



Letter Poems

to Our

Deceased

featuring

Poets of the World

Letter-Boems

to Our

Deceased

by

Poets of the World

Inner Child Press International

‘building bridges for cultural understanding’

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General Information

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Poets of the World

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Disclaimer

In our attempts to maintain the integrity of the contributors' voices in the publication before you, *Letter-Poems to Our Deceased*, we have elected to do minimal surface- editing. We felt that maintaining the original entries was critically important for you, the reader, to enjoy the authenticity of each poetic giving in letter-format. All poetry submissions have, therefore, been preserved in their original versions, with only minor adjustments having been employed on them. You may encounter some challenges in achieving total clarity of the messages shared through the letter-poems, but we encourage you to let go of your critical thinking and embrace the spirit through words offered for the poetic art.

From the desk of . . .

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.
Director of Editing Services

Inner Child Press International
'building bridges of cultural understanding'



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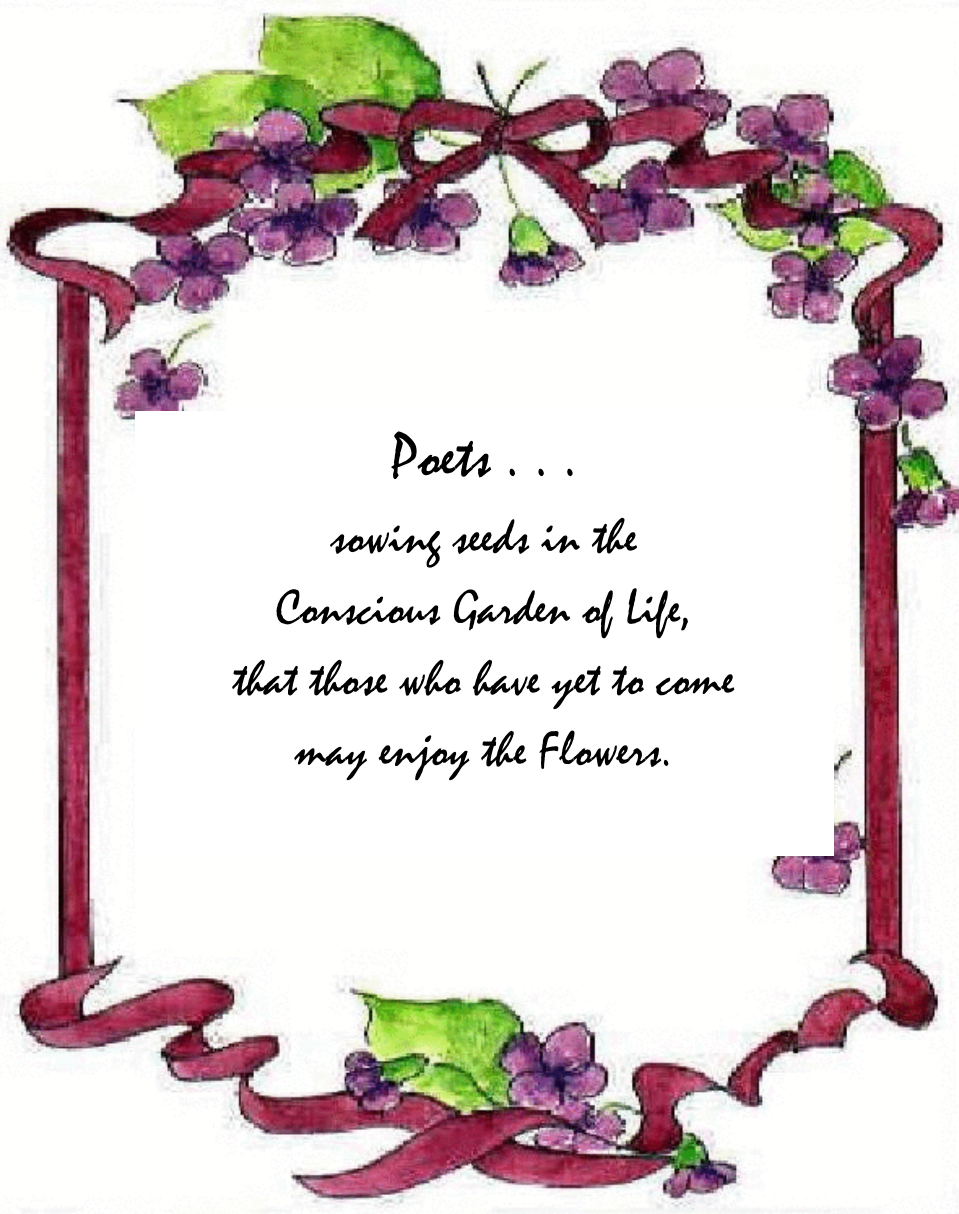
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Poets . . .

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

Crossing au naturale

We lose our parents
Then we loose each other,
And I pray my children
Go not before me
And wait
For my journey to end.

Our grandparents
Have departed
So many years before
And it has become
Increasingly difficult
To recall the Visions
Of their presence ...
But the feelings remain

Aunts, Uncles, Cousins and Friends
Like leaves in the autumn
Drop to their resting place
One by one

....

Sometimes aided
By a strong wind,
A pouring rain
Or perhaps fatigue ...
Or perhaps,
It was just their time.

When I look back
Over my shoulder
At what lies behind me,
I am aware

Of the Words...
The words I spoke,
And those I did not,
Or could not,
For I was busy and preoccupied.
Doing things,
Or doing much of nothing.

So now I find myself
Relegated to writing poems,
Some contemplative,
Some reflective,
Some infused with my sorrows,
Some my pains,
Some my joys,
Some my hopes,
And a myriad upon myriad
Of dispositions
I wish to revisit,
And those I never had a chance,
Or never took the time
To experience

But considering how i was reared up,
The thing more important
That the cast aside dreams,
The achievements and failures
Is the hope,
The hope that
I will see you all once again
For that eternal embrace.

poetry is . . .



The Poetry

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Shafkat Aziz Hajam



Shafkat Aziz Hajam is a poet, reviewer and co-author from Kashmir, India. He is the author of two children's poetry (rhyme) books, *The Cuckoo's Voice* and *The Canary's Voice*. His poems have been published in international anthologies, like *PLOTS* (UK), the online literary magazine *Prodigy* (U.S.A.), the digital literary magazine *USA*, etc.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

You Deserve Heaven

O my dear friend you abandoned me
Death took you away young unexpectedly.
Without you I feel lonely and dejected
As if by the world I was rejected.
O dear you were sympathetic and kind.
If you were hurt, you did not mind.
You helped the needy as much as you could
With suggestion, money, clothes or food .
You cried when you saw someone crying.
You smiled when you saw someone smiling.
Though I am dejected for you, I expect you
To be in heaven.
For the good of the people you used to do.
Death is certain we all should know.
To some it comes in their youth, to some it
Comes in their old age.
We should be always good to one another
In heaven for us a place it will create.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Shirley Smothers



Shirley Smothers is an amateur poet, writer and artist. She mostly writes short stories. Some of her short stories can be viewed at Shirleymothers@storystar.com.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

To My Dear Peanut Dog,

Do all Dogs go to Heaven? I
sure hope it's true.
Cause when I get to Heaven
I want to be there with you.

You are gone now but
for a short while.
When I see you again
I'll have a big smile.

I'll sit upon the ground
while you run that crazy little circle.
I'll say that's my Peanut Dog
acting all be-zirkel.

Love Shirley

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Binod Dawadi



Binod Dawadi, the author of *The Power of Words*, holds a Master's Degree in English. He has contributed to numerous anthologies and has been published in various magazines. His vision is to change society through knowledge, so he wants to provide enlightenment to people through his writing skills.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Letter for the Dead

My favourite dog, why do you leave me?
As well as go far away,
You may be searching and looking from

The rainbows but I am not with you,
And you are not with me,
Your remembrance is with me.

You may be waiting for me in the
Paths of a rainbow but I can't come with you.
My dog, I can't live without you.

I am calling for you for forever,
Your photographs are only with me.
You always come in my dreams.

Once again please come here,
We will enjoy and play,

We will travel very much far away,
We will be forever with each other.
Now I am alone without you.

You changed my life by becoming
My best friend but you are also
Immortal for me forever.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

zO-AlonzO Gross



zO-AlonzO Gross is an American Rap Artist, Composer, Producer, Actor, Dancer, Writer, Publisher, Poet & Multi Award Winning Author of 6 books. He received his Bachelor's Degree from Temple University in the fields of Dance & English Literature.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Hey Big Sis . . .

*Dedicated 2 my late Sister
Darlene "Fly" Gross*

Hey remember I told U
About my Nightmares
At night?
U told me u had em too
said it was a message ta write
U Called it a Gift,
said it was our 3rd sight
said I could uplift,
ur pen's ur sword
So Lil brother fight
I remember I asked u
where should I go ta school?
u invited me ta campus
In Philly u was so cool
It's a blur now,
But I recall now,
How the time just flew
YearZ later, like u
would Graduate from Temple U
I remember ur laugh,
At those weird thingS that occurred ----:
I remember I'd bask
In how Artistic u were----:

(Ur In my thoughtZ
Everyday,
I say all this
Just ta say
Said in my thoughtZ
Everyday,
Big Sista
thought u would stay)

Hey Big Sis,
I'm thinkin' of u
And All the ThingS In Life
U told me I could do

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Hey Big Sis,
R the SkieZ alwayZ Blue?
Is Heaven what they say?
Does it all ring true?
Hey Big Sis,
Does the Sun alwayZ Shine?

Have u spoken ta Jesus?
R the roads there divine?
Hey Big Sis, (I say)
I got u on ma mind~
I pray ur watchin' over us
Jus give us signZ ~
ta say you're fine.~
zO

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Michelle Joan Barulich



Michelle Joan Barulich, from Nevada, U.S.A., has been enjoying writing songs and poetry since she was a teen. She loves all kinds of animals and is a wildlife rehabilitator. She also enjoys art, woodburning, and learning about plants. She is presently studying Homeopathic Medicine to help people get well.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Wave

For My Mom, Joan Fay Barulich

A wave came over me
Something reminded me
I heard a gentleman say
That since she passed away
I've been cryin' ever since
This is the way I feel too
You died with Jesus and the cross in your hands
I wish you were by my side
I look into the glass mirror
Trying to find my Mother in me
Another wave crashed onto my reality
I look hard into the glass mirror
Trying to find my Mother's reflection in me
Memories . . . do they fade or is it just me?
My pages in my diary seem to seep into the walls
Can't seem to hide the void or pick up the crashing pieces that fell upon me
My Mom was my teacher and friend
How I miss you, the grief is endless
I will strive to be the best so you will be proud of me
You will always be in my heart,
and tonight another wave came to me gently.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Lucilla Trapazzo



Lucilla Trapazzo, multi-awarded poet, translator, artist, and performer, lives in Zurich after years spent abroad (*DDR*, Brussels, DC, NYC). She is a supporter of human rights and Earth. Her feminine point of view is reflected in many of her works. Five of her books consist of poetry.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

To My friend, the First (Who Is No More)

And then the sea opens
beyond the mourning of the clouds beyond
the swelling of sorrow. It rushes through
history.

With the rain tonight of you my friend
the first - with a smile in your eyes -
of you, whispered memories melt away,
hush-hush ceremonies of little girls giggling
little secrets that chisel harmonies
- casting new bonds and sense of belonging -
Tonight, I want to tell you - and you are, once again.

*You smiled at me, covering your smile
perhaps you read on my face
the anguish of the end
between mine I held your expanded hand
and I spoke in a half voice
of a tomorrow that never came.*

Then time is a long parenthesis
of emptiness, a white noise.

You - born in June. A year later
I - of July daughter. Never
I reached you as a child.
Now I surpassed you. Now,
in another somewhere, I look at the Mekong
I breathe in a desert, a rainy season,
for you I see them, with your eyes.
But perhaps you already know everything and everything
you see, from the other side of the stars.

I wonder, we'll all be light and sound one day,
melodies of cells, pixie dust of infinite
in joyful whirlwind, or a golden spiral
of numbers dancing with the All.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

The instant is crumbling.
I close my eyes to these crippled verses
that cannot say, that cannot explain.
(oh, the loud swindlers!)

And yet the universe dances without words
in the great motion, summoning up our hopes
beyond the empty space beyond the stars.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Nguyen Chau Ngoc Doan Chin



Nguyen Chau Ngoc Doan Chinh, with her pen name Hong Ngoc Chau, holds a Master's Degree in Educational Administration and an Honorary Doctorate in Literature and Humanity of the Church and of Puxton University. She is a member of the Ho Chi Minh City Writers' Association in Vietnam.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

I Miss My Gentle Mother

1

Bitter coffee mixes sweet taste gradually
I remember an afternoon rain suddenly
My mother never had a moment of serenity
For children learning so she always worries

2

The old bike from the past is always enough
For her in many years carrying sincere love
She never complained about making a living
It is difficult to nurture children's studying

3

Rough ivory hands of my beloved mother
She gave to rain and sun for a lot of years
The girl of Can Tho is sincere and charming
Always keeps four good virtues in working

4

Due to life, she's with my father side by side
She is joyful to overcome vicissitude in life
Loving my father and us with all her conscience
My mom's hair gray to add more age to children

5

Heavy rain on my mother's working way
Dark night with no stars she never delays
It is still in time for a warm home daily
Joyful moments for a reunited family

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

6

A grilled meat pot with five tasty spices
How warm it's when it's rainy in real life!
Mom listens to children laughing and joking
She also gives words in the fun of advising

7

“Keep standards, avoid home rules ruin as ever
Worship ancestors and respect the superiors
Keep home rules, the first is your character
If home rules are stable, the future is better”

8

Beyond the window, windy rain hasn't ended
As my soul is remembering my mother indeed
Mothership is a heavily deep and sacred love
I recall my mom's advising words full enough

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Zoran Hercigonja



Zoran Hercigonja was born in Varaždin (Croatia). He is an award-winning Croatian poet, writer, independent researcher and editor. He is the author of several collections of poetry, novellas, novellas and short novels available in the City Library and Reading Room Metel Ožegović Varaždin.

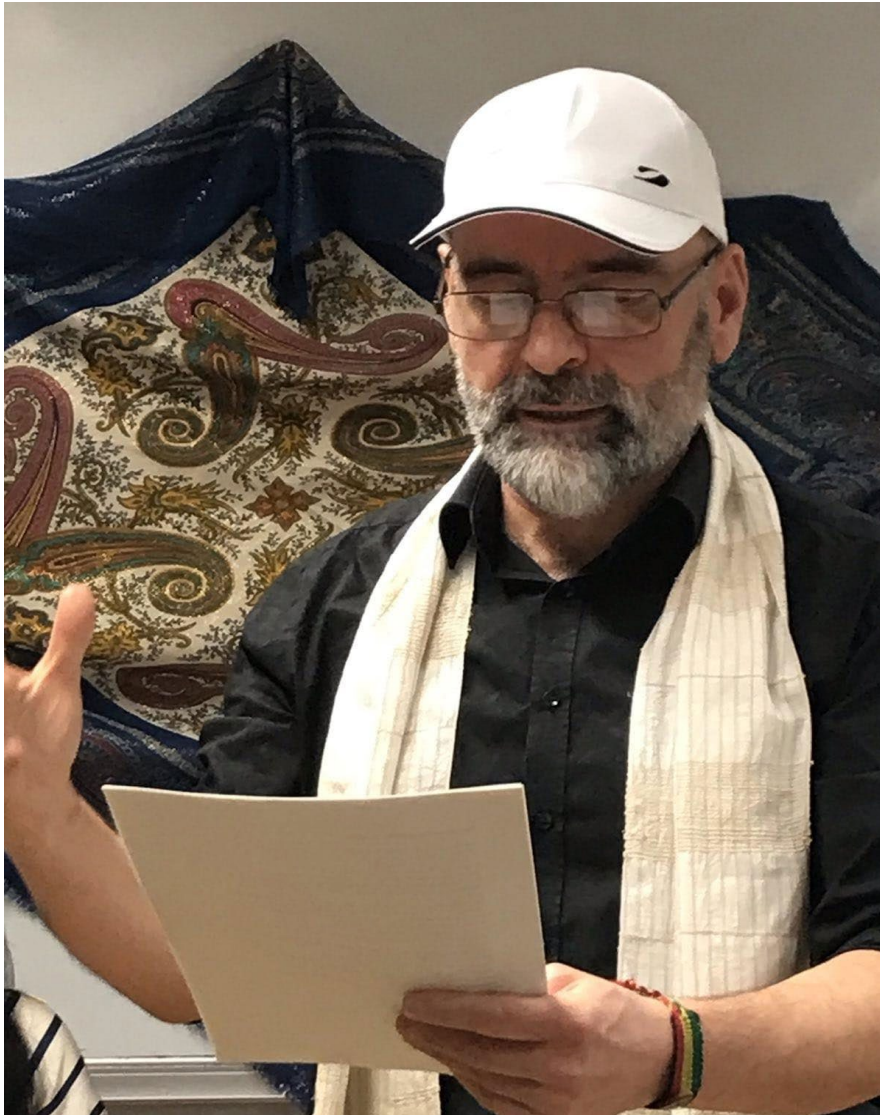
Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Astral Exile

I am still silent the trembling of your heart,
i still hear the voice
innocent existence.
Death is fierce, but not deaf!
It lets me hear you,
let me suffer with you
that through spring, summer, autumn and winter,
I share your pain on the altar of torment.
I can still see our moments together;
that Death with a brush reveals the pictures sealed
at the bottom of the heart drawer, pictures of the past,
pictures of priceless wealth.
Still, the memory of you lives in me
through all the days of my life.
And however painful the suffering may be,
I won't let you walk alone.
My prayers stab Death in the heart like a spike
and melts the wax from the ears of evil.
Neither do the angels in heaven
as much power as my soul for you,
soaked in blood.
And however painful the suffering may be,
I won't let you walk alone
because we sucked from the same heavenly teat,
we are plucked from the same tree,
on the same stone, our seed was sown
misery and horror.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Hussein Habasch



Hussein Habasch, from Afrin, Kurdistan, is a poet whose work has been translated into more than 30 languages, appearing in more than 120 international anthologies. He authored 20 books published in several languages. He participated in numerous international poetry festivals, including Colombia, Nicaragua, France, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Germany, Romania, Lithuania, Morocco, Ecuador, [. . .].

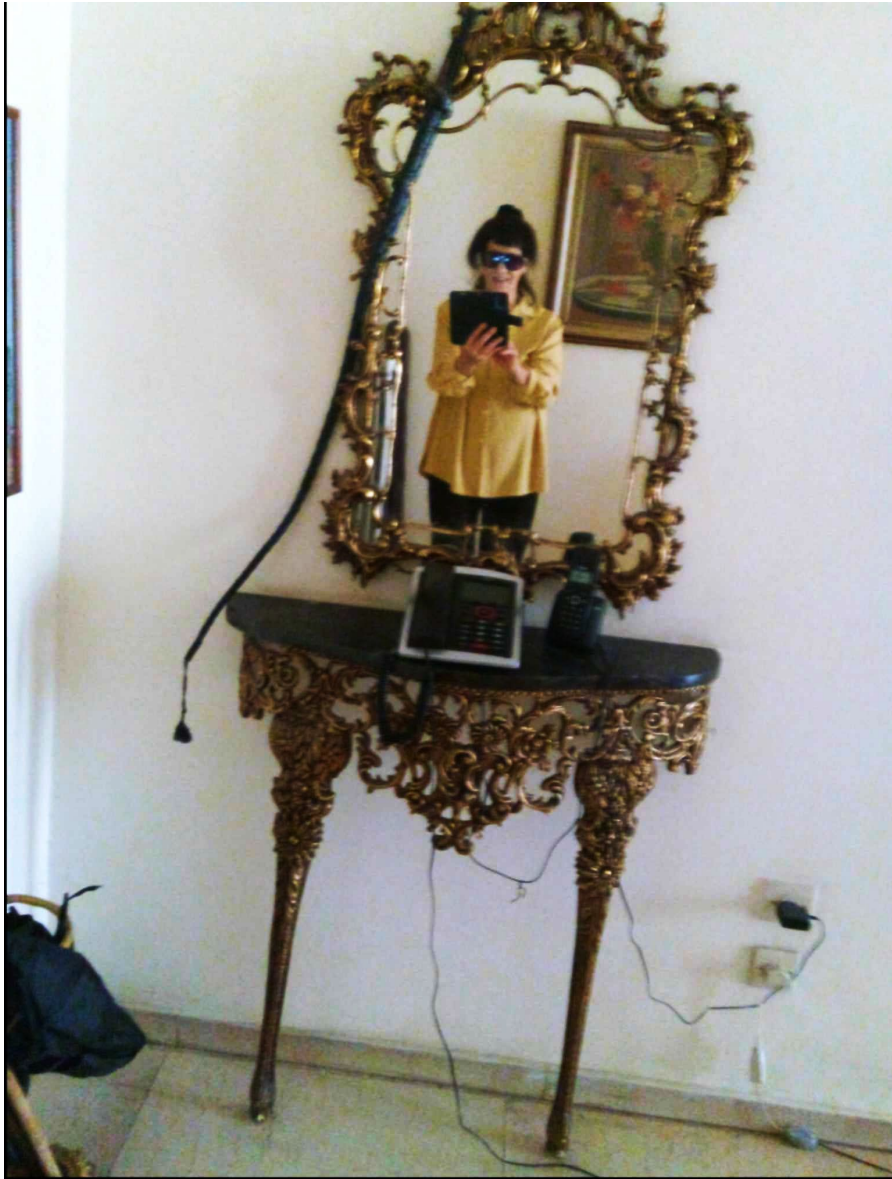
Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

My Uncle Hussein

When I was born,
my father named me after his older brother
Hussein - who was run over by a fast train
crossing the city of Aleppo at lightning speed!
Many were the stories about his death.
Someone said that he was desperate for life so desperate
that he flung his body under the wheels of the train.
Someone told of an ineffable divine force
forcefully pushing him towards the railway
while the train was crossing and what had to happen, happened.
Another story stated that he was pursuing a woman.
He had fallen so much in love with her
that he was blinded from seeing anything but her,
so, the train ran over him while he was pursuing the love of his heart,
who was at the other end of the railway.
Many were the sayings and the stories,
but the truth bright like the sun is that my uncle
Hussein was run over by a fast train
crossing the city of Aleppo at lightning speed,
and in that very moment his existence ended forever.
What I don't understand is why every time I see a fast train,
I run to it, as if some mysterious magic
that I have no control over pushes me forcefully towards it.
Really why . . . ?

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Eftichia Kapardeli



Eftichia Kapardeli holds a doctorate from the Arts and Culture World Academy. She is the International Ambassador of the International Chamber of Writers and Artists LIC, and is a member of the World Poets' Society, Poetas del Mundo, the IWA of E.E.Λ.Σ.Π.Η, the International Society of Greek Literatures, ARTISTS-DEEL, and PEL.

http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013_10_01_archive.html

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Πάντα με την Ανατολή θα υπάρχει η Ελπίδα στην καρδιά μας

Στο κάτοπτρο του χρόνου

Γυμνά λουλούδια
κυλούν στον κυμάτων την απεραντοσύνη
Χωρίς αρχή και τέλος
τις ψυχές ξυπνούν
και με διαπερνούν ,με μεταμορφώνουν, με σπαταλούν

Σε Αρχαία κρύπτη
τα χρώματα Αιώνια επιζούν
μέσα στο κάτοπτρο του χρόνου ταξιδεύουν

Στην ρίζα της γης
κάποτε θα ανταμωθούμε
τον καλό καιρό της συγκομιδής
Ανάμεσα σε επιθυμίες
που θα είναι πια δικές μας
ζωγραφίζοντας στον Ήλιου της Αυγής τα
φωτεινά σημάδια
Τα κρυστάλλινα μοναδικά δάκρυα μας

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

In the Mirror of Time

Bare flowers
rolling in the waves of vastness
Without beginning and end
the souls awaken
and they penetrate me
they transform me, they waste me

In Ancient crypt
the colors Eternal survive
inside the mirror travel time

At the root of the earth
one day we will meet
the good weather of the harvest time
Between desires
which will finally be ours
Our crystal unique tears
painting in the Sun of Dawn
the bright signs

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Anita Caprice Powell



Anita Caprice Powell, Msc.D. is a Mom/GranMom. She's an award-winning International Poet/Spoken Word Artist, Author, Speaker, Doctor of Metaphysics, Human Rights Consultant and Michigan Unemployment Appeals & Rare Disease Advocate. Anita has been described as a Global Humanitarian Leader. She holds *Honoris Causa*, an honorary doctorate of Philosophy.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

It's You, Crystle

To behold Beauty
To know that it exists.
To welcome the Celestial
Spectrum And feeling such inward
bliss. Crystle
How happy it is
to see the sun rise through a
cloud. To know Your Spirit
is within the Source of it
ALL Humble, Blessed &
Proud
Throughout
seconds ~ moments ~ hours ~
Years We shared a LifeStory
within this Physical Sphere.
Having thoughts of
sweetness, Carefreeness and
Love –
it Breezes in
visions of
our Joy & Laughter
A Gift from the Ultimate
That remains here ever
after. To behold Beauty
To know that it exists.
To welcome the Cosmic
Spectrum And feeling such
inward bliss. Crystal
Us kids, as Sisters
claiming the playground of
earth Sometimes we
Played,
and Danced,
and Sang the Song
and on those long
summer days
and short winter nights

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Family, Friendships bonding
as the moon shined brilliantly bright
Intangible Pleasures of Dreams
Tangible Treasures the Gifting
Reflecting upon whimsical visions
Embraced laced
with the ribbon of everlasting
transcending love.

To behold Beauty
To know that it exists.
To welcome the Heavenly Spectrum
And feeling such inward bliss.

Crystle

I may not know why You deemed it time
for Your Spirit & Soul to fly.

To soar throughout the Universal Place
Side by Side all round the galactic Space

I do know that God is Everlasting
and everywhere ~ there
in the trees, in the aroma of the flower
In every second ~ minute & hour.

So, Crystle

each time I experience
the wind's gentle hug
and the sun's tender kiss

I need not miss
I know the hug and kiss is YOU.

Crystle

Rest in Peace
Rest in Power
Rest in Love

I love You Always & in All Ways
Angel

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Ilona Lakatos



Ilona Lakatos lives in Hungary, where she writes and paints. Her love of literature is her mother's influence. [. . .]. She published 13 books; two story collections, a poetry book, a series, *Bulvár*, and a novel, *LUSION*. Her work appeared in anthologies and magazines. She received the 2023 Zheng Nian Cup literary award for her novella.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

To My Mother

It's been many, many years since you left
but since then there hasn't been a day
that I wouldn't have thought of it
countless thoughts.

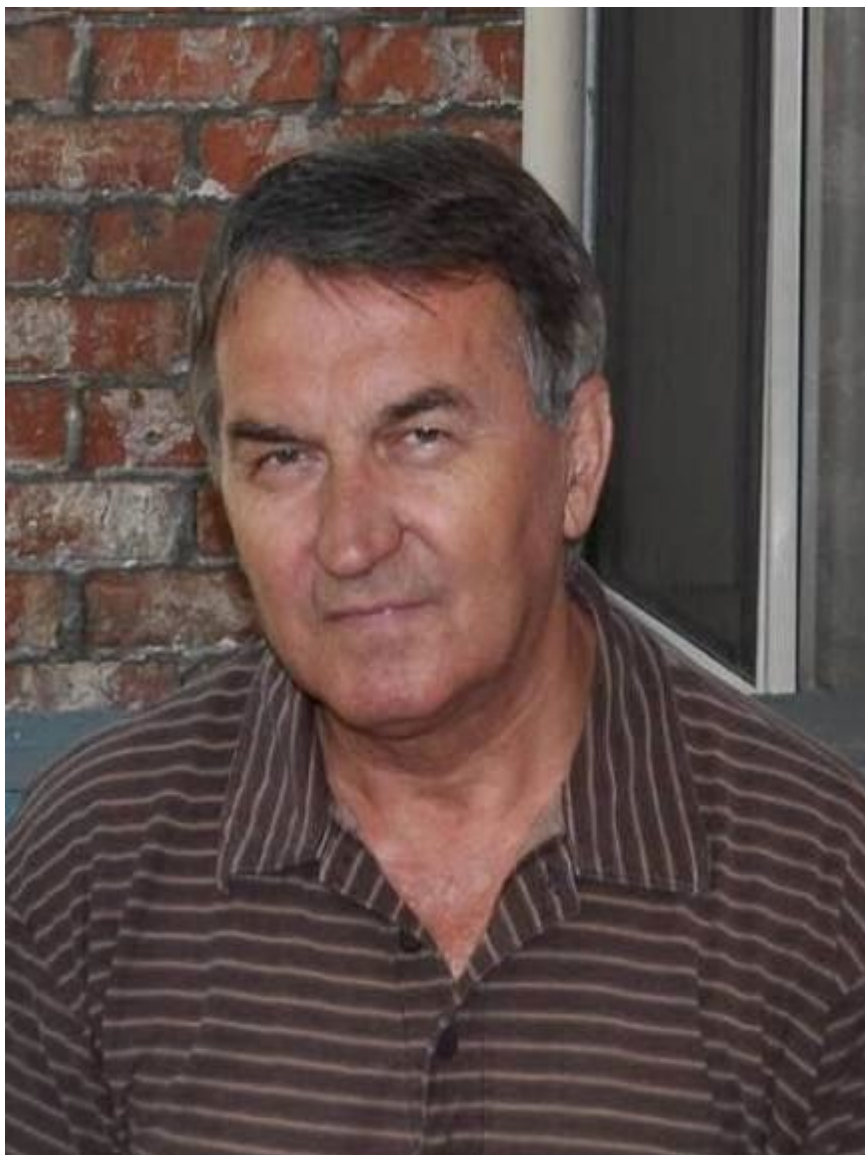
Helped me in the storm of life,
every word you say.
You weren't by my side
but you live in my heart
and every word
which gives hope.

You set an example of faith, loyalty, love,
out of honor despite the difficulties.
Trust, honesty is such a rare thing,
but I also learned this from you,
that life can only be complete in this way,
even if sometimes they tear the heart.

The day will come when we meet again
because it all ends once in a while
earthly existence.
You've been waiting a long time, I know
and when the time is up, we'll meet again
because our faith
gives this comfort.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Ibrahim Honjo



Ibrahim Honjo is a Canadian poet-writer, sculptor, painter, and photographer. He is the author of 38 published books in the Serbo-Croatian and English languages. His poems have appeared in more than 60 world anthologies, and translated into 18 languages. Honjo has received several prizes for his poetry.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

A Letter to the Father

The moon paused on the branches of an old pine tree
it touches the sky above the emerald Neretva
you are not here, father, to demolish the granite boulders
and you write history in them

there is no more of me either
there is no homeland
everything crashed father
down that right slope
by which the wars were waged

you left long ago my dear
to that planet where you don't need eyes
I hung mine on that black cloud
which traditionally brought rain
with whom we often cried
over man and humanity
over his self-destruction

to man and humanity
chronic blindness and deafness
there is no way you can cure it

each one treads on his own thorns
each one carries all his own with him

Our plum trees are gone
and a vine around the house
the last thing that reminded me of you, father
except for those magic words
which life means

a lot of things went with you
after you, everything became someone else's

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

there are no more children in front of the house
deserted Mahalla's and villages
no one goes to long winter sittings anymore
and brother fights with a brother over nothing

it doesn't matter dear how everything looks
I can carry this pain in my heart alone
and to carry my naked soul
but I can't bear this big lie
of man and humanity
I can't bear their strong greed

I don't need anything my dear father any more
just a ticket to eternal peace

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Francesco Favetta



Francesco Favetta was born in Sciacca, Sicily. He has always loved poetry, writing down verses; but above all, authentic culture, food for the soul! He has so far written over 4000 poems. He also writes reflections and philosophical thoughts. In 2018, he was honored with a reward from Accademia di Sicilia.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Little Nightingale

Dedicated to My Mother

As
you flew away
little nightingale
your flight is white
and that suffering
a boulder
the words poetry
on this night
dark in the heart.
You stole
the weather
you went to Heaven
mom
you are traveling
join dad
towards the stars
next to the memories.
In destiny
outside the walls
now the streets
they are closed
mom is you
that book
never written
inside the lines
in the verses
of my thoughts.
Mom
those caresses
to my heart
the beloved notes
and happy moments
your arms
welcoming

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

never tired
on my skin.
Now
mom
your breath
it is broken
broken from memory
and that pain
between the teeth
it dampens life
I feel
tight again
to your chest
from infinite love
that he gave to me
life.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Maxine A. Moncrieffe



Maxine A. Moncrieffe, AKA Maxwanette A Poetess is business owner (PLOTS PROOFING & PROMOTING SERVICES, LLC & Cyber Clerical Associates); published poet; self-publisher (Amazon KDP); podcast host (PLOTS Creatives Magazine & 100 TPC 4 Change, and Owner/Founder/Editor-in-Chief of *P.L.O.T.S, Creatives Magazine*. She received the 2022 Sarabita Masters Lifetime Achievement Award.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

To the Ancestors

I started this poem,
With focus upon my Mother,
Grandpa George, and my other elders,
That have gone on.

It seemed so selfish,
As I went down the list,
To only think of my family tree,
And those most special to me.

So, thank you to the Ancestors,
And those who've transcended,
Before the living, was ready to have ended,
The connection of their being.

I smile deep with pride,
As you stand by our sides,
Being the spiritual guides,
That we thought were only alive, in wishes.

To that lady standing there;
Chiney-bump twists in her hair,
Over to the side, bright in the light,
Completely dressed in white & head-wrapped tight.
Waving & smiling to all spiritual energies here . . .
Hi Momma, especially you . . .
I love you baby-girl, Ma' dear. (((BOWING GRACEFULLY)))

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Faleeha Hassan



Faleeha Hassan is Pulitzer Prize and Pushcart Prize Nominee; member of IWA and Whos' Who in America; the Cultural Ambassador (Iraq and the USA) for Inner Child Press International, winner of the Women Excellence award, winner of the Grand Jury Award of the SAHITTO, one of the "Excellence" selection committees, and winner of Women in Arts award [. . .].

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Remembering

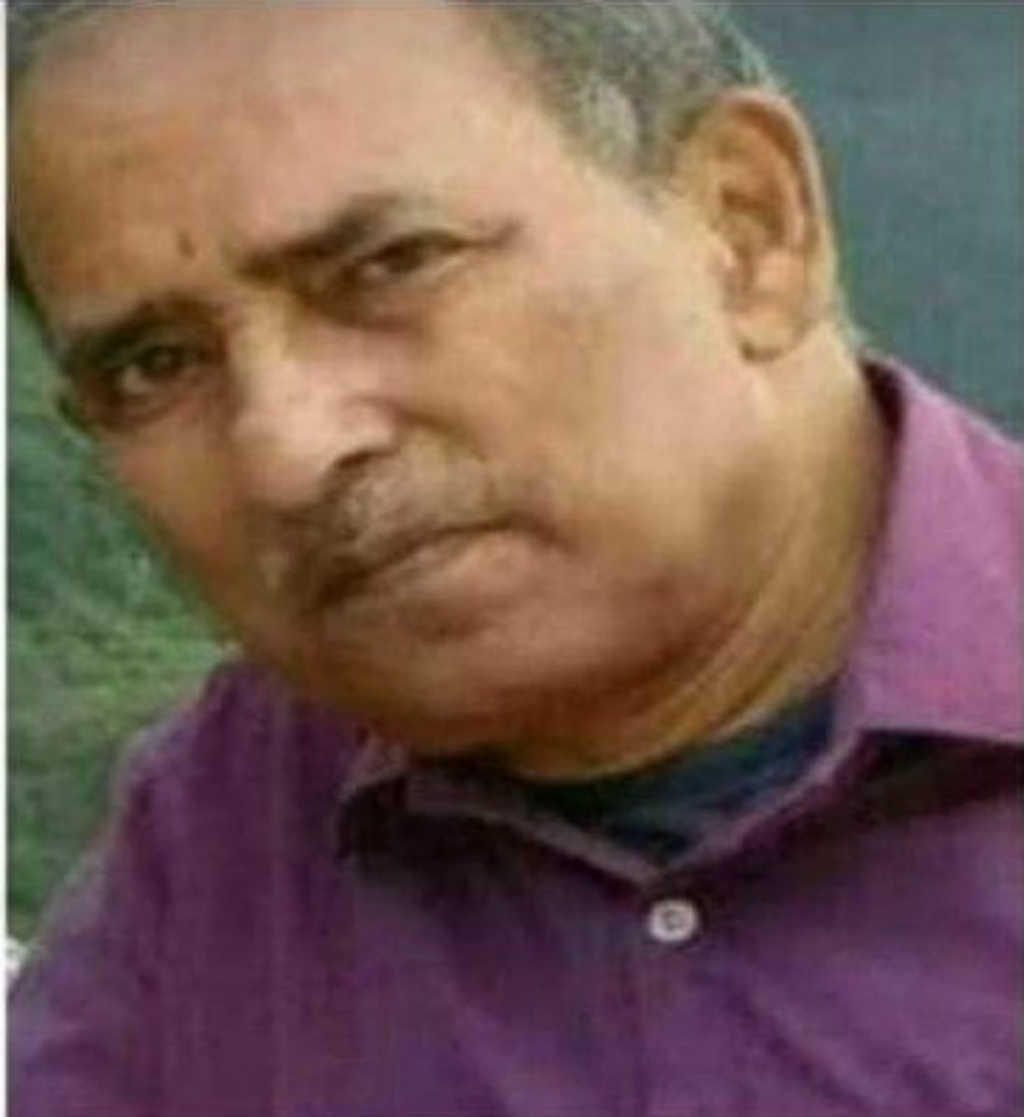
This poem is dedicated to my mother.

I remember
I was born there,
Near a lingering dream,
When my mother, alone with her passion,
(I 'm alone still, an orphan)
Arranged her dreams in boxes called "us"
And then returned the next morning to
Press her eyes to shed kohl,
While she slept, we lay as naked as a freshly washed tunic
Inhaling alienation as we dried.

Translated by William M. Hutchins

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

C. S. P. Shrivastava



C. S. P. Shrivastava, the author of *Shekhar's Poetic Musings*, is a seasoned bilingual poet. His poetry is highly acclaimed nationally and internationally. He has received The Gujarat Sahitya Academy Award in 2021 and 2022. He has also been rewarded by the Seychelles Government with the RabindraNath Tagore Literary Honors.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

A Letter to My Own

To my darling dear doll Nikki
Which in my memory ever fresh it floods n unfolds
fresh memories . . .

O! the darling of my vision
Your life in precision!

Greetings from the mortal realm
Of which once you were the gem

I remember that afternoon
The seventh month your frame

Was swiftly flown into the Ganges
Creating void in my essence with rages

As predecessor that slipped from the hands of Vasudev
The biological father of Lord Krishna

Followed by the Lord _
The manifestations of varied refracted rays of humanity for humanity

And how can I forget your multiple steps
On my chest
Me as your hand holding then

And the role reversed now
I don't mourn you

For you make me understand

Life is a flow which must go on
On to eternity and beyond
As the purpose and the means !

The awareness awesome
I carry forth the message wholesome :

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

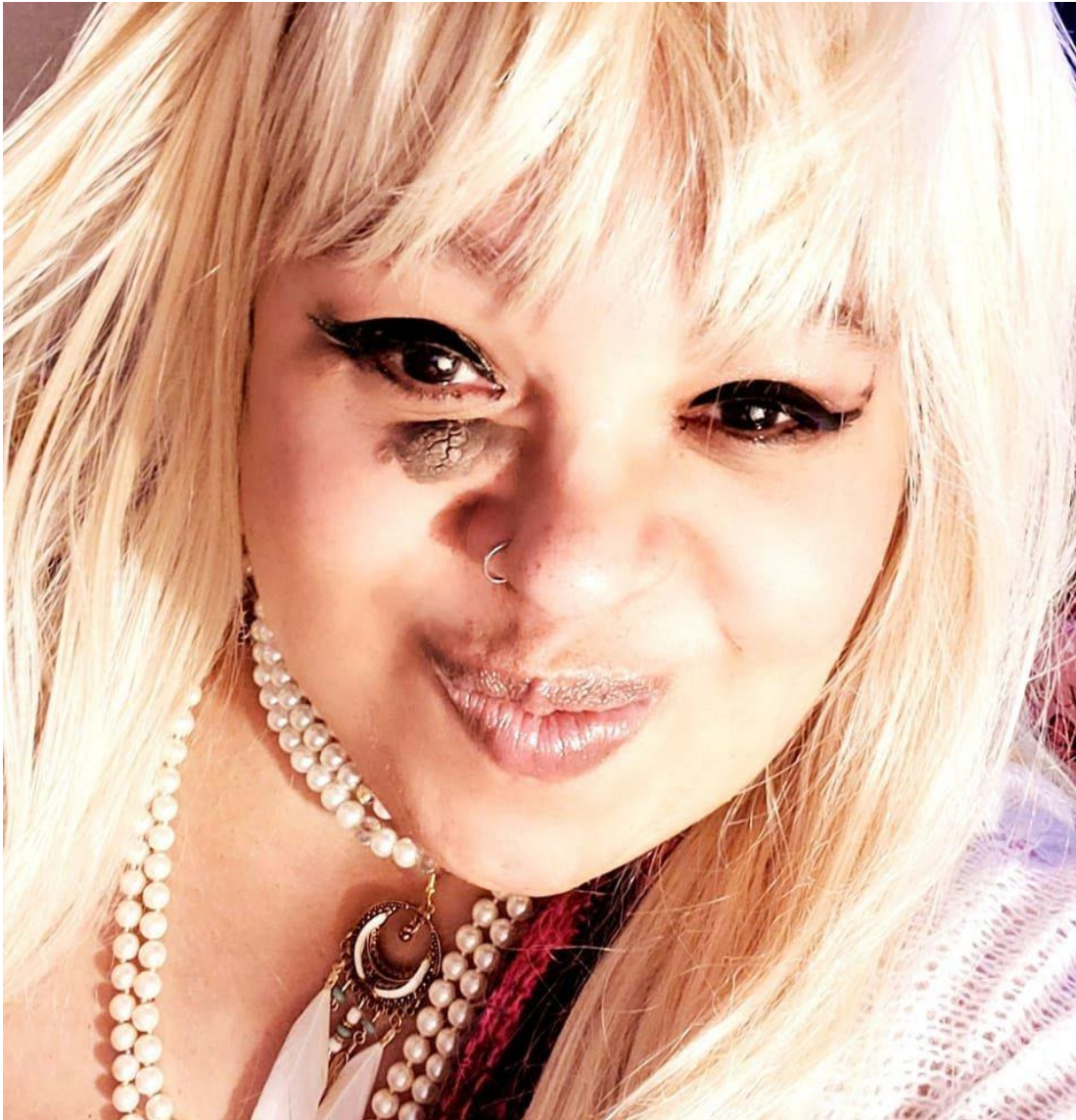
Life among many dimensions
Is a music
Must be played on
To resonate in the world
Forever n ever
And even thereafter . . .

I don't bid adieu
You have since merged to me
Yet seen in the high sky
You shine like a star

O! dear darling Nikki star

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Valerie Ames Middlebrook



Valerie Ames Middlebrook uses the word “eye” instead of “I” . . . because it holds a deeper meaning for her expanding spiritual conscious awareness, rather than her persona. She is an introverted empath who loves observing patterns of cycles and seasons of birth, death and rebirth . . . mother of two, grandmother of six and three fur babies.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Dear Family Members and Friends,

Eye keep our memories alive . . . Eye contain them as a mother contains her unborn infant . . . Our relationship is still reciprocal . . . Eye receive as much love as eye give . . . even though your physical form is no longer here, you are no less real and present in my life.

Eye grieve the absence of your physical presence, like a young child who got lost from its parents . . . heartbroken and beyond the comfort of words . . . The desolation is my isolation sometimes . . . and in it, eye find the satisfaction of solitude . . . with just thoughts and feelings, remembering your smile . . . your way . . . your scent . . . your quirks . . . and, oh my God, your laughter!

Eye knew what love was when we laughed together . . . because nothing else mattered. The chaos of the world faded away back into the doubts of shadows . . . as joy, peace and happiness were the light that broke through the clouds of my despair.

Even now, after all these years, after saying goodbye to so many of you . . . eye still call your names out loud as eye often think of us, wondering what it would be like now for us in this present moment of time.

As the cycles and seasons come and go and the holidays show up one by one . . . eye often sense your presence near me, especially in the fall of the year . . . eye am more prone to unconditional tears. From nowhere they come, sometimes slowly lingering . . . other times, going as fast as they come . . . Nothing in life prepared me for your absence because of death.

Eye tell myself you are in a better state of conscious awareness now . . . and eye believe it . . . but eye still miss touching you . . . hugging you . . . being with you . . . because there is no one in this world like you. Knowing this, eye know that no one will ever take your place as eye begin to love again, opening myself up slowly to bond and connect . . . in my imperfect ways . . . until we reach the inevitable end of our days . . .

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Eye am forever grateful for the memories . . . because they are the currency of my dreams . . . the foundations of my future . . . without you, eye could not give birth to them . . . they would remain unrealized. Eye am forever indebted to your unconditional love. When eye am completely still, this eye knows it in her bones.

Within death is the art of Peace . . . it is the deepest of treasures yet to be unburied and honored, not feared or hated . . . because escaping from the human state of suffering through death is nothing other than a blessing in disguise . . .

Yours Always and Forever

Valerie Ames Middlebrook

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Solomon C. Jatta



Solomon C. Jatta is a Gambian Lawyer and a poet whose literary work focuses on issues affecting his society and humanity at large. His poems focus on love, social justice, and the need for change in Africa.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Memento Mori

My wife do not sleep forever,
Wake up! Don't go, leaving me. NEVER!
For forever without you is bleak my dear.
I talk but she can't hear,
No sweet response came from her beautiful lips,
I kiss them, but nothing to feel, they're cold.
Her hands I stretch to hold,
But no comfort grips.
Her eyes once full of light
Have gone dim like the moonless night.
How I miss the sweetness of your comfort,
And the protection of your fort
Where no pain reaches.
Joy, no longer resides in worldly riches,
You gone leaving me with only the warning MEMENTO MORI
But wait for me, we shall be together forever without any worry.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Alshaad Kara



Alshaad Kara is a Mauritian poet who writes from his heart. He won the 2023 “Zheng Nian Cup” Literary Award Third Prize. His latest poems were published in *The BeZine*, *Men Matters Online Journal* and *Slamming Bricks Anthology 3rd Edition*.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

My Dream of Heaven

Dear partner of mine,

The habit of your presence
Is still a hope in my heart.

A broken pathway in my life
Is my only respite
Faced the dilemma to
Live without you.

You could not be mine in the end,
Because heaven was made
To be for you.

The dream of having been
Loved by you
Is a soulmate's blessing.

Your death scratched
My heart to a hearth
Of disbelief

Yet

My heart will forever
Bloom in thinking of you.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Richard Temple



Richard Temple lives in Wales, and at 55 is finally a rising star of the performance poetry world. His work has been published in anthologies and literary journals worldwide and performed at festivals across the UK. He has been featured in literary exhibitions in Wales and Copenhagen.

<https://linktr.ee/richardtemple>

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

To Grandmaster Gareth

I have a picture on my mantle of the last time we met.
You are almost smiling.

A stranger beside me had your autograph —
tattooed on her arm.

She said you saved her life —
gave her strength to persevere.
Isolation as celebration —
vindication —
inviting the world to dance to your horror.

I hope she is OK,
today.

Your medicine and magic,
clung to life with raw exposure.
Comforting, accepting, bursting asunder.

No cry for help — you knew you were loved.
You were the best of us —
tired, hopeless you.

I wish you were here,
but the music couldn't shield you
from the devil that stalked you —
watching you
give light to the world —

keeping none for yourself.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Gail Weston Shazor



Gail Weston Shazor states the following about herself: “This is a creative promise ~ my pen will speak to and for the world. Enamored with letters and respectful of their power, I have been writing for most of my life. A mother, daughter, sister and grandmother, I give what I have been given greatfilledly.”

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Portals

We have forgotten the how of things
You and i
And it is only recently
That we can't find our way
I hold your hand in the dark
And we wander
Like this
Hands clasped tight to miss falls
And sometimes we forget
The what of things also
Glasses become slippers
And windows,
Maybe a fork in the road
Of memory
To sit and wait
On things to return to us
Or for them to be divinely revealed
In the cast of moonlight
I offer a blanket and
A cup of tea
To replace that which we search for
That is not found
Tonight
Our last night
But we hold out hope for tomorrow
For the finding
So that you may rest better and sooner
I watch you breathe
So shallow rise and fall
But I must be sure that you are
For that is what
I wait for
Every night
And I take note of the time
In a diary to capture the things shared
For the days grow long
As the memories disappear

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

The silences more pronounced
As you ponder silently
The times gone
And you forget to share them
With me
I read quietly all that I have missed
Of your life
Cementing them in my dreams
Of unspoiled landscapes

And colors
All the while noticing that
My hands have become yours
I revel in their working
Of needle and thread
Yarn and
Flour
And my memory is
Your hand
Guiding mine
I know that I may soon pass
Into the loss
And my daughter and I
Will take to
Walking
The night
For the forgotten things.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Mark Fleisher



The fifth book by Mark Fleisher, *Knowing When*, was a finalist for the New Mexico Poetry Book Award. His work has appeared in anthologies in the United States, Canada, United Kingdom, Nigeria, Kenya and India. An Ohio University journalism graduate, he served in the United States Air Force and now lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Now Alone

Friends and family
offer words of comfort
and condolence
a gentle hug
embracing mutual sorrow;
yet as mourners return
to the warmth of their homes
I am bereft of joy

When darkness falls
my hand outstretched
across silken sheets
finds only the reality
of emptiness
before sleep offers
respite from heartbreak
until the cycle resumes
at daybreak when
I am alone with grief
that someday will ease
but never depart

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Johny Takkedasila



Johny Takkedasila is a popular young poet, storyteller, novelist, critic, translator, and editor. In 2023, he received the Central Sahitya Akademi Yuva Puraskar for his criticism book, *Vivechani*.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

The Line of Time

There is a long black line
Between the two ends of the earth.
From the head to the foot of that black line,
Someone planted Green diamonds.

Along that line,
Time is running on wheels,
But he stopped
And squeezed sweat drops
From the womb of time.

In the middle of the journey,
Black men halted time
And transfused the blood
Into the nerves
And tightened the body parts.

Afterward,
Time sped up,
The line grew angry,
And it killed time.
Then the line took
The entrails of time
From the belly
And adorned them as a garland.

A yellow thread,
Broken in the house,
Two meat buffs weeping,
Reached the sky,
All three bodies fell
Onto the same line.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Juanita Singleton



Juanita Singleton, Ph.D., is LPN CHW-C, CEO, Owner of Regal Health and Wellness, Executive Director/Founder of the RES-Q-YOU/RES-Q-HER Initiative, Women's Empowerment and Social Engagement Motivator, and Nurse Innovator.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust

Requiem for Phillip Anthony

Dear Son,
Your ashes were sitting on the shelf,
Sitting there gathering dust.
You were asking me to bury you
But, I was being selfish, I did not want to let go yet.
“Ma”, you said to me in spirit, “I want to feel the earth from which I came.”
But “Son”, I said, “I don't want it to be done.”
“Let me go,” he said in spirit, “you will be alright.”
So, we went on a journey to a quiet place, just you and me.

As I scattered your ashes out through time's door,
That was when I knew you would be flesh no more.
“There you go, my son, now you are free, flying in the wind like you used to be.”
“Ma,” he whispered to me, “I will see you again one day, until then, free your mind
And thoughts of clutter,
Free your heart of all that flutters.
Go out and share with others what you have shared with me,
Your thoughts and your dreams for the world to see.
You have been silent long enough, and so it will be fine, for you to un-earth time
To show the world that there is still someone like you who is kind.”

And so he leaves the task to the rest of us to call upon our lives, to put forth the work
Of passing on love
Until we are called, to go to that heavenly place above.

Thank you, son, you have set me free from my worries and my fears.
Until we meet again, I will let go of my tears.

Rest in Heaven.

Love, Ma!

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Brenda Sullivan Furry



Brenda Sullivan Furry is a traveler, writer, wife, mother, grandmother, daughter, and friend. Currently, she is sailing the world with her husband as captain of her sailboat. She believes in the human spirit and endeavors to highlight the beauty that is the human heart.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Dear Claire,

I don't miss you.

I never knew you.

We met once and I remember your smile.

In that moment love connected us.

I was three.

I understood when they told me you died.

They left me behind for your funeral.

"You're too young." And I cried.

I grew up knowing in my heart that you are my hero, my blood.

You lived a life that has given me strength and courage throughout mine.

Our journeys overlay.

When afraid, I remember what you survived.

When weak, I remember your strength.

When alone, I remember you journeyed through the wilds.

From beyond you have walked with me through fire, celebrated miracles, comforted me with bedtime stories of your triumphs and adventures.

Thank you for all you have given, all you've made possible, and the example you've set.

I'm so grateful to have known you.

I'm excited to one day meet you, again.

I am your great granddaughter.

With love,

Brenda

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Narasingh Rao Kavuru



Narasingh Rao Kavuru is a poetry writer, who has been writing for over a decade. She is also a nature photographer and nature lover. She says melancholic moods attract her a lot.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

I Still Remember

I still remember those hands little and cute
Touching gently my legs in a bid to comfort me
My little one follows up my diet routine
The little Aamu sitting on my chest play fully
As she giggles my eyes too glitter wide
I enjoy by listening her sweet voice
Some of her anecdotes sound very funny
This little parrot of ours a chatterbox
Speaks even with our neighbour's dog
She can make even a silent man speak
Years passed but memories come back
As she holds my hand for not to use computer
Her decade plus years life was very passionate
Our little Aamu is ever in all our hearts
As we will remember her forever

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Andrea Gaiser



After four years in the Air Force, Andrea Gaiser raised her three sons. She then had a career as a CNA. She enjoys reading and spending time with family and friends.

Andrea's first attempt at poetry materializes in “Grief - Stage Two” where she voices her feelings following her husband’s death after a long battle with stroke and dementia.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Grief - Stage Two

Damn you - you died!
We were supposed
to grow old together.
No, seventy-nine is not old.
I see couples even older
walking together,
holding hands
as they stroll
through the neighborhood.
I see couples even older
shopping together.

And where are you?
You left me alone.
You left me to spend
my remaining years
alone and lonely.

I loved you from
the first time we met.
We shared fifty-six years.
We raised three sons.
Our lives were wrapped
around each other.
We planned for a future
that included you and me.
And then you died!
Damn you!
My love, I miss you!

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Delsa López Lorenzo



Delsa López Lorenzo (Cuba) is narrator, poet, International Peace Activist, Director in Cuba of the *Magazine América sin Fronteras*. She holds Doctor Honoris Causa. Her work appeared in anthologies, magazines, newspapers and books in various countries. She received awards from different academies, peace organizations, and poetic groups from different countries.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

DESPUÉS QUE CRUZASTE EL PUENTE

A la memoria de mi padre que se ha convertido en mito, sentado a la sombra de una Guásima vecina.

*. . . y unas hojas susurran con el viento.
(Eliseo Diego)*

A la sombra de efluvios del pasado,
una luz se proyecta al infinito.
En un tronco su lumbre se ha posado,
y la eterna fusión, es casi un mito.

Guardados en follaje cual secretos,
los instantes que el tiempo rememora
(con sus ritmos y espacios incompletos)
se abren paso al presente que los llora.

Y entre lunas y soles matinales,
las ramas van contando la leyenda,
con los ecos que el tiempo ha transmitido,

mientras flores (en místicos rituales)
le regalan su aroma como ofrenda,
al ancestro en la bruma diluido.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

After You Crossed the Bridge

To the memory of my father who has become a myth, sitting in the shadow of a neighbor Guásima.

*. . . and some leaves rustle in the wind.
(Eliseo Diego)*

In the shadow of the effluvia of the past,
a light is projected to infinity.
His light has settled on a trunk,
and eternal fusion is almost a myth.

Kept in foliage like secrets,
the moments that time remembers
(with its incomplete rhythms and spaces)
They make their way to the present that mourns them.

And between moons and morning suns,
The branches tell the legend,
with the echoes that time has transmitted,

while flowers (in mystical rituals)
They give him their aroma as an offering,
to the ancestor in the mist diluted.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Anila Bukhari



Anila Bukhari, a fearless champion for women's empowerment, is a remarkable worker, philanthropist, and social worker. She donated 1000 dolls to homeless children and hair wigs to cancer-stricken kids. Her poetry has been published in 50 languages. Anila is a talented voice-over artist, writer, poetess, and project maker.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Arfa Karim, My Soul Mate

Arfa, your radiant smile, a beacon in my sight,
Your abilities, a source of awe and delight.
In my mind, you dwell, forever enshrined,
As I walk past the hospital, where you left this world behind.

My soul, shattered into fragments, my heart torn apart,
Eleven years without you, a void in my heart.
Like a sister, a best friend, a soul mate so dear,
Your presence, a treasure, forever held near.

Your memories, a tapestry, woven in my heart,
I wish I could hold you, never to be apart.
Why must your body rest in a cold, lonely grave?
I wish it found solace within my heart's warm enclave.

In a better place, free from sorrow's embrace,
Yet, I yearn for your touch, your warm embrace.
A bouquet of flowers, a symbol of my love,
If only I knew where to find you, my dove.

Perhaps, in a dream, our spirits shall meet,
I'll run my fingers through your hair, so sweet.
Conversations that ignite change, make the world bright,
But you left us too soon, vanished from sight.

As October arrives, your face in the leaves I see,
In the fog, in the rain, your presence, so free.
Your name written across the canvas of the sky,
Arfa, come to me, let our souls reunify.

I need you, your pure soul, your guiding light,
Our country yearns for your intelligence, shining so bright.
You are deeply missed, your absence felt profound,
Arfa, forever cherished, in our hearts, you'll be found.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Nandita De



Nandita De is a writer, freelance journalist, and book editor. She worked with *Economic Times* and was published in *Statesman*, *Illustrated Weekly*, *ET*, *Telegraph*, *TOI*, *Germany Today*, *VMM*, UK, *Setu*, *New York Parrot*, etc. She has contributed to 71 anthologies, 7 coffee table books and edited 5 books and 2 journals.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Dear Ma,

Your eyes were wet
So wet
When you held me close last night

You looked on me tenderly
I knew you hadn't seen me in a while

My eyes were strained from a year
Of staring into blank space

I heard your voice
And Dad's

Again and again

His aged and throaty
Yours still sweet as a prayer bell

Your full hearted laugh
His suppressed smile

It was Vijaya Dashami night
The conch shells heralded the Deity

Those red vermilion streaked cheeks of yesteryears
Your red n white n gold saree

Touching Ma Durga's feet
Offering her sweets

Painting my childhood mind
In red n white n gold

I hear the conch shells blow today
The drum rolls of the essential 'Dhak'

I know it's 'Dashami'
Final notes of Durga Puja playing out

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Yet it's those years with you both
That return again and again

The pain is limitless
Your absence I cannot take

What is joy? You taught me!
What is love? You showed me.

The evening faded
I slipped into the void

Sleep brings relief
I embraced the dark like a babe

And out of the blue
You appeared

I saw you looking for me
I held you tight

Your eyes were wet
So wet

What is love? It's you.
Baba smiled. A big smile.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty



From India, Smruti Ranjan Mohanty is a widely-read multilingual poet, essayist and writer whose write-ups, published in different languages, are appreciated globally. Other than his own anthologies, his poems, essays and short stories have been featured in newspapers and over two hundred journals and anthologies of national and international importance.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

My Mother

Since your departure
Nothing is as before
I am alive
But there is hardly any life in me my mother

The day I lost you
I lost my whole world
Life became living without passion
An endless struggle in a no man's land
And me a rudderless ship in the boisterous sea
Without having you with me my able navigator

I am searching for you
But in the vast multitude of humanity
I find none like you
Who can feel me, touch me, touch my emotions
The way you felt and touched me all along.

Days and nights come and go
I go to the office and do everything as before
Sun rises and sets
But none waits for me
The way you waited
And life never becomes as it was before.

When I am asleep
You come in my dreams
When I get up
I get up with the reality
My mother is no more.
How can I reconcile to it
Something so unacceptable
Something which I can't accept in my dreams even

Tell me what to do my mother!
I do not find you in anyone else

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Tell me how to carry me
In a heartless world.
Tell me! how to dream in a dreamless world
With my mind firmly anchored in the past
No present to live and future to look forward to
When with me I do not have you, my mother.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Ratan Ghosh



A teacher and a researcher from India, Ratan Ghosh (Ph.D.) is a dual-language poet, editor, free lancer, short story writer, and novelist. His poems have been featured in numerous E- and print-journals, and print anthologies across the globe and has authored five books. He has received many national and international awards. [. . .]

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Mom

Mom,
You died!
In the bed of gunpowder!
Leaving me alone
In the bed of fear
Leaving me alone
Under the heavy smokes of fire

Mom,
You died!
Just before my eyes
When the hungry sharks
Came to us so early this morning with a prize
A prize . . .
That was bleeding
In front of my eyes

Mom,
Only I survived
In this hell
I saw your death
How that gun
Killed your breath
How you were choking underneath

Mom,
I saw your painful cry!
When they kicked you on the floor with fierce claws
To tear off your blouse!

Mom,
I saw my dad
How helpless he was in his bed
When his body was being dragged
His eyes kissed your eyes
He groaned for help
His throat choked for help
But none heard!

Mom . . .

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

I heard the mewls of my Granny
How she was abducted with many

I was just as frightened, lost and speechless like my Granny
Hiding like many

Mom,
I heard the moans
The moans of my dear sis!
When she was torn
I saw how she was dragged early morn'
I saw how she was trying hard to be free from those hungry wolves!

Mom,
She was trying so hard to remove the hungry nails from her breasts
But she lost her breasts
The jaws tore them aloof
I saw
The drama of the brutes!

Mom . . .
I was none!
I am still none!
But an unfortunate, frightened and fainted fate
I fell down from His gate

Mom!
Now I am writing my fate
In a land of death!

Mom!
I am alone
Alone I am
Alone forever . . .!
In a land
Where Jesus is crucified again
I am quite alone like a stone

Mom!
I am alone . . .!
Alone forever!

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Carthornia Kouroupos



Born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, Carthornia Kouroupos currently lives in South Jersey with her husband and children. She is an English Professor at Rowan College South Jersey and has an M.A. in the Writing Arts from Rowan University. She writes children's stories, essays, poetry, fiction, and nonfiction.

ckouroupos@verizon.net

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

A Broken Farewell to Steffon

On this day of September 14, 2023, I write to my dearest and sweetest grandson, Steffon Andrew Sanders, born February 15, 2000, and died March 16, 2023.

Steffon, I miss you so much! It's been six months since I've looked into your large, light brown, unassuming eyes. I miss the way your blinding smile would break through out of nowhere to brighten up your hospital room. I miss the warmth of your hands and the way your fingers curled tight to make small fists.

Although you were 23, you were still a baby to me. You never spoke, you never walked, you never went to prom, I dare not think of you too much in fear of breaking down.

I wish I was a Poet
as to write you something great
but the words don't seem to flow
as I try to write them straight

The day you got your wings
was a happy day for you
because at last you got the chance
to fly around in lieu

I came as fast as I could run
to see you take your flight
when I arrived and looked at you
your body was all white

I recognized your eyes half shut
and all your curly hair
I held your hand, I rubbed your head
my grief too much to bear

I held your hand a little while
then gently rubbed your head
until they came into the room
and took you from your bed

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

The only thing left to take
were pictures from your wall
I turned around and took them down
then walked back down the hall

I haven't been the same since then
your death each day now brings
it won't be long because of age
that God sends me my wings.

We then can dance throughout the night
as Heaven's starlight charms
and laugh for all eternity
within each other's arms

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Andrew Kouroupos



Andrew Kouroupos was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. He currently lives in New Jersey with his wife and children. He writes children's stories, essays, poetry, fiction, and nonfiction.

Andrew can be contacted at: akouroupos@verizon.net

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Requiem for a Childhood Lost

I wonder if you're thinking of me

sparrow perched in childhood cage
gilded was my lonely throne room
I, your prince at a tender age.

Two ships brought you both to this land

far from where now chaos looms
hate filled they for browner people
your same hate this hate exhumes.
Toil you did from dawn to nightfall
lavished me with loaves of bread
but I reflect I'd rather had
a loaf but both of you instead.

I pain between the love and love not

faced when thinking back on then
a prince you made me think of me
though pauper I among most men.
The sum of childhood life I bore
on scroll of your parental wrongs
now I with mine have doubly made
my share to which on scroll belongs.

So, rest much more in Heaven's care

across the blissful Rainbow Bridge
forgiving wings your sparrow's grown
unfurled on the way to Judgement's Ridge.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Roger yoel Ardón



Roger yoel Ardón, born in Danlí Honduras, is a writer and poet. In 2021, he published a book, *Destiny or Love*. He currently lives in Danlí where he is writing a new book that will be published in the near future. His poems include “Daytime Melody” and “Mathematical Love”.

Roger yoel Ardón nació en Danlí Honduras es Escritor y Poeta. En el año 2021 publicó el Libro "Destino ó Amor" Disponible en Amazon. Actualmente vive en Danli donde escribe un nuevo libro que publicará en un futuro cercano. Entre sus poemas destacan Melodía Diurna y Amor Matemático.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Querida Gaby

Cuando escribí esta carta mis lágrimas borraron ciertas letras, entre los renglones vacíos y las palabras legibles encuentro tu nombre indeleble y que más da si aquí en mi corazón estás y donde sea que voy vas conmigo. extraño tus ojos pero se que pronto te veré de nuevo y allá nos juntaremos en los confines de la eternidad.

Hasta luego, Esperame Julián.

Dear Gaby

When I wrote this letter,
my tears erased certain letters
Between the empty lines and the legible words,
I find your name indelible and it doesn't matter
if you are here in my heart
and wherever I go, you go with me.
I miss your eyes but I know
that soon I will see you again
and there we will meet in the confines of eternity.

See you later, wait for me, Julian.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Priyanka Tiwari



Priyanka Tiwari had a poetic disposition from childhood on. A co-author in over 30 anthologies, she has won awards in poetry and short story writing on a national level. She is currently associated with the field of Human Resources- Organizational Psychology. Traveling, photography and reading are her other passions.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

The Aftermath

To all my loved ones lost to the pandemic

The catastrophe has passed
As every nightmare does,
But woe! The scars so deep
And the memories so painful
Will give pangs in life
Now and forever . . .

The ground beneath the feet
Has given way; the sky
Shall be the only roof
Those laughing faces have faded
And destiny has evaded
Left me alone on a lonely path
A path so dark,
A path so dreary,
And dawn is miles away . . .

I know not where the road may lead
To sunlight;
Or . . .
To yet another twilight?

The questions are many,
And the answers . . . none!

Tears sting my eyes
Tears of agony, tears of pain,
And they tell no lies.
Hope is in vain . . .

But oh! For the familiar touch of warmth!
To soothe my wounds . . .

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

But here's a chilly wind
To stab my lonesome heart
Amplifying my utter utter

Solitude,
My loneliness,

Broadcasting my helplessness,
My forlornness,
My misfortune . . .

The deafening silence, the maddening stillness,
Pierce through my ears,
Echoing the silent sobs of my heart,
My mute laments, my hushed sighs . . .
The deep dark stretch above
In darker hues still
Reflects and mirrors
My meaningless,
My dreaded
Tomorrow.
The vast openness, the interminable space
Suffocates and stifles my soul . . .
And my existence as a whole!

Where are those smiles?
Where are those sighs?
That filled my life
That looked aeons ago . . .
Is this a life?
Call it life . . .
It is a memoir
Of those happy memories
That will now ever look like a dream . . .
And pain-laden flashbacks

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

It's a tomb
Of buried hopes
And aspirations . . .
It's a kaleidoscope
Of conflicting emotions
And utter frustrations . . .
It's a song
Of eternal separation,
Of perpetual pain
And
Melancholy ineffable . . .

I find myself
Lonely
Lonely in this crowded world
But I see the twinkling stars above
And in them, those faces
That had once sustained me . . .
And now their radiance
Will guide me through the murky night
To yet another day?

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Swayam Prashant



Swayam Prashant, pen name, Dr. Prashanta Kumar Sahoo, was born in the undivided Cuttack district of Odisha, India. He served as Associate Professor of English at Sarupathar College in Assam, India. He has nine books including *Heart of Love* (poetry), published in March 2023 by Southern Arizona Press in the USA.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

A Letter to My Mother

How I wish you were with me today
I had so many things to tell you
but you left so hurriedly
that I could find no time.
When I was a child and would insist on having something
you would forgo your own pleasures
and get me the things I wanted.
When it was time to send me to school
you would cut down the household expenses
in order to pay the required fees.
When I fell ill and my fever didn't go down
you would sit by my side all night
comforting me throughout.
When I completed the school education
and you wanted me to be a doctor
you sold all your valuables
to send me to a distant state
my destiny was waiting there, you said.
After long six years of study I returned
your wish for me had been fulfilled
but ah you were not there to see it !
The inscrutable Time had snatched you from me;
your ever comforting hand was not there anymore;
neither was there your angelic warm hug.
To whom shall I turn for advice today, my Mother dear,
you left me so soon.
I had so many things to tell you, Mom,
there is nobody to listen to me as you did.
You would always be with me,
you had once told me
but how could you be not there
when you had not taken the courtesy leave ?
How I wish you were with me today, Mom,
I had so many things to tell you.
I long to hear from you the ever comforting words,
“Don't worry, my dear son”.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Noreen Snyder



Noreen Ann Snyder is a poet and published author of five poetry books, four of which are co-authored with her loving husband, Garry A. Snyder. She'll always do what she can to honor her loving husband, Garry Snyder, and keep him alive. She created The Poetry Club on Facebook.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

My Dear Teddy Bear Darling,

I wish you didn't have to leave so soon.
I miss you so much!
I'll always love you. I'm so thankful
to God that we're together to the end
as husband and wife.

I miss your love, your romance,
your laughter, your smile, your touch,
your kisses, your hugs,
your wisdom, your music, your poetry,
I miss everything about you.

I just wish we had more time together.
It wasn't enough time...
writing poetry, hearing you sing to me,
dancing, cooking meals,
loving each other,

making more memories like...
going fishing, to the beach,
watching the sun set as we held hands,
having backyard BBQ's.

There's so much I want to say to you
but not enough time.
You mean the world to me.
Saying 'I love you' we can never say enough.
I will love you forever and more.!

I will always look in the sky to see
if you're waving to me,
or blowing me a kiss,
or writing poetry in the sky.

I know you're no longer in pain, healthy now,
up in Heaven being with God, Jesus, and angels.
What a glorious, happy time
that would be!

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

But please, honey, don't forget about me!
I love you always, My Teddy Bear Darling!

Your Loving Sweetheart Wife, Noreen

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Selma Kopic



Born in Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Selma Kopic is a professor. Her stories and poems have been awarded and entered anthologies in BiH and around the world. She has authored three poetry books, *The Sign*, *The Monument of Love*, and *The Puzzle*, and co-authored *Cosmic Rainbow*.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

To Father

On your grave I planted recently
an evergreen tree,
to green, to bloom, to shine after rain,
as your soul pure that rests there.

Since you're gone, nothing's the same.

We are falling apart and, in memory of you
and everything you wanted, we collect the pieces.
We quarrel, reconcile, look crosswise...
Then, we remember what you were like,
so we laugh, hug, and care for each other.

You've been gone for a long time.
And we no longer cry for you.
Now, over your grave, we cry over ourselves.

OCU

Na grobu tvom posadih skoro
zimzelen drvo.
Nek se zeleni, cvjeta, poslije kiše
blista
ko tvoja duša čista
što tu počiva.
Otkad te nema, ništa nije isto-
rasipamo se pa,
u spomen na tebe i sve što si htio,
komadiće skupljamo.
Svađamo se, mirimo,
poprijeko gledamo,
a onda se sjetimo
kakav si ti bio
pa se smijemo, grlimo,
brinemo jedni za druge.
Dugo te nema.
I ne plačemo više za tobom.
Sad nad tvojim grobom
mi plačemo nad sobom.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Kay Salady



Kay Salady is a published poet, photographer, mother, and humanitarian. Her hobbies include cooking, gardening, photographing flowers, and exploring all the Pacific Northwest has to offer. Through her writing, she aspires to touch the lives of others by invoking a sense of joy, hope, and comfort to somebody in need.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

My Dearest Heart

How dare you go before me
Loss echoes down each broken road
That bears your memory
Now my footsteps fail me
For I have become weary
Of living life without you
To be my constant friend
Your hand in mine
Was comfort for my sorrow
I try so hard to see your face
And wonder if time will erase
The most ardent memory
That burns like fire inside me
For your scent
Rises like a mist
When I close my eyes
To kiss the skin
That I've embraced
In countless ways
For endless days
So familiar
And so divine

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Apostolia Tsiakovi



Apostolia Tsiakovi was born in Volos, Greece. She is internationally multi-awarded for her poems and for her prose works. She is a member of the International Union of Greek Writers and Representative of the Intellectual Agency of South Africa in Greece. Her works are translated into French, English and Bulgarian.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Concentration Camp

I didn't get a kiss
to place a talisman on your hands
one touch - even on your clothes - as you walked away.
Missed . . .
As much as I had to give you
and they became fireworks
in that world who stole from me the last ray of light
that I was secretly holding hostage.
Your last look
I tried to save
but he was trampled in front of the Berlin Wall
which they raised among us.
You caught the train to Wonderland
and we who were left behind
naked and hungry
we returned to the stone.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Deepti Shakya



Deepti Shakya hails from Uttar Pradesh, India. She has contributed to many international anthologies with her poems. She was chosen for the Rabindranath Tagore Memorial Literary Honour 2022 by Motivational Strips jointly with SIPAY. Her hobbies include painting, cooking, flower arrangements, knitting and crocheting

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Forever in Our Hearts

Dear Elizabeth Maranan-Chahimban

I miss you so much, I have a lot to tell,
Whenever I think of you, my heart begins to swell.
It's been a long time since we last spoke,
As soon as your name comes to mind, memories evoke.

I remember your beautiful smile used to make your face radiant,
I found you as a sweet sister who was brave and gallant.
We were from different countries and met online but connected by heart,
You were a great friend, so loving, caring and smart.

It's hard to believe that you are so far away from us,
Your cheerful and polite nature used to make you more beautiful.
You have crossed the Rainbow Bridge, and left us behind,
But your spirit lives on in your poems which you wrote with your blessed mind.

You are forever in our hearts, you can never be forgotten,
You are loved by so many people, your heart was golden.
Dear Sister, I know you are in a better place,
Rest in peace, dear Elizabeth, and fly high with divine grace.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased
Queen Alena Jones Smith



Queen Alena Jones Smith, aka Lana Joseph, is a retired ELA and theater arts teacher. She developed a passion for writing plays and poetry while teaching middle school. Queen is the author of *God's Radiance*, a collection of her poems and prose. Her other writings are included in multiple anthologies.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

16 Years Now . . . and Still Bearing Fruit

(Dedicated to my Mother, Queen Delores)

I woke up this morning thinking about you mama
3 is my blessed number, as you know
I love the trinity
I had no clue what I wanted to say today
Mother, you always told me to speak freely
my siblings and I could say what we wanted
we had one rule regarding free speech
You always said,
“you can say whatever you feel,
as long as you are respectful.”
Okay, I remember thinking . . .
this is a good thing
as long as I am respectful
and I knew what you meant mama
You raised us old school . . .
you meant: no cursing, no bad mouthing,
do not call a person out of their name,
etc., etc., etc. . . .
I knew eXactly what you meant

I woke up this morning thinking about you mama
16 years ago the 18th of April
You . . . my beloved Queen Matriarch transitioned
it was bad
my heart was broken
stomach cancer
I never wanted to believe
The you-my warrior Queen
suffered this deadly disease
You told me that you were trying
to “slay the dragon”
but you lost that battle

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

I believe you won the war
though, you never gave up the fight
I see you with my Ancestors
our Creator Father God
welcomed you home

Mama, your garden thrives seasonally
I am still tasting your apricots, plums, and nectarines . . .
all of your delicious fruits and vegetables
sprout up when it is their time
Your fresh spices are forever plentiful
my favorite is your beautiful rosemary
I love the aroma that greets my nose
I have kissed you, my beloved mother
thousands of times since you transitioned
through the fruits of your labor of love

I woke up this morning thinking about you
I realized that I too am one of your fruits
I have your hands, legs and facial features
I am sharing myself with the world
just as you did when gifting your edible treasures
I am constantly doing what I can
to help my fellow human beings
I have continued to use my voice respectfully
I would love to make a positive difference
in the lives of many
just as you did, mama
I still want you to be proud of me
It has been 16 years now . . .
and your garden is still bearing fruit.

Thank you for just being beautiful YOU!
I love you forever Mama!

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



Founder of literary Renaissance School of Literature and Secretary-General of the
Literary School, Cultural Activity of the International Union for the Children of Egypt
Abroad, Egypt

Cultural ambassador at Inner Child Press International
Ambassador at World Institute For Peace
The Office of the Sun does not float twice
BOOK on Rabieh Albouh
BOOK for pearls
World Peace Anthology in Argentina
Anthology of the anthology of six bold birds in Argentina
World Spanish Encyclopedia Flowers

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Nothing Comes Back

To our dead whom we love and miss
To those who engraved the statue of love in our hearts
To those who taught us what giving is
We were in our childhood
Splinter gaps
A drop of water and seven valleys
From the noise of space
We were little children
The fleetingness of our childhood
Behind the face
Without body or image
So many more things
We were little kids
And you were goddesses we will never forget
On the outskirts of the desert
Ancient burial places are empty
Around the hem of a pleated dress
At the height of the audible night
The evening pain continues
We have been numbed by fear
On the edges of palm trees
We press the spray
On the tip of the tongue
Like a red woman's body
We were roaring to the shadows
Holds a breath of air
Explode the illusion and we don't care
We carve nests
Serendipity and spirit
We touch skin and paper

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Nour al- Huda Qarbaz



Nour al- Huda Qarbaz
Master's degree in semiotics
Doctor of Arabic literature
Professor of Arabic Narratives Mohamed Keidar University Biskra – Algeria
Technical committee of the Modern Literary Renaissance
Cultural ambassador at Advisor Peoples Academy of National an Uruguay
Associate member of Modern Literature Latin

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Nostalgia for the Past

His love is the greatest love
And I still feel it
Despite the passage of years
I had a homeland and a sky
My feelings were different
The exception was a symbol of life
Oh, the painful reality that revealed his story
To face the painful reality
I lost half of me, maybe all of me
All existence departs, and its place remains in control
I remember my childhood
How I became a dream maker
My insides danced with love and longing
Sometimes longing, sometimes nostalgia
For moments of joy and serenity
Stealing moments of hope
In amazing moments
With every tremor, I fear the distance
The heart's longing for those loved by our dead increases
Its scent spreads in the air
Confused feelings
And heartache
And longing burns

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

hülya n. yılmaz



Emerita, published author, literary translator, Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press, [sic] hülya n. yılmaz finds it vital to seek a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for humanity at large. Her poetic work appeared in numerous anthologies in the U.S. and abroad.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Destination: Your Deathbed

The phone call came one late evening. As for my lack of understanding, I have only myself to blame. My uncle's voice sounded out of the ordinary. I, however, did not pursue the situation with any query. "Your mother is back in the hospital; she had some fluid collecting in her abdomen; doctors have done a procedure to give her some relief. Don't worry. She is alright." I forced myself to take his last words literally. 'Could I possibly fly there soon', he then inquired.

My semester was about to end. I had several loose ends to amend. But there was no doubt: I had to go. Though sketchily, the hidden message in his voice told me so. One German professor, who knew about my excuse, threatened me with a failing grade – if I left my semester paper curtailed. He wouldn't give me an extension. I zoomed out of his office with a growing tension. I was ready to face any consequences. I wasn't going to stay there to listen to his ethnicist offenses.

As a student, my budget was rather limited. Airfares to Germany were no easy feat. I felt defeated. But then, my friends pitched in. Thanks to them, my ticket was now intact. The next obstacle, a visa for a Turkish citizen, constituted a nightmarish fact. We had already reached the weekend. No consulate was open on a Saturday or a Sunday. Besides, New York was hours away. I exhausted some connections in a panicked urgency. In Detroit, still long-distance, I located one authorized employee. He reassured me that he would wait; no matter when I make it there, no matter how late. That true human being greeted me with compassion, and took care of my paperwork fast and as if he was on a mission.

Seven and some lonely hours on the plane . . . all along writing scenarios in my head: Will you be in a stretcher, Mom? A wheelchair? You are tough. You will make sure to smooth out the distance between us. You will add hours to our remaining time. You will be fine!

There was no sight of you at the airport. Two family friends were waiting for me behind the security line with pretense-smiles on their otherwise expressionless faces. Before I could reach my ride, I had to put my pride aside: The check-point officer tossed my non-German passport to a hard hit on the ground – the split-second its cover revealed my ethnicity. As nasty as he might have been, his treatment of me distracted my anticipation of an unbearable sorrow. After all, I still was in the dark as far as your tomorrow.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

For about an hour's drive on the highway, one of my companions steered the wheel, while the other avoided giving me even one single glance.

In the hospital, your only surviving brother greeted me first. He had once again served as your anesthesiologist. Your surgeon – a longtime acquaintance of yours, along with assisting doctors, welcomed me under predictable pleasantries. A large medical personnel entourage was also present. They all led me to a room in Intensive Care. Supposedly inaudible whispers surrounded me regarding me: “Has she ever been to a unit like this before?” – “No”, I heard my beloved uncle reply, “but my niece is utterly strong.” He could not have known back then that he was dead wrong. Dead wrong!

Too long of a corridor . . . bare walls . . . then, your eyes, when they saw mine . . .

I made it, Mom. I made it to your deathbed alright. Hence, the end of this story. For, there is no happy ending. The rest is gory.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

Mutawaf Shaheed



C. E. Shy has been writing since the seventh grade. He continued writing through high school, until he became more involved in sports. After his graduation, he worked at the White Motors Company where he wrote for the company's newspaper. He started a column called: "The Poet's Corner." That was his first published work.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

You Don't Remember Me?

You drove by my house, but you didn't come in.
You walked by the house same thing happened again.
I saw you on the TV screen, you stopped and took a nod.
I knew you loved me, even though it was behind the scenes.
The daylight time we spent together was not enough for me.
Our relationship was up for discussion.

This house is mine you can come in any time.
My eyes and body were feeding me suggestions about you all the time.
The last time you came over it was hard to let you go.
It did so much for my ego, but I knew you didn't know.
I walked pass your house, I let my mind right on in.
I actually saw myself in the dining room, saw you preparing your food,
wrapped my arms around you, next to the kitchen sink we stood.

I didn't know what to call it don't guess I should.
I got what I needed until I come back again.
It was a sometime later after I got home I thought I heard the phone.
No one there. I was just tripping.
I was still alone. Midnight came and the moon was bright that night,
you seemed to handle me, with my body in your palms.
I didn't care how you got in here, happy I was for you to stay.
I did not want to think a lot, I just went along with the plan.

If someone asked where you've been, tell them you spent the night with a good friend.
In your house, the next time you hear a sound, that will be me creeping up the stairs.
Just let go and give all of you, because nobody else really cares.
In my mind, this is the one thousandth time that I shared your air.
My imagination has affected my health, all I can do is sigh.
I know sweet-heart, everybody dies.
When you see the people we knew pull them aside, tell them I said hello and good bye.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

William S. Peters, Sr.



William S. Peters, Sr., aka ‘Just Bill’, is an award-winning global activist for humanity. His poetry and prowess have been acknowledged and translated across the world. He is the founder and chair of Inner Child Enterprises, Inner Child Press International and the World Healing, World Peace Foundation. He utilizes these vehicles along with his poetry and other writings to champion the cause of consciousness, peace, love, acceptance and compassion. 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. The ‘by-line’ Mr. Peters has coined for Inner Child Press International is ‘building bridges of cultural understanding’. Achieving this vital connection is his inspiration.

Letter-Poems to Our Deceased

And You Still Do!

I thought about you today....
Again,
And again,
And again.

Needless to say
I miss you,
And that warm tender look of love
I have always found
In your eyes

You were and still are
My solace,
My comfort,
My peace,
And my lament
That you are no longer here

You are also my strength,
For you taught me
How to endure,
And somehow
I still do

The epitome of gratefulness
Can be found
Simply in the quiet moments
I spent with you
The embraces and kisses
And your kind words
That always moved
My heart ...
And you still do

This poem is dedicated to all of my loved ones who await me on the other side of that 'Rainbow Bridge'.

Epilogue



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



about . . .

Inner Child Press International

Inner Child Press was founded by William S. Peters, Sr., and is a subsidiary of Inner Child Enterprises. We take pride in our writer-oriented vision. Our entire staff is comprised of writers. We fully understand your needs and concerns when it comes to the multiple aspects of the publishing journey. Our areas of specialization includes poetry and prose, and their various sub-genres. When you examine our extensive professional services, all geared toward the authoring-publishing-promotion dynamics, you will find that we have something for every aspiring writer to fit their dreams and their budget.

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A photograph of a cozy living room. In the foreground, a red armchair with a white cushion and a patterned throw blanket sits on a light-colored rug. To the right, a fireplace with a white mantel contains a warm fire. A side table with a lamp and a vase is next to the chair. The walls are decorated with framed pictures. The scene is warmly lit, creating a comfortable atmosphere.

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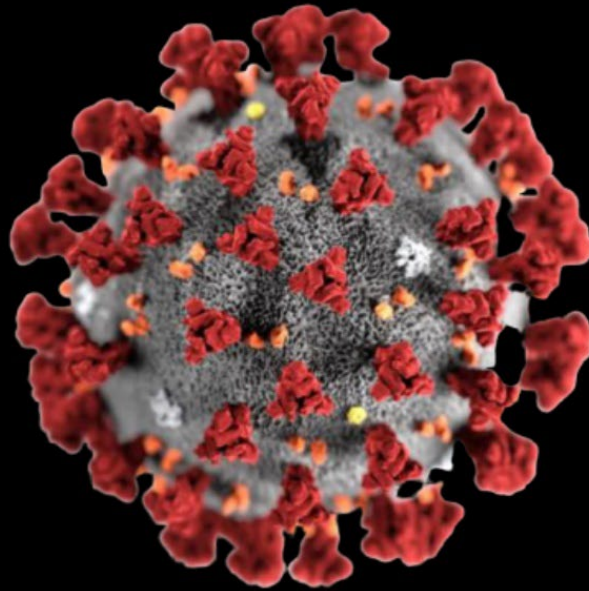
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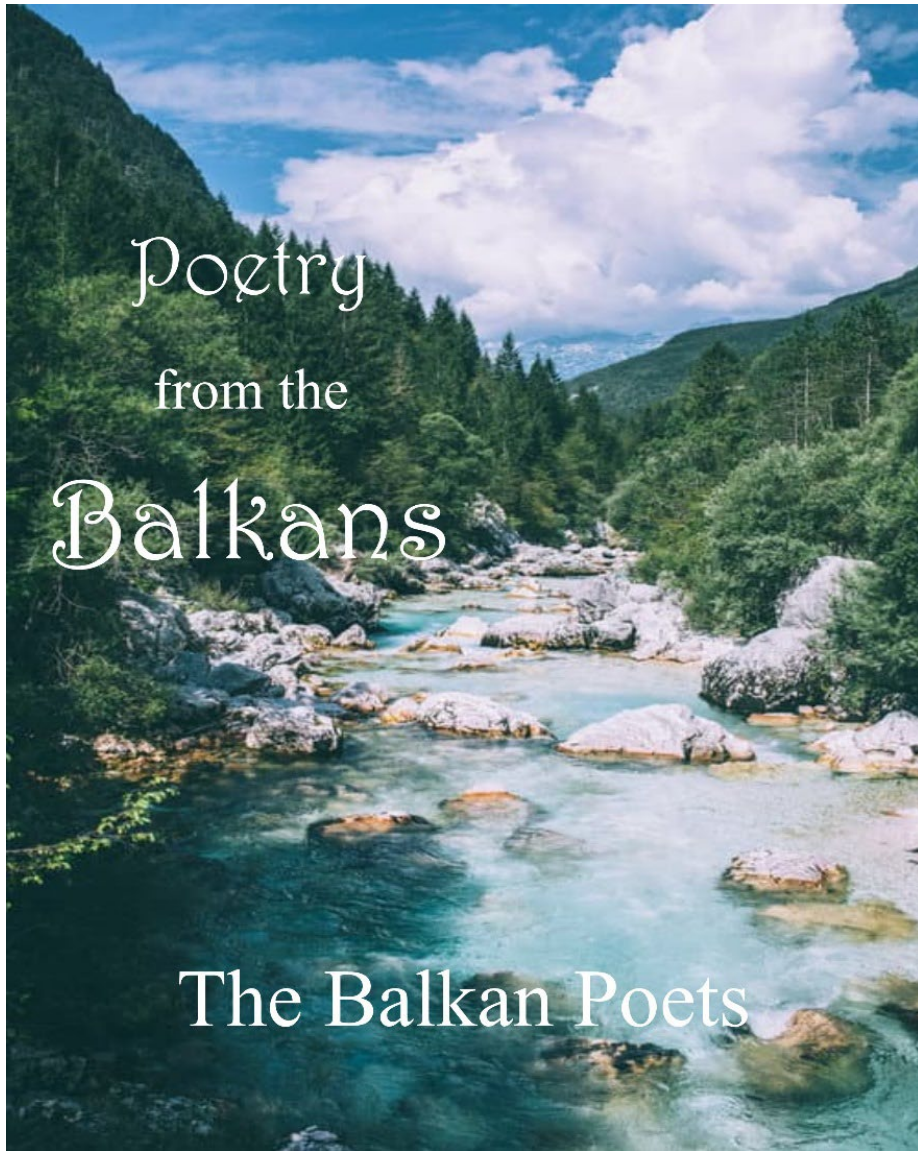
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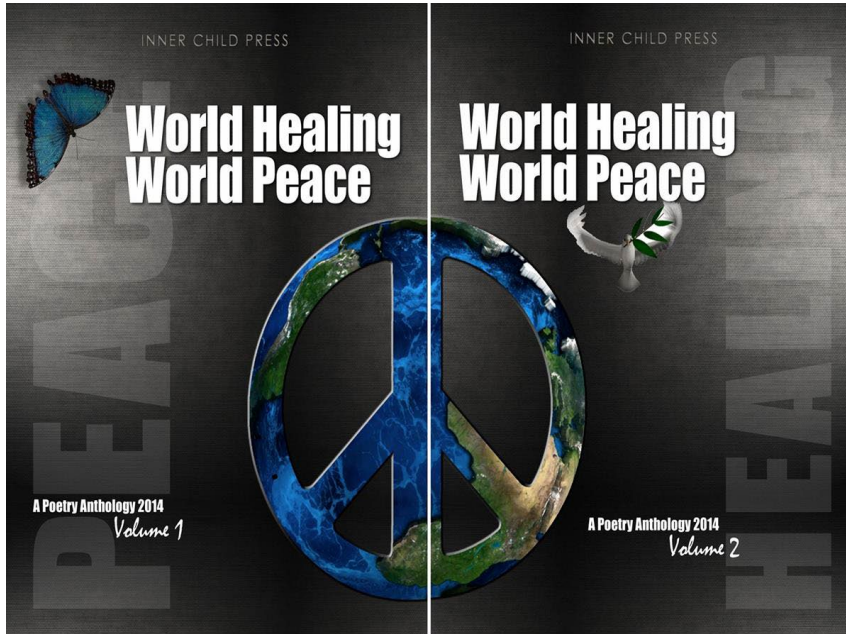
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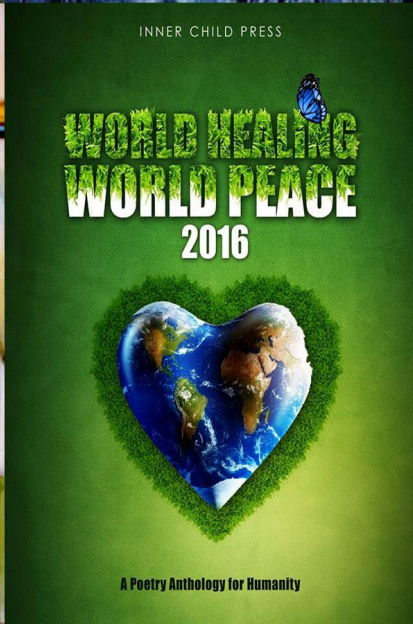
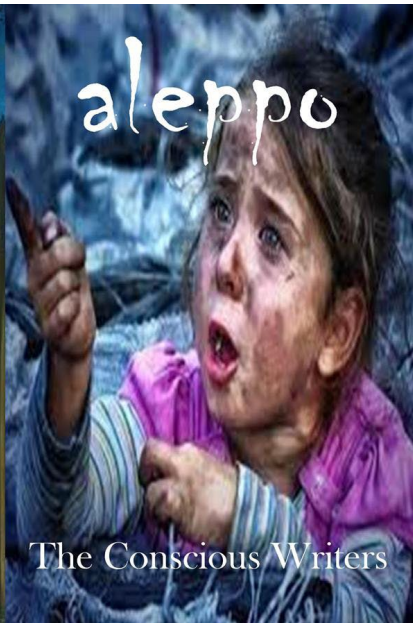
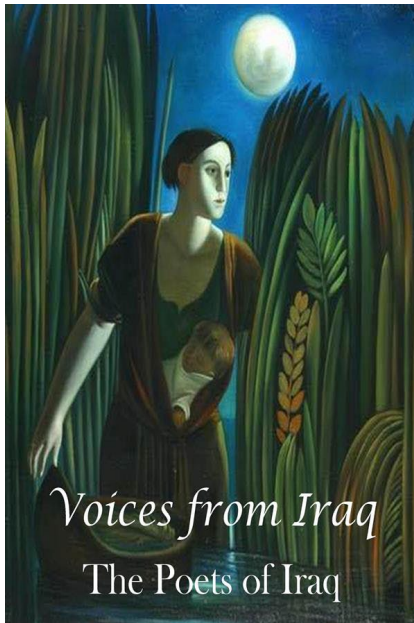


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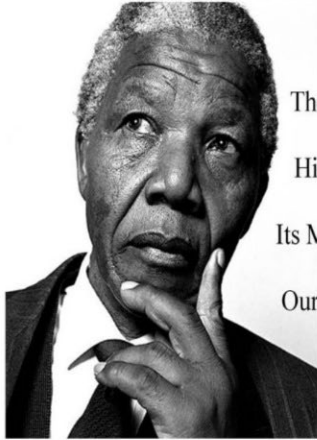


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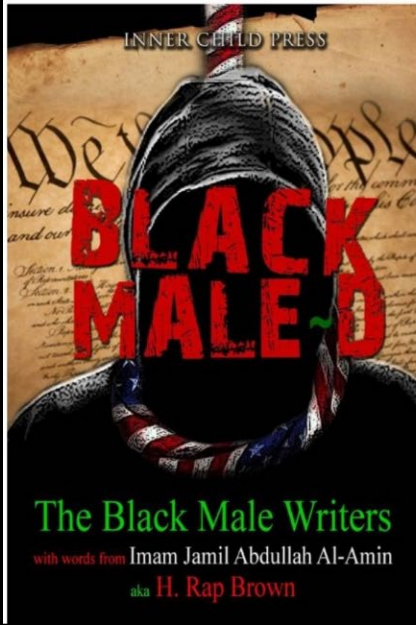
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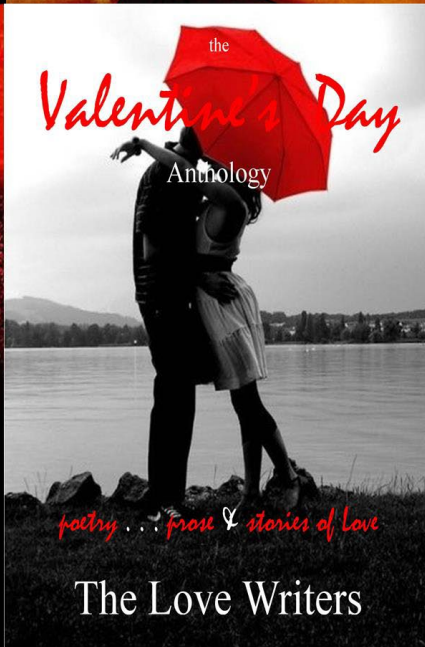
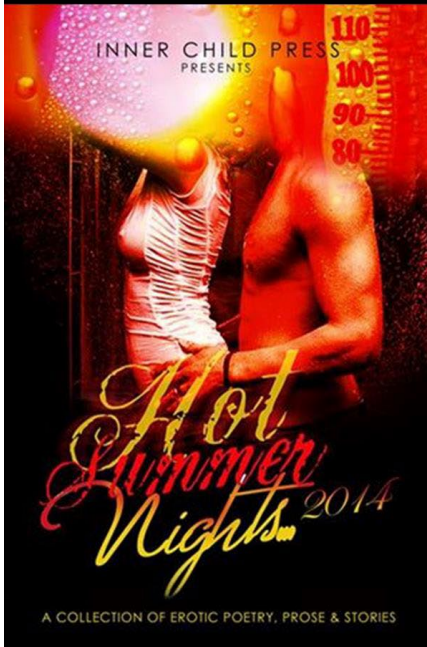
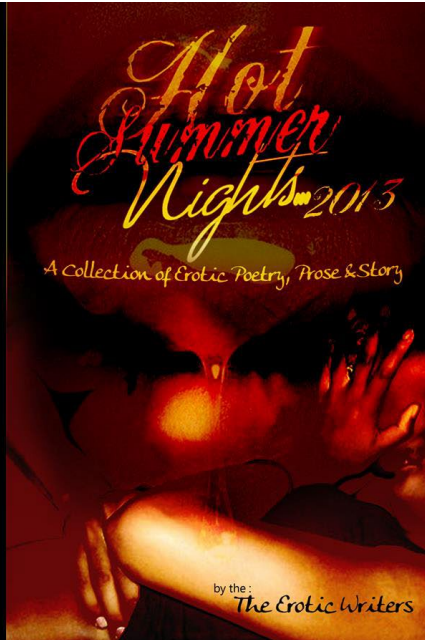
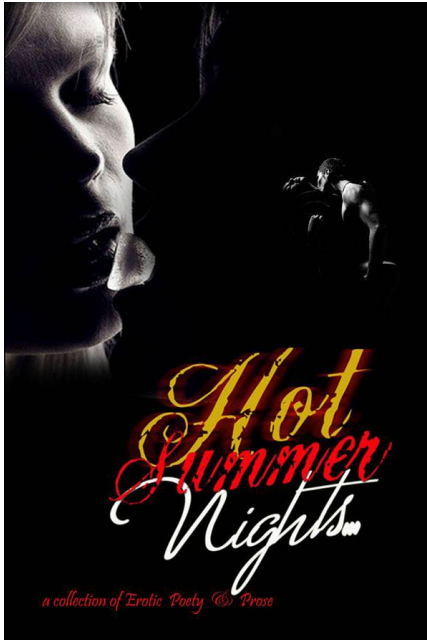
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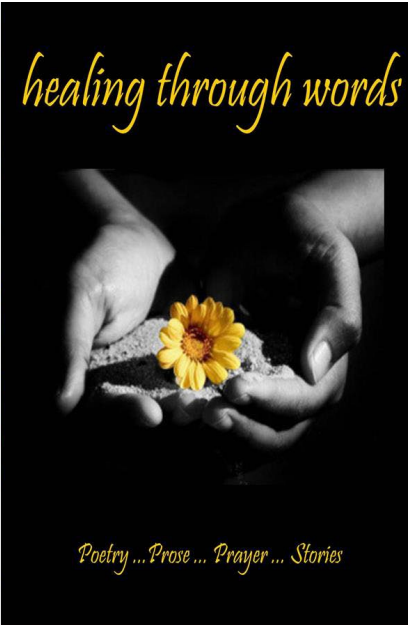


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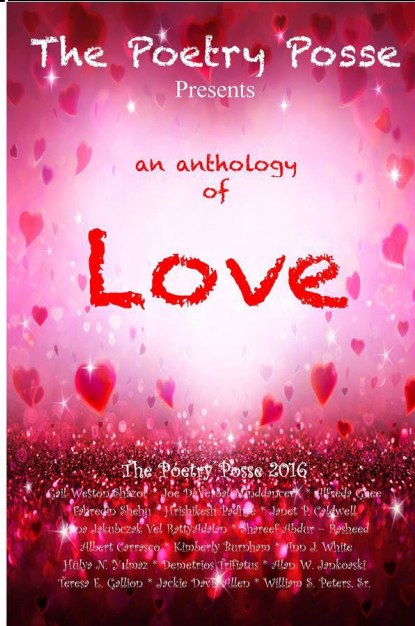
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