

INNER CHILD PRESS

# PALESTINE



*a conscious poetic offering*

# Palestine



a conscious poetic offering

The Global Conscious Writers

*inner child press international*

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The Global Conscious Writers

## A Few Words from the Publisher

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## Palestine

### The Global Conscious Writers

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# Dedication

We dedicate this volume of poetic consciousness to all the souls who are in need of healing . . . this includes not only the children, mothers and fathers who suffer the machinations of man's demonic and discordant ways, but also those who promulgate such atrocities upon their brothers and sisters.

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# Preface

Every once in a while, you get the chance to actually witness a dream, a thought, a vision of what we consider a far away land. It is only in that moment that we realize that what once seemed far away is right next door. Our community of poets is always within hearts reach, if we dare open up to see each other.

This anthology is one such opportunity. Do not be afraid of the languages or the different cadences and syntax. Our dreams and visions for our lives are the same. Love rings true. Love of our homes. Love of our people. Love of the hopes for our lives. Love for the very ground upon which we stand. We are more same than different.

Listen closely. This is what you must hear. Our hearts beat the same.

I am moved and my wish is that you are also. The honesty of the poetic prowess is much to bear witness to. The translations are for my benefit and I am greatfilled for them. As Chancellor Gorkin states in Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country "You have not experienced Shakespeare until you have read him in the original Klingon." I look forward to knowing more of the voices as they are meant to be heard as well.

**Gail Weston Shazor**

Poet, Writer

Director of Anthologies

Inner Child Press International



## a few words from the **P**ublisher

In October of 2017, I was blessed to have the opportunity to visit the Holy Lands of Palestine. Though my time was limited to but 7 days, I had the wonderful yet daunting opportunity to visit Bethlehem, Mar Saba, Jerusalem and Ramallah. There, I met some very special souls such as Aysar Al-Saifi who incidentally is a prolific Story-teller, Iyad Shamasnah, who took me around Bethlehem and the surrounding villages and towns where I got to visit the Nativity Church, Solomon's Pools, the Mar Saba Monastery and so much more. I also was hosted at the infamous Ibda Hostel within the Dheisiheh Refugee Camp; where the Israelis ration water to the residents on a once every 40-day schedule . . . what an eye opening and grounding experience . . . thank you so much dear Khalid Al-Saifi for your generous and embracing hospitality. And finally, my new-found brother Ibrahim Alaraj who met me in Ramallah and showed me around the lovely city. We ate Shwarma and Ice Cream as he educated me on the city's history. I got to stay in the Area D Hostel which is conveniently located in the heart of the city within a walking distance of most of the important sights, cafes and markets of the capital city of the West Bank.

In my travels, I was able to personally witness the challenge the Palestinian people faced on a daily basis at the hands of their oppressors . . . the Israelis. This was not necessarily a spirited awakening; for as an African American, we face a very similar plight at home at the hands of our own repressive and exploitative regimes. With my exposure to the walls, the checkpoints, the soldiers, the settlements and the almost complete disregard of a people's humanity, I was profoundly unsettled and resigned myself, and my voice to speak out about the sheer arrogance of the politics of the entire situation. I also witnessed Olive Trees, Flowers, children smiling and playing in spite of the dire circumstances, tourists from all over the globe visiting the Holy

Lands, which are still held in reverence. The Palestinian are a gracious people who embraced not only my humanity, but that of their own.

During my tenure in Palestine, I was so inspired I wrote a book, *7 Days in Palestine*. In this book, I contemplated, examined and pondered the circumstances and noted them in poetic form in hopes to bring about more global consciousness. But, this was not enough to ease my troubled spirit. So, naturally we followed up by opening the opportunity for more globally conscious poets to lend their voices of consciousness against the inequities, atrocities and misgivings the Palestinian people suffer at the hands of the Israeli regime, ergo this anthology *Palestine*. Perhaps, this book will not effectuate much of a change, but there is always the possibility to elevate the consciousness of “1” who may in fact go on to have a profound effect on their circle of influence, and thus the world for the sake of all of humanity.

Thank You

Bless Up

**Bill  
William S. Peters, Sr.**

Inner Child Press International  
*‘building bridges of cultural understanding’*

# Jerusalem

*by Samih Masoud*

O Jerusalem  
City of peace  
Your little children  
are crucified  
morning and evening  
and your women  
die in their deep grief  
O Jerusalem  
Hymns are not heard  
in your ancient house  
Prayers are not allowed  
in the prophets' houses  
Their bells are pigmented with blood  
No water  
No air  
No fire  
No light  
The candles are turned off  
The stars are stolen  
in the threshing floors of heaven  
O Jerusalem  
No matter how long we suffer  
and taste the pains of misery  
we will always be here  
growing like thorns in the eyes of strangers  
we will remain inside you  
growing olives  
almonds  
and chestnuts  
tell the tales of our grandfathers  
around the fire brazier  
in the winter nights  
sing ataba  
play the fiddle every evening  
dance the dabka \*  
as we please  
and reap wheat

when July arrives.  
We stay in you  
in your hamlets  
the symbols of pride  
Within the twinkle of an eye  
a thousand baby boys are born  
a thousand baby girls  
a thousand poems  
and caravans  
of martyrs and poets.

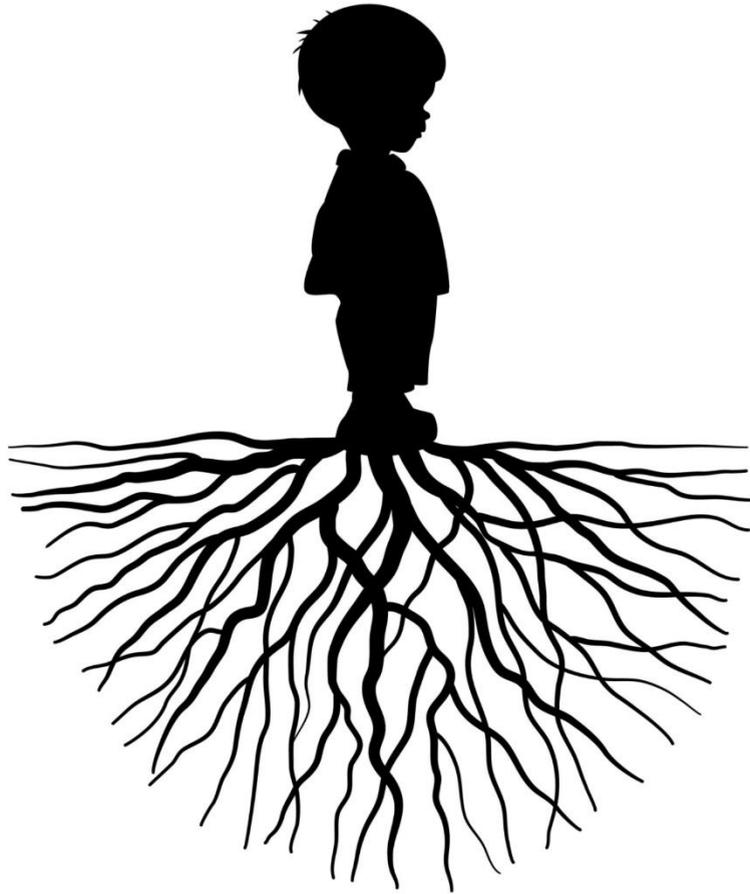
...

O Jerusalem  
O icon of glory  
in the heights of heaven

(Translated by Nizar Sartawi)

---

\* Dabka is a folk dance native to the Levant.



Gratis

# Palestine



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# Palestine

## Darling Palestine

*by Mbizo Chirasha*

I've loved you since the day your sun turned dark,  
I've loved you the night before bullets bruised your beauty,  
I've loved you the morning grenades burnt your faith,  
I've loved you even before the season of Weeping.

My love Palestine, my metaphors are pregnant with tears of your loss  
Dear Palestine, my idioms are succulent with the pain of your death  
You lost many children in the marrow of darkness,  
you lost your dimples in the winter of rifles.  
My proverbs are fertile with blood of your daughters watering the dreams.

My darling Palestine, Jerusalem is burning, it is now a valley of wails and death  
My love Palestine, Gaza Strip is dancing with broken limbs  
and chopped hands  
Dear Palestine, your song is gun thunder  
and your laughter is crackling grenades  
You have tasted many tasteless seasons of hatred,  
you are tired of burying dreams

My darling Palestine,  
you lost your virginity in that forced sexual intercourse with metal phalluses of war,  
You lost your tongue through forced kisses with the foul mouth of the gun,  
Palestine, once land of plenty now harvesting blood and tears,  
You are fat of drinking your bitter lemonade tears and sweet salt blood.

Darling Palestine, let your sun rise  
Dear Palestine, the Almighty will rise you a redeemer to save your beauty and return of  
your fading dream.

# Palæstine



Mbizo Chirasha is a Zimbabwean literary arts projects curator, arts activism catalyst, widely anthologized poet, creativity influencer, blogs publisher and a writer-in- residence. He initiates projects that promote literary development, creativity, creative resistance, freedom of expression, citizens' rights, equal opportunities and creative space for all. He uses art for peaceful resistance and creative activism as tools for social change, political sanity, good governance, tolerance, gender equality and upholding of human rights.

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# Palæstine

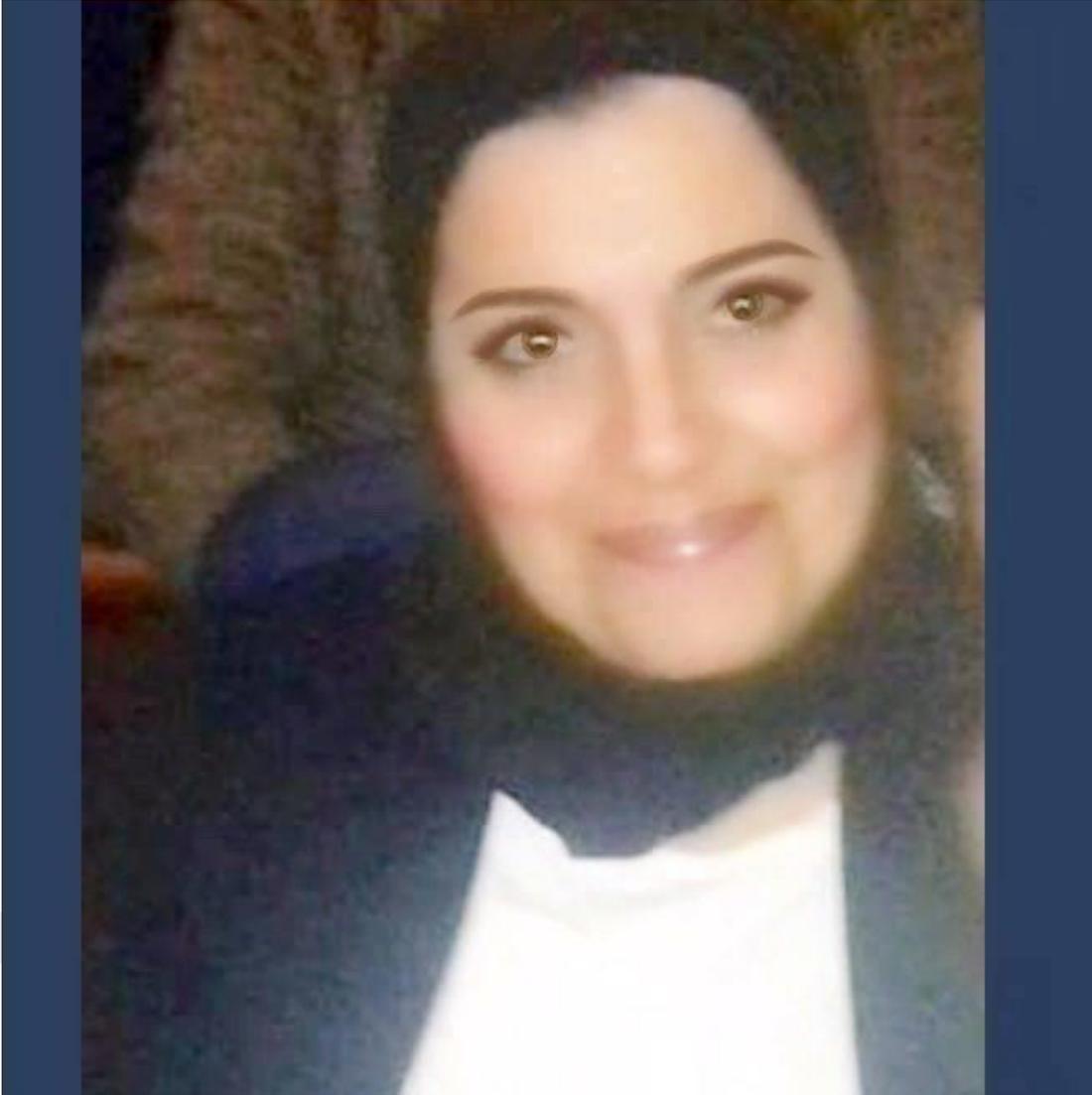
## Less Than A Dream, More Than A Revelation

*Meriem Chihab El-Idrisi*

Our hearts – the hearts of poets  
are homelands of wounded love  
Our heartbeats lick our musky blood  
and make us drink it again  
scented with secrets  
Every night  
we come back to our hearts –  
hearts fraught  
with the delirium of silence  
We close our eyelids  
and keep the door of our gasps wide open  
for the dream, the other face  
of insomnia  
We will not despair  
despite the dryness  
For in the time of war  
we long for a ghost of peace  
From the time of wandering  
and from an abyss of deep palpitation  
we fill the echo of weariness with our calls  
Will the question ever repent?  
Will we ever forsake its insomnia?  
When will our eyelids find peace  
that we may find bliss?

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palestine



Meriem Chihab El-Idrisi is a Moroccan poet, critic. She has a bachelor's degree in Arabic language and literature, and works as a school teacher of Arabic. She is an editorial member of *Masharef Maqdisiyyah*, a literary Palestinian journal. She has a poetry collection titled *Once Upon an April*.

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## Glad tidings of Green Rain

*Sameer Odeh*

From the sea of your eyes, O Jaffa<sup>1</sup>  
clouds came out  
they went running  
sending the most beautiful smiles  
to the full moon in the middle of the lunar month  
accumulating...  
sending showers  
of the longings detained within my heart  
carrying glad tidings of green rain  
to the east coast

People call you the “bride of the sea”  
but I...  
I’ve seen the bride of the spirit  
adorn your diamond beach  
your citrus groves  
your alleyways  
the bread ovens  
our mosque  
our church  
and our lighthouse  
they all were sending their roots deep  
in the sand of the tender-hearted beach

My bride  
is walking with pride  
above your water, O Jaffa  
saying  
I fell in love with the Canaanite Jerzomite<sup>2</sup> boy  
who dwells among thyme leaves

My bride, O Jaffa  
From the mulberries of Tira<sup>3</sup>  
are her lips  
From the horizons of the clear Carmel sky  
are her eyes

# Palestine

From the alabaster of Caesarea<sup>4</sup>  
are her cheeks  
The grape of Hebron<sup>5</sup>  
glorifies her  
it even envies her  
it calls her:  
Hey, you with the red shawl  
The heart of our young man  
is broken by the power of your love

My bride, O Jaffa  
has a Phoenician vinous  
beauty  
that intoxicates me  
and play with the strings of the harp and stay awake  
I'll keep playing with the strings of the harp  
and stay awake  
until the coming dawn smiles

and the sweetheart of my soul  
emerges  
out of the blueness of your sea  
amidst the golden muses

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

- 
1. Jaffa, pronounced Yafa, is a major Palestinian city occupied by Jews in 1948
  2. Jerzimate, belonging to Jerzime, which is one of the two mountains between which the city of Nablus in the West Bank is located.
  3. Tira is a city in central Palestine.
  4. Caesarea is a coastal city in north-central Palestine
  5. Hebron is a city in the north of the West Bank, famous for its mosque and Ibrahimic shrine.

## Palestine



Sameer Odeh is a Palestinian poet, who works with the Palestinian Ministry of Interior as a general manager of Infra-Structure and Projects Department. He is a board member of Naba' Alwatif Literary Club. He has published a poetry book titled, *A Spike Looking for a Threshing Floor*. He also has four unpublished poetry manuscripts. He currently works and lives in Ramallah, Palestine.

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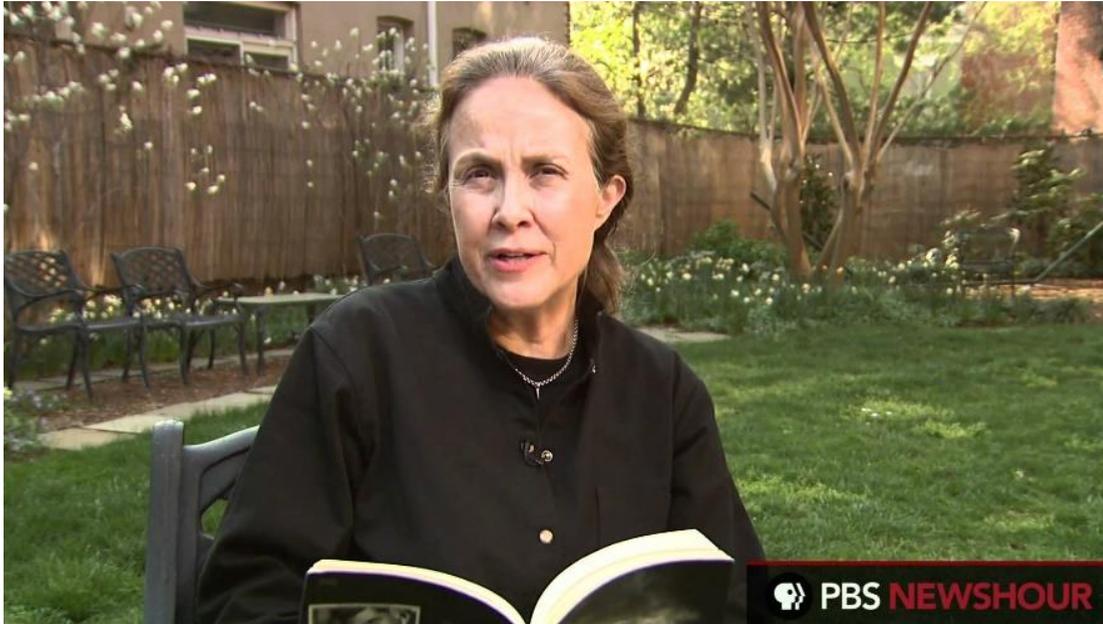
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## Before I Was a Gazan

*Naomi Shihab Nye*

I was a boy  
and my homework was missing,  
paper with numbers on it,  
stacked and lined,  
I was looking for my piece of paper,  
proud of this plus that, then multiplied,  
not remembering if I had left it  
on the table after showing to my uncle  
or the shelf after combing my hair  
but it was still somewhere  
and I was going to find it and turn it in,  
make my teacher happy,  
make her say my name to the whole class,  
before everything got subtracted  
in a minute  
even my uncle  
even my teacher  
even the best math student and his baby sister  
who couldn't talk yet.  
And now I would do anything  
for a problem I could solve.

# Palestine



Naomi Shihab Nye, an award-winning Arab-American poet, songwriter, novelist and short story writer and was born in St. Louis, Missouri, to a Palestinian father and an American mother. Her poetry and short stories have been published in numerous journals in the U.S., Europe, the Middle East and Far East. In addition to novels, short story collections, and children's books, she has penned more than a dozen poetry collections, including: *Different Ways to Pray* (1980), *Hugging the Jukebox* (1982), *Yellow Glove* (1986), *Red Suitcase* (1994), *Fuel* (1998), *You & yours: poems* (2005), *Honeybee* (2008), *tender Spot* (2008), and *Transfer* (2011).

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## My Imprisoned child \*

*Husam Al-Sabe*

Anhar stood at her window  
calling: Hey Huda...  
I am imprisoned  
Are you imprisoned too?  
Are you feeling miserable too?  
I'm not allowed to go out  
I miss the quarters, I miss the garden  
I miss the hills, I miss the meadows  
\*\*

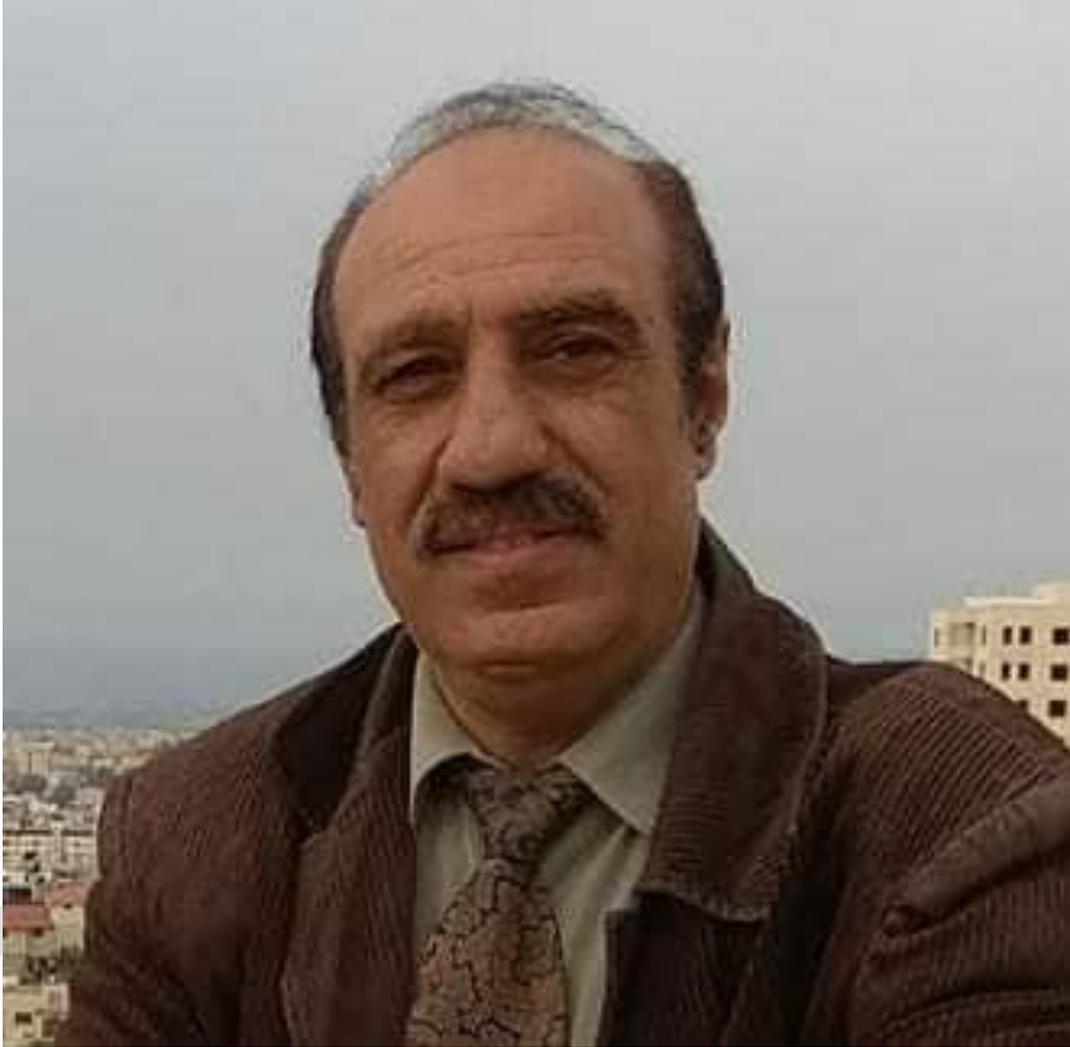
She waved her hand  
a slim hand, like a grapevine branch  
as though she were a bird in a cage  
She sighed,  
I wish I could collect a bouquet,  
of April sad flowers.  
But I cannot leave my home  
I wish could make for myself  
a necklace of anemones  
\*\*

Hey Huda, she called  
as though crying  
her voice ... a chant in a temple  
complaining to Huda about her pains  
about her misery  
My four years,  
she said,  
for me are not worth more than a season of spring  
\*\*

But they have not allowed spring to come  
they have detained spring  
spring has been lost  
it has turned it into a waste by occupation  
They've made it ugly  
they've stolen honey from our bees  
they've set our lands on fire  
they've rooted out young flowers

*translated by Nizar Translated*

## Palæstine



Husam Al-Sabe' is a Palestinian poet, visual artist, caricaturist, musician and song writer. He was born in the city of Jenin in 1961. His Arabic poetry and articles have been published in local and Arab newspapers. He has participated in numerous poetry readings in Palestine and Jordan. In addition to his poetry collection, *The Revelation of Rhymes* (2010), he has participated in three collaborative poetry collections: *We Gaze at the Sun* (1983), *Whiffs from Marj Bani Amer* (1999), and *Sails* (20016).

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## Haifa Outwits the Impossible

*Rusdi Ai-Madhi*

My hand goes in a narrow side  
of the god's throne  
Falling involuntarily  
in the pocket of a berry  
that beguiles the impossible  
\*\*\*

It slips away  
and unsheathes a speaker  
that makes Haifa a reader  
who practices witchcraft  
in Márquez's Macondo  
A woman who never reads thing  
about a hereafter suspended  
On the foolhardiness of a sand grouse  
that had missed the train  
\*\*\*

Haifa  
Shake the trunk of the Carmel  
and move its suppressed longing  
That I may come in...  
as a rosy festival  
that runs towards the poem  
Whispering to the mist of arrival  
Surrounding with her amazement  
and explains about doors that absence mourns  
\*\*\*

She hands me the keys for a return  
That whenever I go further away  
I find her saliva  
running...  
saddling a light beam  
returning to Haifa

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Rushdi Al-Madhi is a Palestinian poet and educator. He has published numerous books and poetry collections. His poems have also been published in journals, magazines and newspapers. His poetry has been translated into several languages, including Hebrew, English, and French. He is an active member of many literary, cultural, and social institutions.

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## I want You

*Khaled Shomali*

*Dedicated to my people in Palestine*

I want You

Yes *you*

to wipe your tears

to wipe the blood off your arms

I want you to rise

to shake off the smell of death

to jump and jump and jump

to Jump above your shadow

that you may behold the butterflies  
dancing around

Do not allow the collar

To be a rhyme for the garden

and the thorns as a crown

I want you to dream

and meet the shining wonderous moon

lost in the dispersion of echoes

to defeat fear, your night,

to overtake the wind

to go in the expanse

to ascend

to trust the wings of a swallow

to break the silence and sound barrier

to rise up

to squeeze clouds in the lips of the earth

to set the love star on fire

to embrace hope

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Khaled Shomali is a Palestinian poet born in Beit Sahour, a Palestinian town located east of Bethlehem. He currently lives in Germany. Many of his poems composed during the first Palestinian uprising were set to music. He has penned six Arabic poetry books: *For Whom Do You Grow Roses* (2008), *Hanging In the Smoke Of Talk* (2012), *The Sugar of Words* (2013) *Der Vers, in dem ich wohne* [The Poetry In Which I Live] (2015), *Your Exile Place Is So Narrow* (2015), and *I Do Not Want Exile Poems* (2016). He has also published a poetry book for children, *A Swing Of Joy* (2018).

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## Armistice

*Ibaa Ismail*

Armistice  
for the last breath of land,  
Armistice  
To shorten the time  
for the birds,  
to return to their nest's shade  
singing the melody of peace.  
For a glimpse of a miracle  
enriched by the seasons  
pouring flowers,  
to charm  
and captivate.  
So, why did the graceful speech die  
when we didn't have a chance to spark the light yet!  
The forced departure,  
The earth's sadness,  
The balm tree's sigh  
haven't been shattered yet!!!

*Translated by the poet*

## Palæstine



Ibaa Ismail is a Syrian American poet and translator. She was born in Aleppo, Syria. She received her bachelor's degree in English Literature in Syria, then she continued her graduate studies in English and American Literature at Eastern Michigan University. She published eight collections of poetry. She is member of The Arab Writers' Union.

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## A Rosy Dream

*Rifaah Younis*

From above the waves of life  
I'll close my eyes before the isles of death  
the passion to kill,  
the hills of destruction,  
the rivers of blood...  
I'll drown in a dream laden with  
alphabets of the green spring  
and embrace the flowers' crowns  
the river's giggles  
the waves of spikes...

I'll set sail in a summer coming  
from pure seeds... in the womb of fields  
from the quivers of the heart  
from the violin music... in its bosom...

I'll run towards an autumn... without fear  
so that it may gift me with a passionate kiss  
a flute's dream  
a swing for the life fading  
between the seasons' sighs through its breaths

I'll dance with the winter  
collect the flowers of its tales  
from the rainbows  
and search among the weddings of its clouds  
for a scarf and wings of peace  
and a dawn for doves... in its eyes...

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palęstine



Rifah Younis, a Jordanian poet and educator, is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association and the Union of Arab Writers. She has published four poetry collections. Her poems have been published in literary journals and newspapers in Jordan. She has participated in numerous literary events, including Jerash festival.

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# Palæstine

## FACES OF WAR

*Virginia Jasmin Pasalo*

*Dedicated to the victims of war in Palestine, especially the children, who cannot comprehend the cruelty of those who inflict suffering to achieve geopolitical and economic ends, and to those who act, pray, write and fight for their liberation.*

1)  
in her face, a map  
a country with deep scars  
scattered freckles  
open wounds of acne  
bursting, still unripe  
for harvest

2)  
his eyes spoke of hunger  
his, and his little brothers  
hands clasped behind his back  
begging, desperately looking  
for food, for my soul

3)  
a man in uniform, in olive green  
takes her hand to shore  
her lips quiver, her body shivers  
she remembers a color, her mother's  
and so many others, dressed in red  
kissing the floor

4)  
lives of children reduced to ink  
read, shared with children at play  
folded into paper boats to sail  
in a flowing stream of dreams  
capsizing, in the madness  
of the water

## Palæstine

5)  
paper planes fly with a lone bird  
above shelters without roofs  
stripped of bones  
that used to walk  
in baby steps

Grain's

## Palæstine



Virginia J. Pasalo is the Executive Director of the International Visitor Leadership Program-Philippines Alumni Foundation and Commissioner of the Pangasinan Historical and Cultural Commission. She writes short stories and poems in bilingual prose and poetic narratives to promote culture, art and environmental activism as a means to social change by providing a platform for celebration and discussion, encouraging interfaith dialogues and promoting activities towards a culturally-aware, environmentally-conscious and friendlier world. She teaches children to plant trees.

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## Apology

*Dr. Mousa Rahoum Abbas*

My body doesn't smell of musk  
Nor is my home adorned with lemons  
So distant is our terrace  
from the borders of Jerusalem  
But I, my son,  
was born in the crater of the volcano  
and half of the soil of our village  
is molded with the skulls of those  
who died in war  
in the Golan Heights  
How oft the beach cliffs  
were washed with their blood  
how oft the new fig and olive clippings  
were watered!

Your grandpa was a valiant soldier  
a warrior in the Liberation Army <sup>1</sup>  
He crossed the Galilee  
towards Al-Aqsa gate,  
and his weapons  
were just a sword and a heart that fears not death  
O son  
but he never returned  
nor did they  
There ... there in Safad <sup>2</sup>  
we were informed that they ascended towards the sun  
through dawn prayers  
the call of "Great God" was in their throats  
like sea waves  
and flood  
But on their faces was the calm  
of revolutionary free men  
my son  
The meadow was covered with flowers  
with the color of their blood  
and with a few anemones

# Palestine

Never did he nor they come back  
And never did we learn if they were buried near Jayyous <sup>3</sup>  
or embraced by Bisan <sup>4</sup>

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

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1. The Liberation Army, otherwise known as the Arab Salvation Army, was an army of volunteers formed by the Arab League to participate in the 1984 against the Jews who occupied Palestinian land.
2. Safad is a city in the north of Palestine.
3. Jayyous is a village in the West of Palestine.
4. Bisan is a city in the north of Palestine, near the Jordan River.

## Palæstine



Mousa Abbas is a Syrian poet and novelist working in Saudi Arabia. He holds a PhD in Clinical Psychology. His published works include: *Those Who Disappear* (poetry), *Your Sight Today Is Sharp* (poetry), *Bilan* (a novel), and *Black Holes Illuminated* (short stories), also translated into English as *White Carnation*

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## An Olive Tree

*Afrooz Jafarinoor*

I used to be an olive tree in the West Bank  
And I still am, but for my branches and green leaves  
And my plump olives so much admired by my owners

I used to wait for days for the old woman and her son  
To come and tend me once they could get the permit  
To enter the area that was not theirs anymore

As she watered me, I would listen to her sad song  
And when she caressed my shoots and kissed my leaves  
I would feel her heartbeat and short breath for tiredness

She was allowed to have no more aide with the tough job  
And even her son was every now and then stopped at the checkpoint  
Then she had to do all the work by herself as I watched her with all trees

It was a hot day when I spied dark figures in the distance  
I was happy but couldn't make a move as I was too thirsty  
I just looked for my old woman among those men

But no, I was wrong, they were not my people  
*They had axes and buzz saws in their hands*  
They weren't coming to give my owner a hand

Days passed and finally came the shocked woman  
She hugged my beheaded trunk and whined and whined  
Then she dipped her face in my dry leaves on the ground and cried

She watered me and other olives before she left  
Then she raised her arms, looked at the blue sky  
And recited verses with my name in them

Though a bare trunk now, I am still an olive tree  
With my roots in West Bank, along with those  
Of my ancestors who have grown here for millenniums.

I will grow new branches and shoots and fruit  
I will not leave the land barren to be confiscated  
I will live on, though my old woman could bear life no more.

## Palestine



Afroz Jafarinoor is an accomplished Iranian poet and translator. She was born in 1972 in the west of Iran. She writes poetry in both Persian and English. Her poems have been published in more than 20 local and international poetry anthologies. She has also translates English poetry from around the world into Persian. She has participated in numerous local and international poetry festivals.

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## Blackout

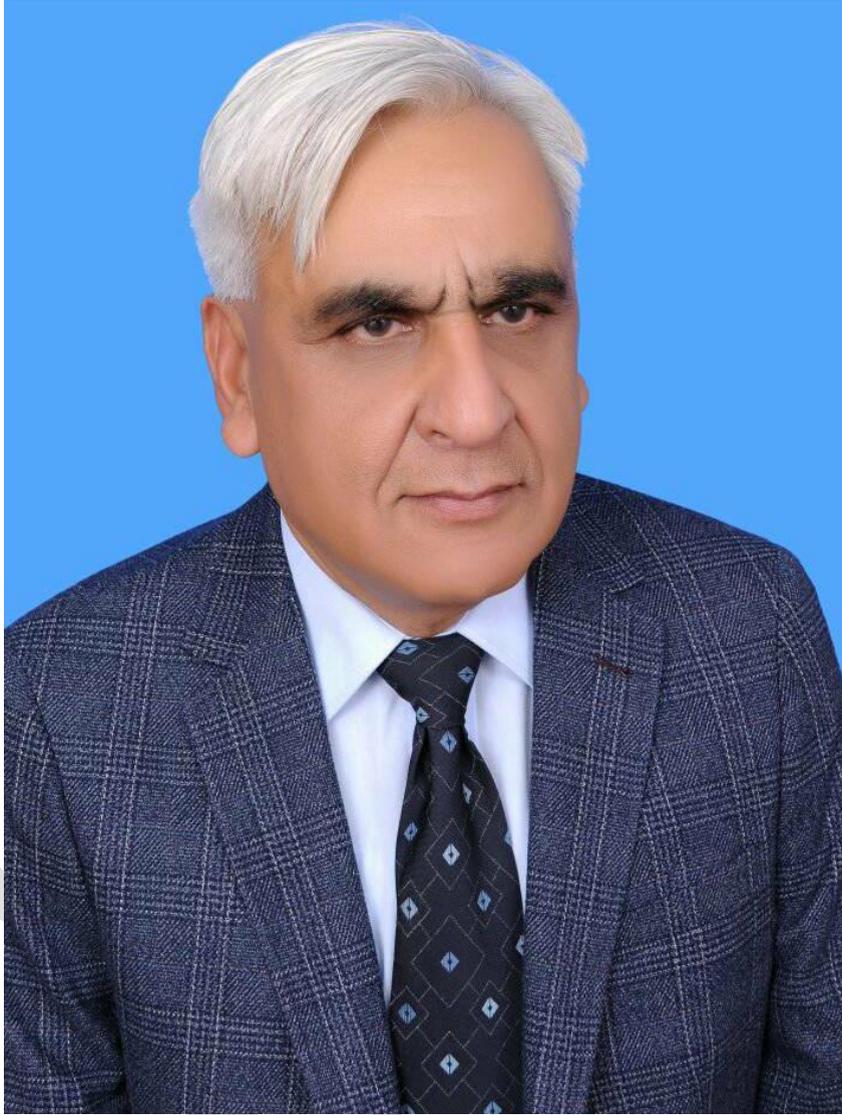
*Iftekhar Bukhari*

A little boy he was,  
scared.  
His exams weren't far off.  
He had to memorize  
so many things from his books.

But, that night in  
Al-Khalil,  
not a single light was to be seen.

He had to study,  
Alas! the only source of light was far away:  
the light emanating out of  
the mouths of the field guns.

## Palęstine



Iftekhar Bukhari was born 1956 in Sialkit, Pakistan. He studied law and did different jobs including Government Service in the Embassies of Pakistan in Jordan and USA. Currently he practices law in Pakistan. He is one of the most recognized poets of Urdu language. He always speaks for the oppressed and downtrodden, using the language of ordinary people. One critic noted that Bukhari is different from his contemporaries because he is a poet of fragrances rather than colors.

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## YOUR HANDS THE CLAWS OF ABABEEL

*Dr. Shujaat Hussain ~ India*

Not all ears fit to hear the truth  
Not all eyes put up with to see the just  
Not all hands cease the tyranny  
Not all feet move towards virtuous deeds

Almighty created the seven skies  
Where the mind of the Jews never flies  
Always defied the verses, slew the prophets  
Engaged in bloodshed, plunders, oppressions  
Infidelity, crimes, and usury  
Rejects the signs of God

O Palestinians! O our Brothers! O Believers!  
God is your Guardian  
Humiliations are stamped on the Jews  
The most despised, cursed and damned  
Like the Wahhabis and the Takfiris  
Companions of the Hell  
Illegitimate child of America  
Hand in gloves of Sauds  
Let them use rockets and guided missiles

O Palestinian children!  
Your hands the claws of Ababeel  
Thrown stones by your hands  
Definitely pierce the bodies of the Jews  
No power, science, or shield  
Can never protect the unjust  
From the force of your supplications

Procession of the dead bodies  
Shows tempest sighs and tears flood  
Mothers, daughters, sisters and wives  
Beat their breasts, wail and heave  
Unbearable scenes choke the heart  
Tel Aviv will turn the graveyard  
Of the Zionists, Yaho and all soon

## Palestine

Your every drop of blood  
Echoes in the universe  
Founder of insurmountable revolution  
Dig the grave of the Israelis  
Their souls and conscience bury there  
God is quick in reckoning

O our Beloved Palestinians  
Continue with consistency your struggles  
Never bow before the tyrants  
Seek help through patience and prayers  
Allah is with the patient

Remember God  
He will remember you  
God guides the just and believing people

## Palæstine



Dr. Shujaat Hussain, Founder President of United Spirit of Writers Academy, is a celebrated literary critic, sensitive poet, creative author of eminence, social scientist, and prominent book reviewer. His several books have been widely discussed, viewed, reviewed and analyzed, honoured with several national and international accolades for unique qualities. More than 55 newspapers, magazines and journals of national and international have carried his poems, literary articles, reviews and interviews. Poems, literary articles and reviews have been translated into Greek, Chinese, Japanese, German, Korean and several Indian regional languages and are available on many Web Pages and various sites of newspapers, magazines and journals.

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## Embrace My Heart

*Mohammad Deeb Suliman*

Oh death,  
I am not scared of you  
Extend a bridge to my heart  
Celebrate my coming  
This is your own pick  
Be powerful  
Like a predator  
Be swift  
Like a light Arab horse  
And find a path for my life  
For in my love of the homeland  
I am rebellious  
I never gamble  
O Palestine, my love  
How great is my longing  
How the soul sings for the soil  
Every dawn  
And then migrates  
O soil of the land  
Towards you I come  
Anything that cannot deter treachery  
Has no meaning

O how my heart longs  
To the lap of the land  
And travels

O call of the land,  
Take my heart in your arms as a tune  
And embrace me in your skin  
I do not see a cover  
Sweeter than  
Your clothes  
O my country  
Embrace me  
And make my soul  
Your hide!

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palestine



Mohammad Deeb Suliman is a Palestinian poet and writer. He writes Arabic poetry in both traditional and modern forms. He is a member of Jordan Writers Association, Arab Writers Union, and other literary organizations. He has participated in numerous poetry events in Jordan, Palestine, and Egypt. He has published three Arabic poetry collections: *Intervals Between Ebb and Flow* (2006), *Creeks and Tassels* (2007), and *Holes in the Wall of Silence* (2009). He also has four manuscripts of poetry and short stories.

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## A Palestinian Needle

*Musa Hawamdeh*

Oh, poetry  
My soul mate  
My childhood seat in Samoa' school \*  
The elegant teacher's face  
So long is the road from the house?  
to the spindle of Hajja Maleeha \*\*  
spin O mother, your Canaanite spinning wheel  
Connect the color of the sea with the color of soil  
The wisdom of Greek women lies the Palestinian needle,  
Add to the meal a seventh dish  
What does it matter if the food is gone and your spinning is still not done  
What does it matter if I don't find the leftovers of lunch  
Carry on with your pastoral prayers  
Upon the footsteps of millions of ancestors  
From Sumer to Jebus \*\*\*  
Carry on, my country, with your epical groaning  
Hey Grandma's remote face  
I have not kept the threads of your garment dusted with dust of ages  
I've only kept the remains of fig and grape leaves  
And the souls of those of the vineyards  
Who passed away.

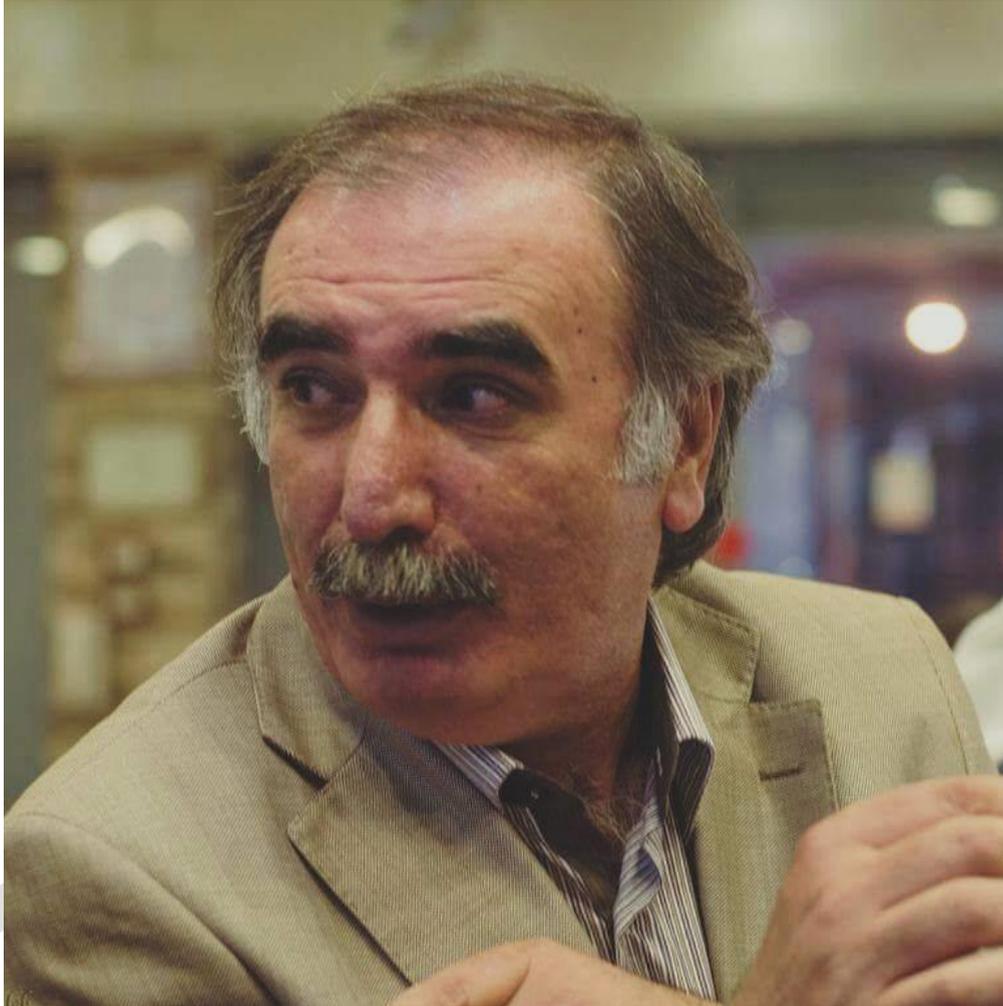
-----  
\* Samoa' is a village in Palestine, where the poet was born.

\*\* Hajja Maleeha is the poet's mother.

\*\*\* Jebus is the Canaanite name of Palestine

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palestine



Musa Hawamdeh, an acclaimed Palestinian poet, journalist, and activist, was born in Hebron, Palestine. He served as a managing editor in the cultural department of Addustour Jordanian newspaper. He has penned more than ten poetry collections. Hawamdeh had to pay a high price for his political views and activities, including imprisonment. He was also summoned to a Shari'a court to face allegations of apostasy. However, he has won acclaim for his creativity. His poetry collection, *I Am A Descendant Of The Wind, The Rain Is My Address* (2007) has won two international prizes.

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For Jerusalem – City of Cities

*Rose Shomali*

I have walked through your paths  
And yet wrote not about you  
I could see your night  
Your waking  
And the crack of dawn  
I passed through every hallway  
And saw your face molded with poverty and pride  
O, ye that extend beyond time  
And bear the history of the place  
Never take off your apparel  
Nor your magic of vision  
I will never leave you  
Yet... I am afraid  
Time will conquer you  
And then I will die in anguish

## Palestine



Rose Shomali Musleh, born in Beit Sahour, Palestine, is an accomplished poet, writer, researcher translator, and children's literature writer. She holds a Master's degree from the American University of Beirut, where she taught for eight years; then she returned to Palestine, where she held several important positions, including Education Officer at UNICEF/Jerusalem. She won several awards in children's poetry, stories and children's TV programs. Currently, she is the Director of Kan Yama Kan Publishing House for children's literature.

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## The city Is being lost

*Ahmad Al-Ayla*

Like a little bird amidst congested clouds  
the city is being lost  
like an ill eagle it is being lost  
like the shadow of a fly above the heads it is being lost  
like a desperate laugh it is being lost  
like a narrative running fast  
in the wake of horrible imagination  
like the death of a suckling it is being lost  
And I am the only one  
offering funeral prayers for her  
but there is no Imam for a shadow  
stretched on the lines  
and no audience to watch its events  
nor ages  
It is wholly being lost like a light  
fragmented amidst idle talk  
and endless debate  
the maps come back from their sleep  
forgotten by the city  
on the suitcases open for winds  
like a desecrated text  
on which barking is poured

The city is being lost sir  
and therein are millions like me  
Therein the roads rush like dogs  
and grudges appear from every door  
Therein storehouses are dead  
like little birds before old women  
Therein are domes  
and the domes are in ruins  
and ruins are her prince  
kissing her hands in despair  
Therein her hands are a mirage  
and the mirage is horses that wake up at dawn  
neighing like torture

## Palēstīnē

and torture is a flock that drags howling  
beyond the desire of wolves  
Therein the wolves are crowds of prophets  
that circulate like volcanoes  
around desertified minds  
The city is being lost  
The city has been lost  
like an ancient love behind the fog  
I am infatuated with her  
and I have a lengthy reproach  
My absence is very long  
My absence is very long.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Ahmad Al-Ayla is a Palestinian writer, poet, and novelist working in Libya. He has penned three poetry collection and one novel, in addition to numerous manuscripts. Ahmad's poetry has been anthologized and published in print and on-line magazines. A number of studies have been written about his poetical achievement, and a few of his poems are being studied in some universities.

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## Ahd Tmimi's Dreams

*Nizar Sartawi*

The shriveled red hair  
flying freely  
upon her red face

flying freely –  
freely like her green-blue eyes  
roaming freely beyond the walls  
of her village house  
beyond the green mounts  
that stretched for miles  
and resting on the blue Mediterranean  
in the West  
as its white mellow waves  
whispered:  
“good morning sweet one”  
every morning  
and  
“see you tomorrow ginger-haired one”  
every eve

Her name:  
Ahd Tamimi  
Her stolen dreams:  
to wake up one day  
and see no aliens in her land  
and  
play soccer too...  
play it freely

## Palæstine



Nizar Sartawi is a Palestinian poet, translator, and essayist, who has published more than 20 poetry books and poetry translation. He is a member of numerous international literary organizations. He has participated in several international poetry festivals. His poetry has been translated into many languages. It also has been anthologized and published in numerous newspapers and journals.

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# Palestine

## It's time for blood

*Maria Palumbo*

It's time for blood  
in the present days,  
and Jerusalem mourns  
her sons, her dead;  
She cries for Palestine,  
for the neighbor's ostracism  
that shows no limits.

The Temple of worship  
has become a place of tears,  
for the roots removed,  
for the expropriated lands;  
for barbed wire  
to delimit boundaries  
of lands and hearts.

Peace time is awaited  
in this time of war,  
to nourish hope  
not to curse life;  
where to hoist the flag  
no more dirty with blood  
In the days to come.

*Translation of Mario Rigli*

## Palęstine



Maria Palumbo is an Italian poet born in Naples and lives and works in Bologna. She has been anthologized by various Italian publishers. She has received numerous national and international literary Awards, first prizes, honorable mentions and special prizes. She collaborated for about eight years with foreign radio stations in Brussels and Buenos Aires, where there is strong interest in Italian poetry. She has participated in international poetry festivals in Morocco and Tunisia. She has been recognized for poetic production concerning the Palestinian question from the Alwatanelaraby Media Foundation (WAMF), based in Egypt and London.

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## I have to

*Maher Almaqousi*

I have to have a song  
that night may choose me for the pain of the road  
as a wedding for a soft death like drizzle  
a tune that gives shade to a rose amidst the fire  
I have to

~ ~ ~

Like a country I have come migrating out of my old dream  
cajoling the meaning to the voice of the flute  
and the twilight moistened with commandments  
I've come bearing some childhood joys  
Whenever longing grew tense for those whose voices have weakened  
I went on weeping with poetry  
I went on swept over by names and places  
and breaths when my beloved  
was holding back her tears  
Tears are the smell of farewell  
and next  
tears are the inkwell of absence  
I said that absence is the road for him whose shadows have become familiar to the place  
where borders falsely moved  
while the soil has not abandoned its place  
For soil never abandons  
And my beloved expands as a southern sad folk-song  
ringing goes louder within me  
And steps are echoes of the ringing  
and my beloved rises like the moon  
when surrounded by clouds  
O stranger, who will entertain the agonized heart  
when my whispers are gone?

And who will wipe the ancient wound?  
that the fire may be extinguished  
and questions sleep?

Like years is my beloved, like years  
a long pain with tears  
a travel upon the embers of the cross

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palestine



Maher Almaqousi is a Palestinian poet from Gaza. He is a member of Palestinian Writers Union. He has participated in a number of poetry festivals and readings in Palestine and other Arab countries including Sharjah Forum for Arabic Poetry in 2011. His poetry has been published in print and online Arab newspapers. He currently works as a project manager in Palestinian Communications Company. He has published one poetry collection titled *Till the End of the Wind*.

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# Palestine

## Returning

*Mohammad Ikbal Harb*

Terrorism has never exterminated a civilization  
Racism has never stopped the production of offspring  
Bandits have never been a nation  
Nor have pretensions made an ancestry  
The roots of Palestine are deep-seated in beginning of the world  
From there it came and there it return  
Never has it been a common land  
Occupied by a stray outcast who has lost his way  
Throughout the ages homelands have been building blocks  
Not for sale  
Even though treachery may form alliance  
With adversaries of civilization  
Even though homeland pirates may prevail  
The prophets of the earth are her children  
With confidence they chant  
We will Return ... We will Return  
Ask those who have kept the keys  
Between refugee camps and the diaspora

They swear they will return  
Ask the children in prison  
Ask the slingshot holders  
How they stand steadfastly  
Ask doves and olive trees  
They will chant in reply  
We will Return ... We will Return

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Mohammad Iqbal Harb is a Lebanese/American Poet, Novelist, and short story writer born in 1954. He holds a bachelor's degree in health care management from the University of Atlanta. He has published seven books. His articles, short stories, and poems have been published in many daily newspapers and web media. He has participated in numerous literary conferences, forums and interviews in Lebanon and other countries. He is a member of numerous cultural, literary, and social organizations.

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## A Love Song for Gaza

*Nedal Burqan*

If only you knew, love is my father  
And it's my mother - who fell asleep two years ago...  
in my eyelashes

Love was my call  
and was my wing  
and is still my planet

My lucidity in saying "I love you"  
and all my tireless effort  
in your name

My roses that never tire of blooming in the roads  
though they might be bombed all the time  
for no reason

It's love  
I trusted it and obeyed  
although his hand has stricken my canoe

Love in all my blood calls you:  
– O cloud of the soul, pass and spill yourself...  
on the wound

... As the war rages  
the elder sister counts her brothers  
"we are still nine since the last six shells"  
As the war rages... a mother searches for the smell of her children  
in the darkness of the rubble  
saying to herself:  
"O Lord ... Ah for a kiss"  
And before the break of cheering  
before the flaming if ululations  
a father in his thirties carried his youngest son  
and struggled to keep the question away:  
Why have you died before your father?

## Palestine

Peace be upon the good ones  
upon the lovers, who loved you as you stood straight,  
and died standing straight  
upon those who kept their grip on the land / the embers of certainty  
upon young mothers  
as they brighten in the wedding parade of martyrs  
without clarity of vision  
with white foreheads  
Peace be upon them when they ornament your night with songs  
and your dawn too, at each nostalgic call of “God is the Greatest”  
Peace be upon the martyrs  
who ascended their road with a smile  
upon those who come on time... all the time  
Peace be upon the good ones

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Nedal Burqan, a Jordanian poet, writer, and journalist, is the head of the cultural department in Addustour Jordanian newspaper. He has received the State Encouragement Award. He is a member of Jordanian Writers Association and Jordanian Union of Journalists. He has participated in several festivals. In addition to his studies, he has penned six Arabic poetry collections: *The floors of Memory* (1999), *The Trap of Senses* (2003), *Rainn on My Heart* (2005), *Light Metaphor* (2010), and *The Wolf of the Present Tense* (2015).

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## Crescendo of Violence

*Dr Perugu Ramakrishna*

What matters who hummed the song of war  
It was a crescendo of violence  
Slashing the harvest with destructiveness  
Was the song of the bullets and bombs  
The hands that uprooted so many hearts  
In which ocean will they cleanse their hands?  
The whisper of the tides will transmit  
How many crescents have collapsed to the ground?  
The faces of the actors will convey

Are there any people alive in Palestine...?  
Flocks of enemies transformed the country into a slaughter house  
The wounded, stubborn walls are witnesses of Gaza  
The echoes of blood stains on the ruins  
Will the land drenched in blood ever speak?  
Of the downpour of red blood from the innocent children  
Flying the pigeons of peace is the United Nations  
It is time we question their silence over this violence...?

It could be in Palestine or Syria  
Or any other area  
This wildfire can destroy the entire world  
The use of bombs creates hysterical turbulence even in the cool waters of the ocean  
To experiment on the ocean of people  
Is a mark of destruction of humanity...!

## Palęstine



Poet Laureate Dr Perugu Ramakrishna is a prolific writer of 21st century from Andrapradesh state of India. He has adopted a unique universal style in writing. As a thinker and observer of life, he gives greater dimensions to burning problems in society. His poetry books have been nominated for many literary awards. Perugu continues to experiment with various poetic themes in Global perspective. His poetry Flamingo, a long poem, centered on the lives of migratory birds, brought immediate fame. Powerful in rendering, Perugu’s focus on mysticism, peace, environment and gender issues.

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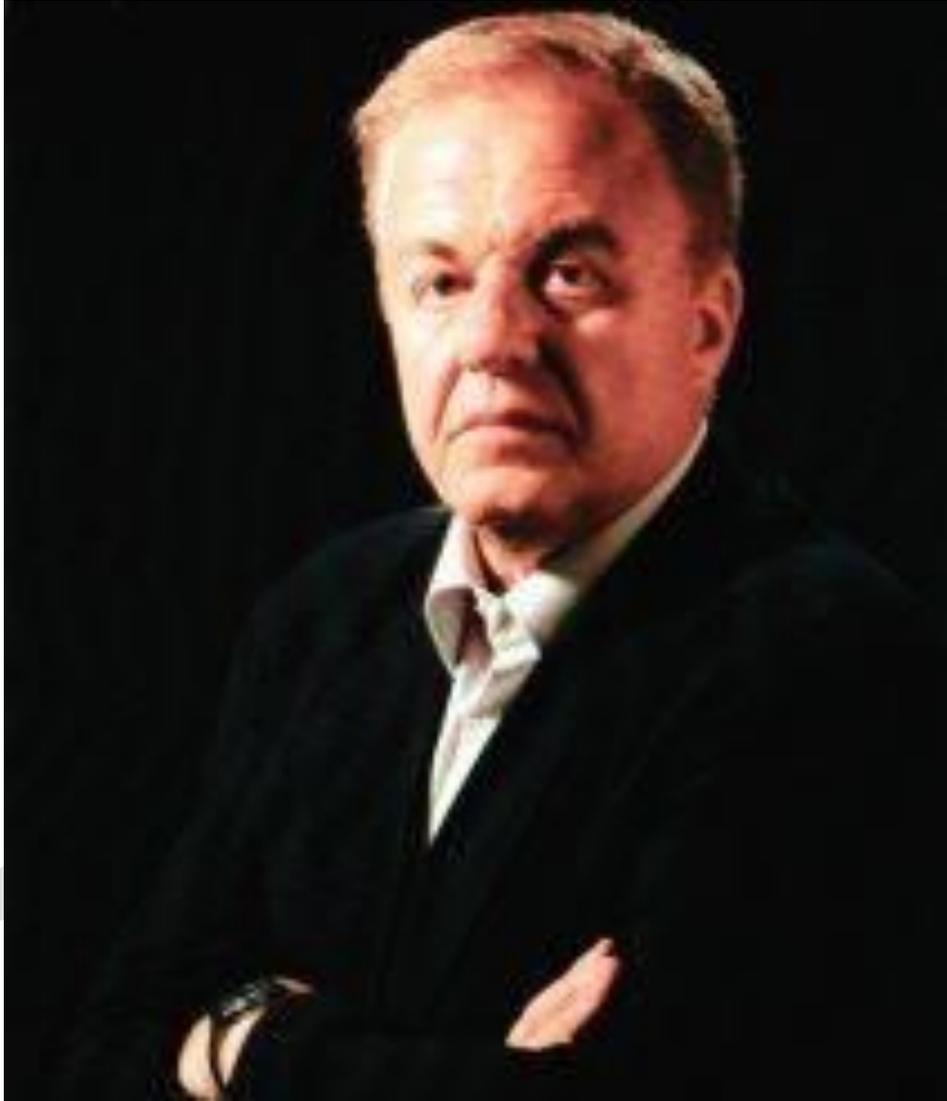
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## Travel

*Pande Manojlov*

I travel,  
I fly  
Like Icarus  
To the sun and the moon,  
We Palestinians  
We travel,  
We travel daily,  
For years we've traveled  
And flown  
Like pigeons of peace  
To freedom...  
Our wings  
They're not from feathers  
And Bee Wax,  
Our wings  
Everything is from hope -  
Faith in justice  
And the sun  
It won't melt  
Our wings  
Like those on Icarus  
And Daedalus won't cry  
Why us,  
More love for her  
The Earth and homeland  
With the yellow light  
To the moon...  
I travel,  
We travel  
Through crazy winds  
And the rain of bullets  
of snipers travels,  
We travel,  
We fly  
With the stars  
In the Starry Sky  
To Palestine!

## Palæstine



Pande Manojlov (*Manojlov, mcd*) is Macedonian a poet, short story writer, critic, and journalist from Macedonia. He is a member of numerous magazine editorial boards. He is also a member of Macedonian Writers Association. He has penned 22 books of poetry, short stories, children's poetry, and theater criticism. His poetry has been translated in many languages, including English, French, Russian, Arabic, Turkish, Serbian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Romanian ǝ

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Oh!!Lord

*Kapardeli Eftichia*

Lord of goodness  
Lord of love, Lord of life  
you who have blessed Heaven  
and the earth  
the heart of man  
Matching of desire  
the imperative and hope

Narrows the world  
angels and demons  
Oh !!!! terrible primeval forces  
free fire  
my ten fingers  
temples wisdom they hold  
eternal beauty  
eternal truth

In the path of the infinite  
the great soul of the world  
revealed  
Heroes of Poverty  
ordinary people  
protected by love  
outstretched wings

The land is Victory  
Lord is Victory  
man hope and desire  
as the root in the soil  
like the tree in blossom mingle secrets

In a good star  
a rustling wind  
a bird without a name  
at dawn awakening intoxicates

## Palæstine

The fallen flowers  
scented kisses  
Lord is winning in the heart  
wraps the truth with gratitude  
in another day of love  
in another day of joy

Gratis

# Palęstine



Kapardeli Eftichia has a Doctorate from Arts And Culture World Academy. She lives in Patras, Greece. She writes poetry, novels, short stories, haiku, and essays. She studied journalism AKEM. She has received many awards in national competitions

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# Palestine

## Oppressed Souls

*Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo*

I stand on Mount Nebo as clouds gather around above,  
In front of me lies this majestic, panoramic view  
Biblical places of Jericho and Jerusalem  
And immersed myself in a contemplative mood.

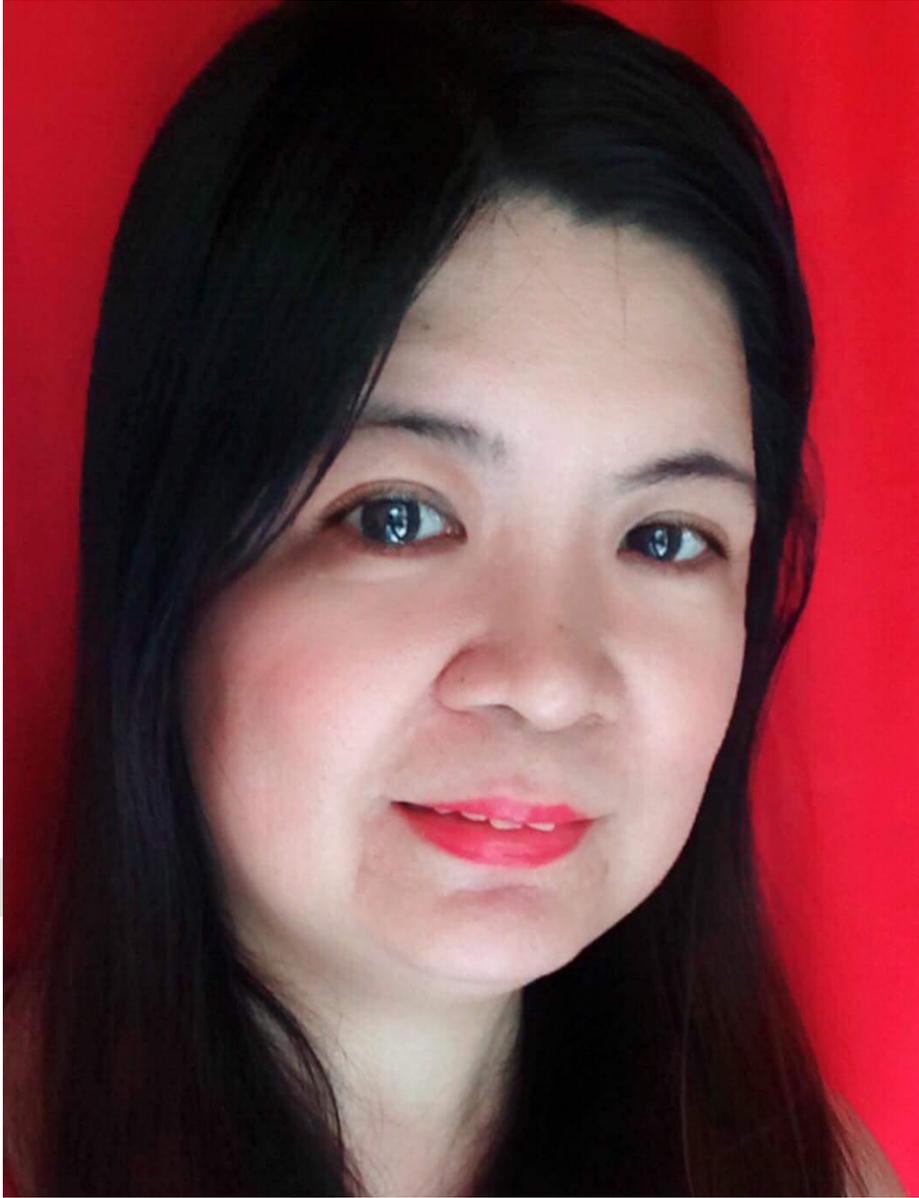
This mystic revelry brought me back,  
To the time Jesus was baptized in the Jordan River  
This Land of the Prophets where pilgrims often travel  
In search for their lost souls, blessed by the spirit of the gods.

The arid, dry land now cries in deep agony,  
Women and children and the weak in a miserable state  
Where even water was denied to them by evil occupants  
Bringing violence to a once peaceful birth land.

These walls built, witness to a thousand screams of protest and suffering,  
From the hands of strangers who stripped them of their dignity  
Prisoners captive in their own land, oppressed and enslaved by hunger,  
With even the dry river beds they expressed no mercy.

“Give back Palestine to its people”, I can hear their pleas,  
The Holy Land where many men walked and communed  
Let them marvel again at its holy mountains and miraculous valleys,  
Until freedom breathes calmness to their restless spirits.

## Palęstine



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded international contemporary author/poet from the Philippines. She has two published books: “Inner Reflections of the Muse” and “Seasons of Emotions” and co-authored more than 70 international anthologies. Elizabeth is the Cultural Ambassador to the Philippines for Inner Child Press International.

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## The City Of Stars

*Samih Masoud*

This is the city of stars  
brimming with dew and lights  
her tresses ascending above the domes of heaven  
her waves fluttering  
in perpetual dance  
There, you're within her now  
listening to her melodious voice  
in the evening  
You sleep and wake up  
to the memories of the place  
There, you're within her now  
dressed in wounds  
wandering among the shelves of memories  
collecting from your bygone yesterday  
all that has passed  
fragments  
ornamented  
with Wadi Nisnas \*  
Jlaim \*\*  
The Carmel \*\*\*  
the sea  
the Hadar \*\*\*\*  
and the thirsty trees  
of your house.

---

\* Wadi Nisnas is an Arab neighborhood in the occupied city of Haifa in northern Palestine.

\*\* Jlaim is a beach in Haifa

\*\*\* The Carmel is a coastal mountain range in northern Palestine stretching from the Mediterranean Sea towards the southeast.

\*\*\*\* Hadar is a neighborhood of Haifa located on the northern slope of Mount Carmel between the upper and lower city.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palēstīnē



Samih Masoud is a Palestinian poet, writer, and researcher. He is a co-founder and chairperson of the Canadian Center for Middle Eastern Studies (CMESC) and Al- Andalus Cultural Salon, a cultural branch of CMESC. In addition to his works in economics, Masoud has published 18 books of poetry and prose, including his poetry collection *The Other face of Days* and *Haifa... Burqa: A Search for Roots*.

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## Al-Aqsa is Being Lost

*Hassan Hegazy*

Like a soft rose  
in a sea of fragrance,  
like ambergris, like sugar  
like spring breezes  
besieged  
in his shy silence  
in his long patience  
between the beaches of frailty,  
tongue slips  
and the steps straying  
away from the right path  
besieged by fear,  
while we all are in deep sleep,  
Can we let it be lost?  
"may the eyes of cowards never know sleep!!"  
\*\*\*

A handful of tyrants,  
a handful of oppressors,  
enemies of life,  
have usurped the land  
and assassinated spring,  
As long as the voice of justice  
is flowing within the ribs,  
chanting, rising,  
ascending to heaven  
planting hope  
in the coming morrow  
a message of longing  
to the House of Allah,  
from the farthest east  
to the farthest west  
tears are falling,  
flowing,  
Begging,  
paying  
to God,  
renewing the covenant  
declaring it loudly  
with the wind,

## Palēstīnē

upon the wing of the morning,  
through ether:  
"Al-Aqsa is in the hearts,  
a moon in the roads,  
Its sun will never set,  
It lives in the conscience,  
from generation to generation,  
a candle in Hebron,  
a rose in Galilee  
It flows in the veins,  
as a newborn morning  
How could it be ever lost?!"

.....

Al-Aqsa will not be lost,  
Will never  
ever be lost.

It will never be lost

*Translated by Hassan Hegazy*

## Palæstine



Hassan Hegazy is an Egyptian Poet and Translator. He received his bachelor's degree in English, Education and Arts in 1982. He is a member of Egypt Writers Union and Egyptian Translators and Linguists Association. He has penned seven Arabic poetry collections. In the field of translation, he has published twelve books, which included ten collections of poetry and short stories by Arab writers that he translated into English, and two poetry collections that he translated into Arabic.

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## Do You Know What The eye of the Palestinians Were?

*Ehab Khalifa*

God created iron in a distant place  
in the last galaxy of the universe  
in a sweltering star  
greater than the history of tsunamis and storms  
greater than the history of the universe

With one gaze  
the star forms her eternal steel  
as a woman who weaves a scarf  
for her beloved

The star who begot steel and broke it in  
landed as a mother with her wild baby  
and as she landed  
her baby turned into an eye  
laden with cheers and with stones  
that with a hand wave  
or eye-lash motion  
created suspended gardens for peace  
and with a hand wave  
or eye-lash motion  
created a sea with whirls  
and with a hand wave  
or eye-lash motion  
created an iron cage

The baby became a Palestinian eye  
and when the star landed  
Palestine was formed

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Ehab Khalifa, an Egyptian poet and writer, is a member of Egyptian Writers Union. His poems and articles have been published in numerous Arab papers, magazines, and journals. He has published four Arabic poetry books: *More Cheerful than You Think* (1997), *A Bird Hit with Flu* (2006), *An Evening that Takes a Break on the Table* (2007), and *One Street Before the Night* (2008).

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## Let Her See Me

*Adeeb Naser*

She wanted to see me  
and went on searching among the faces  
hoping,  
now that my face has disappeared,  
I'd emerge bearing resemblance to my face  
and my shadow  
She sought refuge in silence and prayed  
She wanted to see me  
I was the only one far-off  
And despite the faces, she was  
far-off  
Why?  
And how can a withered mother be tormented  
and denied a peek?  
Let her see me  
It is her right, so deprived,  
to see me  
the right of bidding farewell and the right of motherhood

May God be on your side  
O woman of treasures  
hiding a thousand prayers  
a thousand supplications  
a shade for my summer  
warmth for my snow  
a sea for my waves  
and the peak of a mountain  
overlooking a detained stable,  
a grave, a lark,  
and perfection  
May God be on your side O mother  
I call you: Embrace  
the cross  
embrace  
the far-off

## Palestine

the near-by  
and say to your bewildered children  
I see him...  
My beloved sees me  
she sees me ...  
I see her...  
She'll always see me  
I'll always see her  
Oh, her soil:  
Be gentle to her.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palestine



Adeeb Naser was born in Birzeit, Palestine, in 1939. He received his Bachelor's degree in Political Science from the American University of Beirut. He worked at several radio stations in Palestine, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia, and as a journalist in Saudi Arabia and Iraq. Naser is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association, Palestinian Writers' Union, and General Union of Arab Writers. He has penned ten volumes of poetry, including *The Oasis of Sad Longings*, *Steps on the Road of Sorrows*, *The Seventh Blood*, *You Who are Coming*, and *I am Searching for Me*, and *My Olive Oil and Olives*.

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# Palæstine

## Let Peace Settle

*Jhimly Chakrabarty*

A beautiful land in the Middle East  
Questions the future and sacrifices of youth and their feat  
Struggle of years to free the land  
Let peace be the assuring hand.

Let potentials flourish with goodwill and hope  
Let Peace settle to shield and cope.  
A land in the Middle East  
Bounces back to life, each time it is pushed down to maltreat.

Sacrifices of elders shouldn't go in vain  
Innocents should no more wonder in disdain  
For somewhere in between these struggles wishes and hopes managed to survive  
Let future see a nonviolent vibe.

Let beautiful the land in the Middle East  
Find its lost peace

## Palæstine



Jhimly Chakrabarty, pen name JhimlyJolly, is an Indian creative writer, a multilingual poet, author and an editor. she is the editor of the anthologies, *Spilling Essences* and *New Creative Anteriority* vol.-1: an international anthology, she is also the author of the novel, *The Rose Garden*. Jhimly's work can also be read in various international Anthologies and Blogs.

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## Upon this Earth

*To the spirit of M. Darwish*

*Yousef Sh'hadeh*

Upon this earth  
The morning slept and I slept..  
Upon this earth  
Suns took a doze  
Upon the thresholds of the anemones  
As almond blossoms  
talking with April  
Under the space of its eternal frequency...

Upon this earth  
Skies of yearning  
Prayed on a chessboard  
Upon the bow of the heart  
pulling the arrows of nostalgia  
To the present of the violated homeland  
With the veins of the departed...

Upon this earth  
The morning was lost  
So I rose up...  
And sent  
My wind  
To this land  
As prostrating angels

Upon this earth  
I gave up  
My soul as the essence of love  
And I begot  
Upon it a crawl  
Infatuated with the jasmine

Upon this earth  
Eternity died  
And out of it the sap of the due date grew  
I rise

# Palæstine

And my prayers walk with me  
and you walk too  
I rise and you  
Are still guarding the earth

Upon this earth  
You were the Earth!

Upon the palanquin of life  
Are a coffin, a song and caravans of blood  
I threw  
my wreckage upon the covers of the coffin  
And shrouded  
The disappointments of my life  
to emulate the song of love  
First love and last love!

Upon this earth  
Martyrs did not leave the Flag anthem  
And the inkwell of life  
Lovers never abandoned the lines of verse  
Nor the fragrance of pain

Upon this earth  
The earth has become  
A puzzle of tears and blood!

## Palęstine



Yousef Sh'hadeh is a Palestinian poet and educator. He was born in Syria in 1965, and is currently a citizen of Poland. He is an associate professor of Arabic literature at the Arabic Department, Jagiellonian University in Krakow, Poland. He has published several books and many articles in literary criticism. He has also published three collections of poetry, one of which is in Polish. His poetry has been translated into Russian, French and English.

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## A Palestinian Prayer

*Ahmed Shaher*

I call on you  
and pray to god  
in every part  
in very valley  
I want my country  
It is not right that i live  
and yet be not alive  
surrounded  
with armies of death

Powerless I am  
Growling within me  
are calamities  
the loss of ports  
the aimless wandering  
in the sea of life  
are all droning within my bosom

Powerless I am  
Mountains of waves above me  
below me

Powerless I am  
For all that I covet  
Is a bed in my own home  
an olive tree

I am at your door  
praying O God  
Give me back my right  
I want my homeland

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Ahmed Shaher is an Egyptian poet, critic, lecturer and translator. He has participated in numerous poetry reading and received many awards. He has published two poetry books, and number of studies. He also translated a number of literary and poetry books into English, including poetry books for children.

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## What Leads To Me

*Saadeddin Shahin*

I held the madness of the wind  
within my grip  
and set the fog upon my mouth on flames  
I packed my sails  
and said:  
Here the tired one  
would be so pleased  
to take a rest

O shepherd of the clouds  
in their wilderness  
Do not command my clouds  
to rain out of season  
For I have my homeland...  
my storms  
and a land that has shaped me  
that I may go back to my remains  
where I kept the secret  
of the wounded one

I have all that gets me there  
and obliges me to lie prostrate,  
and be reassured  
under its cloud  
that it may rain as it pleases  
above my head  
whenever the memory is aroused  
and I go in pain because of Christ's passion

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Saadeddin Shahin is a Palestinian poet, critic, novelist, journalist, scenarist, and educator. He is a member of Jordanian Writers Association and Arab Writers Union. He has published eight books of poetry, studies about literary works by Jordanian poets, novelists, and short story writers, and numerous works for children.

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# Palestine

## On the Way to Sham

*Abdulla Issa*

On the way to Sham  
since the strangers threw their rifles and suitcases in Palestine  
the refugee camp has slept like an armless river, like me  
And the martyrs' cemetery,  
And their names on their tilting walls on pictures that withered while waiting for the road  
to Nazareth.  
We only remembered so that we may dream like a swallow  
and complain to our yesterday about the deferred eternity so that our wives' necklaces  
may not age in the mirrors.  
As if we were the water's shadows that aged upon those pebbles

On the way to Sham  
mothers prayed for us, and death missed us twice  
But since the strangers came,  
We've been cheered up by the wolves of the wilderness which descended on us from the  
imagination of the corpses passing by.

On the way to Sham  
they could not find anything in the maps save the biographies of the dead,  
and nobody in the vicinity noticed the cities that fell  
like a sudden call between the beards and moustaches of night visitors  
between the distant hills and the curve  
How couldn't we see your eyes before, O neighbor, without light?  
or see that your guests, O graveyard guard, were blind?

On the way to Sham  
Sham does not forgive like me  
save those she loves  
the one who's come to waken the war's dead  
narrating  
so that he may remember what the massacre said.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palestine



Abdulla Issa is an award-winning Palestinian poet, academic, translator, journalist, political analyst, and film producer living in Moscow. Abdulla graduated from The Maxim Gorky Institute of Literature and Creative Writing. He received his PhD from the Institute of Asian and African Studies, Moscow State University. In addition to his other works, Abdulla has penned more than ten books of poetry.

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**The Children of Gaza**

*Houda Hajji*

Children do not like  
loud noises  
nor the sight  
of blood  
Why O God  
are their petite bodies  
being exploded  
by cluster bomb fragments?  
Why do red creeks  
flow from their  
tender flesh?  
If you love them  
O God  
Let them have  
a gentle death

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Houda Hajji is a Tunisian poet, Haikuist, and educator. She has participated in several literary forums in Tunisia, Libya, and Morocco. Her poems have been translated into English, Italian, Spanish, French, and Indonesian, and published in Arabic and international papers and journals. Her Arabic poetry and haiku books include *The Ebony of Absence*, *More Delicious than Icecream* and *Between Two Riverbanks*.

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## Wild Chestnut

*Karima Nour Aissaoui*

Before the tears I split in two  
part of me  
leaves out of the crevice of mist  
as a torrent  
breaking into pieces  
before blind screens  
panting,  
breaking unto pieces  
behind the severed limbs  
of this child  
frozen on his rock  
carving an azure dome  
out of his will  
with the chisel of his soft bone  
There passes the owl  
advancing backwards  
quivering  
in the open space  
hiding in dark places  
from the beams of the martyr's light  
that ornaments  
the fog of history  
so that the feminine symphony  
may be sung  
Your voice O Ahd\*  
has awakened  
my other part  
lying in the brothel  
of absent humanity  
kneeling...  
creeping  
wallowing in the soil  
of the lady of the earth  
before a blonde lioness  
who has bathed  
in olive oil

## Palestine

and perfumed herself  
in thyme  
thus tearing fear  
into pieces  
and revealing the wrinkles of treachery  
She walks raising her fronds  
to heaven  
with the pride  
of a wild chestnut tree  
that has been watered  
from the veins  
of glorious Palestine  
embracing the dome of the rock  
away from the eyes of the enemy  
She raises the child  
and with his oozing blood  
ornaments the poem.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Karima Nour Aissaoui is a Moroccan poet and educator. She has a PhD degree in comparative religions. She chairs a number of international peace and cultural organization and is an active member of many more. She has peened two poetry books, and six books on various subjects, including an encyclopedia of Abrahamic religions, three studies focused on the Old Testament, a book about women writers in Morocco, and a book Moroccan short story. She al co-authored a number of articles on various cultural topics.

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Its Soil, O Nour \*

*Etaf Janim*

How many a beach in whose shells I hid  
a new tale of Sinbad of the wondrous presence  
and absence!

How many a ship suffered seasickness as I went on board!  
How many a star did I trifle with promising  
to bring her a basket brimming with  
figs and joy...

How many a house did I warm  
with fragrance, lush  
gardens and life within  
But I, O Nour,  
like roots in our country  
would feel disgraced  
if I spent a single night  
away  
from its holy water

Its soil, O Noor.  
flees from the fingers that peel and can  
flees from  
the mind of the executioner  
flees from rivalry among brothers  
flees from our shy neighing, from  
our weird stillness  
Flees... where... O where??  
when our anguished pulsing heritage  
drags it from the its collar  
to the silver of presence and faith

Behold...  
there in the constellations  
our birds... children... flags  
are wet blood  
And look at the hanging gardens  
surrounding the neck of the sky dome  
There, the fruits of dreaming shine above us  
so Juicy... so passionate  
gazing at you  
Extend your hands

## Palestine

Release your tongue  
I have abandoned this humpbacked age  
and smashed with my flaming slippers  
the trough of despair  
Hurrah! Now we pick the fruits of the dream  
and they greet us  
saying in conclusion:  
the soil is not ours  
but  
from the grandfather of the seventh land  
to the a star  
that opened the gate latches of the sky  
for our Prophet  
has returned to sing amongst us  
Ya mejana Ya mejana  
Ya mejana \*\*

---

\* Poet Nour Amer who came from Acca, Palestine, to visit the Jordanian Writers Association was surprised when the Palestinian poets living in Jordan poets asked him to bring a handful of Acca soil in his next visit.  
\*\* Maeijana is a type Palestinian folk singing.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palestine



Etaf Janem is a Jordanian poet of Palestinian descent. She was born in a Palestinian town in the West Bank of Jordan. She received her Bachelor's degree in Arabic literature in 1983. She has published four Arabic poetry collections: *For Atime That Will Come* (191983), *The threshing Floors... O Spikes* (1993), *The Repente*

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## At the Gates of Jerusalem

*Muna Abu Mallouh*

Here  
at the gates of Jerusalem  
I stand  
The tears of seconds  
take the tears of the bereaved  
so lightly

The rivers of blood  
have not yet dried  
as though they've just found out  
how different you are  
O my homeland  
from the rest of the world

Out of love  
I make a sail  
to come to you  
Out of oppression  
I make a light beam  
that reaches you  
Apologies Jerusalem,  
how we were like a mob

They have decided  
to cut you  
into segments  
They've pulled down homes  
They've broken ribs  
And we've become like objects  
on other people's tables

And ...  
they murdered him  
O mother  
The crucified  
my childhood  
at the gates of Jerusalem

## Palēstīnə

The word “papa”  
Has never moistened  
my lips!

Have we  
O mother  
Have we  
learned the lesson?

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

Grain's

## Palæstine



Muna Abo Mallouh is a Jordanian poet of Palestinian stock, whose father died in Jerusalem during 1967 war. She started writing poetry at a young age. She studied Arabic language and literature at the University of Jordan. Since then she has worked as an editor. She has participated in numerous poetry readings. She has two Arabic poetry manuscripts titled *Prose Poems* and *Heartbeats* respectively.

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## Treacherous breaths

*Lily Swarn*

Gaza O Land of treacherous breaths  
Where birds, babies and blooms  
May wither without a warning  
Where mothers sing lullabies in hushed tones  
For fear the song may freeze on their petrified lips

Gaza O land of a million graves  
Where roses never recite poetry for romantic souls  
Only lie in putrid heaps of mangled limbs  
Let us smell the fragrance of love  
Spare us the hateful stench of death

Gaza O land of traumatised youth  
Where revenge simmers beneath pale flesh  
Where fathers look with vacant eyes  
At progeny deafened with bazooka fire  
Asking the meaning of Israel

Gaza O land of  
Ancient history  
Cradling culture in its womb  
Protect yourself from tanks and guns  
Let children play and shriek with joy  
Let bombardments take a welcome break

## Palæstine



Lily Swarn is an award-winning Indian bilingual poet, writer, columnist, and editor. She is a gold medalist, Panjab University Colour holder for Histrionics and Dramatics. Her poetry has been featured in many International anthologies. She has published one poetry book, *Trellis of Ecstasy* (2017) and a book of article, *Lilies of the valley* (2017). Her poetry has been translated into numerous European and Asian languages

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## Wake Up Brother From Your Sleep

*Jaser Ammouri*

Our tribe...  
has been drowned in deep sleep  
Hey bird, strike their senses with your peck  
that some may wake up  
The trouble...  
is that the chief of the tribe is calling for sleep...!  
to facilitate the slave trade  
The chief of the tribe may eat the flesh of his own brother!  
Therefore, be not surprised to see us slipping  
to the bottom of a deep ravine  
Be not surprised  
that silence prevails among the party  
Be not surprised to see I have become a stranger  
here amongst my folks and friends  
What's really surprising is I am still loose  
on this path  
Brother, wake up from sleep  
Bring the sea to confront fight this fire  
or we'll all become humiliated slaves  
Join hands my brother  
with the team  
that we may save these sinking ships  
and open the door for the sun to rise.

*Translated by Mizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Jaser Ammouri is a Palestinian poet and educator born in 1935. He holds a doctorate degree in civil engineering. He is a member of Jordan Writers Association. He has participated in numerous poetry readings in Iraq, Kuwait, and Jordan. He tends to write poetry in the classical Arabic style, but he occasionally experiments with modern forms of poetry. He has published seven poetry books.

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## Nightmare, Gaza

*Mohammad Zahid*

You wake up at night-tide,  
with heart beating fast,  
sweating profusely  
from a dream  
of lush heavens  
invaded by a banshee;  
hold on, for it isn't a dream anymore,  
you live it every moment  
here in Palestine.

The ostensible flag-bearers  
of human rights spew death  
on those trying to hold on  
to their right to live,  
patches of land, houses  
decorated with their dreams,  
*karaz, mistakway, hummed,*  
intangible belongings,  
even olive branches.

They come  
They settle  
They steal  
They kill.

We live.  
We die.  
We keep dreaming  
the nightmare.

## Palestine



Mohammad Zahid is an Indian poet. His poetry has appeared in *The Four Quarters Magazine*, *Lakeview International Journal of Literature and Arts*, *The Ghazal Page*, *Muse India* and *Poetry.com*. He is a translation editor for *Muse India* and *Lakeview International Journal of Literature and Arts*. He has penned an award winning collection, *The Pheromone Trail*.

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# Palestine

## A deep sail, the Palestinian saga

*Seena Sreevalson*

Amidst the turbulent sea  
there is a ship sailing towards  
the land of peace.  
Have you seen their head  
crowned with olive leaves?  
Have you ever felt  
their trail induced flamboyant faces?  
Have you sensed their spirits?  
Fueling the pulsating wars?  
Beyond the thunderstorm  
the bond of love binds them together.  
A hope that can never be destroyed  
Even by the strongest weapon.  
Yes, they are sailing a tumultuous path  
but with a mighty mind  
towards the land of love.

## Palęstine



Seena Sreevalson is a poet from Kerala, India. She writes poetry in English and Malayalam. Her major themes include feminine sensibilities, nature, ecological issues and social issues. She has presented her poems in several national and international poetry festivals. Her poems have also been featured in many international poetry anthologies. She is a teacher by profession and also a classical dancer who experiments in visual aspects of poetry.

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# Palæstine

## a postcard from *Falastine*

*Khédija Gadhoum*

*I long for my mother's bread  
And my mother's coffee  
And my mother's touch.*

Mahmoud Darwish

and i keep looking for my mother  
her silk veil far gone for years now  
shattered memories dancing on a wash line  
still standing still & empty waiting  
for head scarves and unspeakable parables  
to heal this and that unfinished exodus.

*Falastine*, the land i sing and long  
for everyday adagios and open wounds  
you prevail against anguish and anger  
of ancient gods and men under siege yet  
so intimate like the seashells i used to collect  
along the west bank of my childhood.

when we remember how forgetful  
east and west we have become  
so estranged in the middle of it all  
so locked up within our tribal exile  
in reduced settlements barely "ours"  
we fail to taste bread in a stateless land.

it was 1967 and i was almost seven  
we used to play together after school  
and my mother used to bake and give you bread.  
we never questioned who we were  
we kept playing in the same patio  
one day you left without saying goodbye  
now i know you were jewish.

-borders-borders-borders-creeping-assaulting-unsettling  
settlers and familiar dreams  
-occupying-and-cursing-and-mapping-

# Palæstine

alien identities forging mo(u)rnings  
in annihilated tombs.  
mother, i called you several times  
against oblivion  
against the pain of what is lost and left behind...  
i am your daughter and here  
is your necklace of peace.

I assure you *Falastine* you are not  
“a biased question”  
“a vaunted peace”  
“a mediatized delirium”.

you do exist. free.  
a stoic gate in a world of disguised portals.

~ \* ~

*We were there.  
There were villages. There  
were cities. There was a  
Palestinian society  
before 1948.  
We do exist.*

Edward Said

## Palæstine



Khédija Gadhoun is a native of Tunisia, North Africa & American Citizen. Dr. Khédija Gadhoun specializes in contemporary Latin American literature and culture. She is currently a Spanish faculty, Spanish language supervisor, and study abroad advisor, in the *Department of Romance Languages*, at the *University of Georgia*, in Athens, Georgia, USA.

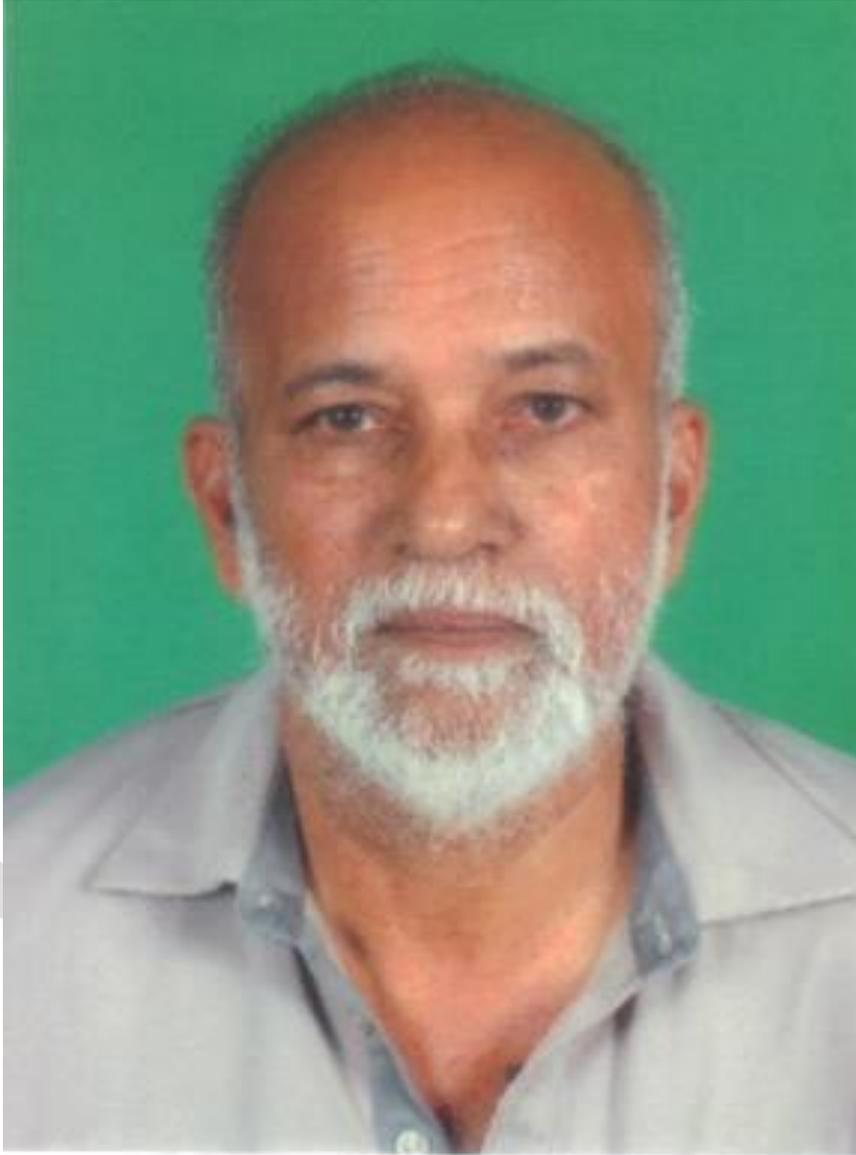
Her creative writing includes the poetry collections *celosías en celo* (Torremozas, Spain, 2013), *más allá del mar. bibenes* (Cuadernos del Laberinto, Spain, 2016), and most recently the translation in Spanish of *Voces desde Taiwan: Antología de poesía taiwanesa contemporánea– Voices from Taiwan: Anthology of Contemporary Taiwanese Poetry* (Mandarin, English and Spanish). *más allá del mar. bibenes*, is about to be published in Bulgarian language by Scalino Editors, Sofia, Bulgaria (2018).

## In the Park

*V. Ramsamooj Gosine*

For just when I thought foolishly  
Like the cow climbing the ladder  
My day was ceremoniously done  
Signaled by the streaking sunset  
Sat by me an old man in the park  
Worn out I mistakenly thought  
Who? He was dressed I could see  
Hibiscus red t-shirt blood-red pants  
An old man adrift?  
Seeking an audience?  
And he struck up a conversation  
Of things that were are will be  
Of changes anti-social undetected  
Especially of marriage co-habiting dogs  
Amazing how my antennas stretched  
As he enumerated sailing smoothly  
As if in a classroom lecture  
But he did make much sense  
I must unwillingly admit he did  
The soft yellow poui petals tumbling  
Adding to the floored green  
And from his bag a bottle he uncapped  
Water droplets clinging jewels streaming  
From which he sipped gurgling pursing  
Good bye son, he said, a baby's feet on petals

## Palæstine



V. Ramsamooj Gosine, was educated at Corinth Teachers' College and U.W.I, St. Augustine. His works have been published in newspapers, magazines and broadcast on the BBC. He has received gentle awards for his writing. He is the author of seven books, including his latest novel, 'The Twelve o' Clock Man.'

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## Jerusalem

*Monsif Beroual*

What goes around this town?

I see the pain

The sorrow in this land

The children killed

Because of the greed

Oh Jerusalem!

Dying many times in silence

No one heard her screams

The blood inside that holy place

The place of prophets

Christ and Mohammed

Oh Jerusalem!

What goes around?

The stones vs. the guns

The guns vs. the stones

Oh Jerusalem!

I see only the blood

Oh Jerusalem!

The land of sorrow

Her children die

Because the greed

And no one hear their screams.

# Palæstine



Monsif Beroual is a multi-awarded poet from Morocco, winner of Neruda medal award 2017. Pentasi B. World International Poetry Award Africa, Ghana 2016 and Pentasi B. World Hyderabad Poetry Award, India 2017.

Director of Morocco at the International Writers Capital Literature Foundation, India. He has been appointed Director of Youth in Morocco. His poems have been translated into Spanish, French, Taiwanese, Polish and Arabic; read on radio programs in: Canada, Chicago, Argentina and Mexico. They have been published in different international journals and anthologies.

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PALESTINE

*Alicia Minjarez Ramírez ~ Mexico.*

I am your land  
Mediterranean and semi-desert.  
Holy and blessed land  
Of pines, cypresses, olive trees,  
Almonds, roses and thyme  
In the mountains of Galilee.  
Where polyphonic essences of zatar,  
Savory, zumac, oregano and cumin  
Overflow the cornices.

Majestic land that forges - devastates  
Verses with rainwater  
In your barren palms,  
And writes poems  
In acacia leaves  
To avoid falling into oblivion.

That land of blood  
Crying the pain of their deads  
Breathes the agony of its streets,  
Rippling foreign flags  
In thresholds of the soul.  
Can the sky hear the cry of my people?  
Palestine!  
I shout your name, my beloved land!  
The land of prophets  
Blessing your steps  
With words of love,  
And red wine,  
Saved in barrels  
Of ancient clay pots.

Blessed soil emerges  
At dawn of springs  
In the dust of dark nights  
Under the Cisjordania's hills.

## Palæstine

That land of suffering and hunger  
Of false promises released  
In labyrinths of the years.

Gratis

## Palæstine



Alicia Minjarez Ramírez is a Poet, Translator, Singer, University Professor, Broadcast locution Radio and T.V. She was born in Tijuana, Mexico. She is an internationally renowned poetess and author who has won numerous awards including the EASAL medal by the European Academy of Sciences and Letters 2018 at Paris, France. Awarded "Pride of the Globe" WNWU, Kazakhstan 2018; Awarded "Universal Inspirational Poet", Pentasi B. World, India 2017; Winner of a special mention and a medal in the International Poetry Prize NOSSIDE Italy 2015, recognized by UNESCO.

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# Palestine

## Cry for peace

*Fernando José Martínez Alderete*

Peace is necessary for all, do not let it be a dream,  
enough of unnecessary violence.  
the light is for all, man is man's wolf,  
only love will give us the things that last.

Peace is required by children,  
chaste pearls of the universe,  
let us not fail them as humanity.  
I want to shout to the seas pity for the innocent.

No mortal being can judge the sin of another,  
have no right to take their lives for their ambition,  
less revenge for past matters,  
nor compel to believe what you do not want.

I call the world to a song of love to Palestine,  
sacred land of god and love  
I want to bring about peace with joy,  
carry as a flag the respect to the earth,  
loving beyond existence.

## Palæstine



Fernando José Martínez Alderete is a writer, poet, theater actor, radio producer. Born in Leon Guanajuato Mexico on April 21, 1977. His poems have been published in 63 anthologies in thirteen countries around the world and he is the author of two books, one of poetry and another of short stories.

## We Will Return

*A wish of a Palestinian Refugee*

*Dr. Shamenaz Bano*

We will return  
to our holy land, Palestine  
the land of Moses, Jesus & Mohammad  
Where stands high  
The Dome of the Rock  
the holy shrine  
where Prophet Mohammad once stood  
up high in the sky  
the beautiful Al-Aqsa Mosque  
with its beauty and majesty,  
witnessing the changes of time.  
The Nakba of 1948  
forcefully created Israel  
occupying the lands of Palestine  
and killing innocent natives  
Oh! Zionist forces

You have to pay the price of it.  
No matters you launch  
massive attacks, air strikes  
you can occupy our lands,  
but not our courage & determination.  
Palestine will be free,  
from the river to the sea,  
And we will return to  
the bride of Mediterranean,  
our beautiful Palestine.  
@ Shamenaz

## Palæstine



Dr. Shamenaz Bano is the Author and Editor of 9 Books, *‘Verses on Racism, Resistance and Refugee Crisis Vol I’*, *‘Shades of Life’*, *‘The Celebration of Our Voices’*, *‘Trends, Issues and Implications in Asian Women Writing’*, *‘Women Poets: Within and Beyond Shore Volume I & II’* and *Feeling for You*. She is currently teaching in S. S. Khanna Girls P. G. College at Allahabad, India. She has contributed poems to many international poetry Magazines & Anthologies.

# Palestine

## Bleedy

*Anwar Gheni Jaber*

## Bleedy Olive

I won't die because my bleeding is from the roots of lover olive, and you know the lover won't die. Yes, it is me, Palestine; the bleeding olive where the sunset wears the sad veil and the sun cries every morning. You have beautiful eyes but your heart is blind can't see my bleeding and you can wear a special nighty smile, but your coat is not white because my blood colored you chronicle.

## Bleedy Land

I am the bleeding land. Look at my windows; they are broken and look at my doors; they are stolen. When my birds open their eyelids, no reviving fragrance colors their souls and when my voice reaches your courtyard, your hands become empty and your face disappears as an absent tale. I am Palestine; the land of sadness; my girls did not know dolls, and my boys didn't see play.

## Bleedy Beauty

I have a long hair, but the arrogant winds pluck out my roots. Yes. I have beautiful eyes. But the violent smiles fill my colors with bleed. I am the bleeding beauty; I know everything but gladness. My legs are broken and my arms are smashed but my heart stills love you. It is me, Palestine; the beauty incarnation but I know; you won't do anything because your heart is rocky.

## Palæstine



Anwar Ghani Jaber is an Iraqi poet, writer and artist. He was born in 1973 in Babylon. His name has appeared in many literary magazines and anthologies and he has won many prizes; one of them is the "World Laureate-Best Poet in 2017 from WNWU". Narrative expressionism and digital expressionism are his peculiar styles. Anwar is the author of "Narratopoet"; (2017), "Mosaic"; (2017) and other 50 books.

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Poem : Gaza 'O' Gaza

*Ahmed Nisar*

Gaza 'O' Gaza,  
Under the hood of Naza

Your struggle for freedom  
And the pious martyrdom

Touching the hearts of all  
Your freedom never go fall

One should learn the spirit  
The innate treasure and merit

Your fight against the might  
Like David and Goliath's fight

The kids you have not just the kids  
The heroes, the warriors bids

They have the wings of fire  
To fly up to the freedom desire

Their spirit of journey has begun  
Where brutal missiles ends fun

Gaza 'O' Gaza

Leave not hope, bear some pain  
Your Children's blood, Go not in vain .....

## Palæstine



Syed Nisar Ahmed, pen name “Ahmed Nisar” was born in a traditional family, in Chittoor District, Andhra Pradesh, India. He served as a teacher and got voluntarily retired. Now he is engaged in Poetry in Urdu, Hindi and English languages. He authored books on Communication Skills, Anthologies in Urdu Rooh-e-Kainaat, Sukoot-e-Shaam. He is also a social activist.

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# Palēstine

## Oh Gaza

*Mario Rigli*

Thin strip of my heart  
Drained of blood because of the bloodshed,  
Strip of my soul  
Between sea and sand  
Under a sky of fire.  
And the sand castles explode,  
The castles of dreams explode too  
And the tender limbs  
Of children playing  
Explode.  
The human beast digs  
In the clear eyes dreaming about future  
But dark for fear.  
Oh little strip of my heart  
Down blood-mangled Gaza.  
Oh Gaza.

*Translated from Italian by Peppino Riso*

## Palæstine



Mario Rigli is a poet, painter, sculptor, writer, and translator. His first work, "*Laurine*," a book of tales, was published in 1985. His poetry collection "*Imaginary Nectar*," was published in 1995. A second poetry collection co-authored with his son Philip, "*A Ticket To Hell*," was released in 1998. Mario's poems have been anthologized and translated into English, French, Spanish, Arabic, Hindi, Pangasinan, Portuguese, Macedonian, Russian and German. He took part in numerous poetry readings, within and outside Italy.

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# Palæstine

## For Gaza

*Veronica Golos*

On the rim's thin edge, they hang on,  
feet dangling, fingers sliced.

Meanwhile, I scrape at poetry, the vast  
scope of language, the debris  
of civilized speech. My punctuation - pared  
to a period.

The rind of polite is bitter, off center, a bit nauseous.  
The thread of lyric at its end.  
I burn it. Passion – not poise. A stone against massacre.  
My mouth fills with stones.

I am sick from beauty. I would bleed out language,  
keep the stubs of fingers,  
the afternoon's bombing, the keen smell of broken. Children  
dead, wrapped in plastic, male mourners on their knees.  
Someone keeps saying my name, as tanks pummel my words  
to ash.

## Palæstine



Veronica Golos is the author of *A Bell Buried Deep*, winner Nicholas Roerich Poetry Prize (Story Line Press); *Vocabulary of Silence*, (Red Hen Press), translated into Arabic and winner of the New Mexico Book Award; and *Rootwork*, (3: A Taos Press).

Golos is co-editor of the *Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art*, former poetry editor for the *Journal of Feminist Studies in Religion*, and core-faculty for the *Tupelo Press Seminars*.

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## The very few

*Salah Abu-Lawi*

*For Mohammad Lafi*

The very few  
are at the beginning of God in the notion of creation  
and the last seed the harvest left for the winter

The very few  
are not borne by the earth  
they bear our planets  
from one agonized heaven to another

The very few  
are the ones who protect our dreams from the night,  
and with horses overflow at every water

The very few  
are the ones who read the country  
orphan  
by orphan  
and remember bereaved mothers as an anthem  
which they recite for the martyrs at the end

The very few  
are our names that have escaped death  
are our thought  
the form of our souls in the mirrors of clarity  
our smile in the clamor of wailing

The very few  
are those who leave the palm trees behind their steps  
and whose water can be found by the birds  
in hollow nights

# Palæstine

The very few  
are  
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s

*translated by Nizar Sartawi*

Grain's

## Palęstine



Salah Abu-Lawi is a Jordanian poet of Palestinian descent. He was born in Zarqa, Jordan in 1963. He has published several poetry collections including: *I Wish I Were A Stone In Your Hands*, *Clouds Paint My Biography*, *I See Trees*, *Talk Be Exalted*, and *A Palestinian Inscription On The Roof Of Damascus*.

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## Have mercy on Us

*Mahmoud Alazharey*

We won't sail the sea again –  
have mercy on us  
Give us peace  
We hated sailing the sea  
When the seas became polluted with fanaticism  
in the name of a holy god  
a holy human  
a holy place  
a holy party  
a holy newspaper  
We will dissolve ourselves in the dust  
for we find its bitterness sweet  
we find its heat a great tree  
as dust is our homeland  
Take the seas and  
give us peace  
Take the oil and  
give us peace  
Take modern weapons and  
give us peace  
Take the borders and  
give us peace  
Have mercy on us.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Mahmoud Alazharey is an Egyptian poet, critic and translator. His poetry has been published in Egyptian and Arab magazines and newspapers. He has published a number of poetry collections, in addition to a collection of poetry by Italian poet, Maria Concetta Arezzi, which he translated into Arabic.

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## The Story of Soldiers

*Iyad Shamasnah*

A female soldier talked to us.  
Said she: you cannot pass,  
as if she had a poet's imagination!

She was oblivious to a beloved  
beyond the expanse  
who's been telling the tale  
from generation to generation.

In a single kiss  
I kissed a thousand tales  
about a lover, a knight, or a thief

These lands  
are but a map that had been painted  
with our blood, and consecrated  
for them who suffered long with patience.

O Rita's sister,  
our gun has come to an end  
but we are a generation  
pouring into another

Born out of perseverance  
like a mountain  
crowned with predators.

Our blood is the certitude  
our pledge is in our necks  
both are obliged  
to wage war against the assassin.

A female soldier who'd come  
from another country said:  
Your defeat is the answer  
for the agnostic.

## Palęstine

O Rita's sister,  
we are lovers  
and for lovers  
the despair of a stumbler  
never works.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

Gratis

## Palestine



Iyad Shamasnah is a Palestinian poet, novelist and essayist. He was born in 1976. He holds a master's degree in building organizations and human resources development. He has published six books, including two collections of poetry and two novels. In addition, he has written numerous articles and literary research papers for newspapers and magazines.

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# Palestine

## Vortex

*Eliza Segiet*

Drawn into the vortex of hatred,  
we try to understand  
why the world is changing.

Every day,  
some war takes away someone's tomorrow.

In the morning he said:

*Whoever we are,  
it is good to be able  
to be a joy for others.  
We will not live again.  
We will try  
to exist despite their will.*

In the evening he stopped talking,  
they silenced him!

*Translated by Artur Komoter*

# Palęstine



Eliza Segiet – Master's Degree graduate in Philosophy.  
Author of the Month (June) in *The Year of the Poet 14* in the USA  
Author's poem "Questions" was the Publication of the Month (August 2017) and the  
International Publication of the Year (2017) in Spillwords Press

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## In the daily newspaper

*Alicja Maria Kuberska*

Today in the newspaper there was a long article  
About a cruelly murdered woman.  
The note, at the bottom of the page, mentioned  
About the destroyed Kurdish city.  
Death has a different number of verses.

It was not profitable to lower the price of milk.  
It was better to pour the white sea into fallow land.  
Worth enough to buy a few tanks and planes.  
Defense industry is driving economy.  
The word "suffering" does not exist in the accountancy.

In Palestine, the bombs destroyed the school  
On the photo, a group of children like a flock of birds,  
sat outside on the wooden benches.  
The door to education was smashed.  
Ruined childhood has sad eyes.

They wrote whom to love and whom to hate.  
You do not have to think and ask "why".  
Everything is decided and very simple.  
When the indifference grins in a smile  
The war's turmoil lurks behind our door.

## Palęstine



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She writes both Polish and English. She is an author of many volumes. Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, Czech Republic, the USA, the UK, Belgium, Bulgaria, Hungary, Albania, Italy, Spain, Argentina, Chile, Israel, Canada, India, South Africa, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan and Australia.

She won : medal on Nosside poetry competition in Italy, medal of European Academy Science, Arts and Letters in France, statuette in Lithuania. She was also twice nominated to the Pushcart Prize in the USA.

Alicja Kuberska 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.

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## The Detainee

*Dr. Ahmed Alrimawi*

When lightning flares up in the summer  
And the calm of calmness sings

When the squeaking of the fence  
Scents of poetry

When thunder goes on a stay-in strike at night  
And the prisons of prisons revolt

When the veil of silence is secretly unbuttoned  
When homes smile at promises

When night is squeezed by the blade of whiteness  
When the water of hope...  
Brings the basins back together

When the gate of return is so delighted  
With the winking of the lamp

When the flock of resistance perches on the thresholds of insurrection  
When détente grows leaves

When the heart of presence becomes green  
Then the detainee will bring us  
A bouquet of victory  
A bundle of light

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palęstine



Dr Ahmed Alrimawi is a Palestinian poet, writer, researcher, and politician, who dedicated his life to the defense of Palestinian people in their struggle to return to their homeland. He was born in the town of Beit Rima, near Ramallah. In addition to his numerous books, studies, and articles he penned about 15 poetry books. He is a member of numerous literary and cultural organizations.

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## Declare Your Rebellion

*Ahmed Abu Saleem*

Declare your rebellion  
a capital  
for the fall of the flag  
Trees have a language  
scattered, borne by the wind  
The fire is ablaze  
This world is but the regret of a free man  
The metal-like homeland is a container  
And cities are a "dump" for dreams  
No country lies within you for which to take off your sandals  
and prostrate yourself to wash off the dirt of sins  
All things seem so smooth  
You have no homeland but your sandals if you lose your way  
as if your self is shattered  
A delusion... a delusion...  
One corpse ... two corpses  
three slain... four... one hundred...  
a million or more  
"Ahhhh" son of a bitch  
How many corpses do you need  
to build a balanced homeland  
or even ...  
a broken home  
that won't lodge a couple of pigeons?

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palestine



Ahmed Abu-Saleem is a Palestinian poet, novelist, and critic. He is anti-Zionism activist. He has participated in various readings and festivals in a number of Arab capitals and cities, and in radio, TV, and Journal interviews. He has penned five poetry collections and four novels. Many of his short stories and poems have appeared in poetry collections, magazines and newspapers.

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## Delirium

*Mariam al-Saifi*

A white star  
hanged in the darkness of my imagination  
and light emerged sliding  
trying to melt the night  
But the waves of the dark  
accumulated in its sea that expanded  
everywhere  
among coasts crowded  
with a rock that went dizzy  
and was eroded as it melted  
trying to collect  
the remains of its fragments  
and the waves went higher  
At the bottom of the sea  
storms went screaming in its depths  
rolling it... turning it from side to side  
Its face sank to the very bottom  
and light glowed from it  
in the depths  
It called:  
Here I'm rising  
filling the conscience and the soul  
Melt O you rock of fear  
and delirium  
Embrace the light of a star  
that hanged and filled the horizons  
so that the world may brighten  
with all lighthouses.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Miriam al-Saifi is a Jordanian poet of Palestinian descent. who is well-known for her 30-year-old literary Saloon. She has published a number of poetry collections, including *And Silence Unbosoms Itself*, *The rose Of Absence*, *Waiting*, *Punches in the Baskets of Light*, *The Prayer of Wheat Spikes*, *Songs For Joy And Grief* (2007), and *The Rose Of Absence*.

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## Dew For the Flowers of Peace

*Anwer Hafeth Helal*

The thunder clouds of peace  
illumine in the dark  
and pour tunes in my ears  
a fluttering of the doves' wings  
their distant rains falling on the desert of dreams

Without you O dignified dew  
coming now and then  
the bars would've torn the prisoner's heart  
Oh, that face of yours passing in the evening every year  
illuminating in my maze the thoughts of peace  
bringing as the distant sea gentle breezes

O crevice in the wall of revolting discrimination  
through which my heart peeps  
on these last days  
of raging war  
leaving nothing for love  
save a few pigeons' dreams  
and a little dew for the heart's flowers  
or for the blossoms of time.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Anwer Helal, a Palestinian poet and writer, is a member of the General Union of Palestinian Writers. His poems and writings have been published in newspapers, magazines, and on the web. He has published a poetry collection titled *The Train Windows and Olives*. He also has four poetry manuscripts.

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## The Land Of Olives And Doves

*Muhammad Azram*

Let me take you  
To the Unfortunate Land  
The Land of Olives and Doves  
Where Olives grew with pride  
And doves cherished those Olives  
Then, something peculiar ensued  
The Land of Olives and Doves  
Hit by strong misfortunes  
Got Surrounded and suffocated  
By The clouds of misfortunes  
And started overpowering  
With never-ending rains of blood  
And vultures started encircling  
The space above and preying  
Every singing dove  
Cherishing safe shelters of olives  
Suffocated all atmosphere  
And those stroppey living consequences  
Made the remaining doves flew away  
And every Olive seed  
Think twice before breeding new Olive  
Within an atmosphere  
Filled with the smell of blood  
Lamenting the unfortunate fact  
That there will be no dove  
To welcome its new breed  
And no Dove will hover around it  
Come to set on its branches  
And pluck leaves to sings songs of peace  
In The Land of Olives and Doves  
The Waning Voices of Victimized Doves  
Echoing from everywhere  
In The Land of Olives and Doves  
Olives are breeding with blood of victimized Doves

## Palæstine



Poet and writer Muhammad Azram hails from Pakistan. Muhammad Azram emerges onto world of literature with no formal institutional background within literature, yet he lands firmly into lands of art and literature. Muhammad Azram's literary work continues to be published and translated into international languages and resides in international anthologies and magazines.

Link

<https://www.facebook.com/muhammad.azram.79>

## My Right To Have My Beloved

*Mohamed N Elramady*

I demand the right to go back to the heart of my beloved  
the eyes of my beloved  
the dream of my beloved  
For there  
is the rock from which I ascended higher  
and saw with my own eyes  
how my alphabets transformed into gold  
and my words into light  
Angels washed me of my sins  
my misery then transformed into joy  
Insomnia abandoned me  
so I slept on her bosom

I demand the right to return to the source  
of my magical inspiration  
and my pure beloved  
so that I can play like a little child  
on her pure soil  
on a day of celebration  
For she comes third after Allah and His Messenger  
Third after my mother and father  
Third after water and life  
In the universe she comes before the stars  
and before the moon  
She comes first  
before humankind

I demand the right to return  
before the Day of Judgment  
before the sun sets in the East  
with her I understood perpetual glory  
and I prayed on her threshold  
and called on the Lord  
that I never lift my sword except in the face of falsehood

I demand the right to return  
so that we can breed and multiply  
she and I  
so she can give birth to gods of peace

## Palestine

and gods of freedom  
and gods of justice and beauty  
other than those mythical gods  
that myths will talk about  
when they return with the truth

I demand the rejection of pledges  
all pledges  
the pledge of blood  
the pledge of captivity  
the pledge of chains  
all but the pledge to the Lord  
So do not let me plead on the borders for long  
kissing the gates and begging  
suffering in anguish  
and longing and fervor

O God tell me  
how did the traitors expel me from her heart?  
And I  
who never ate the apple  
How did my body become bare through some agent  
and I became like a drifter on the paths of the universe?  
Who defends me today  
and fights  
to send me back to the heart of my beloved?  
Or brings me a mulberry leaf  
to cover my body and my nakedness  
or to make it my shroud  
on the day I die  
O God tell me  
before I die

NOTE According to Islamic religion, on Judgment Day, the sun will rise in the West and set in the East.

*Transalted into English by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Mohamed N Elramady is an Egyptian American poet who lives in Alexandria, Egypt. A member of writers union of Egypt

Mohamed has published ten collections of books, some of his poems have been translated into thirteen languages

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## Palæstine

### For Layla Al Ghandour: A Gaza child [14 MAY, 2018]

*Dr Santosh Bakaya*

The eight-month-old green eyed child  
nestled next to her granny's chest  
sending her into a joyous tizzy.  
Busy, busy, death was busy  
Changing shapes, wearing masks  
dutifully doing his duty, his deadly tasks,  
sometimes hidden under a draft of acrid gas,  
at times under gunfire.  
Not wanting to be a loser, he crept closer.  
Closer.  
Closer to the child,  
wild eyes glinting with a predator's spark,  
Stark.  
There she lay, the green eyed child,  
limbs cold and blue, just eight month old  
with a headful of gold  
whose gurgles of happy mirth  
now no longer could be heard  
on the hate ravaged earth.

From a warm embrace to a cold one,  
the child had shifted; now it nestled  
close to death's shoulders  
as her distraught family  
wrestled with anguish, cuddling  
the muddled memories of an eight month old,  
who had glowed with a headful of gold.

The birds flocked to their nests  
as arguments and counterarguments,  
more lethal than poison gas, swirled in the air.

“Layla, Layla”, the mother cries,  
smothering her sobs, choking on a pall of black smoke.  
Private pain now stands juxtaposed against a political cause.  
A bloated vulture sitting atop a tree gloats

# Palæstine

as a murky darkness engulfs them all.  
Death crawls, bends, and lowers himself,  
his cold arms now embracing the leftovers.  
Pleased as Punch, his jaws crunch on, munch on  
lunch on.

## Palæstine



Dr Santosh Bakaya is an academician - poet - essayist - novelist - biographer , Dr Santosh Bakaya is an internationally acclaimed writer , who has won laurels for her poetic biography of Gandhiji, *Ballad of Bapu* . Her other books which have been appreciated are *Where are the lilacs? Under the Apple Boughs* (Collections of poems); *Flights from my Terrace* (A collection of personal essays) .Her latest book, a novella , *A Skyful of Balloons* has just hit the market .

## Peace will Prevail

*Ghazi Al-Mohor*

I'm being chased,  
I neither have a land nor a sky  
I'm being chased,  
running in the wilderness  
where am I to go  
when peace is just a mirage?  
How could I survive  
behind illusions of hope?  
Genocide everywhere  
Wherever I look  
I see nothing but blood  
Weird notions are dominating  
in people's minds  
Antagonism is everywhere  
I have become helpless,  
no hope for my steps!  
I'm powerless, I'm just a lie  
What would happen if darkness comes?  
Will the horizons bring us good omens  
that we may celebrate the dawn  
of the sun of life?

Despite the fire of affliction  
we must live in peace  
and love, that takes us all in

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palęstine



Ghazi Al-Mohor is a Jordanian poet of Palestinian descent. He has been anthologized in many Arabic poetry compilations. He published Arabic poetry books include: *The Words of the Moon* (1996), *The Neighing of Words* (2001), *Long live The Homeland* (2008), and *The Creeks of wishes* (2012).

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PALESTINE: The Golden Morrow Sings

*Zaldy Carreon de Leon Jr.*

I

O healing trumpets sound and the raging drums,  
The sandstorm is calmed, the high mountain's war:  
This day the victors and the fallen are unknown,  
Names innumerable scattered like flowers grown,  
In the desert before the golden morrow sings!

Of the whistling wind, the adoration of the blood,  
The morrows are still in defeat while man is at odd,  
Hence the sun allowed the sparkles of light,  
Grasps the singular breath of blessings until the night,  
Clad in the sunset of hope proclaiming their God!

In what direction should I ask about tomorrow's fate.  
Are there any sages to answer such inquisitive bait?  
Race upon race, blood upon blood, age upon age,  
The clamor and the joy roamed together in a stage  
Where every actors dissented whether to smile or hate.

Bright days are wild, among the lilies white,  
Stomping on its sands, dancing fire gracefully high,  
As each damsel brought a jar of century-old wine,  
To the joys of the masters whose names are time,  
As eternal flames, oracles' wisdom mimicry.

The wanton scare, and the illumined mind,  
Greedy young hearts, old age's long slaving hate,  
Of life's improbable – witnesses to their own flags,  
Raised above their heads, the night never stops,  
In its sages' golden words, tomorrow's never late.

II

While, in the summers, the toil kept on its knee,  
An ode in their nerve, a retreat to the humbling beasts,  
This land of poets and saintly hearts endowed,  
A beauty beyond tomorrow's face enthroned,  
As if a vale serenity, a sculpture from the east!

# Palæstine

Tell, dear, about the prayers found on its wall,  
And the hidden clamor that dried on your burning soul,  
How many more summers are there in my count,  
Thrice as plenty as the names rolled in vellum roll?  
Ah, as many as the sands that cover the ground.

How exceptional your olives and well watershed,  
For thousands of years, the witnesses are filled and fed,  
Until everyone is deemed to serenade the sun,  
With time's only worthy breathe is from angelic tongue,  
Time and place, eternal name – emblem in the mead.

The force and power, symbols of their might,  
The running horses and the warmth of the camels pray,  
Of lilies in the spring, white rose on their heads,  
The jackals and rabbits niche, life's teeming sheds,  
Calls of the wild, in the night, starlight along the way.

What beauty is told worthy – beyond the silken east?  
Has any partake to the solemn dignity of each skin?  
Philosophy flies like a black raven, at least,  
And returned as a white dove in the early spring,  
Where there is life, where there is love, there is peace.

### III

But until the moon is red, and the sun kept an eye,  
The sands are warriors, beyond its walls is a grin of death;  
While thousands of years have passed in the wound,  
A tiny white flag is covered in velvety red dye,  
Ready to dust the walls, and rise above each other's earth.

Then, come, O savior, enlight the moon to joy  
And calm the men of lion strength and do not destroy  
Anymore; the world's tiny, and it refuse a height,  
As the sun, in a shady arm, let fate spoke tonight,  
That it may bless tomorrow, and another day of ploy!

The sands are crying, and the time is dying,  
Our pride betook us ten thousand miles away,  
A halfway smile, a half-time hug, and a sudden gray,  
Let brothers unto brothers save another day

## Palæstine

For the sun to rise messianic, anyway.

Only that to see what happens truly in this land  
When they return to be witnesses in that very day!  
My dear, listen to me carefully, shall I withstand  
The heat of the summer desert, the peril in its play,  
The worst is not yet over: thirst is just a par delay'd.

Hymns of glory and race's honor deemed a skill,  
To furnish one's identity somewhere in a hill,  
Push a shoulder, and draw a line across the river,  
And let the sun dry it until its refreshment is over,  
The next generation shall sing under its fabled zeal.

### IV

Forsake not the hours each peaceful truces play,  
As if a star in a waiting to shed its light away,  
Yet, a strong ray from a comet, an omen or worst,  
There is a story in the future that might rehearse  
Tomorrow under hate, under fright, under flaws!

This peace is feeble; and the remains are despair,  
Like a drum beaten with a horses' shiny hair,  
The melodies are twice delightful in this array,  
Yet no melody is heard, no rhythm measured; say,  
O bring me sound, bring the honor on its chair.

Until the day is fruitful, the night rose a comet,  
The stars fulfilling the dreams of those who dares,  
Yet the past is over, for a while, there is none to lament,  
But tomorrow's golden favor; While an oxen stares  
And the goats are around the mead, plenty spent.

Follow the vision of the past; until the words are passed,  
The motives are clearer than ever – ever as it was,  
A song of brotherhood never heard before,  
A beauty rose, scented jasmine, chamomile restores,  
Fill the haystack with dreams as truthful as a lore.

# Palestine

V

Let the chrysanth bloom, and the jasmine smell,  
Across the desert, and the sea beyond its face,  
Though harsh the heat, heaven in a scorching hell,  
The templed history beneath each sunken grace,  
A land of sonorous chant, lifted highly as well.

The land of honey and milk, the sound of children  
Happily playing the flute and harps of the eastern glade,  
Yet the play is not anymore every second when,  
The fire may come, and the rain are stupidly laid  
In a rainbow, in a column, or within each border's end.

The poet who marked them words of inspiration,  
A star that marked the era from celestial revolution,  
A butterfly, a smooth waterfalls, encircling a path!  
The boulder that separates tomorrow from the past,  
All of these hugged time in utmost admiration!

O Palestine, the world saw your heart and soul,  
The eminence in your name, the faults in the wall,  
The flickering light in every charlatan hours,  
A minstrel who awaits delight; a rainbow sours,  
Yet tomorrow is never vain of a hope for one, for all.

Tell me, how many days are left to sustain,  
When I need to comprehend what the ancients attained?  
Would there ever be a song to hear again,  
Or the voices of the people are weak and pained?  
When would a poet write about its golden aim?

End.

## Palęstine



Zaldy Carreon de Leon Jr is a graduate of both secular and ecclesiastical institutions. He has degree in theology, intercultural studies, and education. He is a regular contributor to international literary journals and anthologies. He lives at Bataan, Philippines.

## Quagmire of Blood

*Fahredin Shehu*

A sweaty forehead of a child  
I see while he approaches nearby  
and plays a soldier  
fighting a real enemy who destroyed his toys  
and burned his books, and demolished his house,  
and dismantled his dream.

The dream of becoming a Man  
to kiss a bride and get birth to life  
and I smell the skin of the tormented one  
of another one who plays the enemy  
in the most bizarre outfit.

One day Jerusalem I prayed in Al Aqsa when we separated  
then to Galilee and Nazareth and passing *Via Dolorosa*  
and came to the Church of Marry to offer a prayer- a healing one,  
healing my wounds, healing your wounds, healing wounds of  
mother Earth, the wound that constantly bleeds and became  
a quagmire of blood in the navel of the earth where  
the cord of gold linking to heaven was cut off.

This was my lament, weeping, shaking earth  
beneath my feet, waiting the bruise to turn yellow  
and human consciousness to turn awake and ponder  
on collective crime of being silent.

## Palæstine



Photo credits to Branden Banko, Ljubljana, Slovenia, 2017

Fahredin Shehu was born in 1972 in the village of Rahovec in Kosovo and graduated from Oriental studies at the University in Prishtina. He is a poet, writer, essayist, editor, an independent researcher of the world spiritual heritage and sacral aesthetics, and a calligraphy enthusiast. He writes mystical and transcendental poetry, prose, essays, articles, etc. in Albanian and English. His poems have been translated in over 20 world languages. The more recent of his works include: a selected poetry *Crystalline Echoes* (2011, Portugal), the collection of essays, columns, and articles on culture, art, and spirituality *Makadam i Smagradtë* (Emerald Macadam, 2012, Kosovo), the novel “Hojet” (Honeycomb, 2013, Kosovo), *The Pen* (2014, Serbia), *Pleroma’s dew* (2012, USA), and the epic poem *MAELSTROM – The Four Scrolls of an Illyrian Sage* (2014), in which he writes about spiritual visions and the author’s creative unrest that oscillates between Theurgy and Revelation, *Elixir* (2017, Italy), *Bonds* (2017, USA). Shehu’s poetry has been translated and included in many anthologies and literary journals the world over and he is a frequent guest of literary festivals.

Shehu won many international prizes and he is nominated for Pulitzer Prize for 2018.

# Palæstine

## Smoke of a never-ending war

*Norbert Gora*

I know the place where war  
has an unending feast,  
where the smoke of conflagration  
covers even shiny tears,  
there, joy is as rare as the red moon,  
the symbol of this land is a torn wound.

A country so far away from our imaginations,  
bathed in a boiling pot of military fire,  
peace would like to slip in unnoticed,  
but there is no gap under the gate.

Let's pray for the rain  
born of the drops  
of the most wonderful silence,  
let it extinguish the heath of conflict,  
fueled by faces with mouths full of platitudes,  
let's pray for the wind that can blow away  
the smoke of a never-ending war.

# Palęstinez



Norbert Gora is a 28 years old poet and writer from Poland. He is the author of more than 100 poems which have been published in poetry anthologies in USA, UK, India, Nigeria, Kenya and Australia.

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**Blessed are the Meek**

*Tom Higgins*

She awoke under the rubble  
The weight pressed down  
Her breathing laboured,  
She tried to move  
But she had trouble  
Feeling her legs  
Or her arms or hands,  
Only her mind was not numb  
She could hear the screams,  
She could see the flickering flames  
She could taste the dust,  
And smell the blood,  
And the bitterness of burnt meat  
Rising from below her  
Within the smoke and  
The heat.  
She tried to shout  
She raised a squeak  
She was four years old,  
"Blessed are the meek."

## Palæstine



Tom Higgins is a sixty four year old man, who has lived in West Cumbria since. He was born here in Egremont in 1954. Tom is married with two daughters and also a proud grandfather. He started to write at the age of fifty six, having previously never written much more than business reports, and the odd postcard. He also started to try and draw and paint when he was sixty one, and says he is still learning.

## Tribes from Below

*Gail Weston Shazor*

I cannot see my toes  
Buried beneath layers of cotton  
And cows  
Below this pleated skirt  
I have never had so much skin  
Available to the burning sun  
The colors so different  
From the brightness  
That used to dot the landscape  
And kept us safe  
This is a different knowing  
This conformity of europeanism

We are hostages in our land  
Re-writing what we knew  
Into the ideals of our saviors  
All the while whispering about  
Freedom  
The sitting bull speaks of intifada  
And the taking of scalps  
Slowly practicing the movements  
Of the rituals of conquests  
Former and imagined  
And the why of breeding for sustenance  
And of armies

We are told of beginnings  
While we are ending  
And there is no reclamation  
Of our stories and lives  
So we dress our children in  
The cleansed ethnicity  
Of those who live  
In the land of diaspora

# Palæstine



Biography : Gail Weston Shazor

Each time i approach my biography, i find that it has changed. Every day i live increases what i have done and in a very real way, who i am.

The labels that have not changed are these; mother, grandmother, daughter, sister, cousin, niece, aunt, lover and all the other reinventions that we ebb and flow through as women. i am a lover of the written and in awe of the spoken. i am a poet, a writer, a photographer and an advocate for those who have not found their voice...i live life, i want to change the world one block, one garden, one heart at a time, one ink at a time and help the next ones to come be the humanitarians i strive to be

Ashe'

## Talk

*Aziz Moutassir*

The pens of the geniuses  
Mozart's melodies  
Marcel's solos  
and Shakespeare's poems  
talked to me  
about love  
and about the time that has passed  
about the density of darkness  
and the vending of peace  
about the naked shame  
that has melted the candles  
caused the flowers to shrivel  
besieged me with misery  
sent security  
to void  
and let bodies fall victim  
to the yellowness of autumn  
and storms of winter  
They talked to me about  
the streams of blood  
to placate evils  
among the nations of jasmine  
about oppression and dreams  
in the age of gallows and punishment

The rustling of my alphabets  
is a nap for doves  
virgin parks  
not yet pollinated  
living the ecstasy of desires  
Their eyes see impurities  
Their tongue talk of beauty

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palæstine



Aziz Mountassir is a Moroccan poet born in the city of Casablanca Morocco March 30, 1961 Married and father is living today in the north of the Kingdom of Morocco practiced the profession of teaching as a professor of 30 years of modern in his poetry renewal and transcendence of tradition in his language and structure and subjects even said, there is traditional poetry and modern poetry and there is precious poetry. His poems have been translated into Amazigh, French, Spanish, Italian, English and Japanese

Link:

[www.facebook.com/aziz.mountassir.180](http://www.facebook.com/aziz.mountassir.180)

## Oh my Home

*Ibrahim Alaraj*

Oh my Home  
I am your captive  
Away from you,  
my heart has been ripped  
my ribs torn  
for your moaning  
into two sighs  
Your honey I have not tasted  
nor have I been embraced by your spring

Oh home of proud passion like stars  
I'm your martyr who cannot bear  
to be taken away from you  
nor has the friendly night surprised me in my bed  
for two moments

My home, you are more tender than sleepy roses  
O longing, enough of tears pouring  
on your Jerusalemite soil  
O my home, symbol of my joys  
symbol of peace  
Why is my heart so infatuated with you  
for the seasons  
Oh my home, dome of dreams  
salt for the bread of the wretched  
looking for amity  
in the hearts of peace advocates.

*Translated by Nizar Sartawi*

## Palestine



Ibrahim Alaraj is a Palestinian poet born in the city of Nablus in 1951. He studied mechanical engineering at Shanghai university. Most of his poetry is dedicated to Palestine and Palestinian people, but he also writes about love, peace and humanitarian subjects. Alaraj currently lives with his family in Ramallah

Link:

[https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100010712701093&ref=br\\_rs](https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100010712701093&ref=br_rs)

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## Oooh Palestine

*Shareef Abdur-Rasheed*

Listen! voices scream  
as a nightmare dream  
surreal it seems  
what does it mean?  
this land, people speak  
all the history, blood, love,  
celebration, tragedy,  
stories abound of sights,  
sounds, voices speak  
profound the genocide  
speaks loud  
blood integrated in the  
stones, soil soaked in  
blood of millions  
they lived, loved, worked  
blessed was their harvest  
goats, sheep, camels, just think  
if only they could speak  
oooh but maybe you don't know  
Palestine is an exercise in time  
of mankind's glory blessed,  
and crimes attest to this special  
land, people  
their beliefs, similarities, differences  
they lived here many years in peace,  
harmony but of course then there was  
hegemony  
this patch of land, people living, dead  
all part of a litmus test  
mankind's ability to rise to be the  
very best yet seems to succumb to  
the lower flesh  
replacing humility, tolerance, respect  
with pride, arrogance, lust to be  
dominant, injustice became, remain  
prominent  
oooh Palestine you are the measure  
of time  
a mirror to view no matter Christian,

## Palestine

Muslim, Jew the best and worst of you  
Palestine you are like no other  
you loved, lived, died yet remain  
very much alive despite all the pain,  
blood that flowed in the land the  
prophets\*(aws) walked and loved  
continue to this very second  
yet you thrive ooh Palestine  
to remain a centerpiece divine  
as it has been throughout time.  
a measuring rod of mankind

food4thought = education

\*(aws) = peace and blessings on them

# Palęstine



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 :

[www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed](http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed)  
[zakirflo.wordpress.com](http://zakirflo.wordpress.com)

# Palæstine

torn

*hülya n. yılmaz*

how can you even begin to understand  
when all you ever saw was a callous-hearted photograph  
of a savagely soul-emptied land  
or grasp the devoted dedicated commitment of its people  
to their justly attained long-labored traditions and customs  
cradled within the tenderly nurtured gentle realm  
of their age-old civilization?

how can you even begin to conceive  
where these precious fellow-souls  
gather the countless pieces of their insides  
after witnessing the slaughter of their babies  
or what happens to that infant-innocence  
if it survives the annihilation of its elderly  
long enough to avow that it will further survive?

why don't you look around  
can you really not see  
the multitudes of suffering abound?

torn inside and out  
you still just go about . . .

“Business as usual” rules, you say?  
better yet, the passé overrules  
any likely change in our busy-ness  
and stays put on its mighty swing set  
to carefreely sway its mundane existence away  
from the highest high of a ceiling  
to the deepest hole in the ground

## Palæstine



A recently retired college professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and the Director of the Department of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International. She is a published author and a literary translator between English, German and Turkish. Some of her work has been presented at numerous poetry events in Kosovo, Canada and Jordan, with a pending appearance in Tunisia. Her poetry has been published in an excess of fifty-five anthologies of global endeavors. On May 25, 2018, hülya has been honored with a WIN Award –Writer’s International Network of British Columbia, Canada. She is currently working on two books of poetry –one in English, one in Turkish with her own English translations, a collection of short stories and a fictional autobiography. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

[www.facebook.com/hulyasfreelancing/?ref=br\\_rs](https://www.facebook.com/hulyasfreelancing/?ref=br_rs)

[www.facebook.com/NHulyaY?ref=br\\_rs](https://www.facebook.com/NHulyaY?ref=br_rs)

# Palestine

## Palestine

*william s. peters, sr.*

The blood was being let  
Upon the streets,  
The dirt roads,  
The villages,  
The olive groves

The artists,  
The activists,  
The people of ordinary means  
Painted pictures  
Of remembrance  
Upon the walls  
Of the settlements,  
The refugee camps,  
The museums,  
Their hearts,  
Their consciousness,  
And that of their children,  
So they would not forget  
Who they are

Bullets and love both  
Take lives . . .  
One gives cause  
For martyrdom  
The other is matrimonial

Oh my beloved Palestinian,  
We are wed to the land  
In spite of  
Who may lay claim  
To it's soils  
And mountains of majesty  
For we are the forever harvest  
Of the fruitful seed . . .  
Of Palestine

# Palæstine



William S. Peters, Sr. aka Just Bill is a award winning global poet, writer, activist for humanity. His poetry and prowess has been acknowledged and translated all over the world. He is the Chair Person of Inner Child Enterprises and Inner Child Press International. He utilizes these vehicles along with his poetry and other writings to champion the cause of consciousness, peace, love, acceptance and compassion for all of humanity.. His personal perspective is that ‘life is a garden’, and we must plant seeds of good intent, light and love that we all may harvest a sweet bountiful fruit. Inner Child Press’s ‘by-line’ is ‘building bridges of cultural understanding’. This is his inspiration. Bless Up.

Links

[innerchildpress@gmail.com](mailto:innerchildpress@gmail.com)

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

other

Anthologies

of

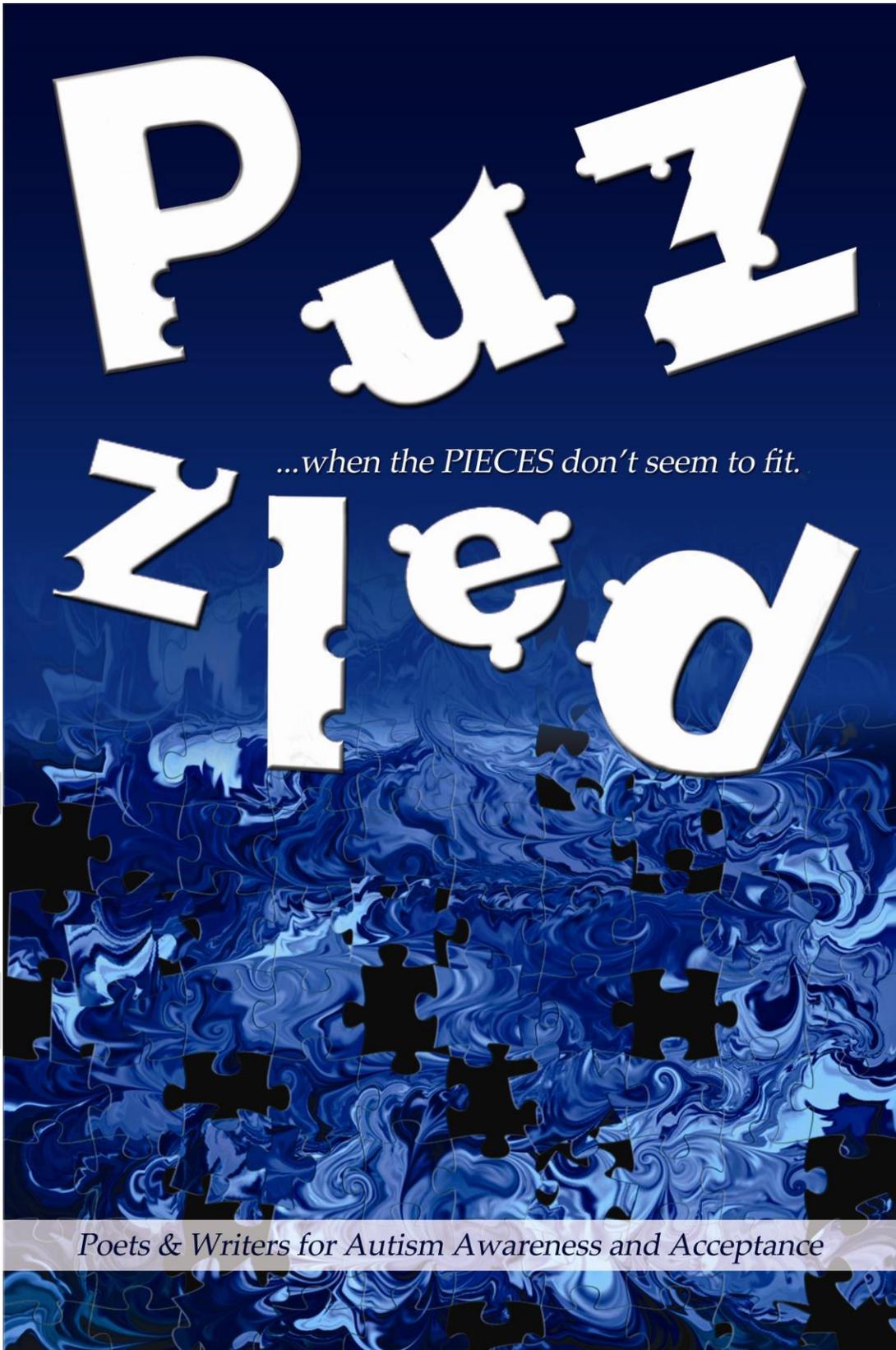
Conscious

from

inner child press international

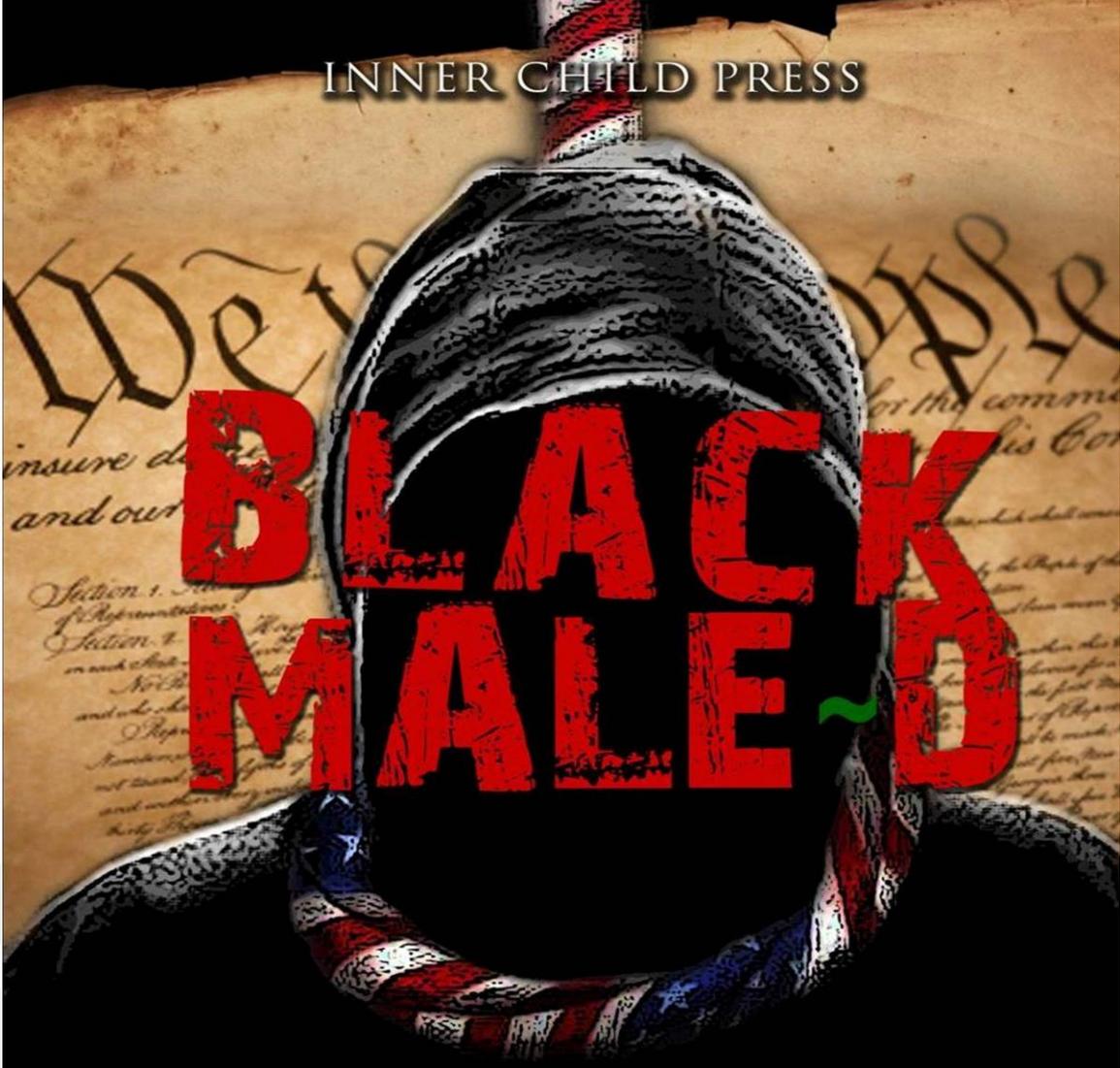
available at :

[www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-market](http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-market)



*Poets & Writers for Autism Awareness and Acceptance*

INNER CHILD PRESS

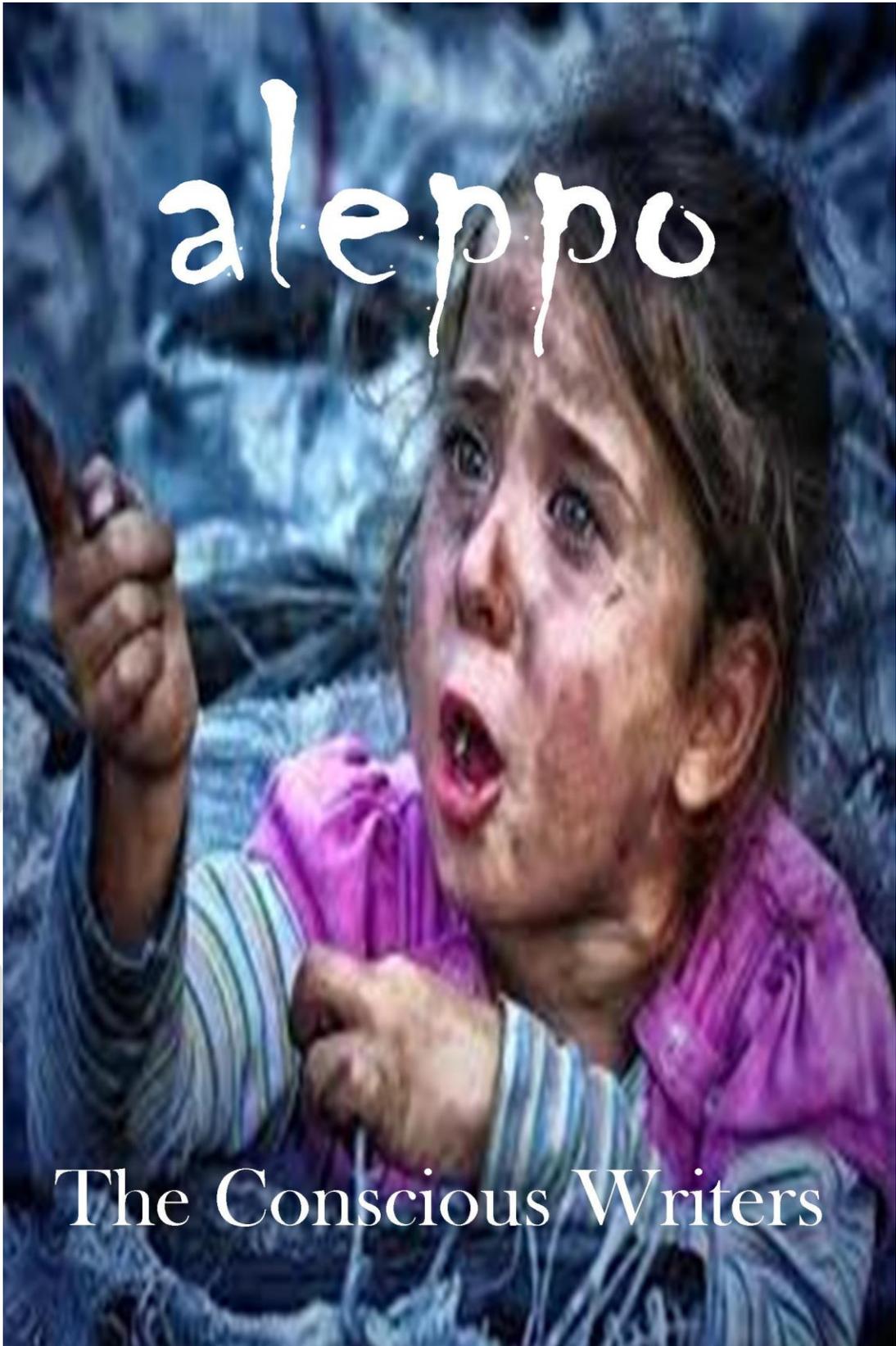


**BLACK  
MALE**

## The Black Male Writers

with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin

aka **H. Rap Brown**





# *healing through words*



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



want my

**P** **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**

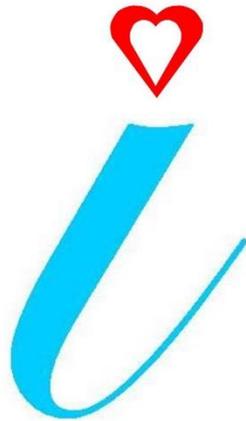
to . . .

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

*Monte Smith*

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

*Monte Smith*



want my

POEtRy

to . . .

volume II



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

*Monte Smith*

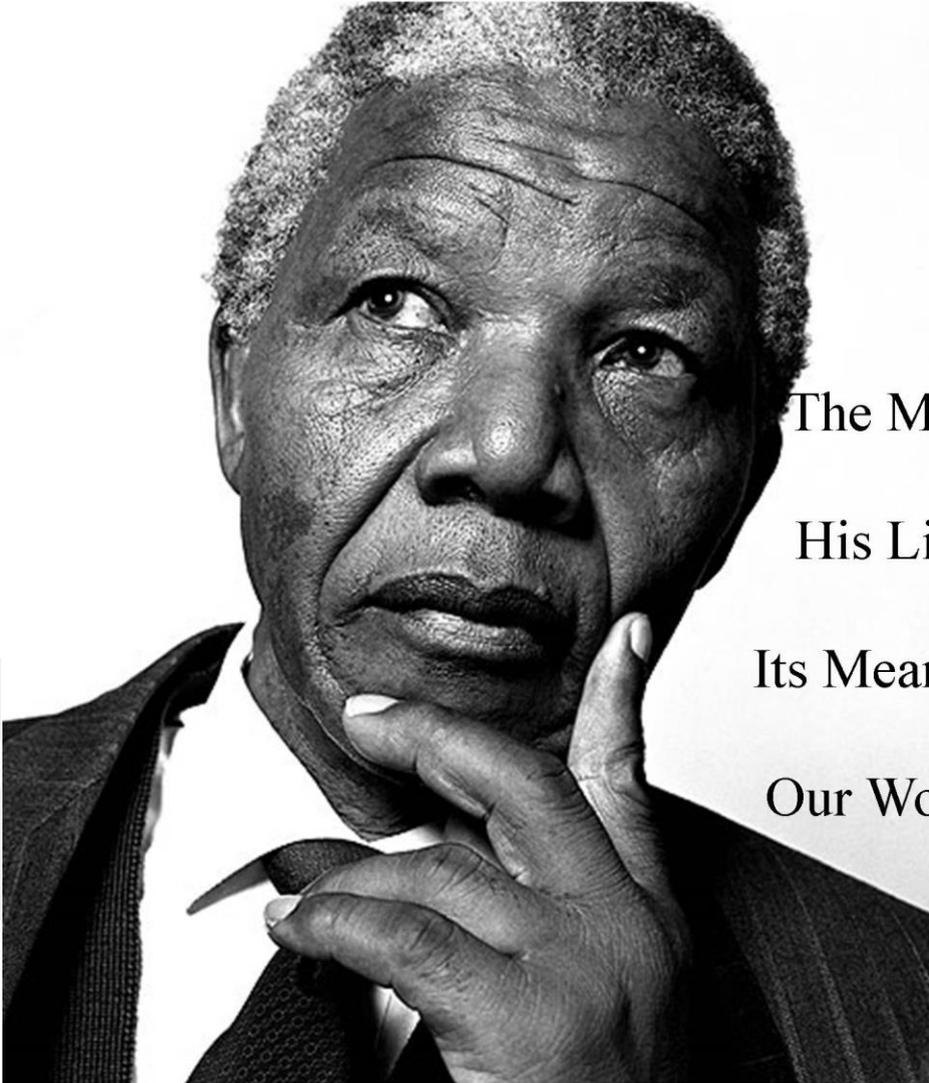
Dengên helbestvanên kurd ji Rojava

# Kurdish Voices

from Rojava

A Kurdish - English Poetry Anthology

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

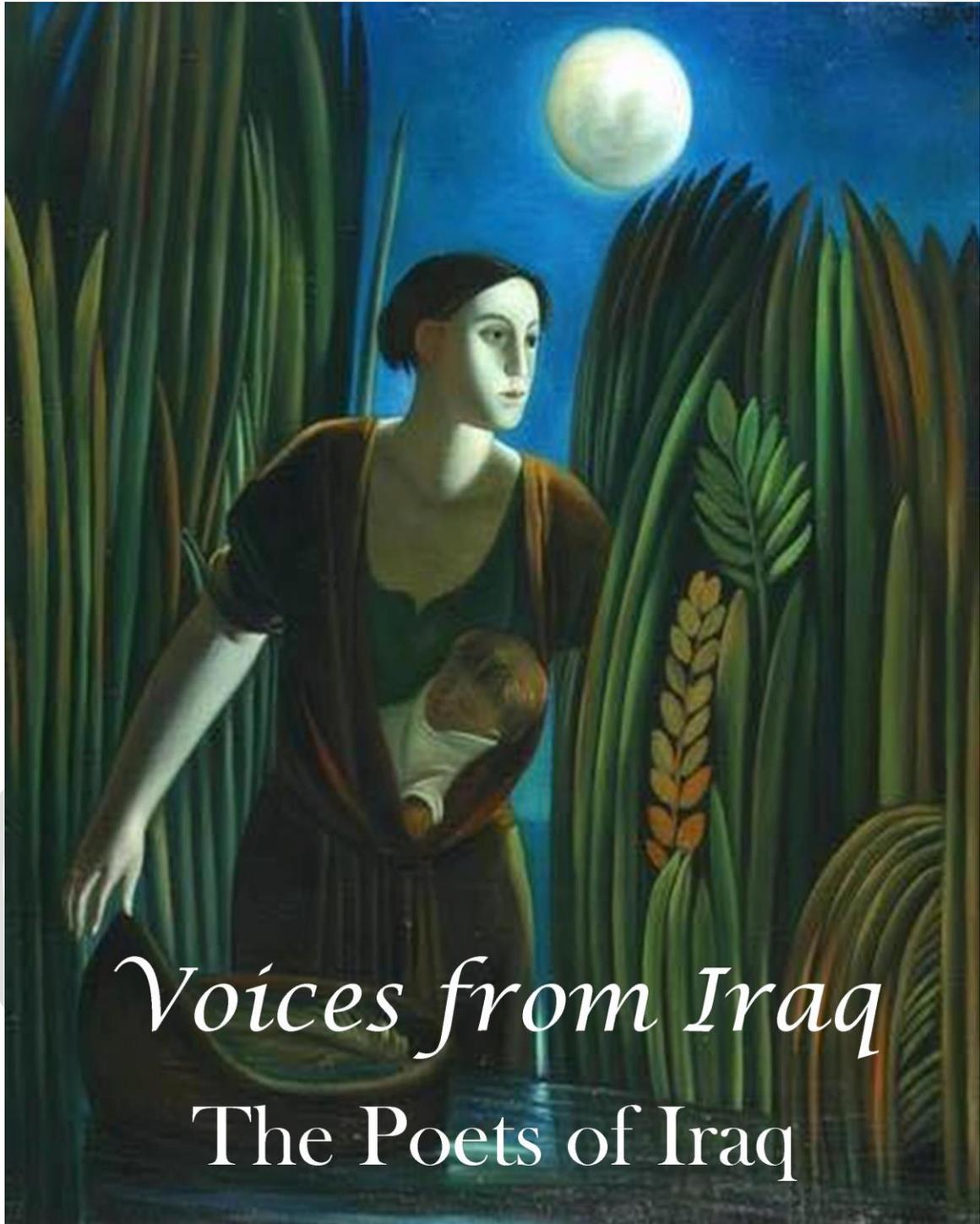
Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

# A GATHERING OF WORDS

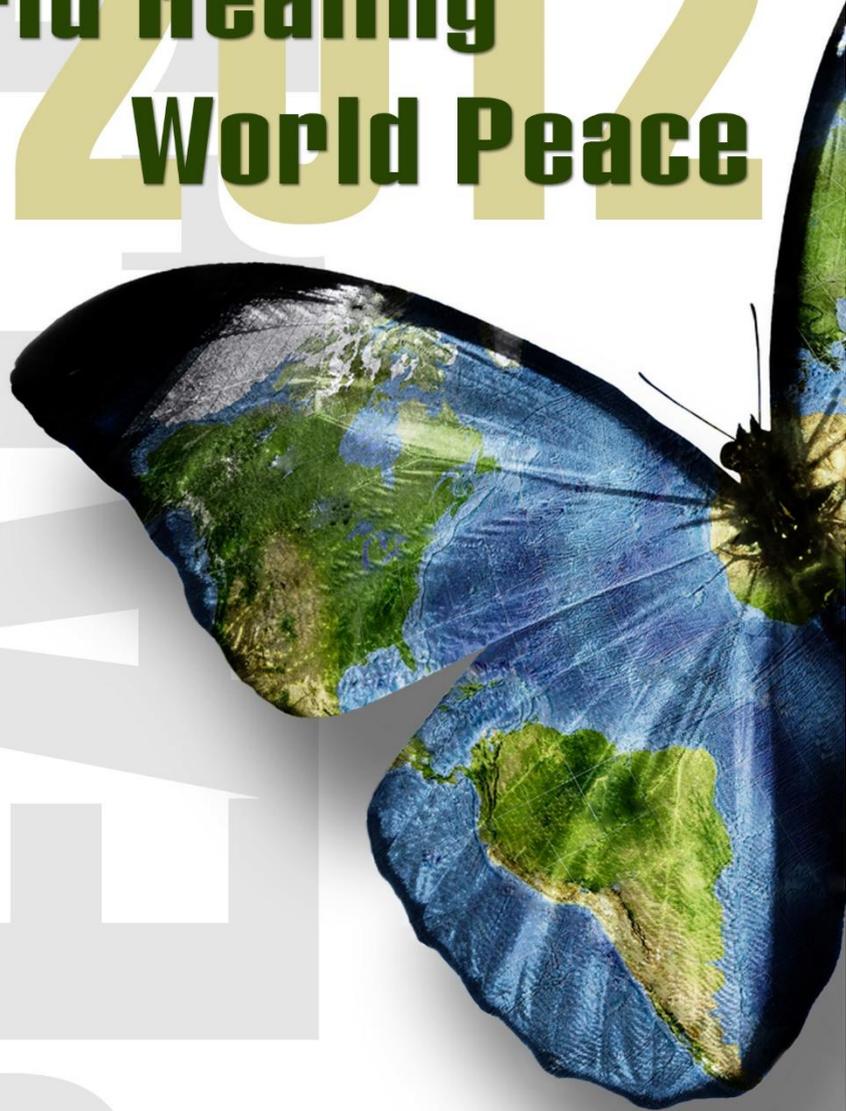


POETRY & COMMENTARY  
FOR  
**TRAYVON MARTIN**



*Voices from Iraq*  
The Poets of Iraq

# World Healing World Peace



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

# 2012

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

*Volume 2*

INNER CHILD PRESS



# World Healing World Peace



A Poetry Anthology 2014  
*Volume 1*

INNER CHILD PRESS

# World Healing World Peace



A Poetry Anthology 2014  
*Volume 2*

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WORLD HEALING  
WORLD PEACE  
2016



**A Poetry Anthology for Humanity**

INNER CHILD PRESS

# WORLD HEALING WORLD PEACE

2018



**A Poetry Anthology for Humanity**

## The Year of the Poet January 2014



Carnation

### The Poetry Posse

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

### Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

## the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

### The Poetry Posse

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

### Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

## the Year of the Poet

March 2014



daffodil

### Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

### The Poetry Posse

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

## the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

### The Poetry Posse

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

### Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newbery  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

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**The year of the poet**  
May 2014

*May's Featured Poets*  
ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

*Dedicated To our Children*

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'finite Carrasco  
Siddantha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neslu Wali  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

*Lily of the Valley*



**the Year of the Poet**  
June 2014

*Love & Relationship*

*Rose*

*June's Featured Poets*  
Shantelle McLin  
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy  
Abraham N. Benjamin

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'finite Carrasco  
Siddantha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neslu Wali  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



**The Year of the Poet**  
July 2014

*July Feature Poets*  
Christiana A. V. Williams  
Dr. John R. Strum  
Kolage Olanrewaju Freedom

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'finite Carrasco  
Siddantha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neslu Wali  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

*Lotus*  
Asian Flower of the Month



**The Year of the Poet**  
August 2014

*Gladiolus*

*August Feature Poets*  
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins

*The Poetry Posse*  
Janice Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert In'finite Carrasco  
Siddantha Beth Pearce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Haninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neslu Wali  
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
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# The Year of the Poet

September 2014



### September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

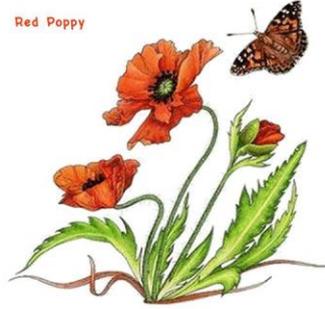
### The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Call Weston Shazor • Albert Infrate Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Saret P. Caldwell • June Rugg Barefield • Debbie A. Allen • Tony Herzingen  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shereef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burkhann • William S. Peters, Sr.

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy

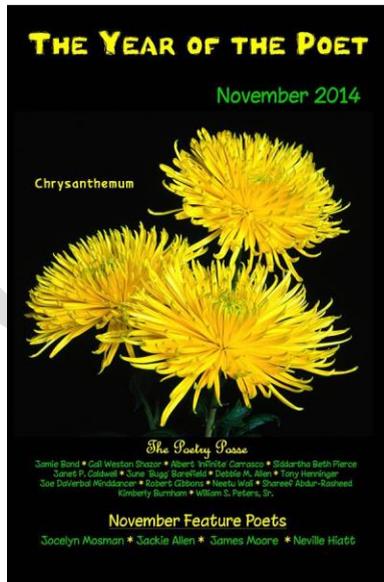


### The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Call Weston Shazor • Albert Infrate Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Saret P. Caldwell • June Rugg Barefield • Debbie A. Allen • Tony Herzingen  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shereef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burkhann • William S. Peters, Sr.

### October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaSendra Padhi • Elizabeth Castillo



# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum

### The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Call Weston Shazor • Albert Infrate Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Saret P. Caldwell • June Rugg Barefield • Debbie A. Allen • Tony Herzingen  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shereef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burkhann • William S. Peters, Sr.

### November Feature Poets

Socelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hia66



# THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus

### The Poetly Poets

Jamie Bond • Call Weston Shazor • Albert Infrate Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Saret P. Caldwell • June Rugg Barefield • Debbie A. Allen • Tony Herzingen  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Shereef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burkhann • William S. Peters, Sr.

### December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WhittenPatt • Santos Castro • Justice Blake

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**THE YEAR OF THE POET III**  
January 2015



**Garnet**

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

**January Feature Poets**  
Bismay Mohantzi \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

**THE YEAR OF THE POET II**  
February 2015



**Amethyst**

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

**FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS**  
Iram Fatima \* Bob McNeil \* Kerstin Centervall

**The Year of the Poet II**  
March 2015

**Our Featured Poets**  
Heung Sook \* Anthony Arnold \* Alicia Poland

**Bloodstone**



*The Poetry Pesse 2015*  
Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DuVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
April 2015  
Celebrating International Poetry Month

**Our Featured Poets**  
Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Pesse 2015*  
Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DuVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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**The Year of the Poet II**  
May 2015

**May's Featured Poets**  
Geri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chimmery  
Anna Jakubczak



**Emeralds**

**The Poetry Pesse 2015**  
Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hilysa N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
June 2015

**June's Featured Poets**  
Anahit Arustamyan \* Yvette D. Murrell \* Regina A. Walker



**Pearl**

**The Poetry Pesse 2015**  
Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hilysa N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
July 2015

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



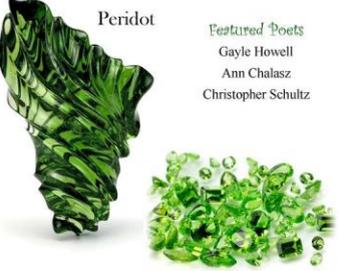
**Rubies**

**The Poetry Pesse 2015**  
Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hilysa N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
August 2015

**Peridot**

**Featured Poets**  
Gayle Howell  
Ann Chalas  
Christopher Schultz



**The Poetry Pesse 2015**  
Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shelu \* Hilysa N. Yilmaz  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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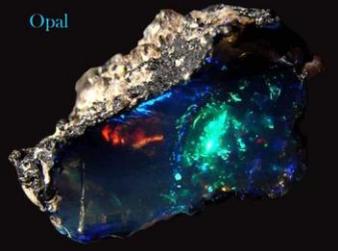
**The Year of the Poet II**  
 September 2015  
 Featured Poets  
 Alfreda Ghee \* Lonnice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Passe 2015*  
 Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
 Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
 Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

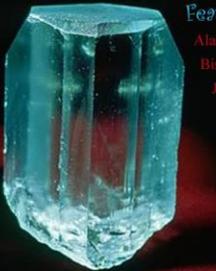
*The Year of the Poet II*  
 October 2015  
 Featured Poets  
 Monte Smith \* Laura J. Wolfe \* William Washington



Opal

*The Poetry Passe 2015*  
 Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
 Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
 Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
 November 2015  
 Featured Poets  
 Alan W. Jankowski  
 Bismay Mohanty  
 James Moore



Topaz

*The Poetry Passe 2015*  
 Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
 Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
 Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet II**  
 December 2015  
 Featured Poets  
 Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hiatt



Turquoise

*The Poetry Passe 2015*  
 Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
 Siddhartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger  
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
 Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton  
 Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yilmaz  
 Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

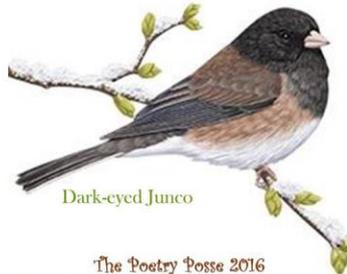
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The Year of the Poet III  
January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

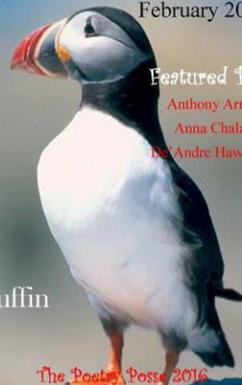
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratzyskildala \* Alton J. White  
Ehmedto Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Keith Allan Hamilton  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifantis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold  
Anna Chalasaz  
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal Muddancer \* Alfredo Choe  
Ehmedto Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratzyskildala \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alton J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifantis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
March 2016

Featured Poets  
Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal Muddancer \* Alfredo Choe  
Ehmedto Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratzyskildala \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alton J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifantis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets  
Ali Abdolrezaei  
Anna Chalasaz  
Agim Vinca  
Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

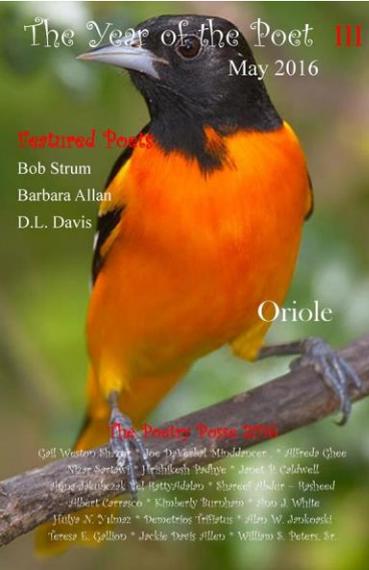
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal Muddancer \* Alfredo Choe  
Ehmedto Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratzyskildala \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alton J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifantis \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet III  
May 2016



**Featured Poets**  
Bob Strum  
Barbara Allan  
D.L. Davis

Oriole

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierul Misdanec \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sattari \* Hershkesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Alana Jalakozak Vel Betty Alden \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alan J. White  
Halba N. D'Amaz \* Demetrios Trifatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
June 2016

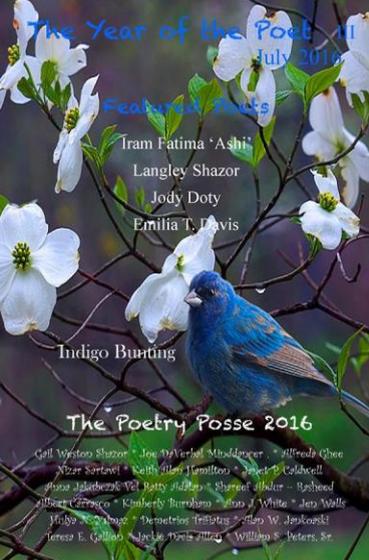
**Featured Poets**  
Qibrje Demiri- Frangu  
Naime Beqiraj  
Faleeha Hassan  
Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierul Misdanec \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sattari \* Hershkesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Alana Jalakozak Vel Betty Alden \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alan J. White  
Halba N. D'Amaz \* Demetrios Trifatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
July 2016



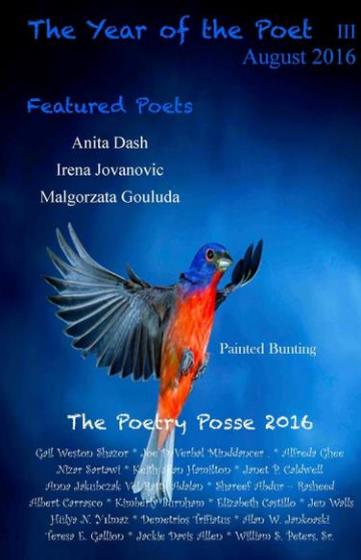
**Featured Poets**  
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'  
Langley Shazor  
Jody Doty  
Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierul Misdanec \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sattari \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Alana Jalakozak Vel Betty Alden \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Alan J. White \* Jen Walls  
Halba N. D'Amaz \* Demetrios Trifatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
August 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Anita Dash  
Irena Jovanovic  
Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVierul Misdanec \* Alfredo Choe  
Nizar Sattari \* Keith Alan Hamilton \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Alana Jalakozak Vel Betty Alden \* Shereef Abdur - Rashad  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Jen Walls  
Halba N. D'Amaz \* Demetrios Trifatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
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**The Year of the Poet III**  
September 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Simone Weber  
Abhijit Sen  
Eunice Barbara C. Novilla

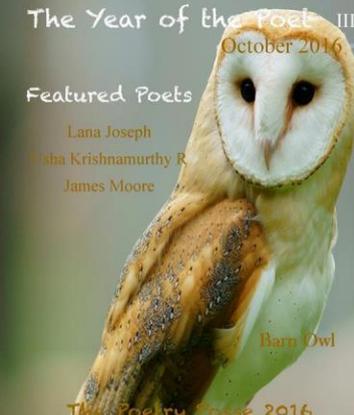


Long Billed Curlew

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerol \* Mhdalwan \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghee  
Joe DeVerol \* Mhdalwan \* Shareef Abdur \* Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Julie N. Almaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
October 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Lana Joseph  
Sasha Krishnamurthy R  
James Moore

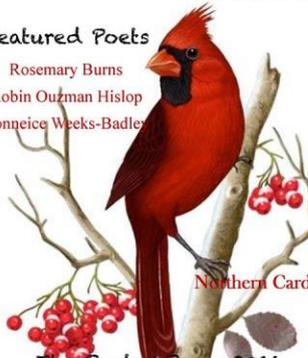


Barn Owl

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Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghee  
Joe DeVerol \* Mhdalwan \* Shareef Abdur \* Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Julie N. Almaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
November 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Rosemary Burns  
Robin Ouzman Hislop  
Lonnie Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazzareno \* Jen Walls  
Nizar Sattari \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Alfredo Ghee  
Joe DeVerol \* Mhdalwan \* Shareef Abdur \* Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Julie N. Almaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet III**  
December 2016

**Featured Poets**  
Samih Masoud  
Mountassir Aziz Bien  
Abdulkadir Musa



Rough Legged Hawk

**The Poetry Posse 2016**  
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Joe DeVerol \* Mhdalwan \* Shareef Abdur \* Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burroughs \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Julie N. Almaz \* Demetrios Trifatis \* Allan W. Jankowski  
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**The Year of the Poet IV**  
January 2017



**Featured Poets**  
Jon Winell  
Natalie Shields  
Iram Fatima Ashi

**Quaking Aspen**

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazoo \* Caroline Nazzari \* Bismay Mohanty  
Nizar Sertawi \* Anna Jakubczak Val Betty Siddons \* Jen Walls  
Joe DeVerbal Muddaner \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Alonzo \* Elizabeth Jasso \* Allen W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
February 2017

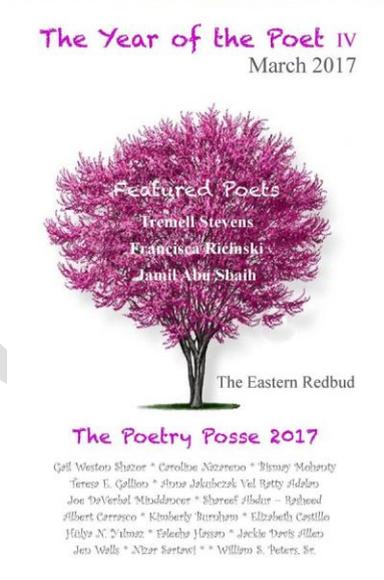


**Featured Poets**  
Lin Ross  
Soukaina Falhi  
Arwer Ghani

**Witch Hazel**

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazoo \* Caroline Nazzari \* Bismay Mohanty  
Nizar Sertawi \* Anna Jakubczak Val Betty Siddons \* Jen Walls  
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Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Alonzo \* Elizabeth Jasso \* Allen W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
March 2017

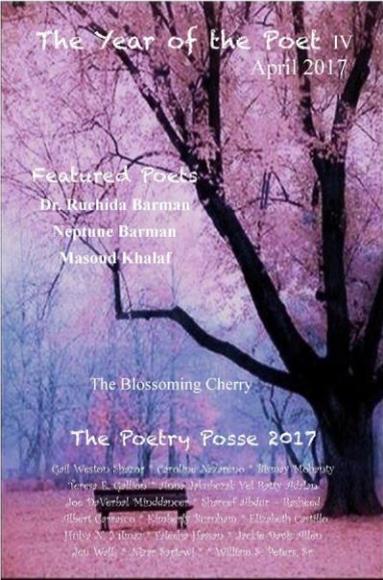


**Featured Poets**  
Tremell Stevens  
Francisca Ricinski  
Jamil Abu Shaih

**The Eastern Redbud**

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazoo \* Caroline Nazzari \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Anna Jakubczak Val Betty Siddons  
Joe DeVerbal Muddaner \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Alonzo \* Elizabeth Jasso \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sertawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

**The Year of the Poet IV**  
April 2017



**Featured Poets**  
Dr. Ruchida Barman  
Neptune Barman  
Masoud Khalaf

**The Blossoming Cherry**

**The Poetry Posse 2017**  
Gail Weston Shazoo \* Caroline Nazzari \* Bismay Mohanty  
Teresa E. Gallon \* Anna Jakubczak Val Betty Siddons  
Joe DeVerbal Muddaner \* Shareef Abdur - Rashid  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burdham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilary N. D'Alonzo \* Elizabeth Jasso \* Jackie Davis Allen  
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The Year of the Poet IV  
May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell  
Alicja Maria Kuberska  
Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizzeno \* Birany Mahanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anza Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlato  
Joe DeVerbal Mbaldaner \* Shereef Alidur - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Khabeerly Burshom \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilba N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sirtawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV  
June 2017

Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet  
Tze-Min Tsai  
Abdulla Issa



The Linden Tree

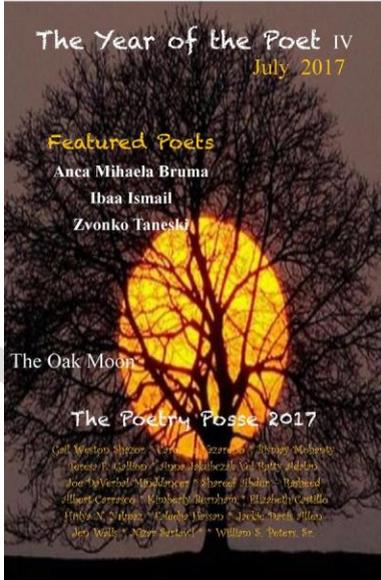
The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizzeno \* Birany Mahanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anza Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlato  
Joe DeVerbal Mbaldaner \* Shereef Alidur - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Khabeerly Burshom \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilba N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sirtawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV  
July 2017

Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma  
Ibaa Ismail  
Zvonko Taneski



The Oak Moon

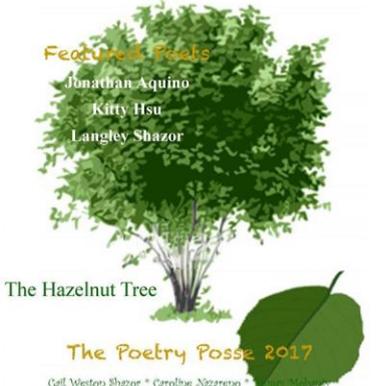
The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizzeno \* Birany Mahanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anza Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlato  
Joe DeVerbal Mbaldaner \* Shereef Alidur - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Khabeerly Burshom \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilba N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sirtawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV  
August 2017

Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino  
Kitty Hsu  
Langley Shazor



The Hazelnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nizzeno \* Birany Mahanty  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anza Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlato  
Joe DeVerbal Mbaldaner \* Shereef Alidur - Basheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Khabeerly Burshom \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Hilba N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
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The Year of the Poet IV  
September 2017

Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberry  
Ameer Nassir  
Christine Fulco Neal  
Robert Neal



The Elm Tree

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. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV  
November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters  
Alfreda D. Ghee  
Gabriella Garofalo  
Rosemary Cappello



The Tree of Life

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. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV  
October 2017

Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem  
Nedal Al-Qaaim  
Sadeddin Shahrin



The Black Walnut Tree

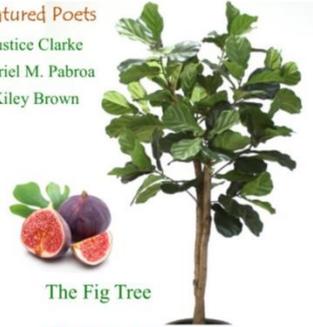
The Poetry Posse 2017

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. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV  
December 2017

Featured Poets

Justice Clarke  
Mariel M. Pabroa  
Kiley Brown



The Fig Tree

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. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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### The Year of the Poet V

January 2018

Featured Poets  
Iyad Shamasnah  
Yasmeen Hamzeh  
Ali Abdolrezaei



Aksum

The Poetry Posse 2018  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Tezmin Ition Tsai  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan  
Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet V

February 2018

Sabean



Featured Poets  
Muhammad Azram  
Anna Szawracka  
Abhilipsa Kuanar  
Aanika Aery

The Poetry Posse 2018  
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Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan  
Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet V

March 2018

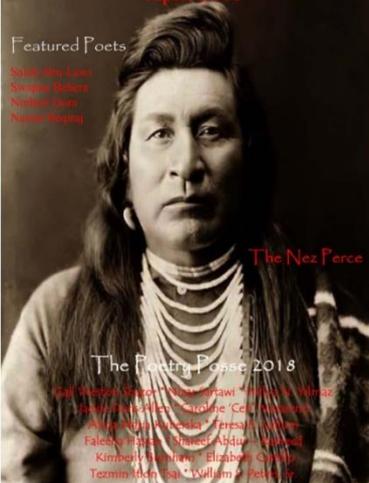


Featured Poets  
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'  
Cassandra Swan  
Jaleel Khazaal  
Shazia Zaman

The Poetry Posse 2018  
Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yilmaz  
Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno  
Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion  
Faleeha Hassan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet V

April 2018



Featured Poets  
Sonia Abu-Lala  
Suzanne Belzora  
Nathan Dean  
Nancy Wang

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Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan \* Teresa E. Gallion  
Faleeha Hassan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo  
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The Year of the Poet V  
May 2018

Featured Poets  
Zaddy Carson de Leon Jr.  
Sylvia K. Malinowska  
Lindita Ahmeti  
Ofelia Prodan

The Sumerians



The Poetry Posse 2018  
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Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno  
Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion  
Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Falecha Hassan \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera  
Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V  
June 2018

Featured Poets  
Bilal Maliki \* Daim Miftari \* Gojko Božović \* Sofija Živković

The Paleo Indians



The Poetry Posse 2018  
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Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno  
Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion  
Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Falecha Hassan \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera  
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The Year of the Poet V  
July 2018

Featured Poets  
Padmaja Tyencar-Paddy  
Mohammad Akbal Harib  
Eliza Segiet  
Tom Higgins

Oceania



The Poetry Posse 2018  
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Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno  
Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion  
Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Falecha Hassan \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera  
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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  
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Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno  
Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion  
Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera  
Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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