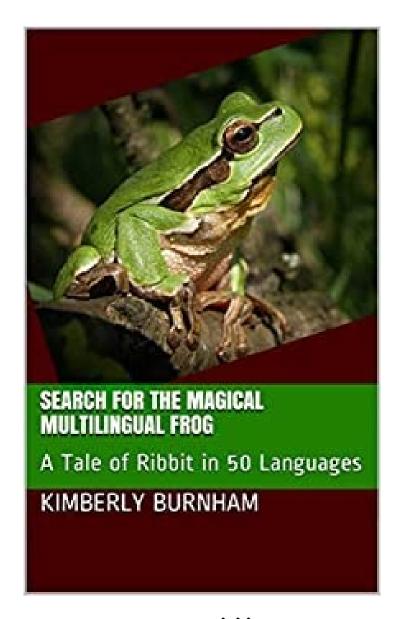


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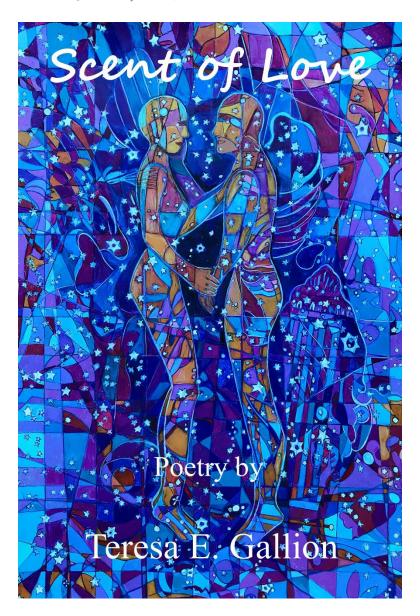


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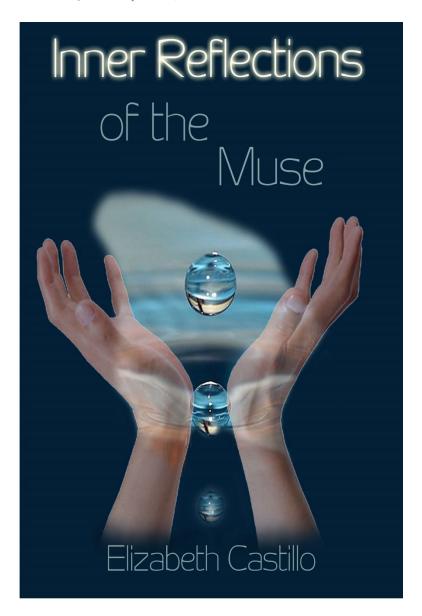
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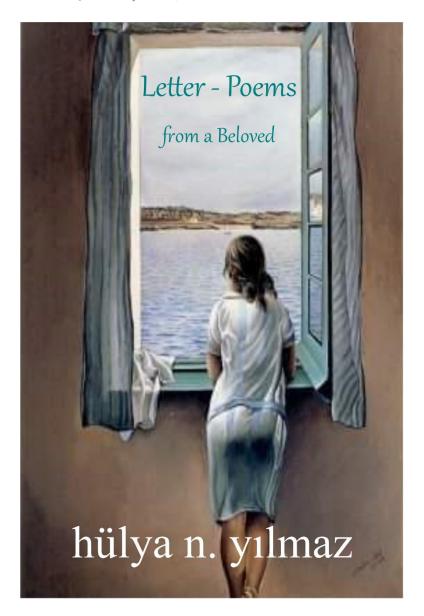
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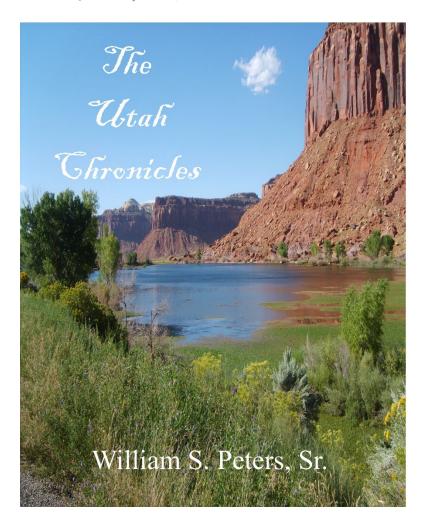


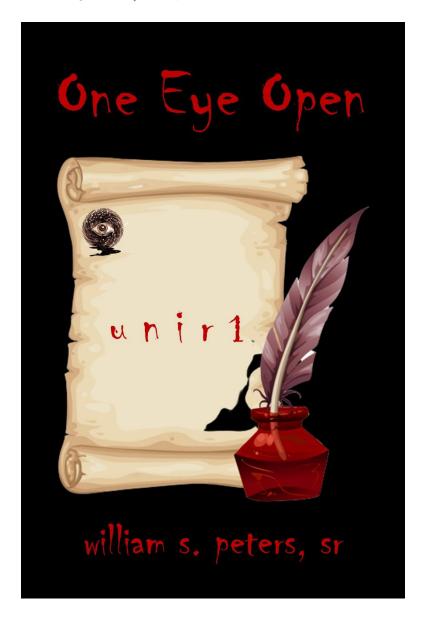
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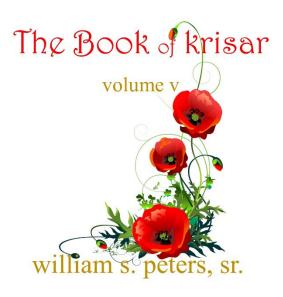


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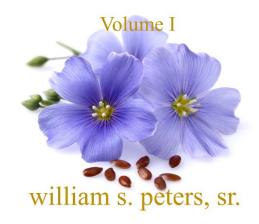
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The Book of Krisar



The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

The Book of krisar

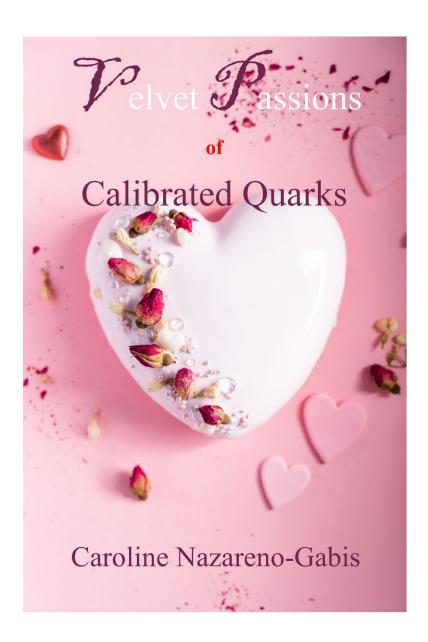


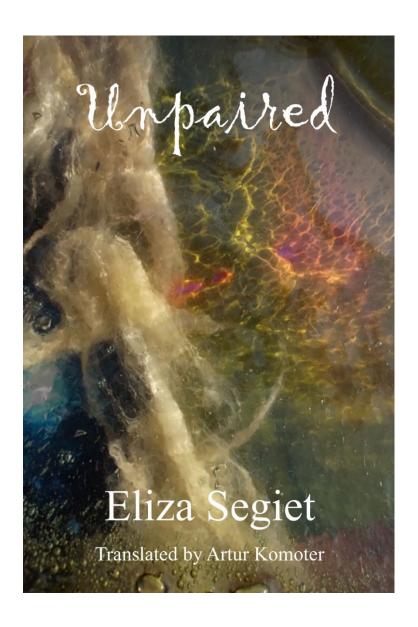
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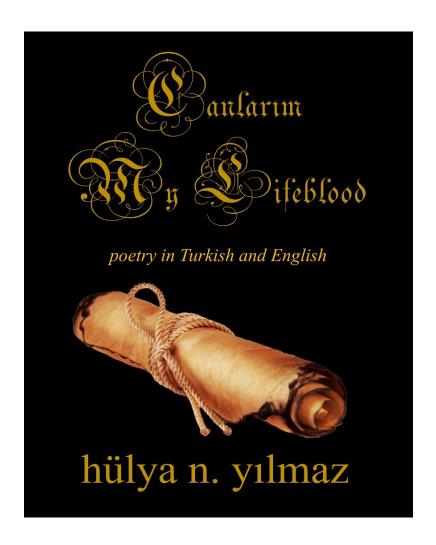


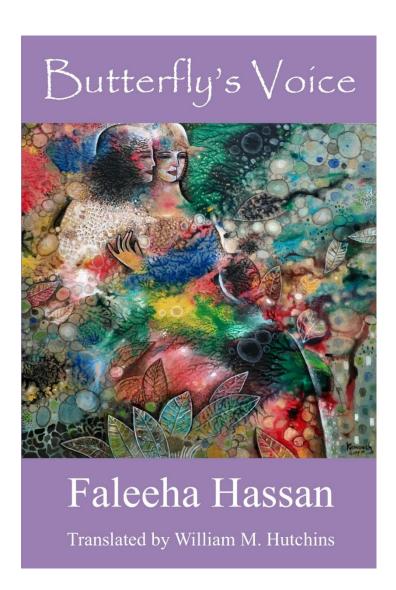
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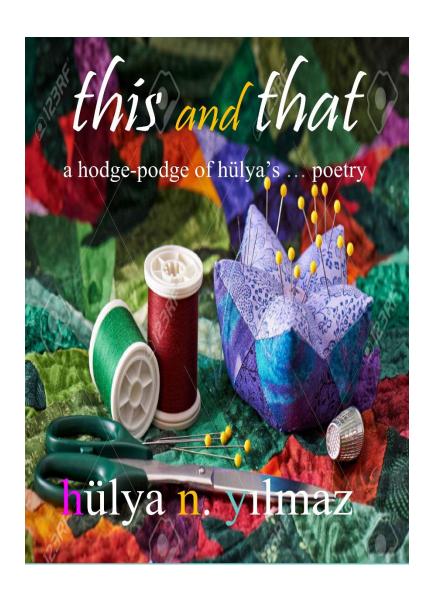


No Illusions

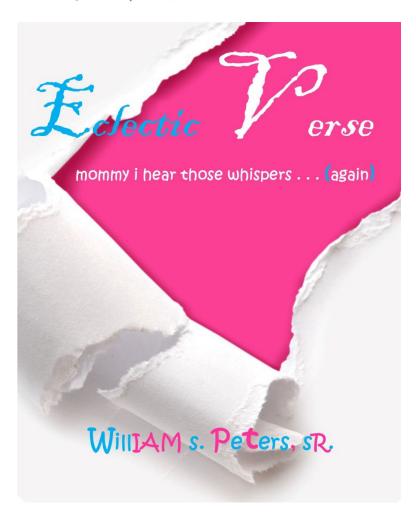
Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



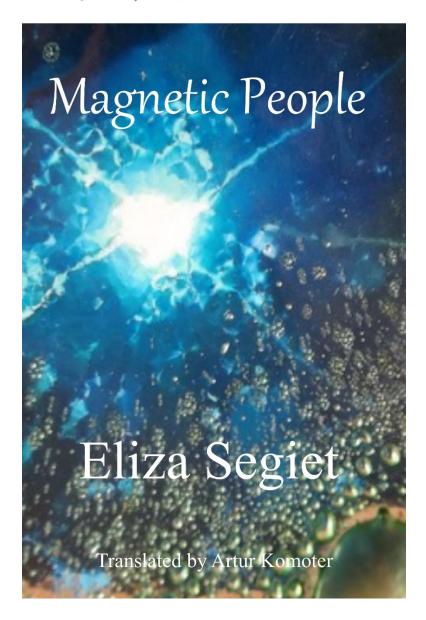
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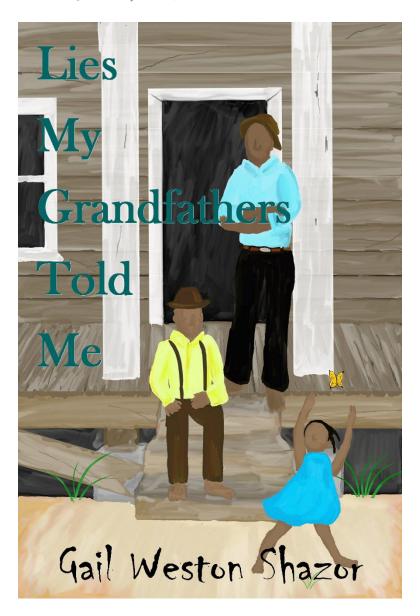


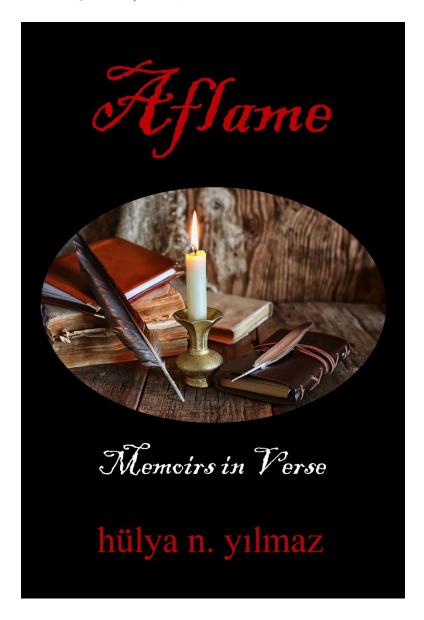
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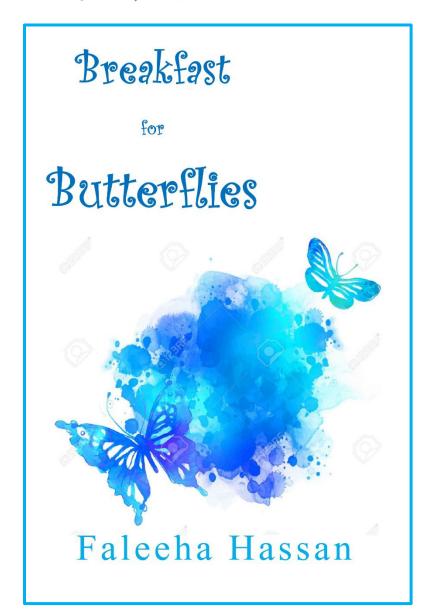
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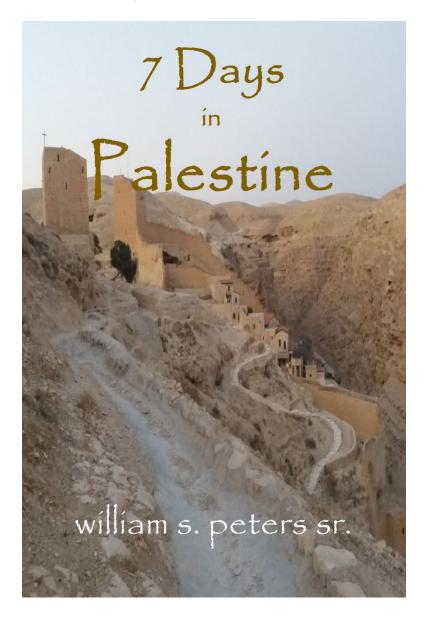
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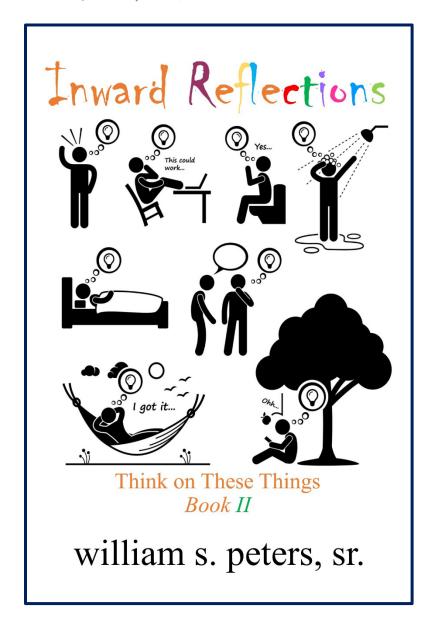
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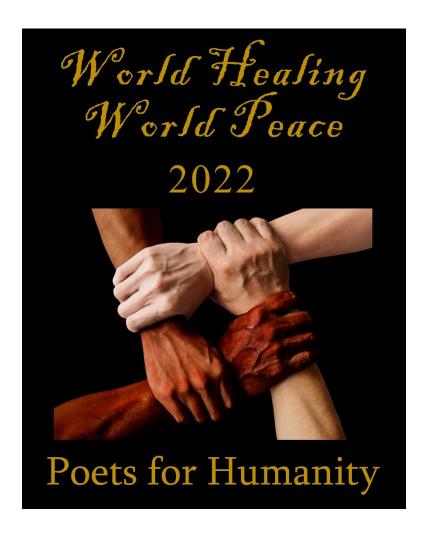


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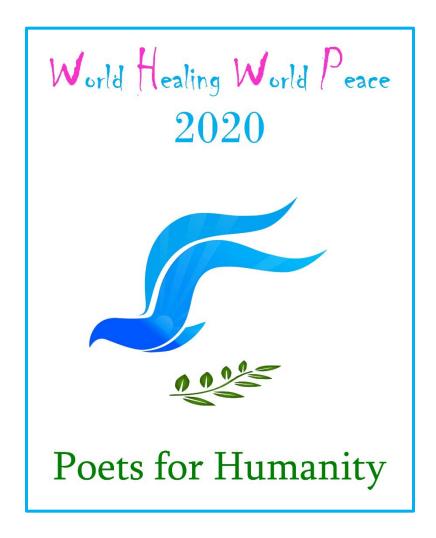
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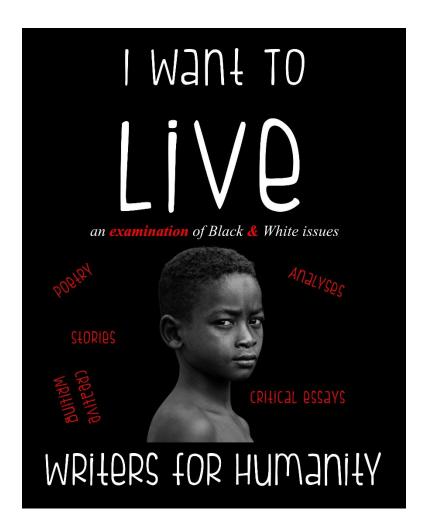


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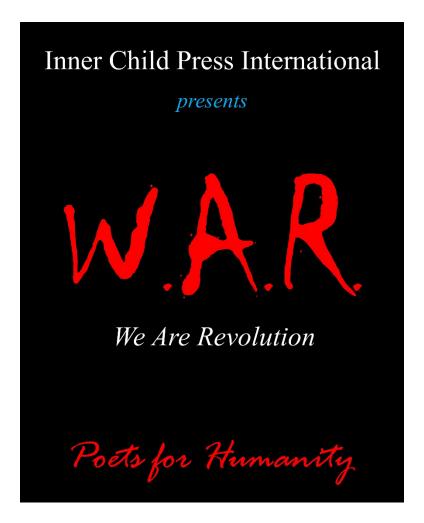
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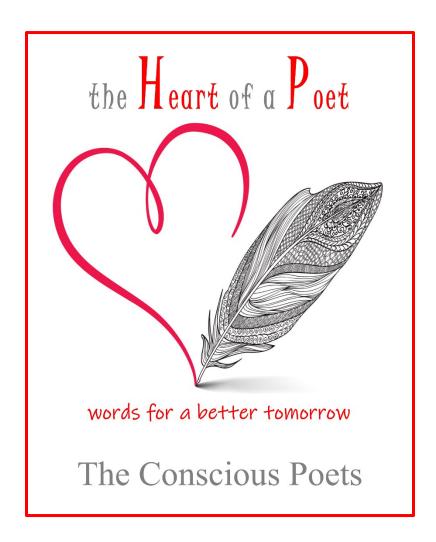
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Poetry the best of 2020

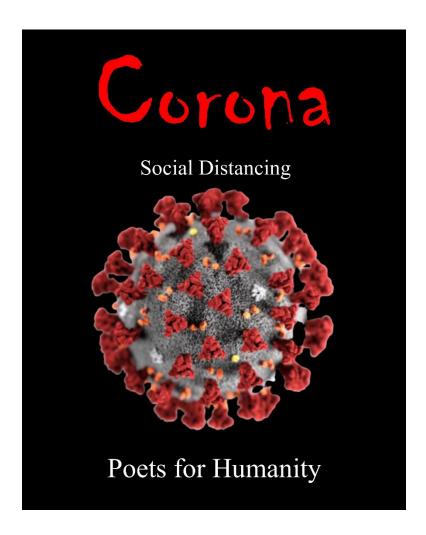
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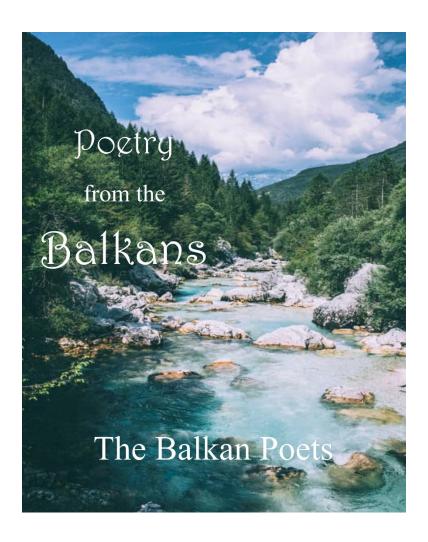
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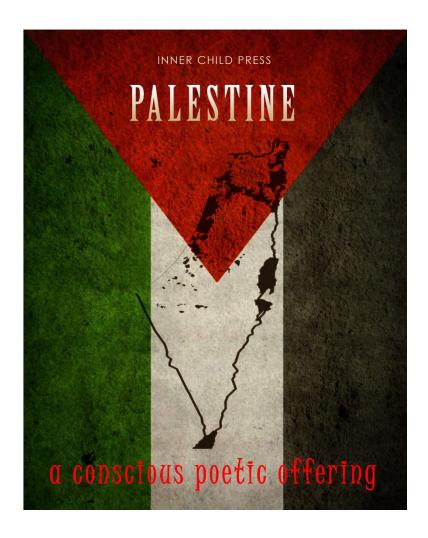
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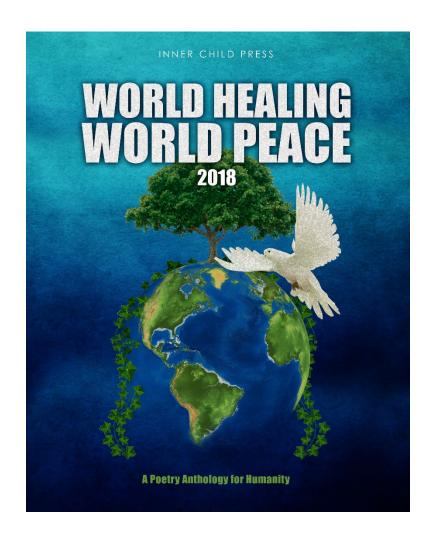


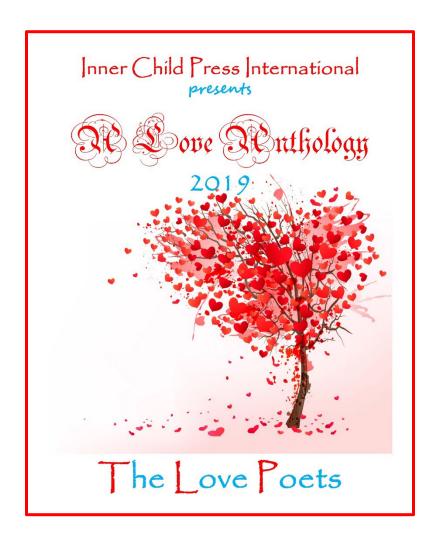
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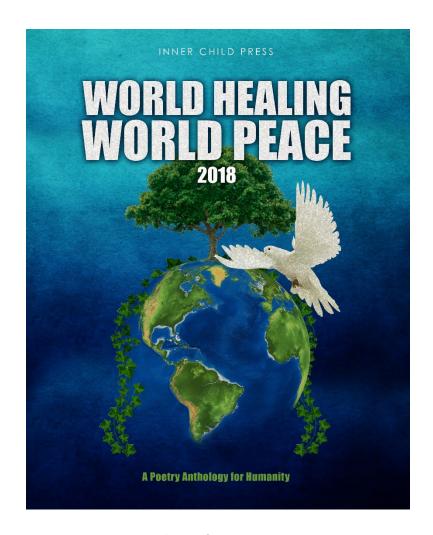




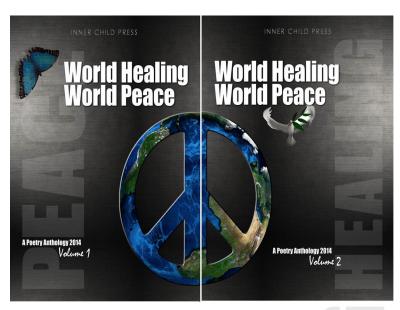


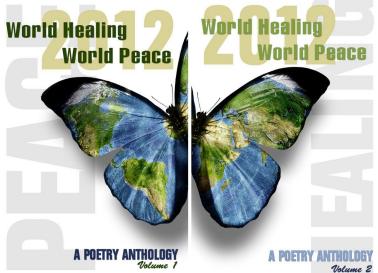
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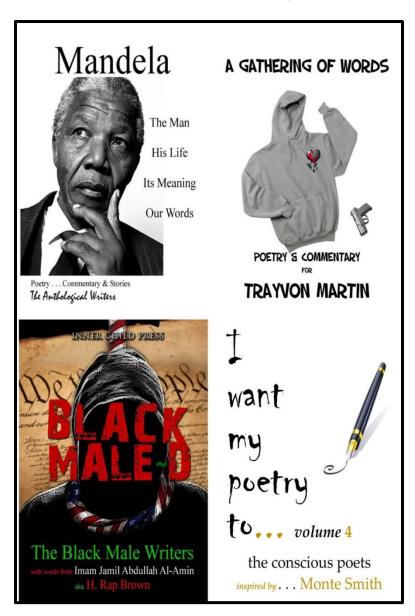
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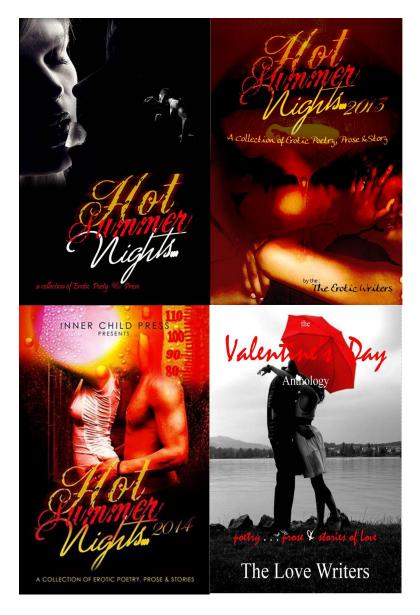
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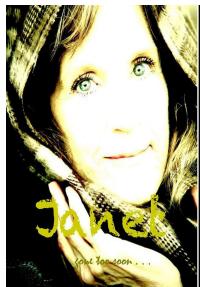
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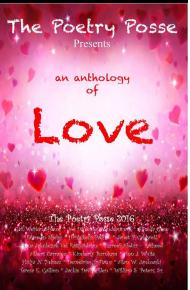
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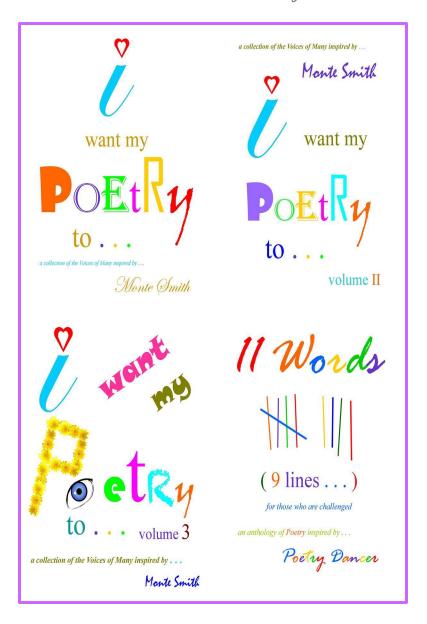


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Gail Westen Shazor
Albert Infinite Carrarco
Siddarths Beth Pierce
Janet P. Collovell
Jane Bugg Barefield
Jone Bugg Barefield
Jone Bugg Barefield
Too, Henninger
Joe Daverhal Nindaneer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wall
Shared Abdur-Kasheed
Kimberty Burnham
William's Feters, Sr.

Own Harch Featured Poets
Alicias C. Cooper & Hillya yalmaz

the Year of the Poet



celebrating international poetry month

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The Year of the Poet September 2014 Aster Morning-Glory

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Tooley Toose

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19 Sugg Berefeld = Debbie M. Alen * Tony Henringer
Robert Cibbons * Neetu Wdi * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

""" William S. Peters, Sr.

September Feature Poets

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



Samie Bond * Cail Weston Shazor * Albert Infinite Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce Sanet P. Caldwell * Sune 'Bugg Barelied * Debble M. Allen * Tony Henringer Soe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wai * Sharee

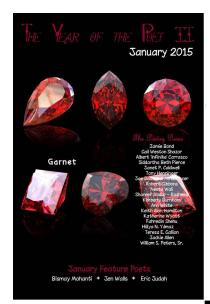
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rasendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



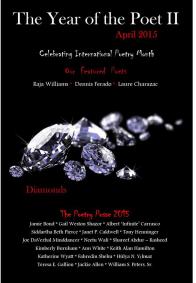


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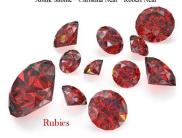
nyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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The Year of the Poet II

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



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



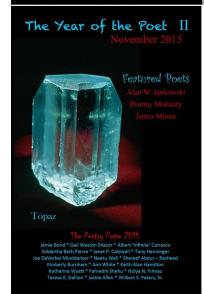
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Festured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



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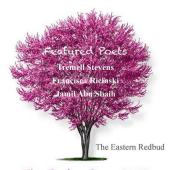


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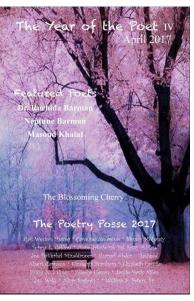
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The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Flowering Dogwood Tree

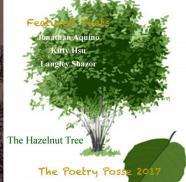


The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shazer * Coroline Aszereno * Rismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion * Annor Johanbezek Vel Betty Adelan John DeVerbold Middelpere * Rement Aldure - Righted Albert Ceresco * Kimberly Burnham * Elzabeth Costillo Hulyo N Valous * Falenky Harsham * Elzabeth Costillo Jen Wells * Nizer Sorton' * William & Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet IV August 2017

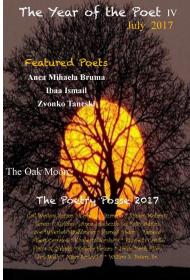


Gell Weston Shazor * Ceroline Nazareno*

Terres E. Gallion * Anno Akabezak Val. Systy Adalan

and DeVarield Muddancer * Sharest Alakar - Resheed
Albert Cerresco * Kinberto Burnham * Elizabeth Cestillo
Jinlyn N. Vidnaz * Balesh Jasson * Jackie Dreis Allies

Jen Walls * Nazar Sartant* * Villiam S. Peters.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shiftin

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Carolline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresi E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * * Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



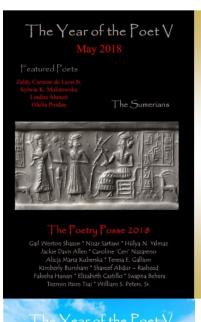
The Poetry Posse 2017

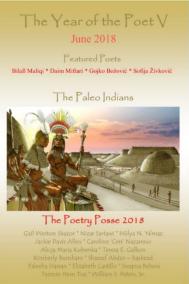
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

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The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

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

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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubesika * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William s. Peters, a



Featured Poets

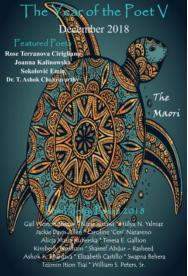
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



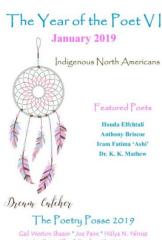
The Poetry Posse 2018

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





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

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

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



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.



April 2019 DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan Central & West Africa

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

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Featured Poets

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



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicip Maria Kubbeska * Teese E. Gallion * Jobe Patie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezzimi Hiton Tai * William S. Peters, a

The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2019

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





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Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida

The Year of the Poet VI

November 2019

Northern Asia The Poetry Posse 2019

Gall Weston Shazor " Albert Carassoo " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alleja Maria Kuberska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsal " William S. Petens, Teres

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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





Celebrating pass [Nobel] eace | rize Necipien

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılma Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Carllo * Swapna Behen Tezmin titon Tsai! * William S. Peters. Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace brating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maris Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Bumham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Eirasbeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmi titon Tsai * William S. Peters.

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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

April 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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September 2021

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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

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

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

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

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

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

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change: The Ice Cap





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

Transcit acas

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Oceans





*Celebrating our 100th Edition *

Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX May 2022

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

Climate Change and Birds



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

June 2022

Featured Global Poets

Yuan Changming * Azeczat Okunlola

Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesia "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, 2007.

The Year of the Poet IX July 2022

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

Climate Change and Animals



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Elira Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska "Terese E. Gallion "J. obe Paire Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai "William S. Peters, S.

The Year of the Poet IX

August 2022

Featured Global Poets

Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

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The Year of the Poet IX September 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

The Year of the Poet IX October 2022

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed Carthornia Kouroupos * Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

The Year of the Poet IX

November 2022

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

Climate Change: Time to Act





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassoo Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kubeska Terese E. Gallion J. De Parie Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsai William S. Peters, 20

The Year of the Poet IX

December 2022

Featured Global Poets

Elarbi Abdelfattah * Lorraine Cragg Neha Bhandarkar * Robert Gibbons

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

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The Year of the Poet X January 2023

Featured Global Poets

JuNe Barefield Swayam Prashant Willow Rose Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



Igbal Masil

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Dayis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Kımberly Burnham Alıça Maria Kuberka - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaw - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapma Behera Termin Histor Tax - Eliza Seatet - Müllian S. Batera S.

The Year of the Poet X March 2023

Featured Global Poets

Clarena Martínez Turizo * Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma * Petrouchka Alexieva

Children: Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gall 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 Tsa * Eliza Seglet * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet X

February 2023

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

Children: Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gall Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hüliya N. Vilmaz, ackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Kimberly Burnham Alicia Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behen Tezmin Hüton Tsai - Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet X April 2023

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

Children : Difference Makers



Claudette Colvin

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N, Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Kimberly Burinham Alıça Maria Küberska † Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon * Tsai * Eliza Segiet * William * Peters, Sr.

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and there is much, much more!

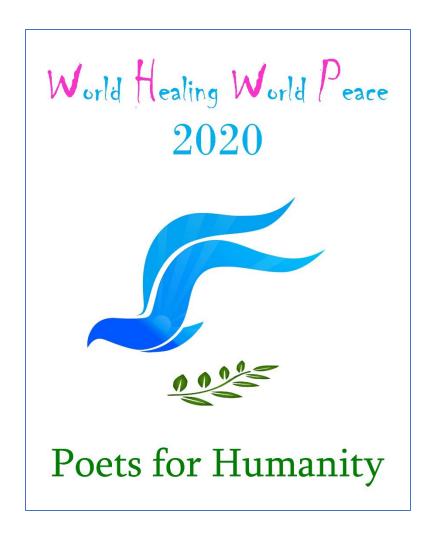
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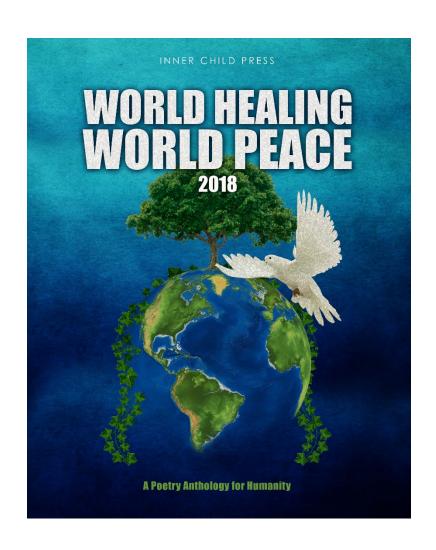
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