

INNER CHILD PRESS

PALESTINE



Palestine



a conscious poetic offering

The Global Conscious Writers

inner child press international

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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



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a few words from the Publisher

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

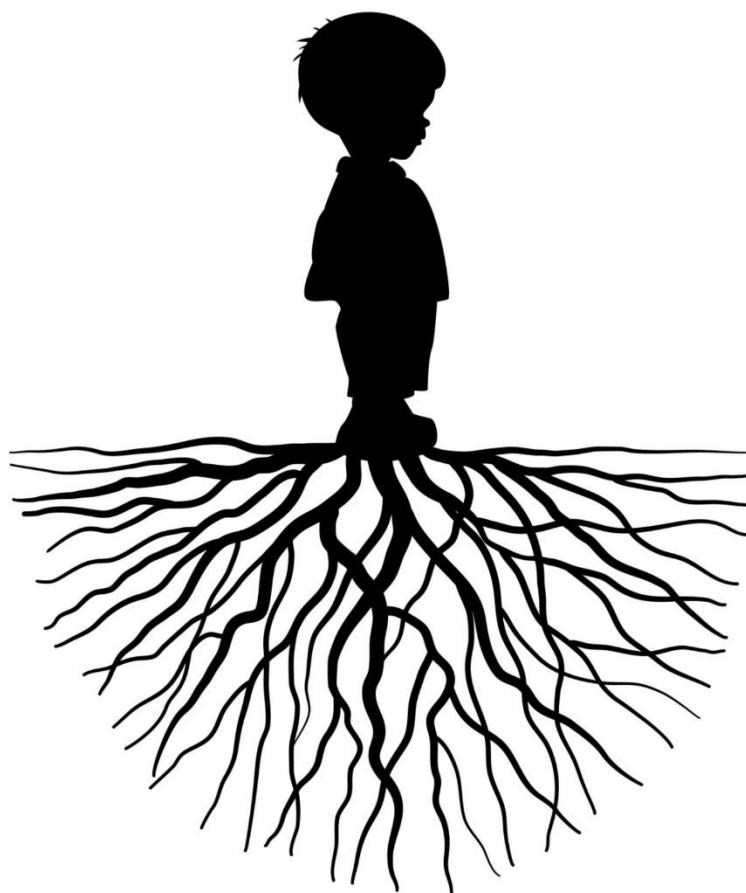
when July arrives.
We stay in you
in your hamlets
the symbols of pride
Within the twinkle of an eye
a thousand baby boys are born
a thousand baby girls
a thousand poems
and caravans
of martyrs and poets.

...

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.

Palestine



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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Palestine

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 we will our eyelids find peace
that we may find bliss?

Translated by Nizar Sartawi



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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Palestine

Glad tidings of Green Rain

Sameer Odeh

From the sea of your eyes, O Jaffa¹
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 Jerzimite² boy
who dwells among thyme leaves

My bride, O Jaffa
From the mulberries of Tira³
are her lips
From the horizons of the clear Carmel sky
are her eyes

Palestine

From the alabaster of Caesarea⁴
are her cheeks
The grape of Hebron⁵
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. Jerzomite, 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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Palestine

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



 PBS NEWSHOUR

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

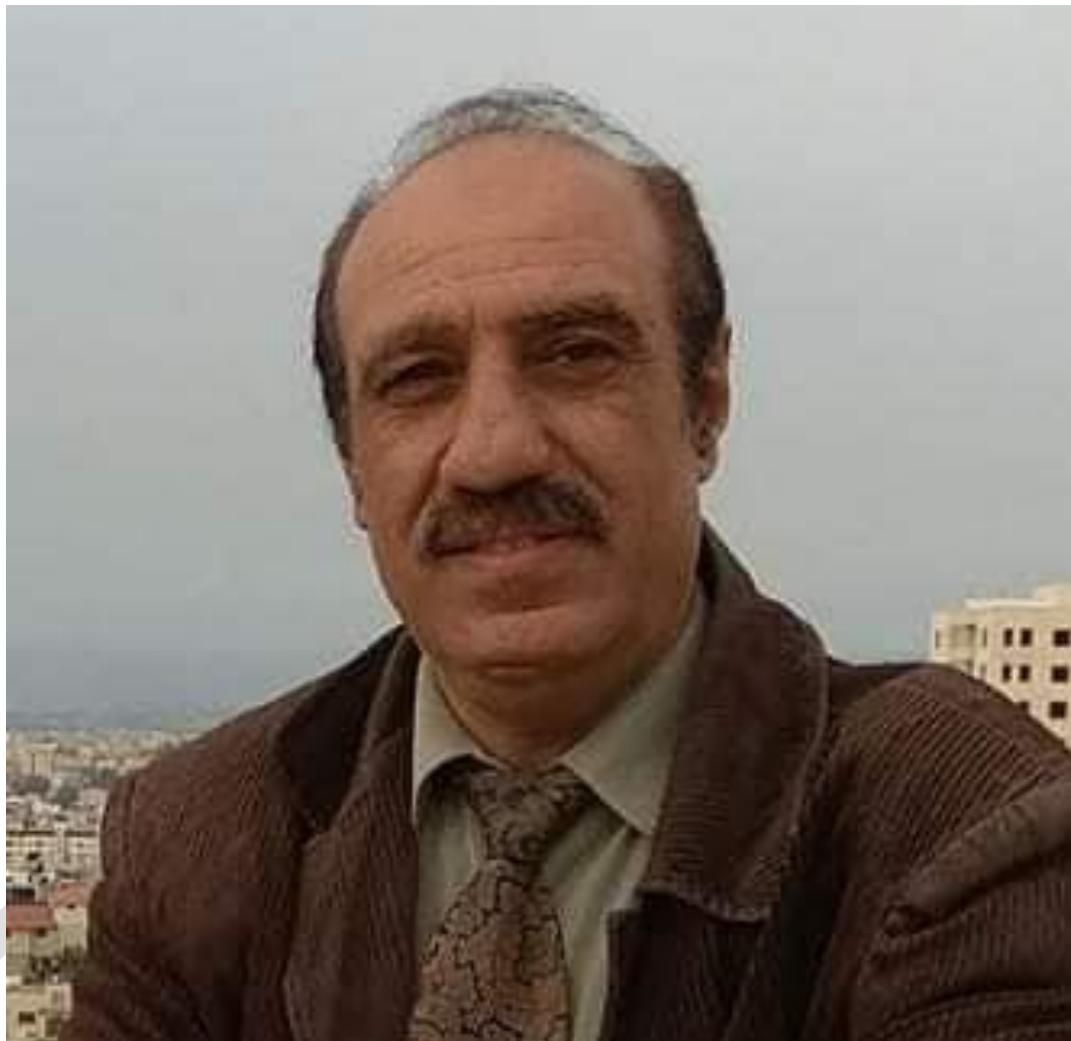
Anhar stood at her window
calling: Hey Huda...
I am imprisoned
Are you imprisoned too?
Are you feeling miserable too?
I'm not allowed to go out
I miss the quarters, I miss the garden
I miss the hills, I miss the meadows
**

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



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

Palestine



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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Palestine

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

Palestine



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 uprisal 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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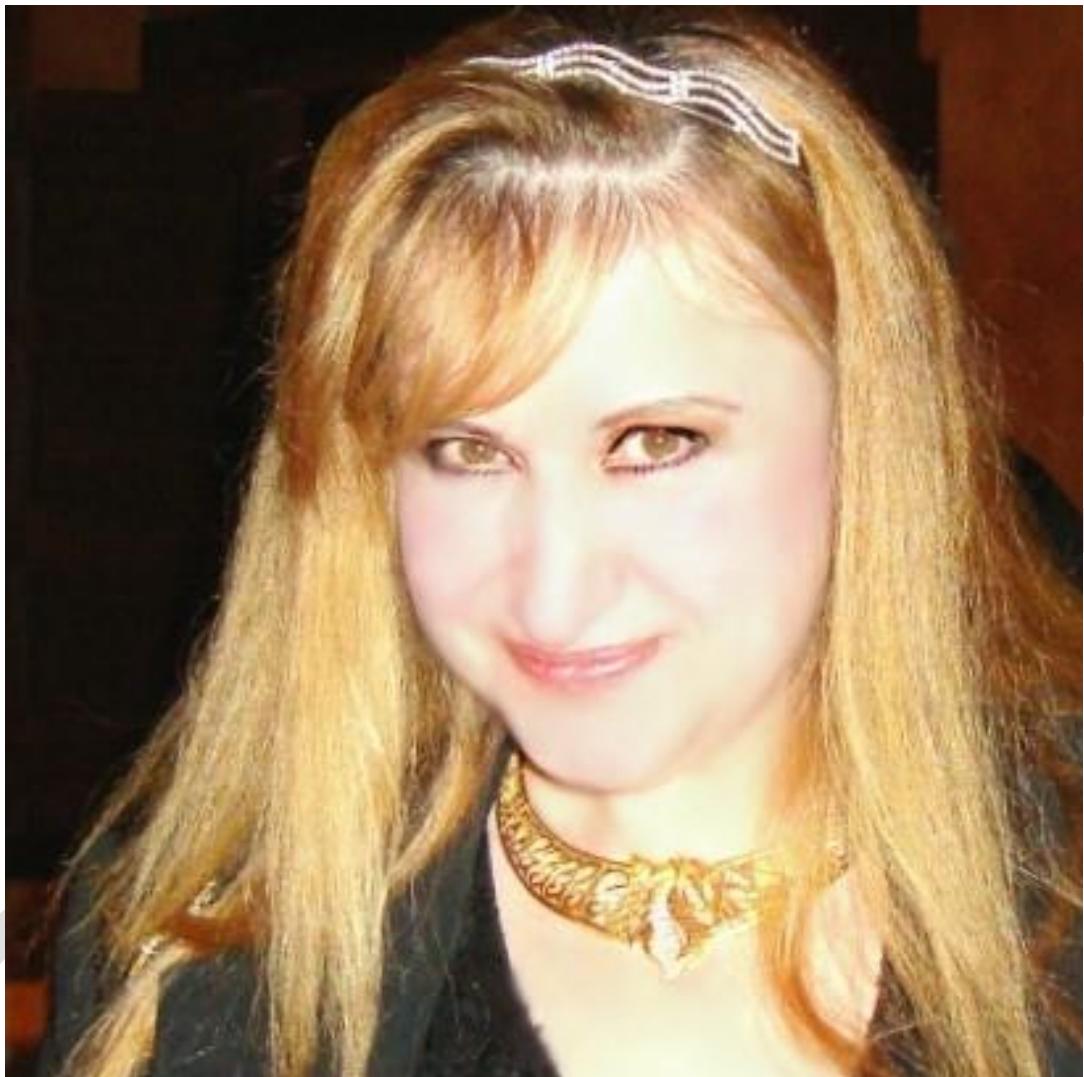
Armistice

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

Palestine



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

Palestine



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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Palestine

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

Palestine

5)

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

Gratis

Palestine



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 Rahooum 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 Army¹
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 Safad²
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 Jayyous³
or embraced by Bisan⁴

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

-
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.

Palestine



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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Palestine

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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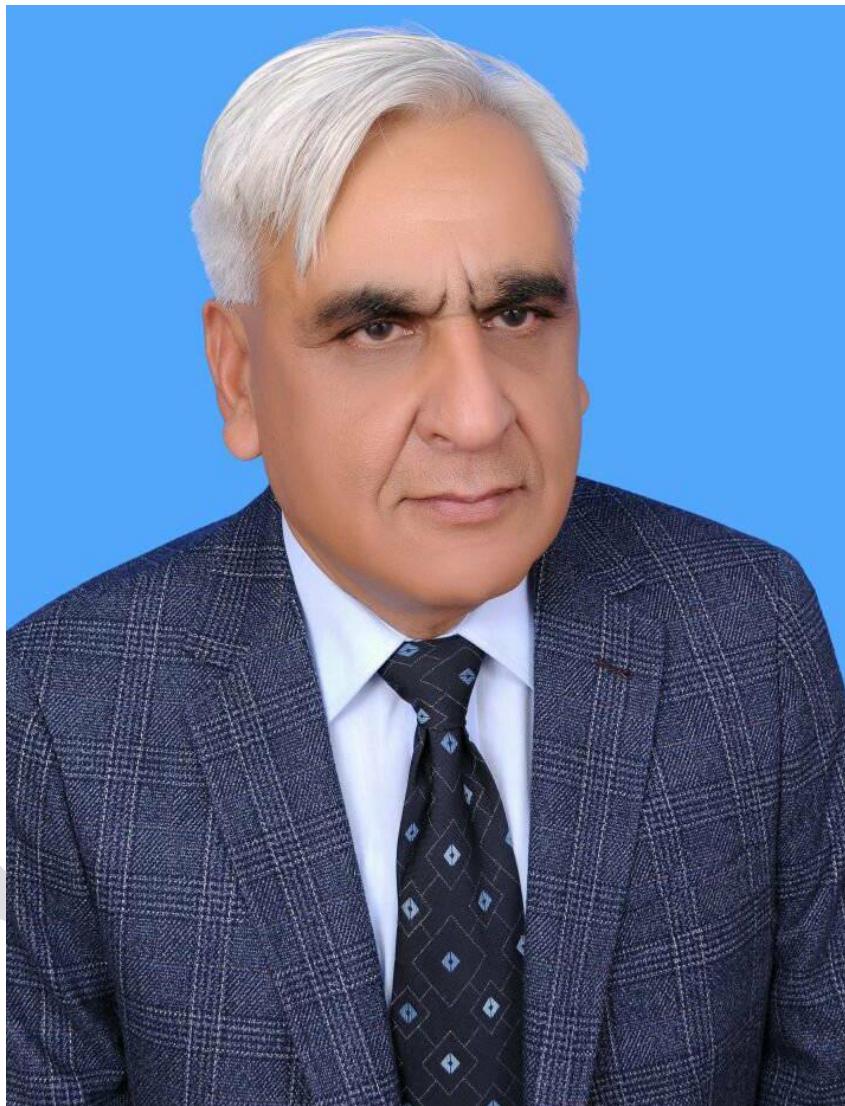
Blackout

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.



Iftekhar Bukhari was born 1956 in Sialkot, 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
Theirs 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

Palestine



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



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.

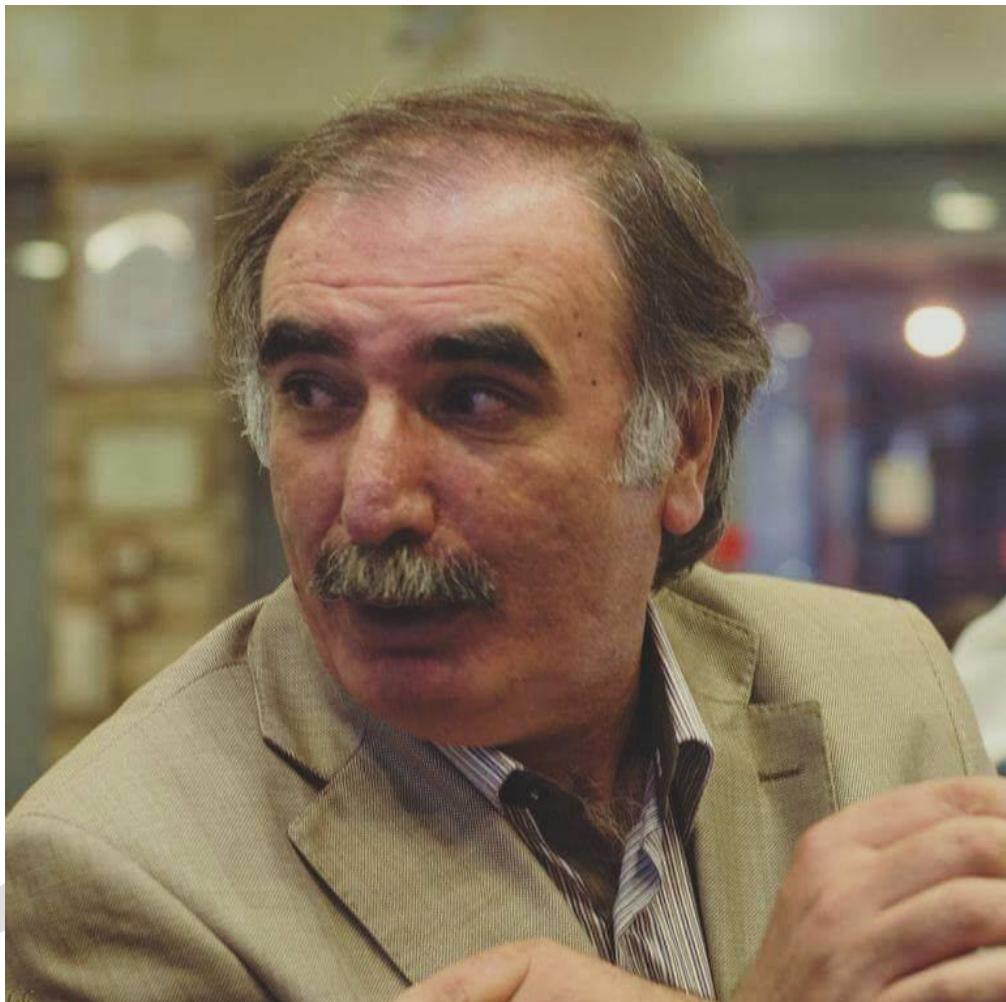
* Samoa' is a village in Palestine, where the poet was born.

** 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

Palestine

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

Palestine



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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Palestine

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

Palestine



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

Palestine



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



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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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

Palestine



Mohammad Ikbal 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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Palestine

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



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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Palestine

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...!

Palestine



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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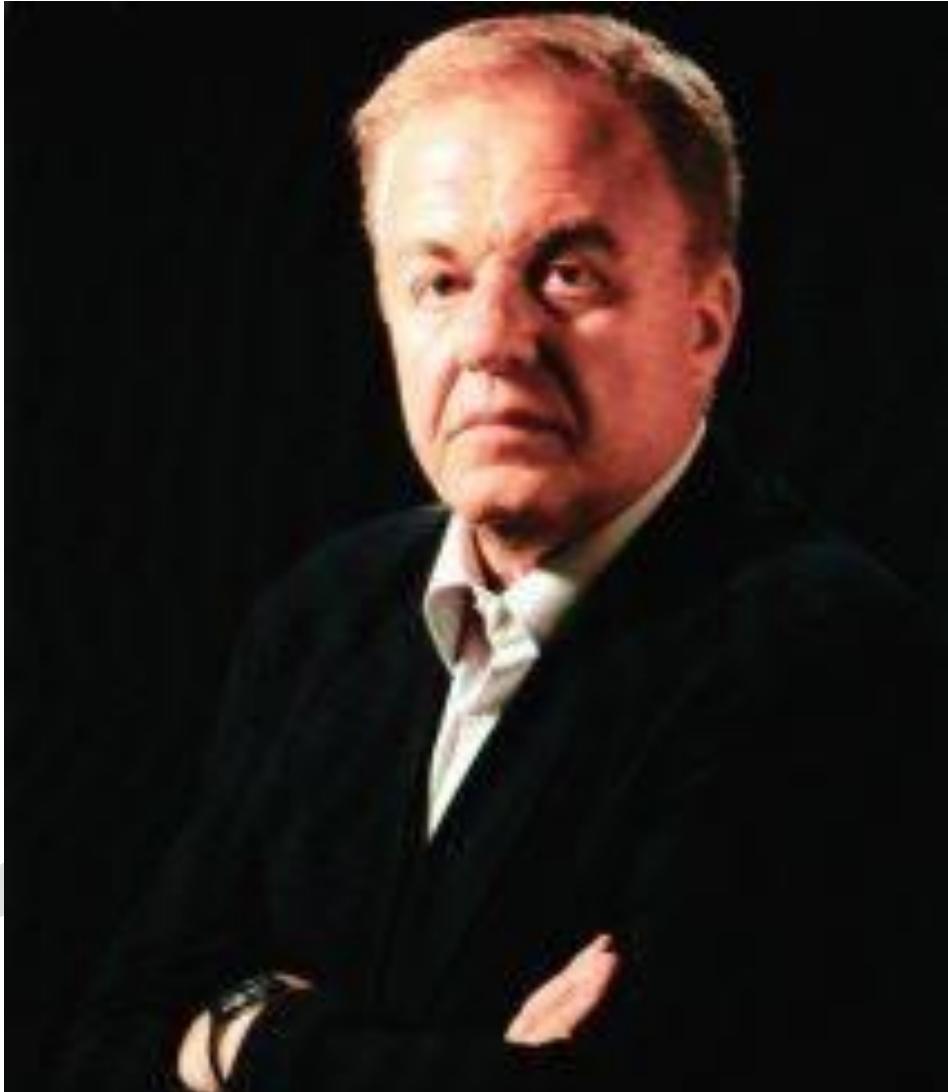
Travel

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!



Palestine



Pande Manoylov (*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.

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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

Palestine

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

Gratitius

Palestine



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.

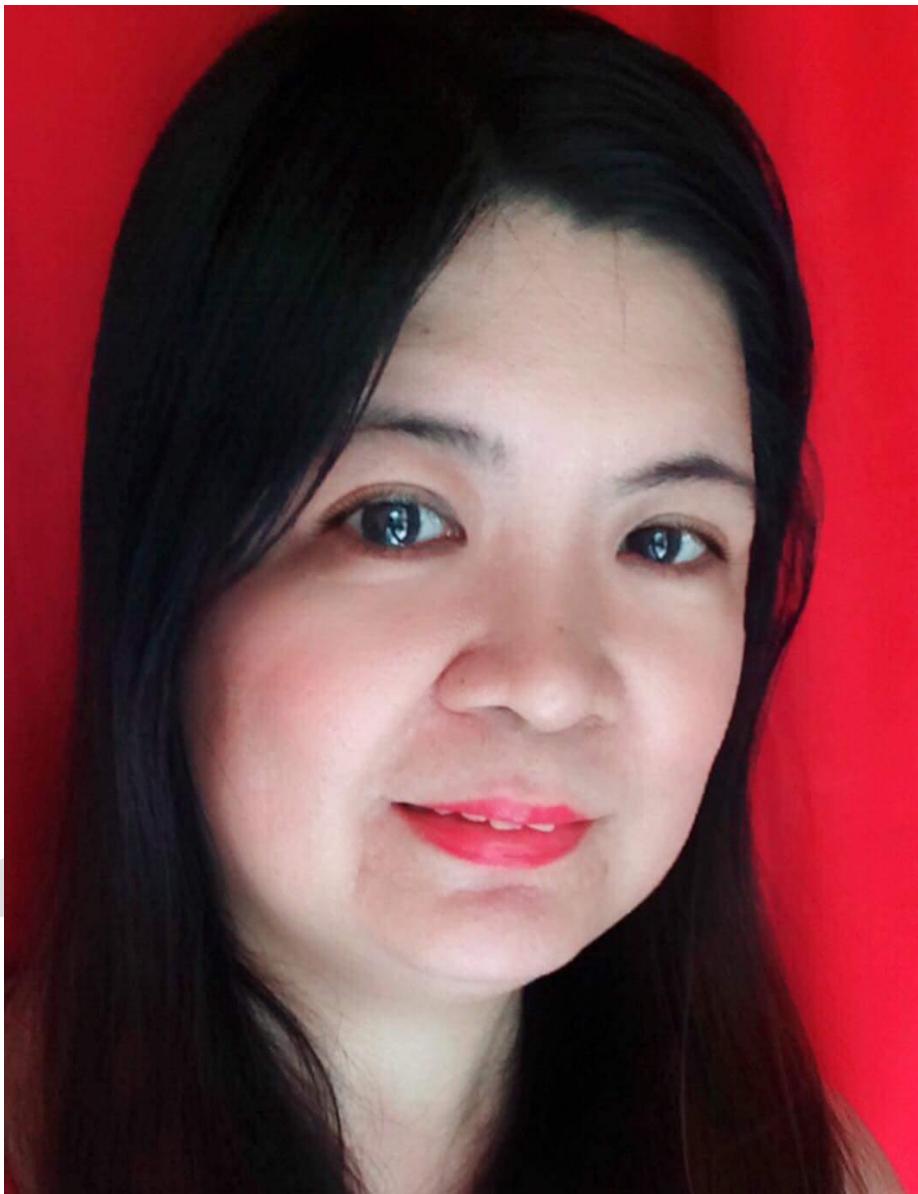
This mystic revelry brought me back,
To the time Jesus was baptized in the Jordan River
This Land of the Prophets where pilgrims often travel
In search for their lost souls, blessed by the spirit of the gods.

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.

Palestine



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.

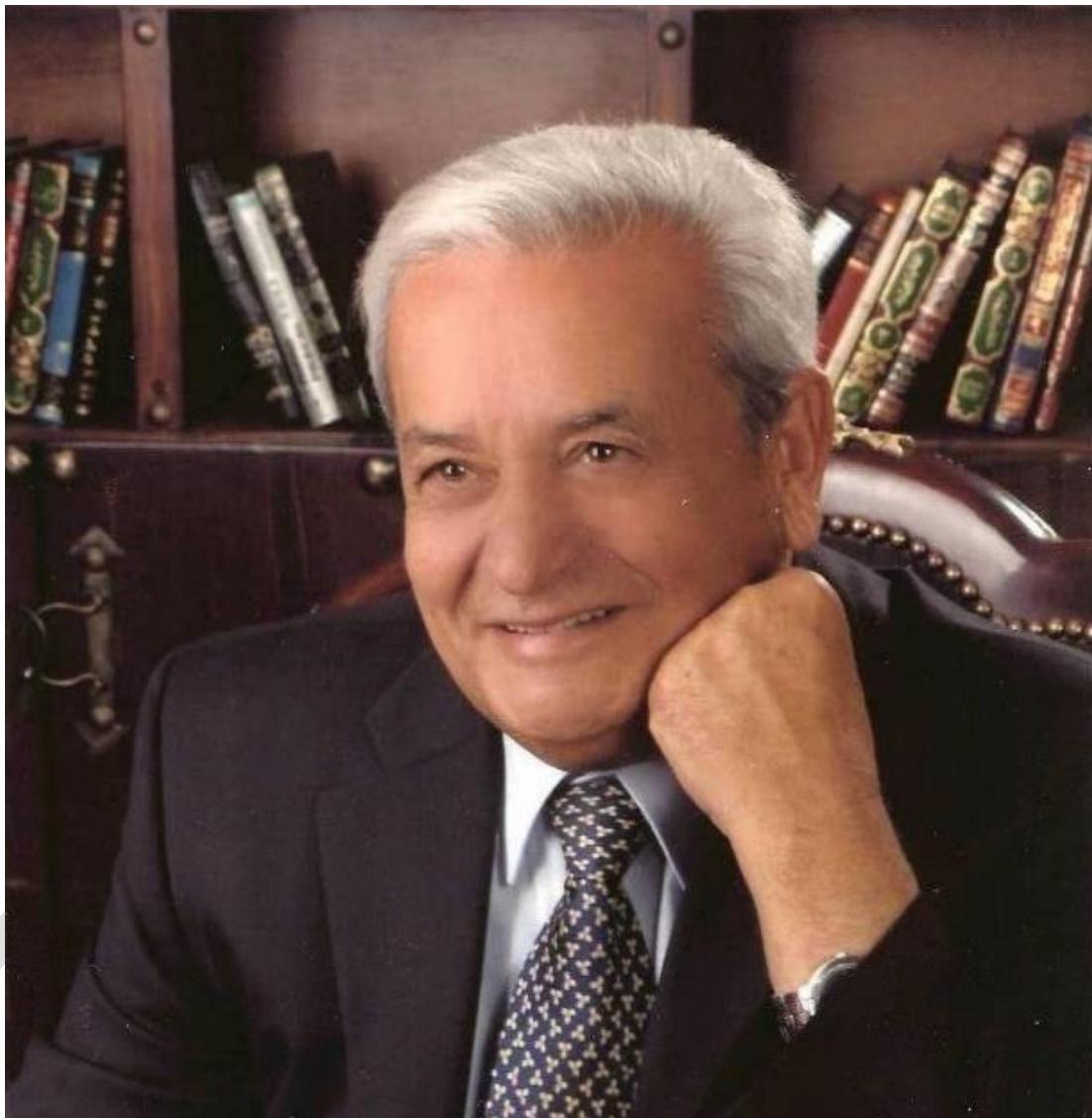
** Jlaim is a beach in Haifa

*** 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

Palestine



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 farthestmost east
to the farthest west
tears are falling,
flowing,
Begging,
paying
to God,
renewing the covenant
declaring it loudly
with the wind,

Palestine

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



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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Palestine

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

Palestine



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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Palestine

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



Palestine



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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Palestine

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

Palestine

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!

Palestine



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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Palestine

A Palestinian Prayer

Ahmed Shaher

I call on you
and pray to god
in every part
in every 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



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



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

Palestine



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

Palestine



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 penned 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 Noor,
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 Zrabic 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

Palestine

The word “papa”
Has never moistened
my lips!

Have we
O mother
Have we
learned the lesson?

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

Palestine



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

Palestine



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 Ammoury

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

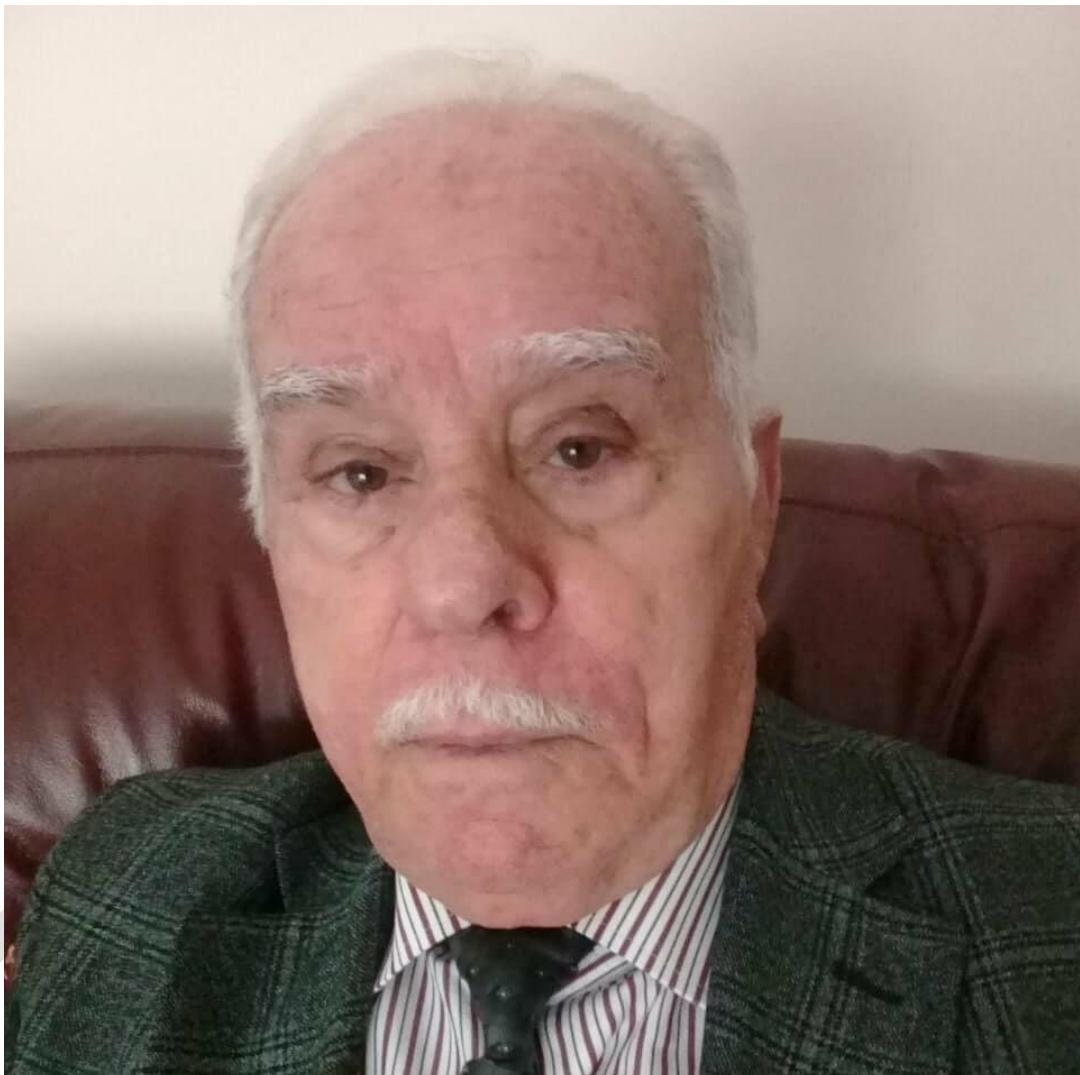
Join hands my brother

with the team

that we may save these sinking ships

and open the door for the sun to rise.

Translated by Mizar Sartawi



Jaser Ammoura 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.

Palestine



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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Palestine

a postcard from *Falastine*

Khédija Gadhoun

*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-

Palestine

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

Palestine



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.

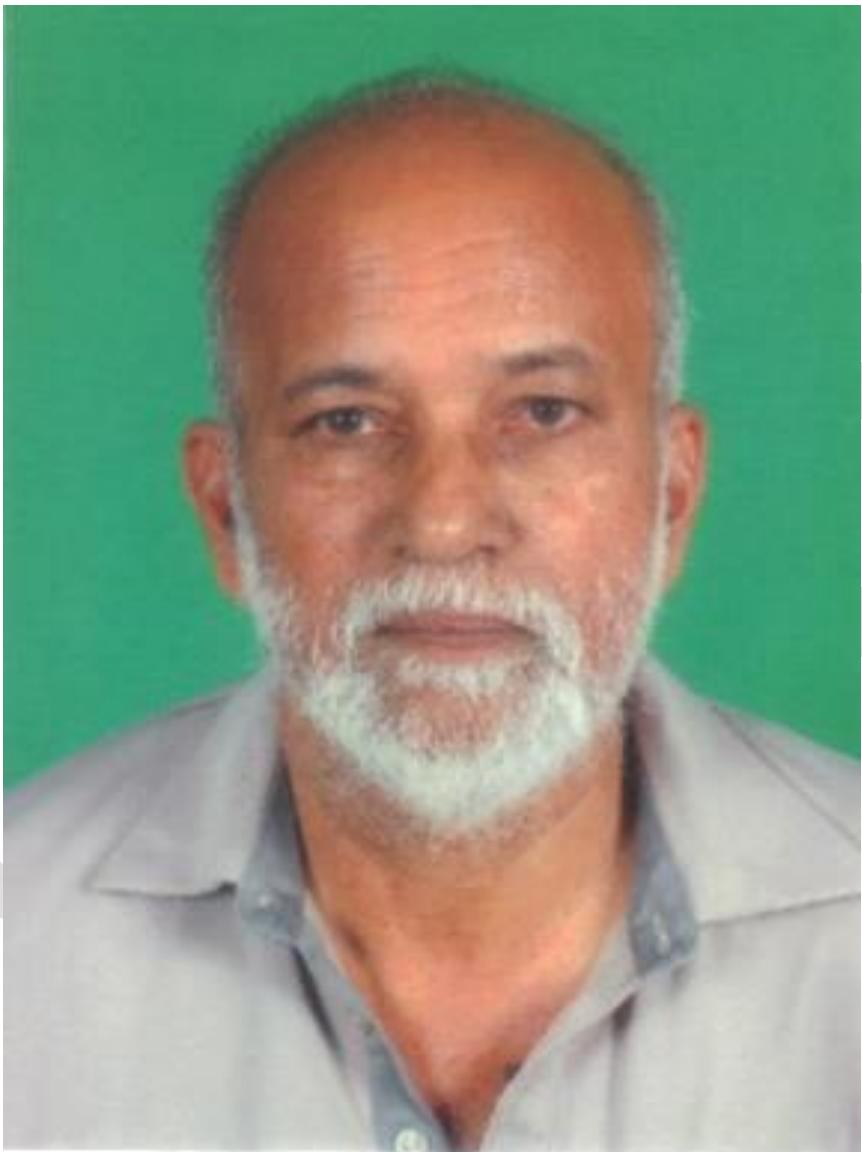
Her creative writing includes the poetry collections *celosías en celo* (Torremozas, Spain, 2013), *más allá del mar. bibenes* (Cuadernos del Laberinto, Spain, 2016), and most recently the translation in Spanish of *Voces desde Taiwan: Antología de poesía taiwanesa contemporánea— Voices from Taiwan: 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



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.

Palestine



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

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.

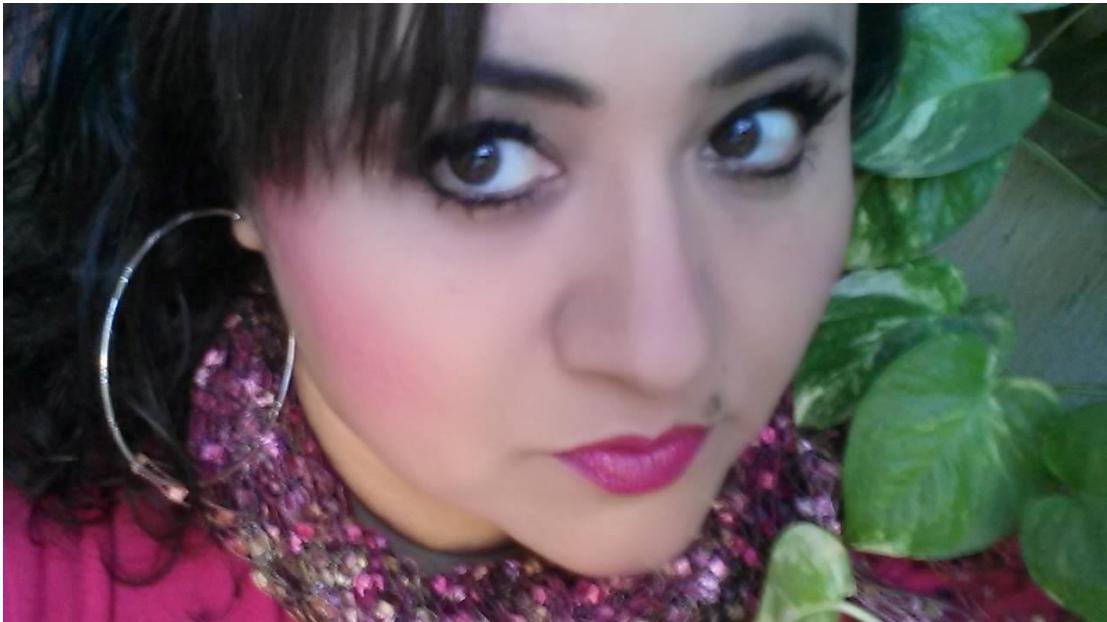
Blessed soil emerges
At dawn of springs
In the dust of dark nights
Under the Cisjordania's hills.

Palestine

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

Gratias

Palestine



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

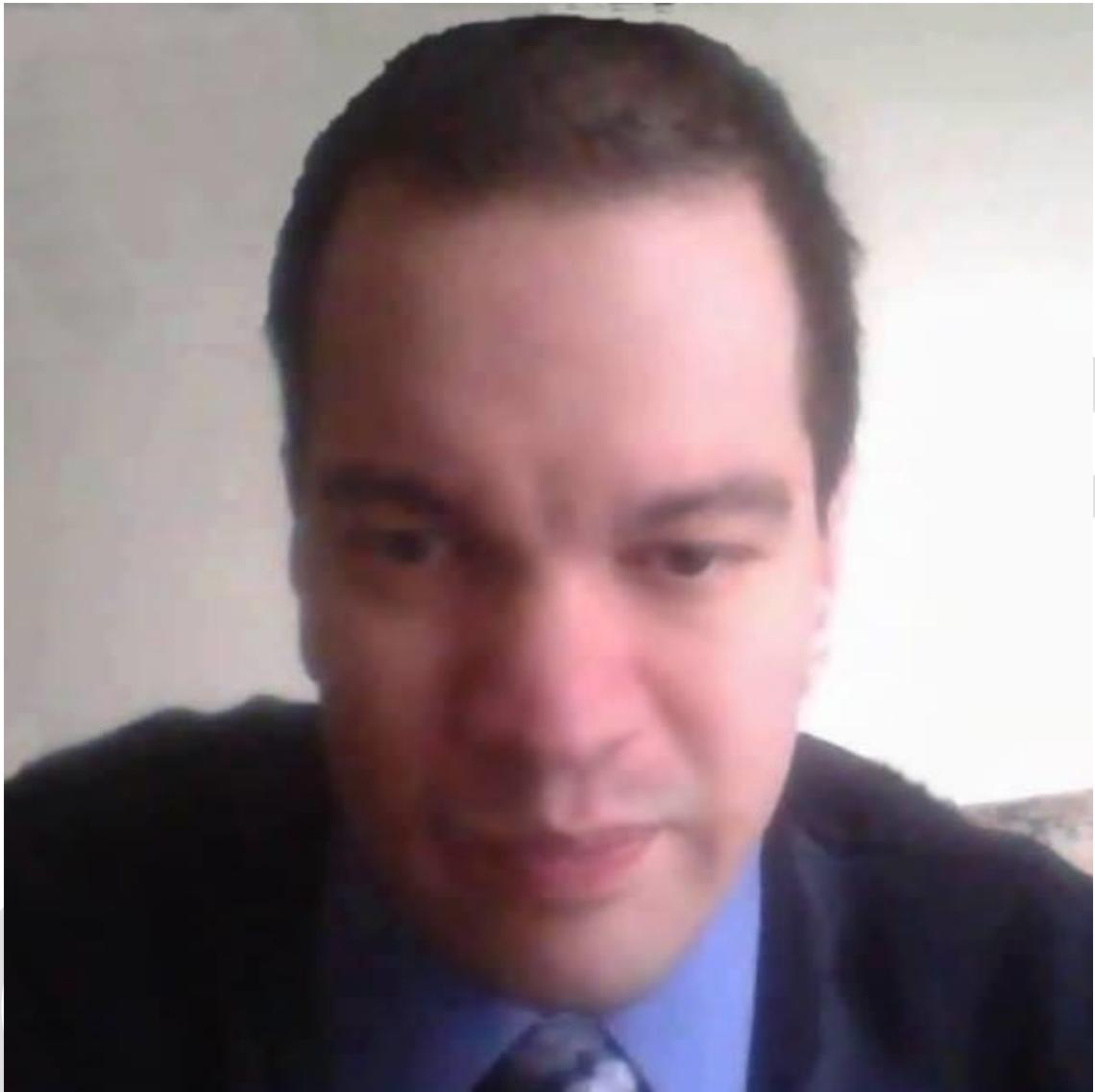
Peace is necessary for all, do not let it be a dream,
enough of unnecessary violence.
the light is for all, man is man's wolf,
only love will give us the things that last.

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.

Palestine



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.

Palestine

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

Palestine



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.

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 bleedy 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 bleedy 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 bleedy 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.



Anwar Gheni 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



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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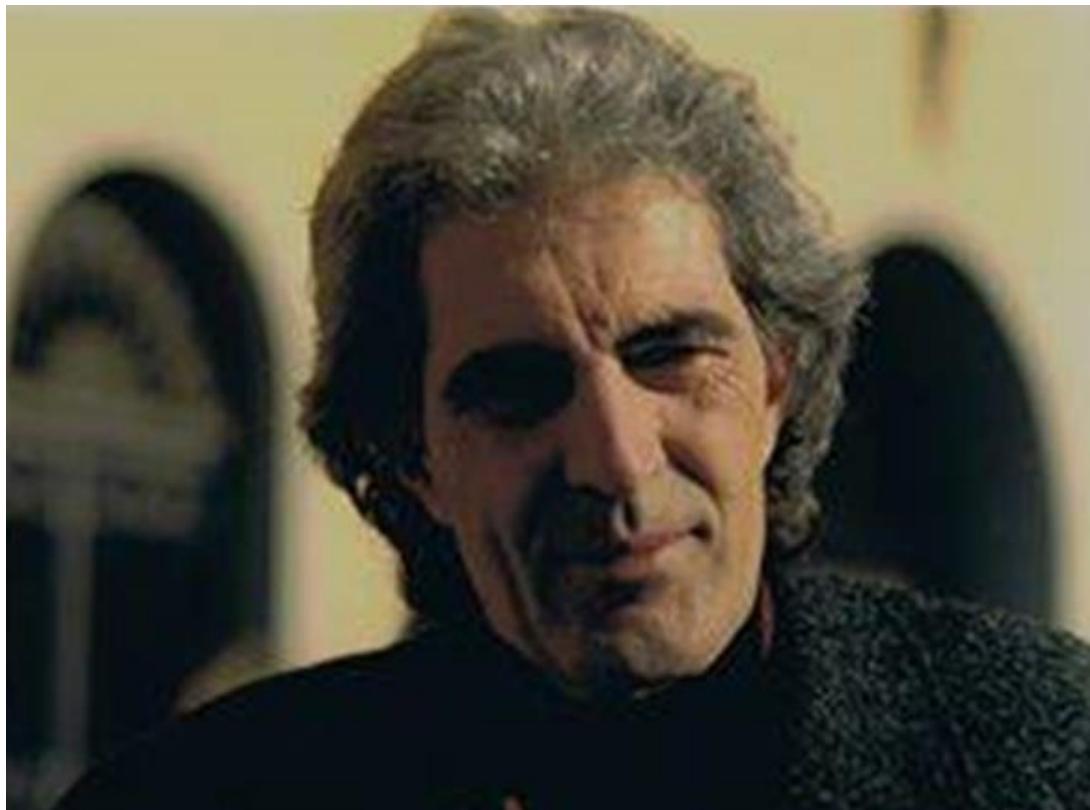
Oh Gaza

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

Palestine



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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Palestine

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.

Palestine



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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Palestine

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

Palestine

The very few
are
m
y

f
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n
d
s

translated by Nizar Sartawi

Gratias



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

Palestine



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.

Palestine

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

Translated by Nizar Sartawi

Gratis



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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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 Komotter

Palestine



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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Palestine

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.

Palestine



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 lightening 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



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



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

Palestine



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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Palestine

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

Palestine



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 stroppy 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



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.

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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.

Translated into English by Nizar Sartawi

Palestine



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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Palestine

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 handful 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 handful 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

Palestine

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.

Palestine



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



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

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 slavering 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!

Palestine

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

Palestine

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.

Palestine



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.

Palestine



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.

Palestine

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.



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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Jastrzebia 5
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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."

Palestine



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

Palestine



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 Mountassir

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

Palestine



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

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

Email:

Ibrahim.Alaraj@gmail.com

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

Palestine



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
zakirflo.wordpress.com

Palestine

torn

hülya n. yilmaz

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

Palestine



A recently retired college professor, hülya n. yilmaz [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 Colombia, 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
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 its soils
And mountains of majesty
For we are the forever harvest
Of the fruitful seed . . .
Of Palestine

Palestine



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

www.iamjustbill.com

other

Anthologies

of

Conscious

from

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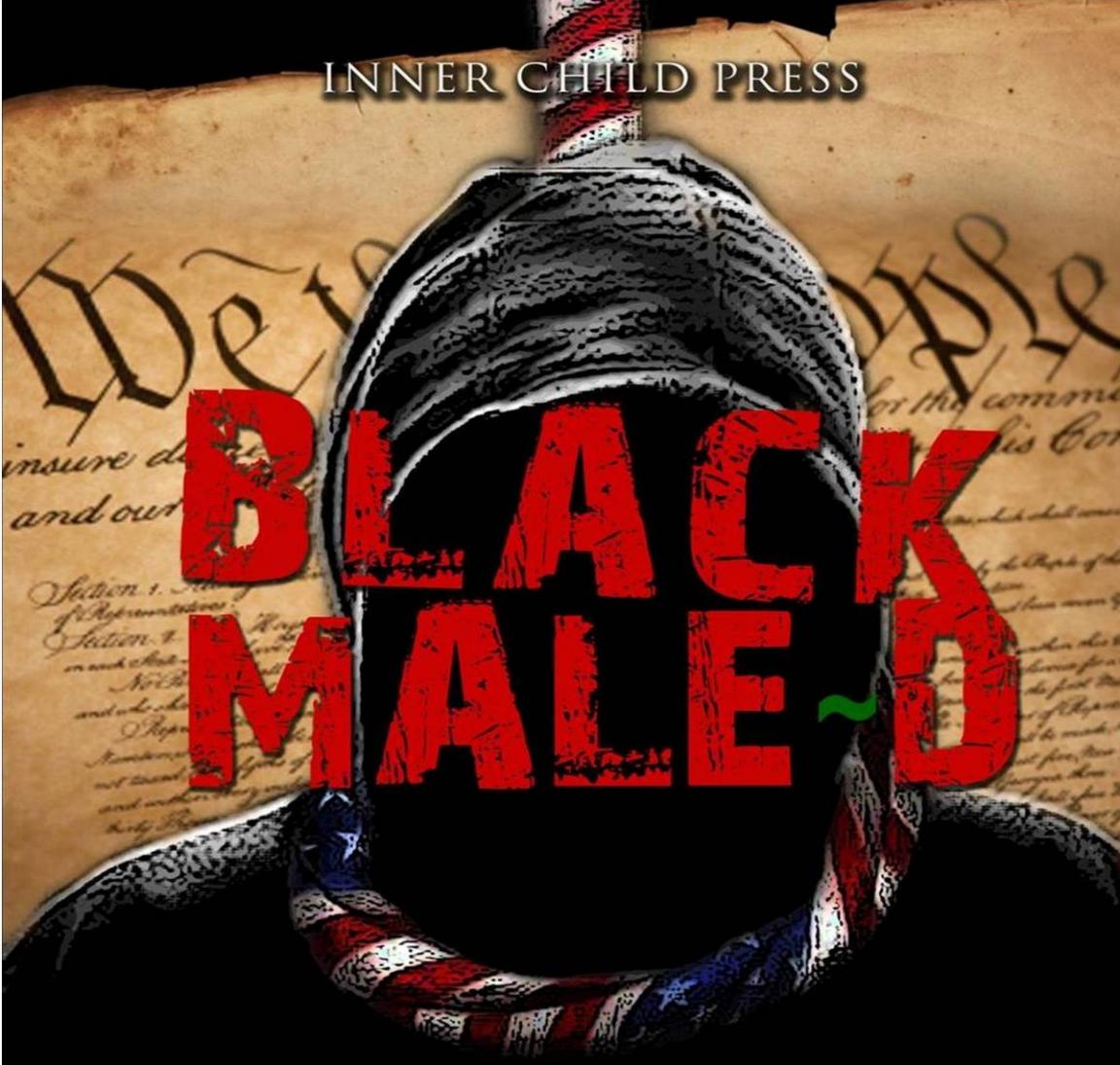
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Puzzled

...when the PIECES don't seem to fit.

Poets & Writers for Autism Awareness and Acceptance

INNER CHILD PRESS



BLACK MALE ~D

The Black Male Writers

with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin
aka H. Rap Brown



aleppo

The Conscious Writers



healing through words



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



want my

Poetry

The word "Poetry" is written in a large, colorful, sans-serif font. The letters are multi-colored: P (orange), O (purple), E (green), t (pink), R (yellow), y (red). A red squiggle or brushstroke extends from the bottom right of the 'y' towards the bottom left.

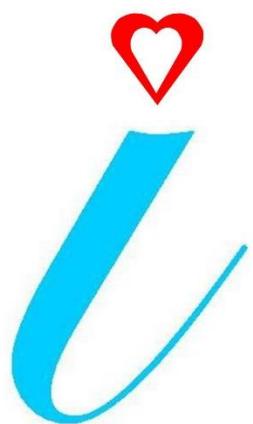
to . . .

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

I ❤️ want my

poetry
to . . . volume 3

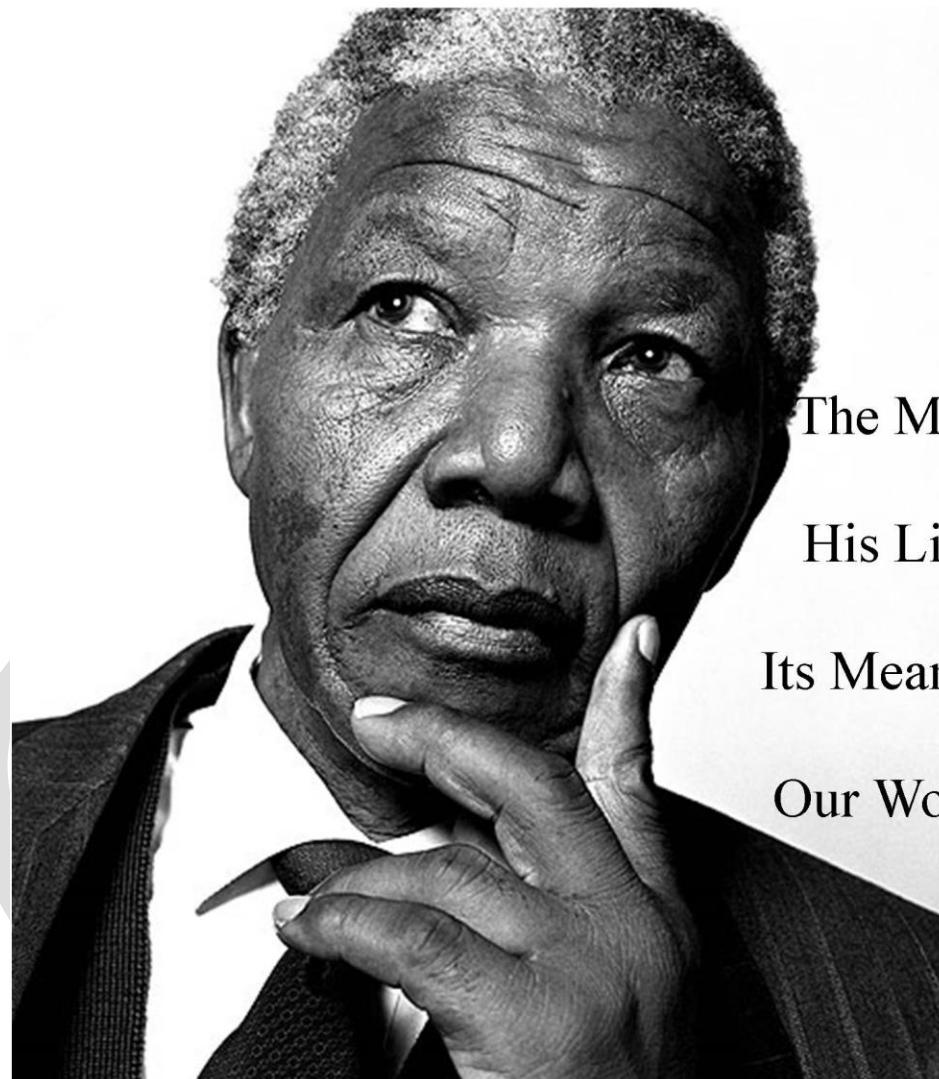
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A Kurdish - English Poetry Anthology

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

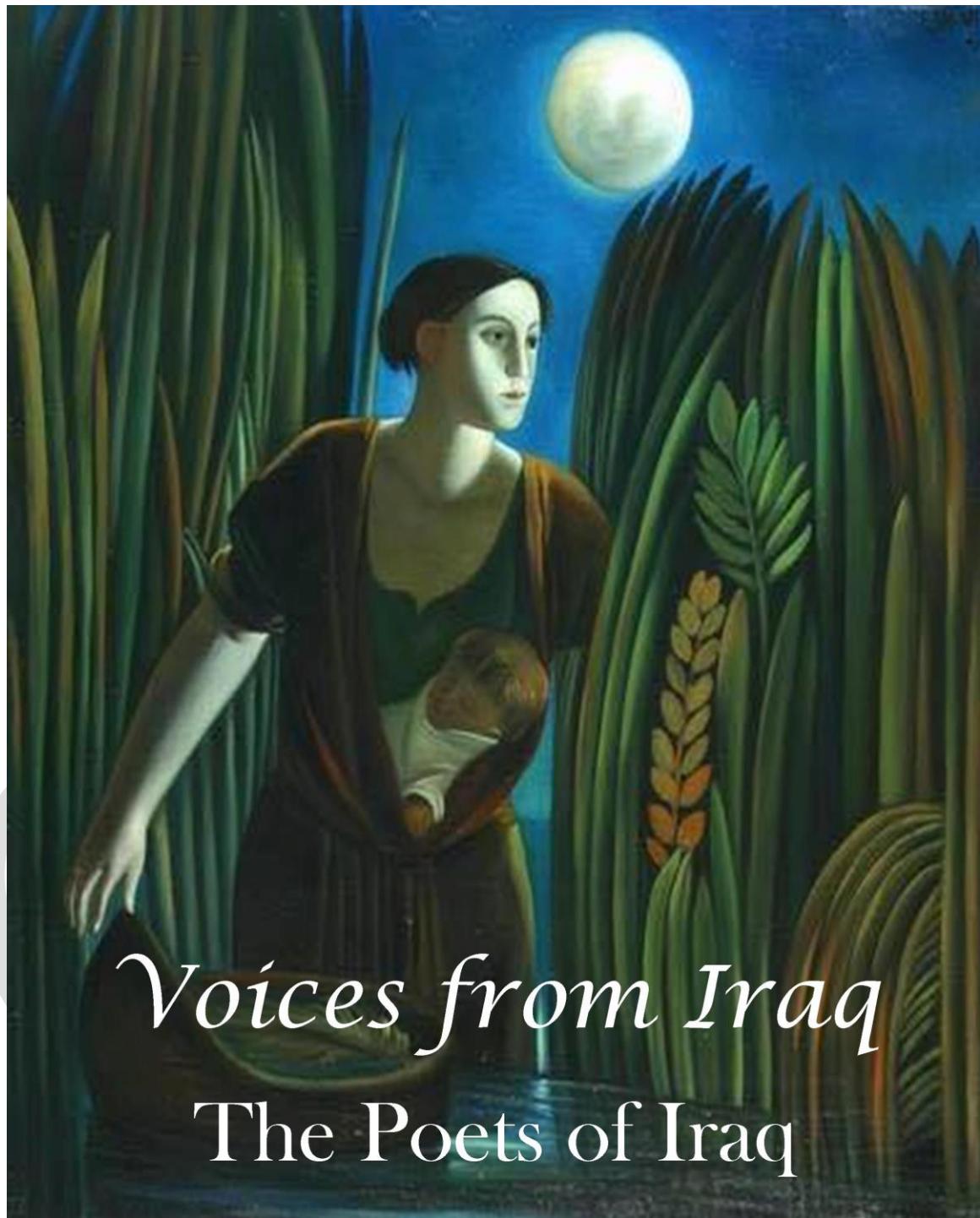
Poetry ... Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN

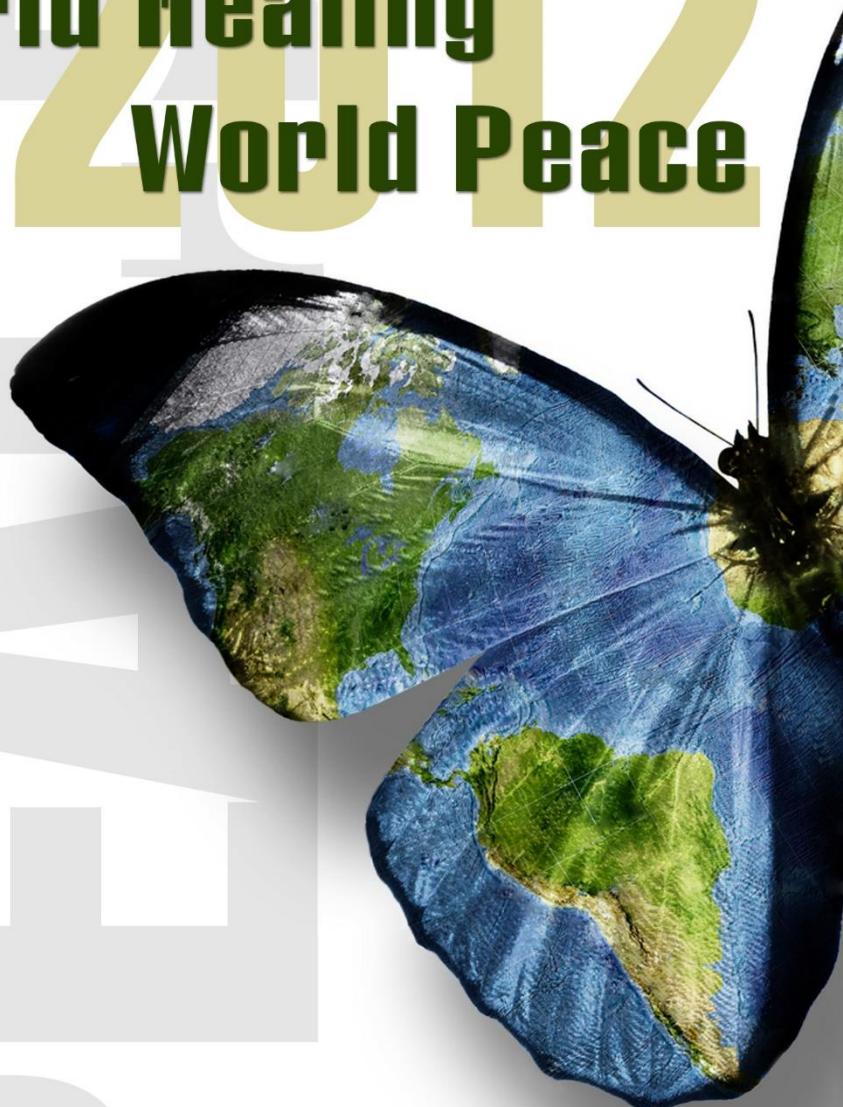


Voices from Iraq

The Poets of Iraq

2012

World Healing World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

2013

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A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Volume 2

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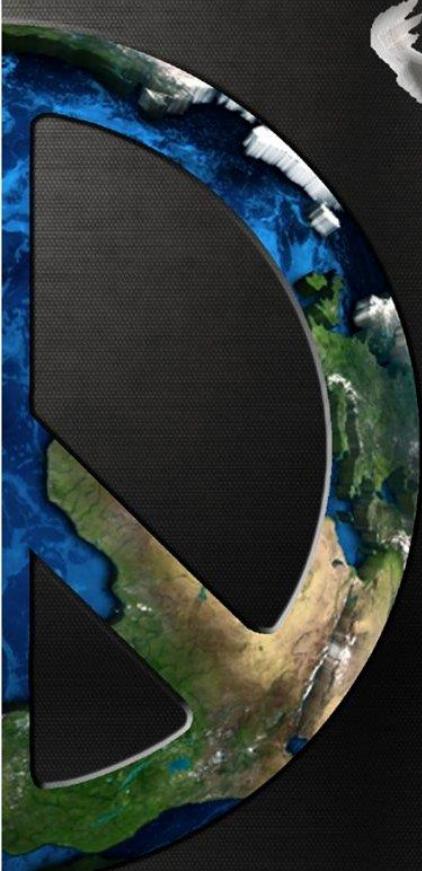
World Healing World Peace



A Poetry Anthology 2014
Volume 1

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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



The Poetry Posse

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

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

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the Year of the Poet

June 2014



June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Posse
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert infinite Corrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henniger
Joe Davelordi Middanzer
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The Year of the Poet

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The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Chasm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

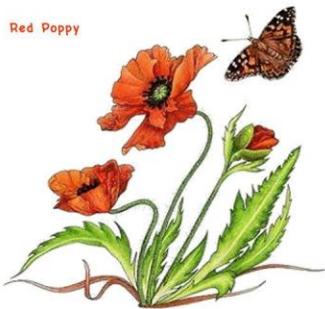
The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazar * Albert Irvinito Correco * Siddartho Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June Bugg Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henniger
Joe DeVitero Mindanaro * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wal * Sharree' Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazar * Albert Irvinito Correco * Siddartho Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June Bugg Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henniger
Joe DeVitero Mindanaro * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wal * Sharree' Abdu-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * RaShendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazar * Albert Irvinito Correco * Siddartho Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June Bugg Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henniger
Joe DeVitero Mindanaro * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wal * Sharree' Abdu-Rasheed
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November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



The Poetry Posse

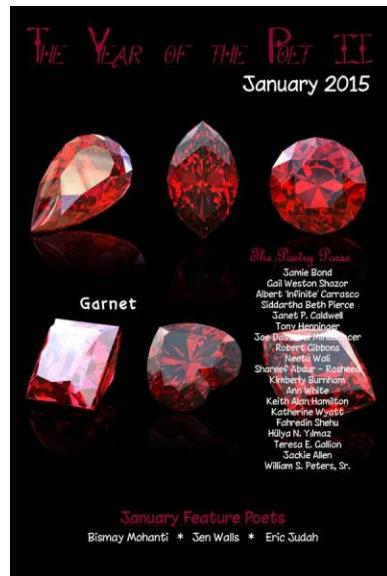
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazar
Albert Irvinito Correco
Siddartho Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henniger
Joe DeVitero Mindanaro
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wal
Sharree' Abdu-Rasheed
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December Feature Poets

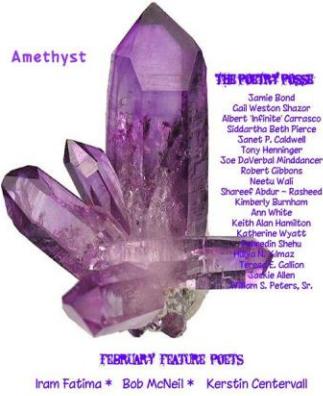
Katherine Wyatt * WritteninPain * Santa Laine * Justice Blake

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THE YEAR OF THE POET II
February 2015



The Year of the Poet II
March 2015

Our Featured Poets
Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II
April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our Featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac

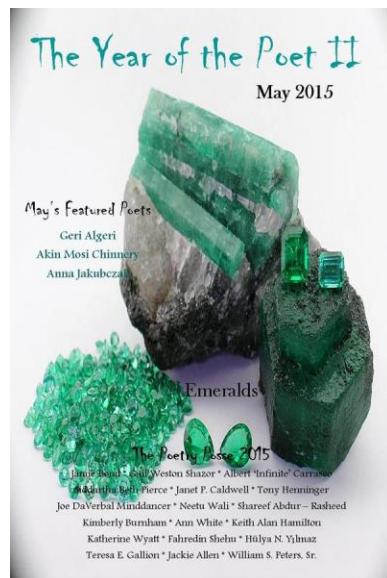


The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minkdancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdu - Rasheed
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The Year of the Poet II
June 2015

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



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II
July 2015

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

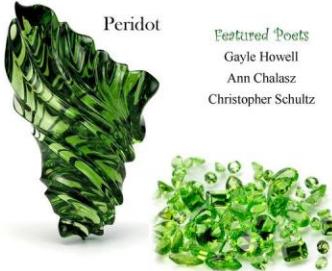


The Poetry Posse 2015
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Hemminger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz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

The Year of the Poet II
August 2015

Peridot

Featured Poets
Gayle Howell
Ann Chalasz
Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonnie Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifatios



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

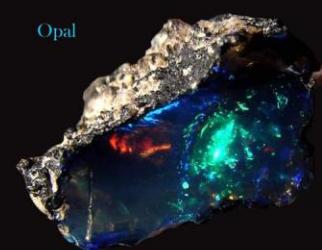
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
 Teresa E. Gallion * 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 Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. 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 Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. 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 Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
 Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
 Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
 Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
 Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
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The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Slazor * Anna Jakubeczak Vel Rattyldalen * Ann J. White
Fahredin Shehu * Hishkesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVierel Middaiger * Shireef Abdur-Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Keith Alan Hambleton
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifilios * Alvo 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 Chalasz

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

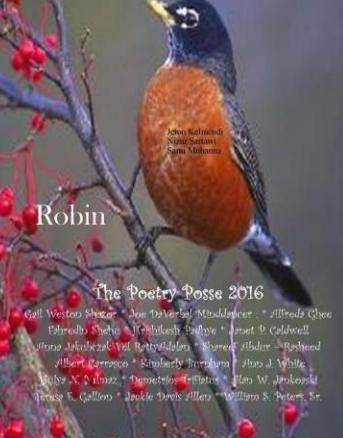
Gail Weston Slazor * Joe DeVierel Middaiger * Alfreda Ghee
Fahredin Shehu * Hishkesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubeczak Vel Rattyldalen * Shireef Abdur-Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifilios * Alvo W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhamna



The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Slazor * Joe DeVierel Middaiger * Alfreda Ghee
Fahredin Shehu * Hishkesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubeczak Vel Rattyldalen * Shireef Abdur-Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifilios * Alvo W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalasz

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

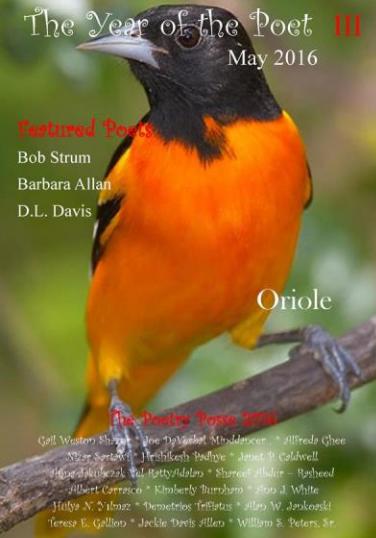
Gail Weston Slazor * Joe DeVierel Middaiger * Alfreda Ghee
Fahredin Shehu * Hishkesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubeczak Vel Rattyldalen * Shireef Abdur-Rashheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifilios * Alvo W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet III
May 2016



Featured Poets

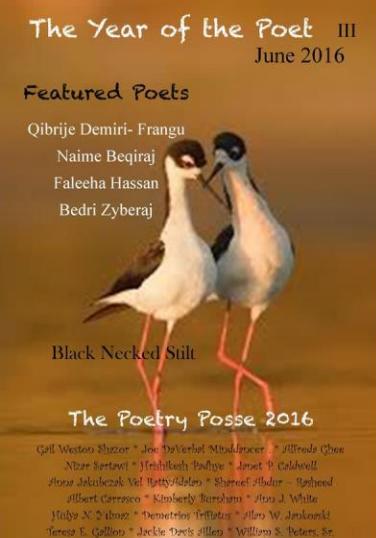
- Bob Strum
- Barbara Allan
- D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVries Middendorfer * Alfredo Chee
Nizar Sartawi * Krishnesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Alma Jakubczak Vel Ratty-Jakubczak * Shereef Abdu - Rashied
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Ann J. White
Julia N. Vilchez * Demetrios Trifilios * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Galloway * Jackie Deeks Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
June 2016



Featured Poets

- Qibrije Demiri- Frangu
- Naime Begiraj
- Faleeha Hassan
- Bedri Zyberaj

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVries Middendorfer * Alfredo Chee
Nizar Sartawi * Krishnesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Alma Jakubczak Vel Ratty-Jakubczak * Shereef Abdu - Rashied
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Ann J. White
Julia N. Vilchez * Demetrios Trifilios * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Galloway * Jackie Deeks Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
July 2016



Featured Poets

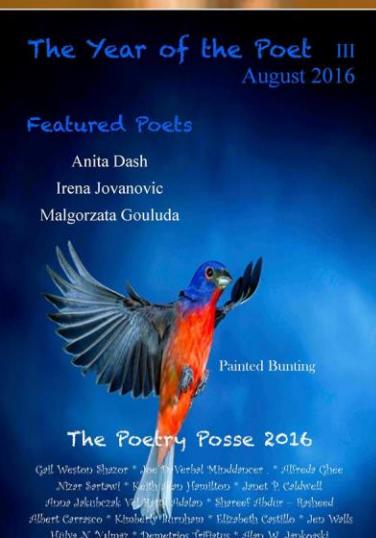
- Tram Fatima 'Ashi'
- Langley Shazor
- Jody Doty
- Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVries Middendorfer * Alfredo Chee
Nizar Sartawi * Kathy Allen Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Alma Jakubczak Vel Ratty-Jakubczak * Shereef Abdu - Rashied
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Ann J. White * Jen Walls
Julia N. Vilchez * Demetrios Trifilios * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Galloway * Jackie Deeks Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
August 2016



Featured Poets

- Anita Dash
- Irena Jovanovic
- Malgorzata Gouluda

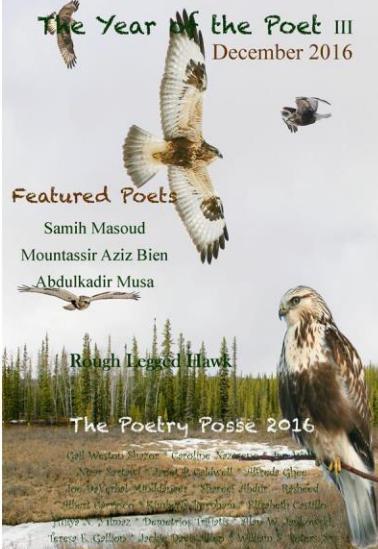
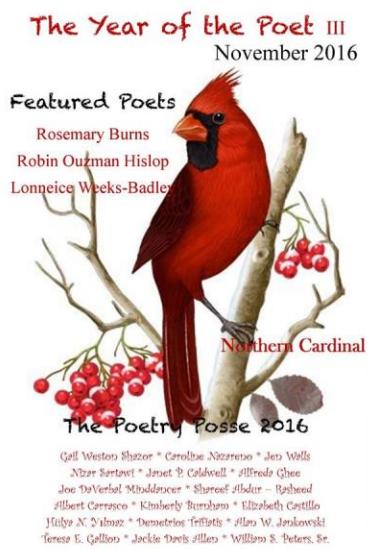
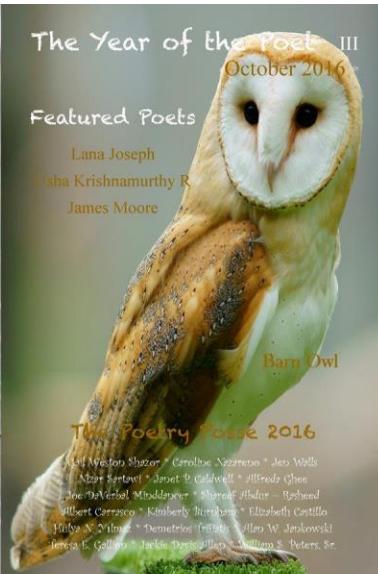
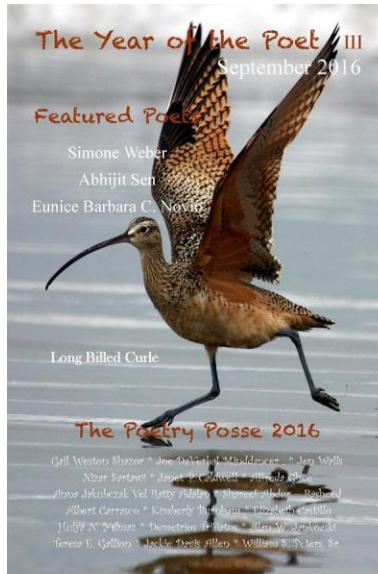
Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVries Middendorfer * Alfredo Chee
Nizar Sartawi * Kathy Allen Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Alma Jakubczak Vel Ratty-Jakubczak * Shereef Abdu - Rashied
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Walls
Julia N. Vilchez * Demetrios Trifilios * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Galloway * Jackie Deeks Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

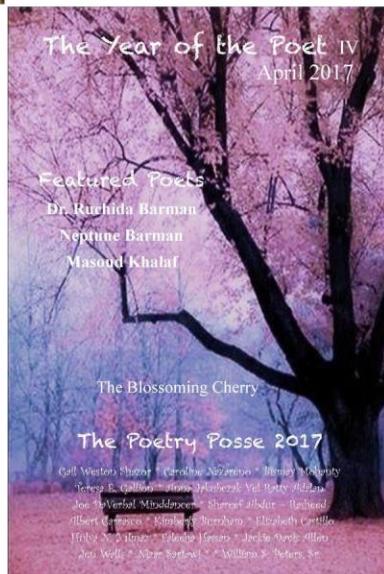
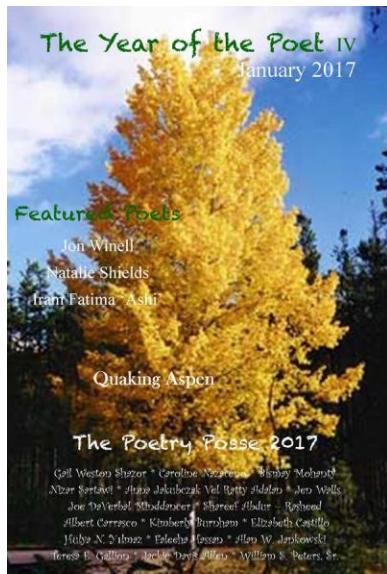
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The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gill Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizereno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Galloway * Anna Jakubczak Vel Fatty Adlara
Joe DaVerbo! Middendorf * Shereef Abdur - Ryshad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julia N. Vilmez * Edieh Hesser * Jackie Devil Allen
Jen Wells * Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV June 2017

Featured Poets

Eliza Seglet
Tze-Min Tsai
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gill Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizereno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Galloway * Anna Jakubczak Vel Fatty Adlara
Joe DaVerbo! Middendorf * Shereef Abdur - Ryshad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julia N. Vilmez * Edieh Hesser * Jackie Devil Allen
Jen Wells * Nizar Sartawi * 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

Gill Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizereno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Galloway * Anna Jakubczak Vel Fatty Adlara
Joe DaVerbo! Middendorf * Shereef Abdur - Ryshad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julia N. Vilmez * Edieh Hesser * Jackie Devil Allen
Jen Wells * Nizar Sartawi * 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

Gill Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizereno *
Teresa E. Galloway * Anna Jakubczak Vel Fatty Adlara
Joe DaVerbo! Middendorf * Shereef Abdur - Ryshad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julia N. Vilmez * Edieh Hesser * Jackie Devil Allen
Jen Wells * Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

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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 Carasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hulya 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

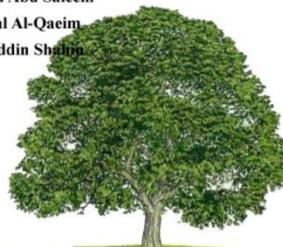
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi ** William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

The Year of the Poet IV

October 2017

Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shigino



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

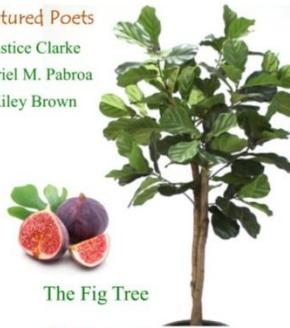
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi ** William 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 Carasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hulya 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. Yılmaz * 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 Szawrcka
Abhilipsa Kuunar
Aanika Aery

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Tezmin Ition Tsai
Hülya N. Yılmaz * 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



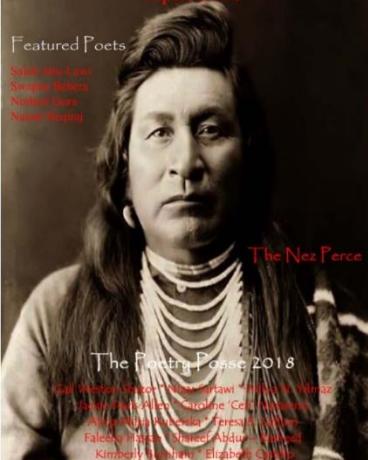
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Cassandra Swan
Jaleel Khazaal
Shazia Zaman
Dominican Republic
Haiti
Puerto Rico

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 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



Salah Abu-Law
Swapan Behera
Noboru Imai
Najeeq Rajput

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno
Alicja Maria Kuberska * 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

Zaldy Carreon de Leon Jr.
Sylwia K. Malinowska
Lindita Ahmeti
Ofelia Prodan

The Sumerians

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion
Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Faleeha Hassan * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera
Tezmin İtön Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V

June 2018

Featured Poets

Bilall Maliqi * Daim Miftari * Gojko Božović * Sofija Živković

The Paleo Indians

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion
Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Faleeha Hassan * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera
Tezmin İtön Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V

July 2018

Oceania

Featured Poets

Jumala Iyengar-Paddy
Mohammad Idhal Ham
Eliza Segret
Tom Higgins

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion
Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Faleeha Hassan * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera
Tezmin İtön Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V

August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion
Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera
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