

The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology
of

Love

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Alfreda Gnee
Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Pachye * Janet P. Caldwell
Alina Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

An Anthology of Love Valentine's Day Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2016

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WHAT WOULD
LI F E
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
PO E T R Y ?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

all the *L*overs,

the *L*oved,

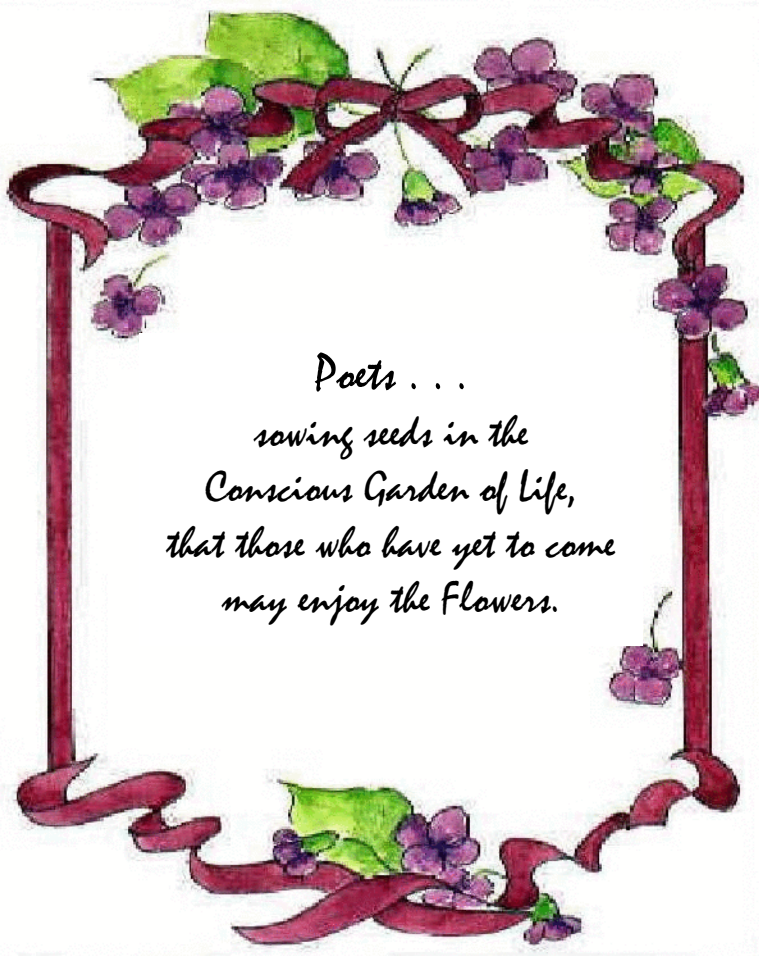
the *D*reamers of *L*ove,

*L*ove's *M*agic

&

and our *L*ove of

*P*oetry



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

Foreword

We all rise in love somewhere between giving and receiving, between Eros and Agápe, and between comfort and ecstasy. We feel love in our bodies, minds, and spirits. We hold on to love. We let it fly on osprey wings strong and steady. We are love, sometimes in the middle of the dark night, and at times in the bright sunlight streaming in through the windows of our houses, gardens, and souls.

Love takes us back to that first kiss, to the past, to a place we long to feel again and again. It brings us joy and pain and moves us forward in a way unlike any other emotion, feeling, sense, or gratitude for all things lovely. We love things that we see, hear, taste, smell, and sometimes most of all—touch. Imagine for a moment the texture of love, the taste and smell.

What brings love dancing, floating, whirling to the surface in what you see and hear around you in your family, community, and world? "My love, you are my world," can be said in so many different ways and in every language of this green

and blue planet revolving around the sun and that extraordinary person.

This book is filled with the sights and sound and the tastes and smells of love. The texture of love pervades this fabric of wood very thinly sliced and compiled with ink and affection from the Poetry Posse. It is filled with puppies, love birds, children, lovers, friends and all the images love brings in the heat of the moment and over a lifetime of adoration.

Please open your heart and say yes to love today.

Kimberly Burnham

Preface

Greetings to all,

I like to think of February as the “Month of Lovers”. It makes complete sense to me since Valentine’s Day is February the 14th. This also presents an opportunity for us a Poets and as Human Beings to share our love with intent to all and any without equivocation or inhibition. No i do realize that many people are guarded and reluctant to open themselves up to not only give love, but to receive it. Perhaps this is where poetry can assist. This month, February 2016, we The Poetry Posse are not only presenting our regular publishing of “The Year of the Poet” to the world, but we also are publishing a very special offering of love titled Be My Valentine. In this offering you will be divinely treated to some of the most beautiful and meaningful verse from some of the members of The Poetry Posse. We hope you are inspired by our humble offerings.

On another note, if you are so moved, take the time to reach out to someone, anyone and lower your guard and express some love to and for your family, your neighbor, or a complete stranger. The

benefits by far outweigh the effort. It is by our giving unto each other that we continue the process of healing our humanity, and thus healing our world.

For Free Downloads :

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

n the meantime, enjoy the work of some of the finest Poets i know.

Stay Blessed

Bill

PS

Do Not forget about the World healing, World Peace Poetry effort.

Coming April 2016

For more Information go to :

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

*Thank God for Poetry
otherwise
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp



*Loving another is like sunshine,
it makes every day brighter !*

~ wsp

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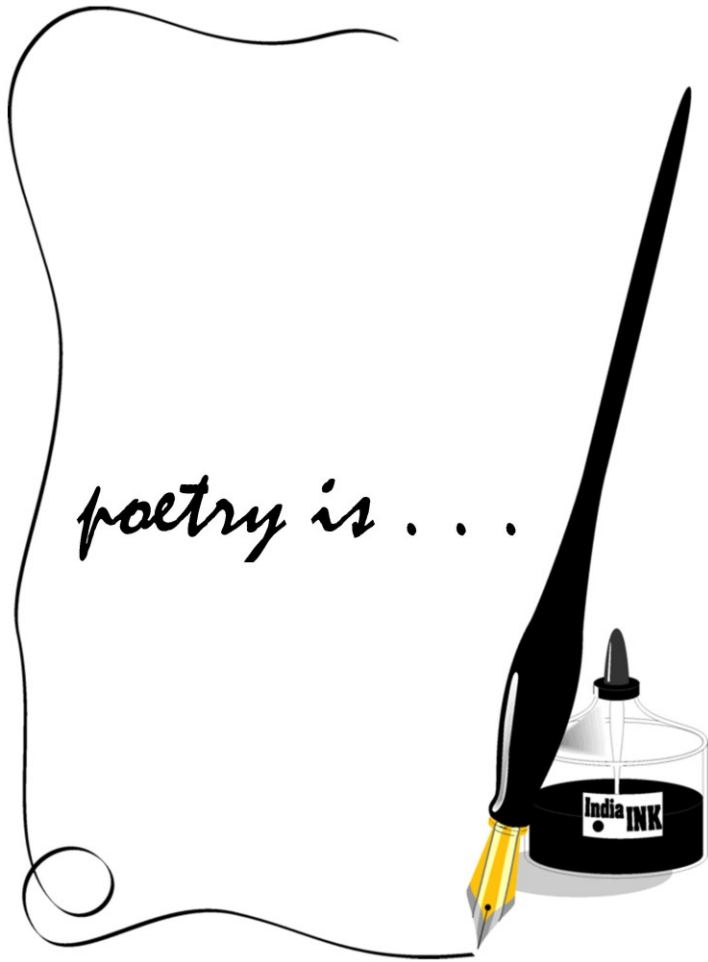
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchanting magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

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

Author of . . .
"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"
&
Notes from the Blue Roof
available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor
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Dreams

A sparkle in a starless midnite
The ambient light caught in gloom
A slight movement in the corner of eye
A reflection you've left in the room

Firelight dances across the hearth
Your laughter in darkened corners ring
Footprints light as your scent nears
Across my nape, your fingers sing

A kiss to smell so sweet and pure
A touch that tastes like new spring rain
The feeling of bright color spreads
Into absence that confuses brain

Is this a vision that's come to pass?
In long awaited airless space
Of legends, unicorns, nymphs, phoenix
Who in dreamless sleep come with haste

The onyx back, straight and smooth
That turns to me as I await
The backward glance of invitation
I hold tight in love's sleep embrace

My Pieces

Is my heart enough for your heart?
Can I wake with you by my side
Feeling your body's rhythm
Matching cadence mirroring my own
Is my heart enough for your heart?

Is my breath enough for your breath?
Can it warm your moments
When you are in need of an exhalation
To see you through the dimming of the day
Is my breath enough for your breath?

Is my soul enough for your soul?
Can it match the pulse of together
Melded into one beat
Carrying memories between the two
Is my soul enough for your soul?

Is my all in all enough for you?
Can my humble offering be totally
Acceptable without reservation and taken
To be shared, split and returned completed
Is my all in all enough for you?

Let Go

Just a glance over your shoulder
No more than a fleeting look behind
Some things remain in the past
And shouldn't be brought to mind
Roses wilt and lose their petals
Hurt from love's lost should lose its sting
Don't only hold on to the remaining thorns
The pain is in the remembering
With the pieces of a heart it's easy to be miserly
Be willing to be loved through the mending
Even living apart and alone, we don't exit singularly
Not every false beat or shaky start is an ending

Blues

I hang curtains in the evening
Measuring the spaces evenly
And placing the rods across them
Cobalt, always azure somewhere
I find comfort in this hue, this color
All its shades, cooling my brow
Tempering my anxiety, waking me
To thoughts of you, subtle reminders
That you are somewhere
Maybe thinking beryl thoughts of me
Cerulean, indigo bound together
Like the threads in the quilt on my bed
They cover me as you once did
Feeling my movements and holding me close
Sapphire precious stones keep me rooted
To the ground and hold me still
So you can find me when you look
I seek you everywhere in my apartment
Counting the minutes and days until
My blues will become navy

Anticipation

(Tetractys)

I
Need you
To be here
With me right now
To feel your big hands running across me
Finding the spots that make me lose my breath
See shooting stars
And speak your
Name in
Tongues
Me
Wanting
To feel you
With hardened look
Pressed heavily against my parted thighs
Hands cupping my mound and tongue tasting lips

Sensuously
Honey sweet
Is your
Mouth
As
You fill
Up my soul
Entirely

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

With the promise of my dream unfulfilled
Until the next time I am under you
And my senses
Blocking out
Every
Sound
Save
That of
Your passion
Combined with mine
That can break even the sound barrier

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

Janet P. Caldwell has been published in newspapers, magazines, and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies. She is currently editing her 4th book, written and to be published 2016 and a video project for the BBC. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

To contact her: www.janetcaldwell.com

Canticles II

I deliberately unlaced the dusty sandals
that had him bound to the pious paths.
Those lanes that he'd walked for centuries. . .
within, without, beside and before me.
He longed for a physical/spiritual/eternal release.

Taking the golden chalice, filled with oil
I poured this treasure upon his feet.
I reached tenderly and held them,
then gently lifting those precious soles
into my basin, predestined for him
and set carefully before me.

I slathered the oil generously, while
massaging toes with nimble fingers.
Leaning down and dipping my hair
into the oil designedly and washing
my Lover's feet. I would soon discover
that age upon age, he's always been my lover.

I sang canticles of love for him.
It was magical then, the aromas wafting,
melodious harmonies . . . so sweet.
He was relaxing, though a salty tear
ran down his wounded cheek.

I knew that he was special, oh yes,
more so than any other being.
On his way to that known journey,
I felt led to comfort him
from all of his daily troubles.

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

He had sojourned into my spirit
and stayed . . . and we were serene.
Away from the loud crowds, seeking solace.
And far from those who tugged at him relentlessly.

A time of refreshing, this day,
and now, before it is too late.

I wanted to express my unending Gratitude.
So, leaning down, I let the oil coat and
absorb . . . into my hair, then drip from
my long strands to his feet.

To anoint him and to accept our fate.

Summer Elizabeth

Green eyes and blond hair
my child of summer.
Beautiful girl, so fair
So proud to be your Mother.

Imaginative, with a Midas touch,
just one look from you
and I turn to golden mush.
Such is my love for you.

You have a way to make me smile.
Even when you didn't know it,
a presence that transcends the miles.
And such a fiery spirit

My impatient one,
I love you so, my gift from God
when I was so low.
Beat, lost and down trod'.

You brought me up
and made me sing.
I miss you sweet girl
The warmth you bring.

I long to hold you when you're down,
and rock you in my arms again.
Make life safe, solid and sound.
Kiss whatever hurts, erase the things that harmed.

Summer Elizabeth, my only girl.
So much like me, my pretty one
with bright eyes, quicksilver smile
To my wonder, with children of your own.

Love Simply

Source's voice spoke to me today.
He told me of his great love
and joy, when his children are at play .

Laughing and talking, sharing one truth.
Come out now, inner child's youth.
Dance in the gardens, sing a new song.

How he *Agape-d* me so sweetly
unchained...
by his fluid heart.
He's always been here, cheering us on.

No longer sleeping
I let you in
Eternal Love
trusted soul
seeding the blessed
nature of One.

Pic-nic in the gardens, blankets strewn
on the lawn, making our bed
the joys of reunion-communion.

Beloved, you are the source of Source
I thank you for the prayers
and the teachings shared with me this day.

Inviting Source in our lives daily,
has brought forth joy and comfort
we share his love and give it away.

Forever Michael

As sweet as the strawberries in summer
as gentle as a babe suckling, he
is the sun in my life, the song
that never quit playing.

He came to me thirty and 7 yrs
ago. Mewling mouth and hungry.
He sang and danced at two,
rock and roll baby, soulful and smooth.

We were new at this, me being so purple, always
seeking. He was azure and green.
The epitome of nature and peace.
I found no fault in him.

A different drummer played a haunting song.
Life happened and we grew.
Though he was introspective
he shared his secrets with me.

I protect those undercover moments
They are mine, forever to hold dear.
My song, my Spring, my son.

I love you Michael. Mom xx

And So It Is

As I prepared to transcend
I unveiled my self
and my worldly raiment
fell upon the earth

I am . . .
Stepping into and bathing
in the four rivers
in the Heart of Eden
by the Gate.

I rinse the sleep from my eyes
it evaporates like dew
I, now am naked on the grass.

And as did my brother David
I danced for life's treasures
unashamedly
unabashed
unrestrained
and uninhibited.

Soon I realized
that the old things
the vanity
the insanity
of an ego driven life
that seemed so important
in times past . . .
were fading from my consciousness.

“I Am” becoming in-tuned
with the spirit of ONEness

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

this truth
this love
this sanity
this is my reality

that lived inside, protected
until I could and would
acknowledge
accept and then eject
for sharing this peace
like an old reel
that played over and over
in my mind.

I retrieved and received
these songs of love
these harmonious melodies
and messages from spirit
ONE with self again.

As I give love
because I have it to give
so it returns to me
and so it is.

Amen.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

Jacqueline Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jackie Allen or Jackie Davis Allen, grew up on Lester's Fork of Hurley, Virginia. Situated in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia, in Buchanan County, she is the second eldest child of a coal miner father and a stay at home mother, both now deceased.

Ms. Allen graduated from Radford University with a Bachelor of Science degree in Education. Following her marriage to her Virginia Tech sweetheart, they moved to northern Virginia where, today, they still reside.

In April of 2016 Ms. Allen will participate in the Author's Night. Hosted by The Buchanan County Public Library, the annual event takes place in Grundy, Virginia, the county seat and is not far from where Jackie Davis Allen grew up amongst neighbors, all of whom were her relatives..

Ms. Allen is busy at work on her second book, the title of which is tentatively called, "Tales from Appalachia." In it, Ms. Allen will share, in addition to creative fiction, many memories of her days growing up in southwestern Virginia. One such memory is of a time when the patience, of the father of the noted writer, Lee Smith, and the temper tantrums of a very young Jackie Davis collided.

Available in editions, both black and white or in color, her first book "Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose, and Art" by Jackie Davis Allen, may be ordered from the following:

www.jackiedavisalle.com

www.innerchildpress.com

A Taste of Wine

Lost, I thought, were the days of joy
which hung over our heads
like flowering trees,
like sweet tasting mimosas
on hot summer days.

With his arms around me,

we sat out on the verandah,
where the nights were filled
with the scent
of our desire, mingled
with the Bougainvillea.

Lost, I thought, was any promise of tomorrow.

Ah, those words, those words so hastily spoken, they
pierced the heart of the night and shattered love's delight
like that of a treasured crystal glass,
spilling its finest wine, the moment tragically
broken and beyond repair.

Lost was any promise of tomorrow.

Then, to my surprise he pulled me into his arms.
He wiped away my tears of remorse.
He kissed my trembling lips, and hushing away my
whispers with his tender fingertips,
he replaced them

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

With the promise of many tomorrows.
His love, professed ever more the gently,
persuaded me to partake of his sweet wine;
and as he held me in the strength of his embrace,
his timing of forgiveness
blossomed like none other

As did his promises of tomorrow.

Then with a band of sparkling beauty our love
was sealed with the brilliance of the stars,
for forgiveness had reawakened
that which was.
So it was then that I gave to him
A taste of my sweetest wine

A Tale of Two Virgins

hearts echoing
throbbing temples
excitement foretelling
marriage rite
at the chapel
lovers trembling
pledging troth
emotions loosening
bound together
at the altar
night uncovering
surging passion
hesitancy retiring
first intimacy
after the reception
consummation waiting
trembling fingers
hands caressing
each other
throughout the night
lovers holding
aching bodies
urgency consuming
love expressed
now and forever
sun rising
merging bodies
passion unfolding
consummation reaching
as the two becomes one

The Second Time

Embraced by intimacy's arms, a puzzle
of innocence explained her flushed face.

Held up by a silk scarf, pink pedal-pushers
rode demurely, seductively below her waist.

Would it be any different this time around?
Hesitantly, she raised, then waved her hand.

He waited in anticipation, longing for a kiss □ from her
luscious lips, longing for more.

Then as in a novel, heaven spun its smile
on spinning wheels of increased desire.

Navigating the clouds, she came as lightening
to meet his intent, consumed by fire, passion.

They rode on waves intimacy had provoked,
their union as intense as any storm's delight.

Never had he dreamed she would come again
or that love could ignite a fire so bright.

Love's Fragrance

Like a bud kissed by sunlight and dewdrops,
she blossomed beneath the umbrella of his affection.
Like a kiss upon sun's spring blushed stem
she flourished beneath his love and attention.

From out of the summer of her ripening youth
she grew and matured, as in introspection.
Nourished and encouraged by his favor
she delighted in the joy, she as beloved wife.

In the autumn of their advancing age
she faded, a shade of what she had become.
In faith, she prayed that she might remain in truth,
a warm thought to comfort all his winter nights.

She whispered, "My dear, I shall love you forever.
And if for me spring should never again come,
may the sweet essence of our love scent your days
and may you know that I am with you always."

With lips pressed against the winter of his loss,
he cried: "Be thou far or near, here or there,
the scent of your nearness, the perfume of our love
shall remain infused as part of my heart and breath."

On the Cusp

Behind the doors, painted a shade
of truest blue, chartreuse walls stood silent
as I, lying on the bed, stared at the pages
me holding the news in my hand.

I thought I had captured the prolific and pregnant
Pauses and had illustrated the illusion
with phrases, passionate. I struggled, admittedly,
with adolescence.

From my perspective, the personification
of ideas flowed from a river of ink, blue-violet
in color, they staining both the front
and back of the sheets.

Seduced by ego, I had presumed to present my
prose as a portrait of my passion for Jacob. But, rejected,
I rolled over, an inconsolable
and melancholy mess.

Jacob rubbed my back with scented lotion,
murmuring, "With perseverance and time, your Voice
will easier align with the lines, once you
have experienced more of life."

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

*Albert
Carrasco*

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong < > right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men < > life.

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Shy 1

I want her but she doesn't know this due to my shyness. When I'm alone I'm bold, I tell myself soon she'll be by mine to hold. When I see her I freeze up in a frozen smile, I just can't seem to get enough courage to let her know how I feel and I've had this love jones for a while. I get so angry after every lost opportunity feeling that I'll never get to go to sleep and wake up with her next to me. I saw her, a simple hello stopped her in her tracks, she says hello back, I reached out my hand to make an introduction, she reached out her pretty little hand and put it in mine, it was like an electrocution, shockwaves temporarily short circuited my system but I had to shake it off because I really want to get to know this wisdom. It took a second until "I'm AL and your name is?" rolled off my tongue. She told me hers, still holding my hand she asked me how was my day, I said couldn't be better especially if it continues this way. Once the ice is broken my shyness no longer exist. I opened up, we talked about everything from A to Z, she's Into me just as I'm Into her. Our convo lasted about an hour, at the end we exchanged numbers, it took some time but now I see, hear and touch her daily as her lover

A puddle of love

I can't picture life without her,
she completes me.
A stranger struck my attention,
that stranger became a friend,
that friend became my lover,
that lover became my wife...
What a beautiful cycle.
She saw me grow from a boy to a man,
just like I saw her grow from a girl to an intelligent,
strong and ever so passionate woman.
I still get butterfly's when I see her and its twenty seven
years later,
that's an all day,
everyday thing because we live together.
She's perfect,
I wouldn't change anything about her or what she does,
At night when she's sleep,
I stare at her till I melt into a puddle of love

My joy is giving

I love you all,
I wish I can be everywhere at once
So I can enjoy y'all,
I wish I can take pieces of my heart and spread it out,
Give my family a piece,
Give my friends a piece
Give my fans a piece
Ill make sure I leave a piece to the lost ones in the streets,
They need to be loved by somebody,
I'm not gonna push em to the side like society did me.
I want to lift heads when they're down,
I want to tell a single parent that they'll be alright
 although the mother/ father never comes around.
I want to tell the hurting, that I feel their pain,
I want the ones that feel ugly to fell beautiful,
And I'm not talking about appearance.
I want to give the poor wealth,
The sick health.
If i could...The dead breath.
I just want to give and do,
To you all... Infinite loves you.

I want you

She's so beautiful..
I don't know her but...
I already undressed her through social network pictures..
I'm no stalker..
I'm no thirsty nikka...
But...
Her full lips,
Her beautiful eyes,
Her beautiful skin color...Trigeña,
Body's a killer..
Perfect curvature
She's definitely a winner...
I just can't help not to think of her arched over.
In rover,
Or how cute shell look with her legs on my shoulders...
I wonder if she's a moaner,
A talker,
A squirter,
These thoughts leave me wanting to touch her body like
Mariah.
Green light me...
Lets get things going...
Holla at me...
Lets make plans...
Let me take you to Bellaco land...
Ya know, till you can't feel your legs like Kelly Rowland.

Butta fly

If I let you get close to me,
If you let me get close to you..
Hmm how would that be?
I know dudes throw themselves at you..
Panties get thrown at me..
The field is even..
Only if you know what I was feeln.
Sex is in the back of my mind, your not..
I know I might look like a thug like 50, at times
I might get flirty and lick my lips like LL,
 but there's a lot of Ralph tresvant in me...
Sensitivity.
Muah muah muah let me kiss you..
Then ill kiss you again..
Rub my bald head...
Omg you don't know the chill it sends up and down my
 spine.
I'm ok with touching and feeling,
I like to be close enough to feel body temps rising,
I like to enjoy intimate stares,
Lots of smiling..
We can sip on something as you caress me and while I play
 with your hair.
I just want to trace your goddess like figure with the tips of
 my fingers,
Lets sit in a park at night and enjoy each other and the
 moon,
Lets go home, lay in the bed and spoon.
Baby Can you handle it if I take it there with you?
I rarely like to be seen..

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

Can I just consume time with you privately?
You'll be mine and ill be your paparazzi,
Interview me baby,
Ask me questions, talk to me,
I'll respond like a gentle-man,
When the role is reversed i'll be interviewing you as your
ultimate fan.
When the plot thickens,
Like advant i'll be able to read your mind and tell what
your thinking..

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

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 :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed>

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

hormones...

dancing night, day whisper
" do what we say, do what we say "
are you vulnerable that way?
dam right you say?
so many till today manipulated,
titillated
flesh does that!
how many called it love?
eyez glassed over after the nut
bust
it ain't love MF'er it's lust!
the master whisperer on the prowl
looking for an opening to commit
a foul
how powerful sex is, made pussycats
out of kings, queens
after all dem just human beings
so he whisper in your heart
and lust ain't smart so you
obey your body parts
what happened to the straight path?
it's looking narrower and narrower
remember the admonition,
established condition?
"don't make your flesh your lord,
don't make your flesh your lord "
so you ask, how?
when you obey it that's how
what you got after you popped
that nut,

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a loving relationship, loyalty, trust?
a mistake made by the rest of us
has bit the best of us
it's lust! not love!
love ain't a nut bust, it's truth , trust!
you don't take a shower and
wash it away.
truth's manifestation don't work that
way!

food4thought = education

She came in..,

as a virgin bride
clean slate nothing to hide
expectations, natural high
but as always complications
arrive
the glitter wanes, soon to die
go away
leaving bitter strains of why,
why?
are there any optimist eternal?
regardless hopes dashed.
cast inferno
does hope still rein eternal
regardless pain sustained
reality remains
reveals plan-less plans
like float-less boats, trains with
no wheels
wishing don't bring journey
fruition
real story, new becomes old
life unfolds truth be told
virgin got her purity stole
you got played
when what you thought
was new
becomes old to you
false concepts manmade
fade
they always do.

food4thought = education

she woke..,

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

snakes and rats...

have side effects ... fact!
what you expect from a snake
stand erect, come correct
something else in effect?
remember the Jazz tune
when the snake wiggled his
slick con behind to get in a
women's mind and then she
let him in. felt sorry for him
she forgot what he is and tried
to get what he's not
got bit, said " What ? "
like she's surprised
he said " you knew i was a snake "
as she slowly became the " late "
didn't respect the traits
i'll make him something fake
but it's a fact can't change a snake
or a rat
they are just that
including human snakes and rats.
you mean you ain't heard?
play with fire, you get burned
check dat desire...Word!

food4thought = education

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*Kimberly
Burnham*

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Life spirals. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider what your life will be like if you become blind." Devastating words trickling down into her soul, she discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the face of global brain health. Using health coaching, poetry, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, chronic pain, and eyesight issues.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions/>

<http://www.InnerChildMagazine.com/The-Community-of-Humanity.php>

Promise!

I promise
love and life
experiences
from a past
so I can't
promise you
the moon
forever

A warm hand
on life lived
promise you I can
love
my very best
for as long as
sun and moon
shine on us
my love

The Farm

Life with you
in this lush farm house
on the market
'cause of someone else's
divorce
made our own
by love
bright sunlight

Family finds a way
a menagerie
small and tall people
a new puppy
old dog
fierce hunting cat
shiny again in this place

A family garden built
love planted along side
sprouts of asparagus
tall sunny Jerusalem artichokes
growing green with spring
ripening into summer
drawing in Sukkot
as snow fall brings
windblown trees

Cuddling on a wooden swing
pounded together last summer
we watch
new daffodils begin
their skyward journey
soon it will be a year
in this house

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complete with our love

From the living room window
I see you
near the old pine trees
with God's grace spread over you
davening

A peace settles over our home
as the land delights
with dancing feet
small children, deer, and dogs
whole again
in this land of promise

Running Toward

And I am running
my hands over
the velvet of your skin,
along the curve of your belly
the length of your legs
feeling your soft strength,
fiery love
like molten lava
spilling over me
fueling, flaming
consuming desire
present to my passion

Knowing you are a pleasure
for me to behold
to nurture
spring vibrant
creative juices
song of songs
desire rises up
in times ordinary
flame juxtaposed
calm satisfaction
a life together
well made
created knowing
you and me
oh my love

Put A Ring On It

Put a ring on
my finger, my love
let's show the world
what we share

Together we are stronger
more delicious
in oneness
more joy finds us
here

Let us make
this broken path
leading
once more into
wholeness

Make your children
my family
begun a new
navigating happiness
home once more

Encircle my finger
with the promise
a warm heart forever
burning with desire

The No Pressure Ask

I had a little cry with your dad
today
as I asked
for your hand
no pressure though

Later scared
of the build up
I texted please
don't say anything
no pressure though

Your daughter won't be shocked
we have talked
planned
no pressure though

I am
something of a romantic
don't let the surprise slip
everyone feels it though
the nine year old is planning
a "bachelor" party
after demonstrating the ask
on bended knee

Little ones want to carry flowers
the time is now
though no pressure
I am asking

Will you marry me,
my love?

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Ann

L.

White

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Amazed and inspired by her own life, Ann J White has lived the life of a grasshopper buffeted about by wild winds, yet always landing safely and creating a home wherever she finds herself.

Highlights include working with astronaut Frank Borman, sharing a hot dog with Ross Perot, enjoying a coffee with Florida Governor Chiles, and attending a ballet with Imelda Marcos. Ann has also survived childhood sexual abuse, one terrorist coup, two burglaries, one rape and countless misadventures making her grateful for each of life's unfolding moments.

An international management consultant, board certified family attorney, rabbi, grief counselor, trauma chaplain, radio host and author, Ann has worn many professional hats.

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm on the shores of Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with four very weird dogs, ten quirky hens and two noisy ducks.

Ann's latest book, *Tails from the Enchanted Cottage* was just released in December of 2015. She is also the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking*, *Living with Spirit Energy*, and several other non-fiction books. She has been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group with Kimberly Burnham.

You can find her at:

www.ItsACluckingGood.Life

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

David

Promises of forever
He is my rock
I, his sunshine
Open and vulnerable we bare our souls
Tender friends we are
sharing a soulful love
Perhaps because we are not physical lovers
We can love deeper
A different kind of intimacy
We hold hands
We snuggle and tell secrets
We laugh at our aging
Gray hair, no hair, wrinkles, tinkles
We love in spite of this
Because of this
One day
After so many years
We fight
It's okay
We are forever
A love like no other
It can wait
Let it simmer
Let it season
The phone rings after so many months
I think the fight is over
My heart pounds a joyful beat
Only it is not him
It is news of him
"He had an accident -

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He didn't make it"
My world stopped
My heart will never love like that again
He was my world
He is my world
My heart now beats with his spirit
With our promises and dreams
I carry him with me
Every breath
Every tear
Every year
Promises of forever
Are forever

Silly Love

What makes your heart leap?
Pitter patter
Glad and gladder
What buoys up your soul?
Puts a skip in your step
Turns your dull into pep?
The laugh of a baby or the antics of a puppy
The sound of the rain or the face of a guppy
Mud puddles and carefree splashes
Blow days and snowflakes tangled in your lashes
Reading by the fire on a rainy day
Or watching your chickens happily at play
Doing crazy, wild conga line dances
Or skipping down the street in crazy-ass prances
Turning your stumble into a tango
Plucking and eating a juicy mango
Can you make a dozen silly faces?
Or laugh with your lover until your heart races?
Whatever it is – whatever it may be
Sing, dance, laugh and set your soul fabulously free

Alfreda

D.

Ghee

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I was born in Blackstone Virginia. Born one of seven brothers and sisters. Traveled to many different countries being my father was in the Army. I'm a single mother of two amazing boys. I own my own daycare center and I'm working on getting my Massage Therapy License very soon.

I started writing at the end of June in 2011. I had my first book of poetry published in 2012. I'm a firm believer that if you do good then good will consume you and all that you do within life. Throughout my life I must attribute GOD for everything in my life and I am truly grateful for all the HE has given me.....

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alfreda-ghee>

<https://www.facebook.com/alfreda.ghee>

Just One Breath

What is it in my life that you want from me
My heart beats
My soul leaps
My spirit soars
You can have them all if you only love me
Love is what I need not what I want
Swinging in the trees with you by my side
Smelling flowers as we walk by
Kissing in the sweet summers breeze
Touching to warm up in the mid winters eve
Looking into your eyes to feel the love that is inside
Listening to hear the words you say that are so dear
Longing for you to fill me up where I am so empty
Wondering how you can siege my ship and set it a sail
Remove this pressure that holds me still
Guide my hand straight to your heart
Ignite the heavens to show your love
Bring back the spark I know we share
And I will give you my all in just one breath.....

If This Is Love

The melody of the ocean rings out
It sings in harmony with the cello played by
these butterfly wings
Sweet and soothing it is to me
It calms my soul and floats my spirit
Harmoniously it sways to the oceans and seas
Leaving me in perfect peace with the elements you see
Clean and serene my heart beats because it has fallen in
love
To this beautiful music that plays to my mind
It caresses my being
My vision has become foggy
My hearing has become lucid and hazed
My thoughts have become one with the rhythm
Of the mystical sounds hanging in the air
My heart has swollen with a musical pound
My voice sings out with a harmonic verse
If this is love please play it for me one more time...

Needing You

Send me a love that will see right through me
Show me a love that will soar to the highest places
Give me a love that knows what love is
Place a love in my hands that wont fail
Understanding love that will flourish as one with me
Find me a love that's not selfish and real
That will take my wings
And let my heart roll on amber colored streams
Until I share my heart with thee
I can't be what I'm meant to be
Needing to see the stars through your eyes
Needing to hear those three words through your ears
Needing to know love through your soul
Needing to float through your spirit
Needing to explore the realms of love through your mind
Needing to give you all that I can through my soul
Needing to share my life with all of you
Needing to enter into your hearts desires
So that I can fill all of them
With lights of flickering love castles in the sands of Egypt
Needing to move every thought towards us walking in the
Midst of the garden of lights that shine from heaven
Needing to hold you under the stars of life that rain down
beauty in our hearts
Needing to love you through all that you do
Needing nothing but you right here beside me
In my enfolded arms and wings of love.

The Moon

You have searched for me many times
But never have you found me
I sit right above you waiting for you to see
I brighten the midnight skies
Just to see you smile
I stand back during the day
Just so you can shine too
My love is so real
But, yet you haven't felt it
If only you knew how close I am to you
My heart beats so loud and hard
It's a wonder you don't hear the melody of sounds
My soul plays a smooth rhythm of a violin cord
It spirit lights up when it sees your shadow at night
It's a wonder you don't see mine walking beside yours
to guide your sight
My every being sits up here waiting on you to look up
And see that I've been waiting here all along not far from
you at all
I am your moon that has fallen in love with you..

No Translation

We shared music together from our hearts
It was like a symphony playing
Each cord was struck
Gently across it's lines

Our souls opened to the words
Coursing through our spirits
We laid verses that no one understood
Translations were not needed
How could they not comprehend

Our essence flowed freely
As each note was played with ease
Listen to the course
As our hearts strummed
And our souls beat
To the singing of our spirits
Joining in harmony as one

Every time the wind blows
Your hands would make sounds
Of beautiful music
Stroking, embracing, and penetrating
Every inch of the verses

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As the music hummed
And jingles with a twist
Ringing like wind chimes
Buzzing like the bees suckling honey
Chirping like the morning birds sings
Swaying my soul to every beat made
It's easy to see
Why I sing
Your song in my soul
As we share this music alone
No translation is needed between you and me.

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Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

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Born in Turkey, hülya settled in the U.S. where she earned a Ph.D. in German studies at The University of Michigan. Presently a Penn State liberal arts faculty, yilmaz finds it vital to nurture her passion for creative writing. She authored *Trance, a collection of poems in English, German and Turkish* – a platform that welcomed her fluency in literary translation, co-authored *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* (both by Inner Child Press, Ltd.), and contributed to several anthologies with her poems and prose. A licensed freelance writer, hülya has extensive experience as editorial consultant for book-length manuscripts. She currently works as one of the editors for Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Links:

www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com

www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com

why leave it ajar...

a violent wind has blown in
through the careless door of my home
eagerly it trapped itself within my four walls
not at all concerned at first
that it may wear itself out with time
nor willing to repair its marred native soil

when it was done with me
nothing was left beyond the flesh
a mere frame twisted to a voided self
having prostituted itself on the mat of primal love

still a fool for love

i never learned how to sail a paper boat
in nature's moving water
when i was little

throughout my adult life then
i suffered
despondent
beyond despair
clinging to my passions
fervent dreams visions
begging the river around me
to flow at my tending will

i the desperate fool for love am yet to set sail
to dissolve into the current of the sea
for i have been told there is harmony
within each and every ripple
and that it will ease what pains me to feel...

an unintended offense

the fragile soul had never been undressed this way
nor can it ever again
for it has decided to be a once-only lover

it should have known not to attempt a fatal risk

still it hasn't regretted being so bare
before the one for whom it had stripped itself
of hopes expectations
guilt blame fault
judgments

the innermost turbulence yet trashed it apart
with as violent a tearing from its core as can be
into a blindness of the temporary kind

the ego thus blamed guilted the other
dared to hope and to expect
not even massive masses of tears sufficed
to revive it from its raging death

from the beloved then
it borrowed a new breath

the demand was for the stillness of the soul to prevail...

on its torturous path of an onus yet
toward a gate open only by a hair's breadth
it now opts in vain to regain the will to breathe

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for peace and salvation was his request:
not expecting
nor blaming
not faulting
nor guiltig
not hoping
nor judging

just being dead...

as needed by all
but the dying soul itself

love also dies

in their faded shine
my eyes mistake specks of soil
for something they are not
fearing to deprive an ant of its life
lest my shoe's sole falls on one
but not hard enough to give it a merciful death

how then am i going to let die
a love of divine essence
one gasp for air at a time...

can yanıyor elbette/
the hurt is immense of course

gecelerin koynuna girerken
özlemine yaralarımı seriyorum
can yandıkça yanıyor
gündüzler ateş pahası...

while slipping into the nights' bosom
i spread my scars out on my urge for you
the soul burns and burns
days are hard to come by...

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Teresa

L.

Gallion

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

Teresa E. Gallion was born in Shreveport, Louisiana and moved to Illinois at the age of 15. She completed her undergraduate training at the University of Illinois Chicago and received her master's degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She retired from New Mexico state government in 2012.

She moved to New Mexico in 1987. While writing sporadically for many years, in 1998 she started reading her work in the local Albuquerque poetry community. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, bookstores, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and the State of Oklahoma's Poetry Festival in Cheyenne, Oklahoma in 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and anthologies. She has two CDs: *On the Wings of the Wind* and *Poems from Chasing Light*. She has published three books: *Walking Sacred Ground*, *Contemplation in the High Desert* and *Chasing Light*.

Chasing Light was a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at

<http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq> or <http://bit.ly/13IMLGh>

Holding On

We collide in midair.
I gaze your form
against evening light.
A rainbow of colors dance,
flirt with your essence.

I drift back to the rain
falling in my dream.
The fire in the hearth
warms my soul.

Floating in night sweat
on my pillow, holding on
to that one sweet
image of you.

Red Rock Love

Red rock spirals, buttes and mesas
make a call to my soul,
lead me to an abyss
of uncontrollable bliss.

Only my awakened spirit
can hold the feelings
as I drop to my knees.
Is this heaven beneath my feet?

High on a drug called landscape,
what can I do but surrender
as my eyes scan the grandeur
of the Beloved's canvas.

Is this real or illusion
teasing my eyelids, arousing my sensors.
This drug called landscape
sings to my life blood.

I cannot resist,
my legs ache with ecstasy.
Let me embrace this red rock Eden
and fall in love again.

The Longing

I am ash blowing in the wind.
Let me swallow the sunset
to feed my garden's delight.

Watch my heartstrings blossom.
Let me transcend physical boundaries
and wrap my dream in royal purple,

place it next to your strong muscles.
The sacred stair case awaits your arrival
to walk with me in infinite beauty.

The highway to the universe is blood red.
Crystal light seeps through crevices
connecting earth to sky.

My lip bleeds from the weight of love.
The clouds are naked and moody tonight
wanting to melt into you.

Naked Moon

A naked moon smiles from an indigo sky
silently watches two hands joined.
Skins glow on two bodies.

A slow turn to face each other
between the shadow light,
palms sweat with nectar's flow.

Green peeps above its blanket of dirt.
Blades of grass taste spring in the air,
eager to chase it in the meadow.

Two bodies respond to the tickling blades,
embrace each other, roll in the grass.
A naked moon smiles fading into dawn.

Healing Time

I love you but I am not perfect.
You love me but you are not perfect.
Morning light hovers over the wounds
that lie across the bed.

I massage the scars on your belly
with a healing hand.
You massage the scars on my back
with a healing hand.
Slowly we surrender to healing hands.

You do not demand explanations.
I do not demand explanations.
Nurturing old wounds is
the focus of this interaction.

I gaze into the miracle
in your eyes and see a paradise
of thundering waterfalls, a lush
forest surrounding travertine pools,
crystal clear and inviting,
hiding behind a scarred mountain.
You look into the miracle of my eyes
and see a mirrored image.

Another day of healing slowly chisels
away the scars. We are working toward
the same destination, paradise on the
other side of the scarred mountain
filled with the love we are hiding.

Demetrios
Trifiat's

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

Demetrios Triafitis was born in Greece, studied philosophy in Canada. Post-graduate studies, Université de Montréal. In 1976 became Canadian citizen. Taught philosophy. Involved in humanitarian and peace organizations. Retired.

Poet and writer. Speaks: Greek, English, French and German. Candidate for the Greek and the European parliaments. Has traveled around the world.

BE MY VALENTINE

A bouquet of flowers for you, my love,
I am begging you, my Valentine to be
Not only for today and tomorrow, but
For every day of my life, into eternity!

VALENTINE'S ORCHARD

My heart,

An arid land was, my darling,

Able not a single feeling to produce

Till

That Valentine's day

When

Into my life you walked

And

With your kind words,

Your soft caresses, and

Your moistening kisses,

Turned it

Into a plentiful orchard of

Love!

GOODNIGHT KISS

Tenderly,

You kissed me, once, goodnight my love

And

The sky was lit up by a billion newborn
Stars!

SOUL MATES

Embraced,
Since the dawn of creation,
Inseparable
Have we been, throughout space
And time
And
While our names continuously
Changed
Unchanged, our love, in perpetuity
Remained:
A beam of devotion
That
The Cosmos Binds!

MY VALENTINE'S PRAYER

Oh mighty Cupid,

On my knees, I beseech Thee,

Not to spare any heart

From

The sweetest aches of all, Thy

Enchanting arrows could

Ever inflict,

Thus

The bliss of the immortals-

Just for this day- every mortal would be

Able to live!

Alan

W.

Lankowski

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Alan W. Jankowski is the award winning author of well over one hundred short stories, plays and poems. His stories have been published online, and in various journals including Oysters & Chocolate, Muscadine Lines: A Southern Journal, eFiction Magazine, Zouch, The Rusty Nail, and a few others he can't remember at the moment. His poetry has more recently become popular, and his 9-11 Tribute poem was used extensively in ceremonies starting with the tenth anniversary of this tragic event...

http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx

He currently has one book out on Inner Child Press titled "I Often Wonder: a collection of poetry and prose." It is available directly from Inner Child at this link...

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alan-w-jankowski.php>

When he is not writing, which is not often, his hobbies include music and camera collecting. He currently resides in New Jersey. He always appreciates feedback of any kind on his work, and can be reached by e-mail at: Exakta66@gmail.com

My Love Did Sometimes Wander

My love did sometimes wander,
And my thoughts did often roam,
From the one who held them dear,
And gave my love a home.

But I was young and restless,
And my heart would long to play,
Never thinking of the one I'd hurt,
When my love would go astray.

They say if you play with fire,
You sometimes will get burned,
And though the lessons were often hard,
The lessons did get learned.

For I know my heart belongs right here,
With the one whose love is true,
And if my thoughts should wander again,
They will wander back to you.

My Special Love

Happy Valentine's Day

Sitting with you right next to me,
Nowhere in the world I'd rather be,
Your every move brings a smile to my face,
With your awesome beauty and natural grace,
I enjoy being with you day and night,
Being with you just feels so right.

Of all the loves I have known,
None have the kindness you have shown,
None have the charms that you possess,
None can match your soft caress,
None can match the joy you bring,
None can cause my heart to sing.

Of all the loves who have come my way,
None can match the passion you display,
None can speak the words that always sound right,
None can match the feeling when you hold me tight,
None can match your special charms,
When you hold me tight in your arms.

That's why I know I have found the one,
A special love that is second to none,
I know in my heart that you feel it too,
That's why my heart is my gift to you,
I just need to write this so I can say,
To my special love, Happy Valentine's Day.

Only One

Of all the girls I've held and kissed,
Very few I've truly missed,
Even less have held my heart,
During the times we were apart,
Rare are the ones that make me yearn,
Or make my passions truly burn,
Few are the ones that felt so right,
As we held each other through the night,
But after all is said and done,
For me there can be only one,
And of all my loves from the past,
Only one can truly last,
For, of all the girls that I once knew,
Only one I've loved like you.

Please Tell Me That You Can Stay

I watch you lie so quiet and still,
You really are a lovely sight,
So many dreams you helped fulfill,
As I recall our previous night.

As the morning sun begins to rise,
I watch you lie silent on the bed,
A soft glow dances upon your eyes,
The pillow softly cradles your head.

The morning sun bathes you in light,
As you slowly start to awake,
My thoughts soon turn to delight,
As I think of the love we can make.

Though we loved the night before,
I wished it would never end,
At the sight of you I yearn for more,
To make love to you again.

Your smile drives my imagination wild,
Please tell me that you can stay,
Your touch releases my inner child,
My inner child wants to play.

It's in these quiet times we spend,
That it's you I'm thinking of,
Times I wish would never end,
I will never tire of your love.

We Started As Friends

We started out as a couple of friends,
Who saw each other now and then,
Two people hurt many times before,
And afraid of getting hurt once more.

Slowly we began to share long walks,
And share our thoughts in quiet talks,
And of each other we soon grew fond,
Realizing we shared a special bond.

Hearts that harbored so much pain,
They never thought they'd love again,
Secretly wishing that they would find,
Someone to give them peace of mind.

Hearts that searched so far and wide,
For the love that went missing inside,
Souls that roamed long and far,
Wishing upon most every star.

Then one day my wish came true,
I found love again and it was you,
There was a piece missing from my soul,
You were the one who made me whole.

Anna
Jakubczak
vel
Ratty Adalan

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. She is young Polish poet and the main editor of E-Magazine “Horizon”. She is a student on Journalism and Social Communication at the University in Szczecin. She collaborates with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines.

Her poems were included in five American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2015” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House, Avenue U Publications”. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styra University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

She’s interested in philosophy, literature, psychology, music, mass media. Her hobbies are: cooking, reading books, learning foreign languages, translating and traveling.

In 2013 she published her debut volume: „Ars Poetica”. At now she’s working on next books: volume “Conversation at night”, novel “Wind of hope”, collection of stories “Gates of subconscious” and fairytales “The squirrel’s stories from the old larch”.

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Interlova

Do you remember e-flowers
you were giving me every day?
Your e-triviality, wrote as a poem
Love scheme,
which we wanted to modernize.

Do you remember e-feelings
caught by wind of keyboard strikes?
Face to face
Only
touching glass by kiss.

Petrarch didn't know,
what is Interlova.
He truly felt
and didn't need
to be online.

Dan... I walk away,
but please don't forget I will love you,
until we lose our Internet
connection.

Your Sarah in love.

The fumes

we are the chocolates
bonding the spacetime with a matter
embraced with mutual sucrose
we were born from doubts
like shadows

we are milky
drinking in the secret
experiences
and corporeality
with every bar of mount

we are bitter
filled up with an instinct
stuffing between thighs
and prayer
for every second

we are frivolous
in torn aparts tinsels
we are dying from love

Rose of Jerycho

1.

Tell me why you cause that your life
becomes like a desert full of stones.
Why are you crying from the pain
instead of to shake down sand?
My sandy boy,
your tears never will fertilize the new way.

Chorus

Don't be afraid.
Do you remember that meeting,
She was little ruffle,
pretended that withered.
Pure Jerycho
carrying burden of the mask.

2.

Why do you fear for every step,
Being stronger than desert crystals.
My sandy boy
take your hat and listen
into the voice of Levant behind the horizon
that whispers about (un)known.

Chorus

Don't be afraid.
Do you remember that meeting,
She was little tousled,
feigned lovesick.
Pure Jerycho
carrying burden of mask.

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

3.

Even if doesn't rain,
find it in yourself.

Feel, how the old land crumbles underfoot.

Like Pure Jerycho... x2

Follow with the voice of Levant...

Chorus

Dont be afraid... (...)

Sakura II

She couldn't have the petals,
even dream about the full bloom.
She had aim - to die from love.

She was silly.
Stereotypical.
Like everyone before her
and everyone after.

Dan, why we still come back to
only one man (from many)?
We rock on the same swings
and play on the same quibble

with pretended not be.

Dan, you don't know how difficult it is to be a woman.
To be a flower, which not only beautifully smell,
but has also a mind, somewhere in the roots.

She just desired to love,
I miss something more.

Please, turn aside,
I would like to be alone.

Letters to S.

I haven't written to you for a long time.
Postoffice is striking eternally,
and e-mail is like a fast food
steeped by fat
without feelings.

Tell me, how are you?
How is Dan?
Are you still breeding orchids?
Or maybe you cut your hair?
You always complained - *they are so long.*

And please, don't ask me, *how you feel?*
You have already the drawer
full of paper-routin from my letters anyway

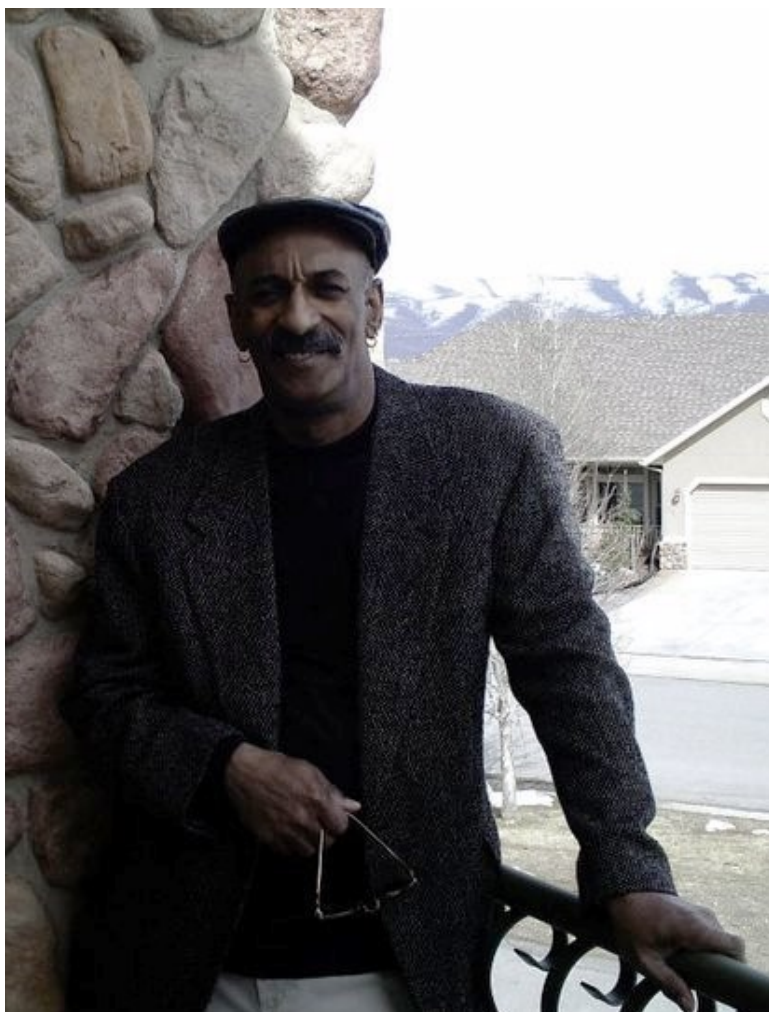
The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 35 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site
www.iamjustbill.com

Always

i wanted to write a poem about you,
for you,
but the words
that describe your beauty
with any form of adequacy
eludes my tongue

when i think of you
i become overwrought
with unbridled wants
and passions
of which i cannot begin
to elucidate

you are the color in my thoughts,
the smile within my dreams
and my reason to breathe

would one call this love ?

words pale the feelings
that stir the primality
of my loins
and consuming desire
for you . . .
in all ways . . .
always

desire

the tears are easy
my joy is overwhelming
yet my tongue fails me
when i attempt to express
the depths of my love
for you

my thoughts are languidly discordant
when i think of the myriad of possibilities
of what we could become
and the things we could do
together
to each other . . .

don't tell my Mother please

i want to tease you,
tempt you
in ways
for days
with my touch
my tongue
my thoughts
as i enticingly wander with wonder
into your fantasies

i want you to want
all that i have to give . . .
and more

this is but one of my small desires

i await your arrival

“I’ve seen fire and I’ve seen rain
I’ve seen sunny days that I thought would never end
I’ve seen lonely times when I could not find a friend
But I always thought that I’d see you again”

and my faith grows stronger
the longer i am without your presence
in my life

the road has been rough,
the challenges to my heart, many
but i would never let any of them
keep me down
for my love for you is absolute

i await your arrival

i come to you

i have been searching for you for aeons
and your resonance has glowed within my soul
i have followed the flame
and the glow of your light
and it has directed me
through the presence of night

i come to you

sweet communion
was the order of the day
all i ever longed for was peace
a place where i may lay
my weary head
and rest

i draw my sword from it's scabbard for battle
and though i seek
to vanquish the enemy of the land
the enemy within
is the Demon
i wish to slay
this day

i see no other alternative
but to fight to my death
to give my life
to the higher order
of defending all that i love

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

yes i draw my sword
in accord
to a warriors duty
and honor

the odds are against
that any
of my comrades
will survive

i like these odds
for finally
i will be liberated
from this anguish
of being separated
all these aeons
from that which i need
you, the other half of my soul

i come to you

it was so many life times ago
i can vaguely remember
when you were banished
vanquished
from the court
for having my child

yes, we had defiled
the established dictums,
the rules of order
the modicum of behavior
for they said
you were beneath my stature
for i was of sovereign blood

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

i come to you

it is beginning
to come back to me now
my resonant memory
like the sun
shimmering upon the lake that day
when you taught me the way
and revealed unto me
the path
of a higher order
where borders
and restraints
to ones passions
no longer appeared
as real

i was feeling something
new that day
and i knew
that this journey
you led me on
was more than a simple quest
more than a test
more than but another conquest

it was a liberation of sorts
and the only retort
i could muster
was acquiescence
to the lesson before me

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

as the flower of a lighted consciousness
began to unfold
your flesh told stories
of a sweet bliss
found in but a single kiss
upon your lips
where my sensualities
became alive

and now in remembrance
of that which has transpired
so many lifetimes before
here i stand at the door
of a weariness of soul

and no thought any longer
can cajole me
to wish to proceed
in my search
for this flame
my twin
you, who makes me whole

yes i am tired
yet spirited
as a warrior should always be

and as i draw my sword
from its sheath
for the final time
there is a glimmer of light
reflections from the Sun
a glint
that catches my eye
that immobilizes
this fleeting introspective moment

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

and i remember
the shimmering
upon the lake that day
where i lay beside you
when you taught me the way
the path to a higher order
where borders
and restraints
to ones passions
no longer appeared
as real

and in solemn silence
i speak these words to you

i have been searching for you for aeons
and your resonance has glowed within my soul
i have followed the flame
and the glow of your light
has directed me
through the presence of my night

and this day
i come to you

when i think of you

i am missing touching you
as i did a million aeons ago
when we had wings

you seem so far away
though you are here with me
and i listen to the song of remembrance
as my Soul does sing

a billion light years apart
is nothing at all to me
for your luminescent loving beauty
still resides in my light within i see

no sorrow here my dear
nay, i shall never it embrace
for the grandeur of Love's beauty
is eternally etched upon your face

so, i thank you for the Fire
of inspire . . . ation
and the magnificence of elation
i feel
when i think of you

the resplendent joys of anticipation
have long over come any dismal thought
for you are all that i wished for
all i ever sought

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

so i am dancing in the garden
where butterflies reflect their Holy sun
and i observe the movement of stillness
and the metamorphosis of goodness i become

like a child in the Cosmic Sandbox
i build Castles as i so deem
and with a Smile and Holy Tear
i actualize the Dream

when all of our essences'
is the all of what we be
as we shine brightly as one
energy, that all may clearly see

. . . when i think of you

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Love
Quotes

~ * ~

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

Love isn't something you find. Love is something that finds you.

Loretta Young

Let us always meet each other with smile, for the smile is the beginning of love.

Mother Teresa

Love is when the other person's happiness is more important than your own.

H. Jackson Brown, Jr.

You can't blame gravity for falling in love.

Albert Einstein

I have decided to stick with love. Hate is too great a burden to bear.

Martin Luther King, Jr.

True love is like ghosts, which everyone talks about and few have seen.

Francois de La Rochefoucauld

Keep love in your heart. A life without it is like a sunless garden when the flowers are dead.

Oscar Wilde

Love is an irresistible desire to be irresistibly desired.

Robert Frost

Being deeply loved by someone gives you strength, while loving someone deeply gives you courage.

Lao Tzu

Spread love everywhere you go. Let no one ever come to you without leaving happier.

Mother Teresa

Love is life. And if you miss love, you miss life.

Leo Buscaglia

A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another.

Jesus Christ

You can search throughout the entire universe for someone who is more deserving of your love and affection than you are yourself, and that person is not to be found anywhere. You yourself, as much as anybody in the entire universe deserve your love and affection.

Buddha

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and man cannot live without love.

Max Muller

Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies.

Aristotle

I have found the paradox, that if you love until it hurts, there can be no more hurt, only more love.

Mother Teresa

Love is space and time measured by the heart.

Marcel Proust

Love doesn't make the world go 'round. Love is what makes the ride worthwhile.

Franklin P. Jones

Stolen kisses are always sweetest.

Leigh Hunt

I can not even begin to imagine a life without love.

William s. Peters, Sr.

You kissed me goodnight for the first time and the sky was lit up by a million new born stars!

Demetrios Trifiatis

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016

Each time I embrace you, my love, immortal I
become but each time you go away, mortal I
become again.

Demetrios Trifiatis

I would hold you to a mirror that you may
experience my pleasure in seeing you.

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

The color of love transcends all boundaries.

William S. Peters, Sr.

Your beauty was reflected into my eyes and
beautiful the world since then I see.

Demetrios Trifiatis

Love makes life easy.

William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ February 2016



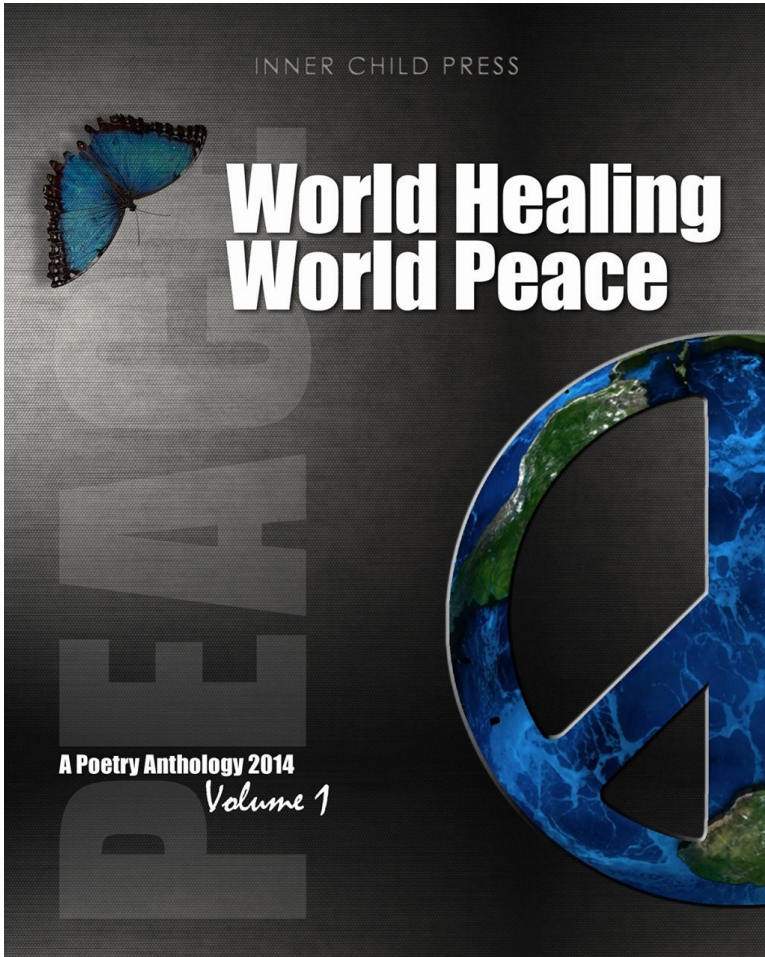
*Tear down the walls and discover the
beauty of your heart, the beauty of love.*

~ wsp

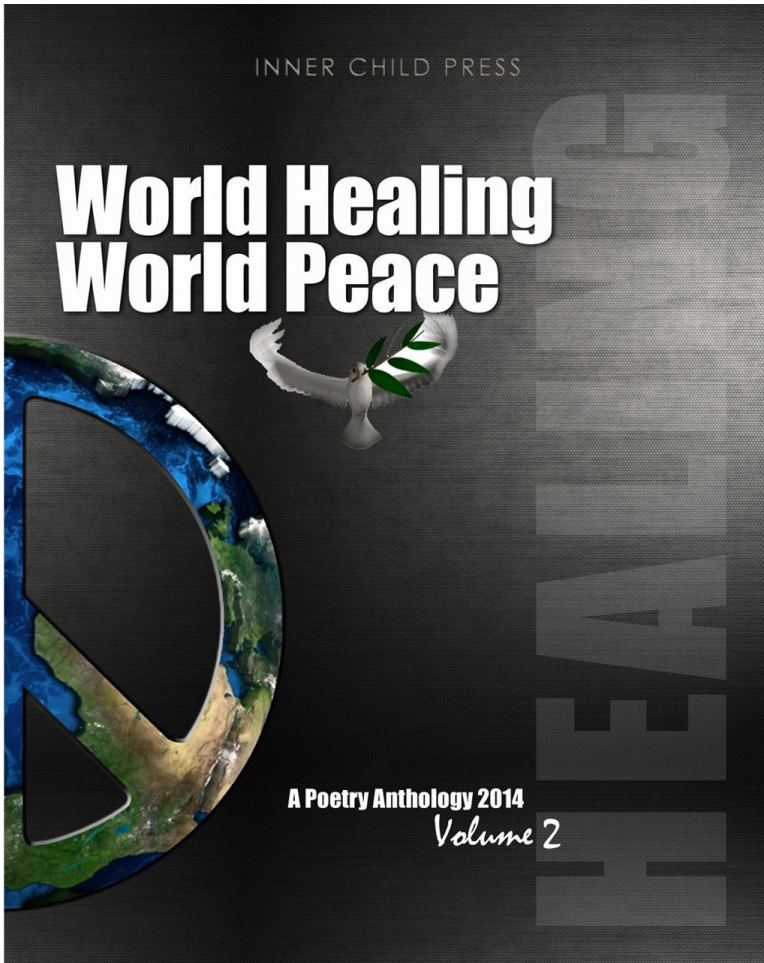
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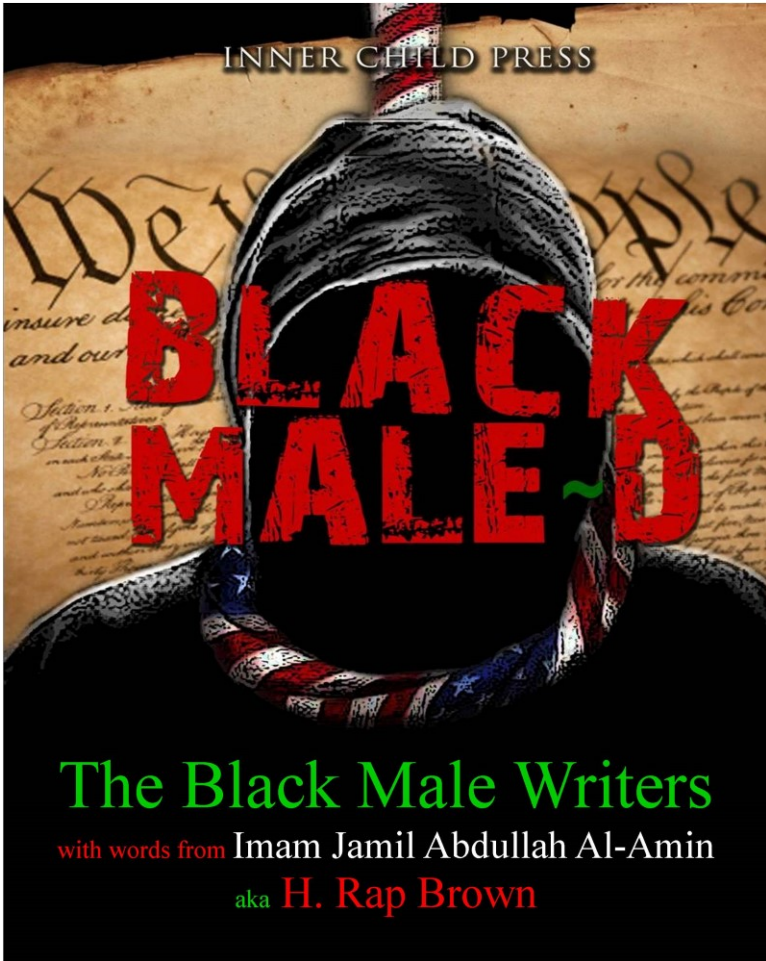
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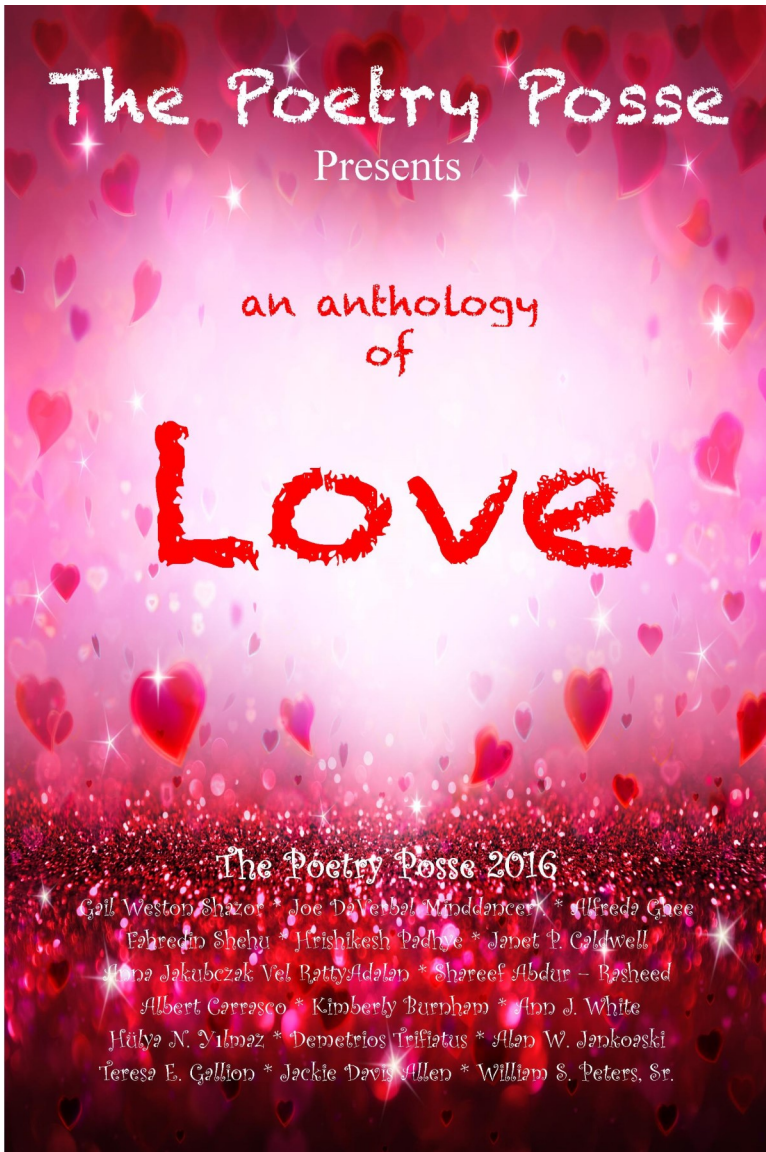


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The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology
of

Love

The Poetry Posse 2016

Carl Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeboi Mendenhall * Alfredo Guee
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Pachole * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalar * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalaszc

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

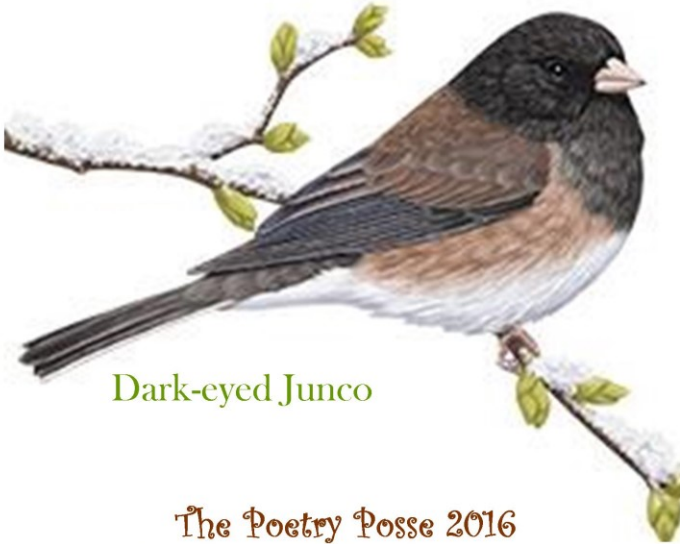
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Hulya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifistos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan. * Ann J. White
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Keith Alan Hamilton
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski
Bismay Mohanty
James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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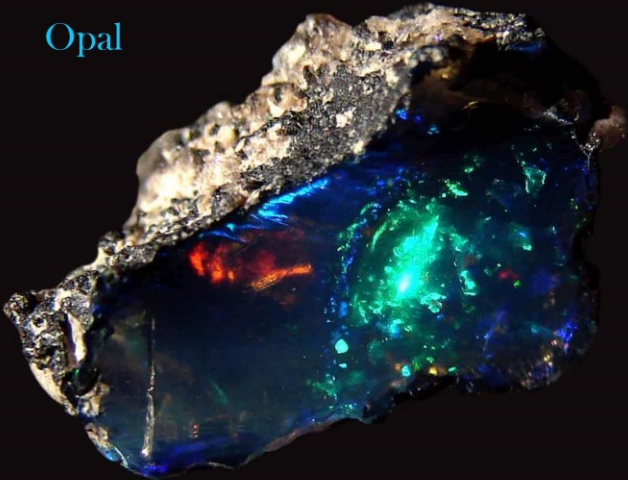
The Year of the Poet II

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. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonnice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neefu 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

June 2015

June's featured Poets

Anahit Arustamyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Nectu 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

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

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

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe Dawson-Mintzinger
Robert Gibbons
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.

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Passé

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt* WrittenInPain* Santos Taino* Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



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.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

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The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams
Dr. John R. Strum
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

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.



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jemie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal 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



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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.

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hÜlya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Heninger
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

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

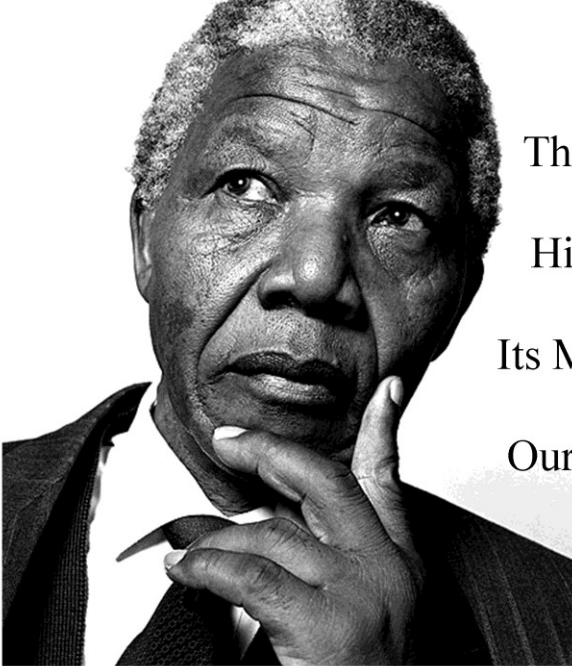
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

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A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY

FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

Inner Child Press Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

2012
World Healing
World Peace



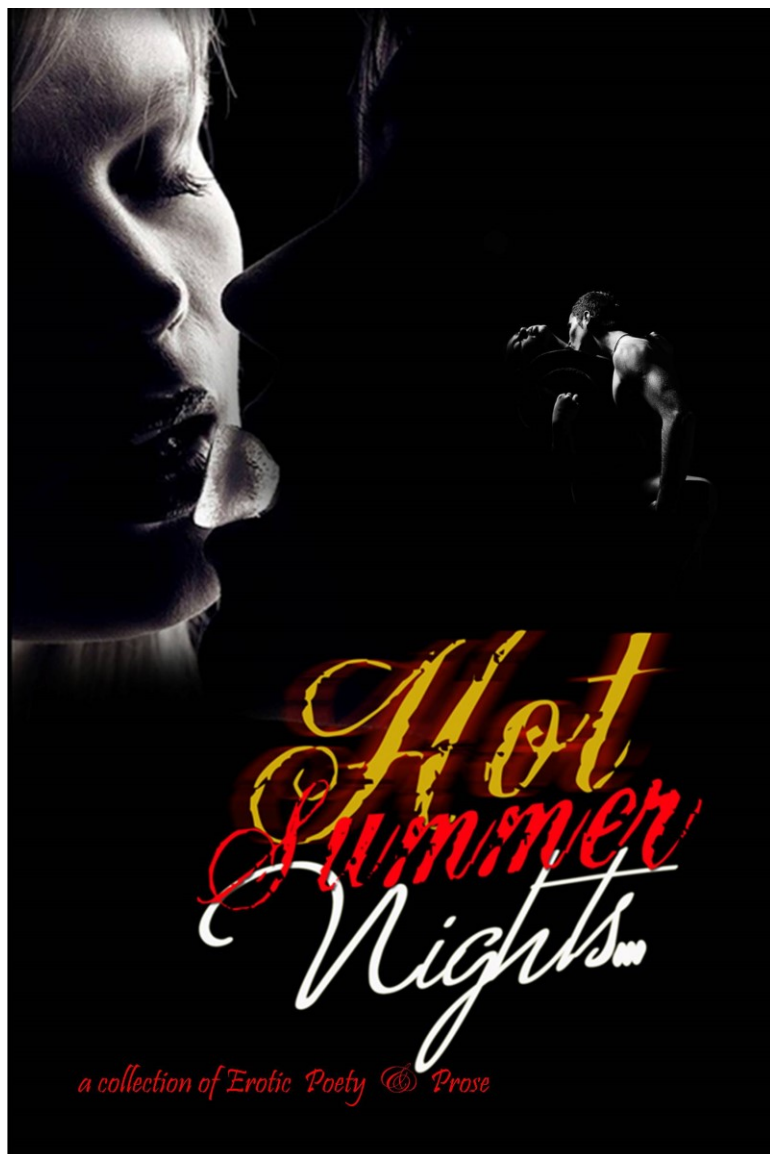
A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 2

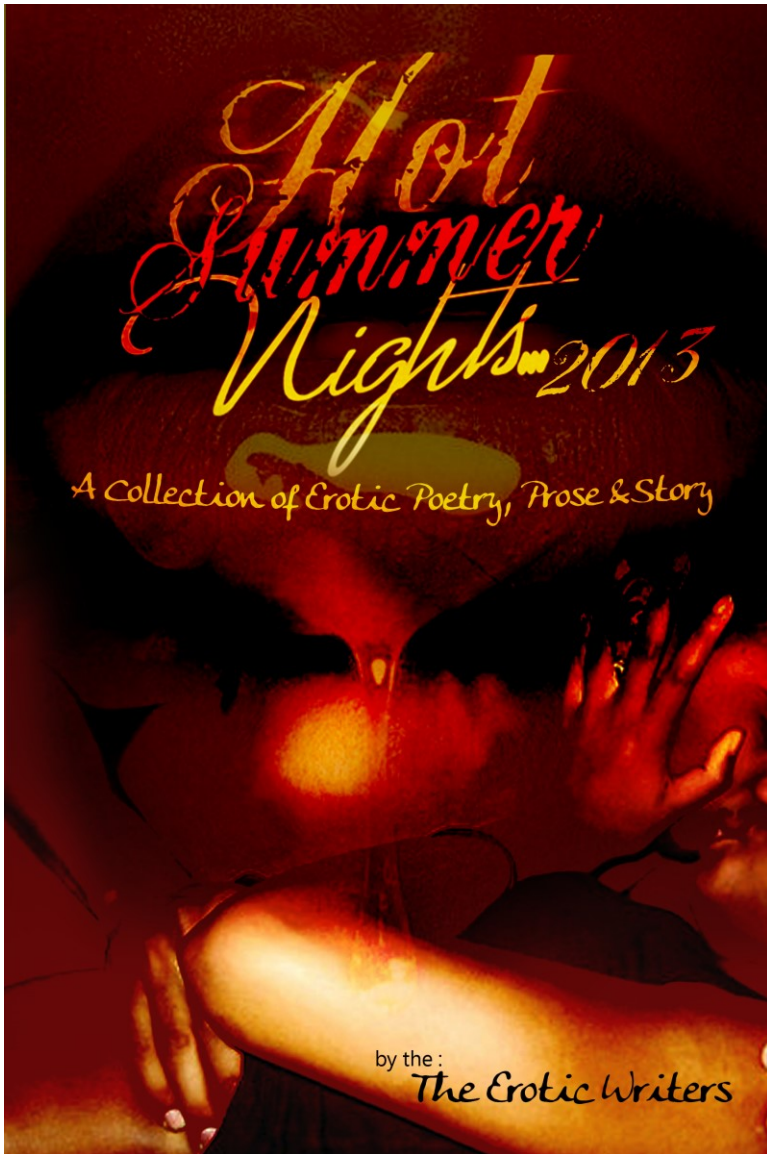
Inner Child Press Anthologies

healing through words



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



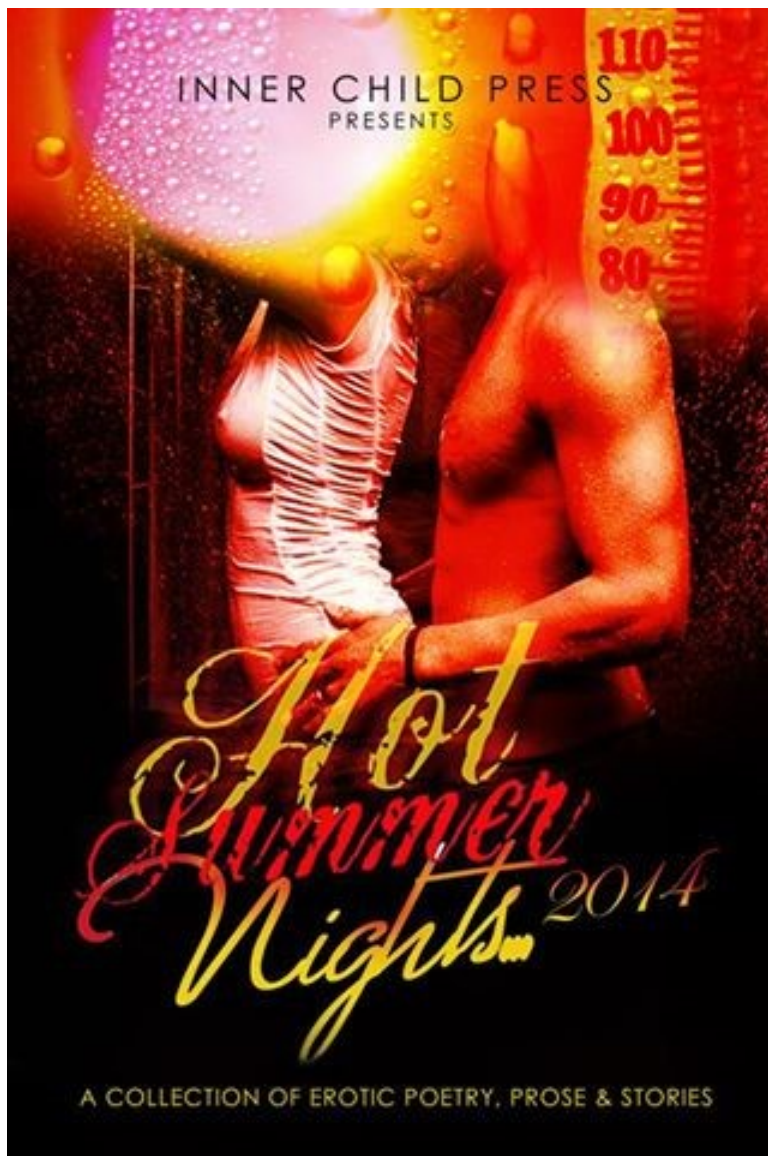


*Hot
Summer
Nights 2013*

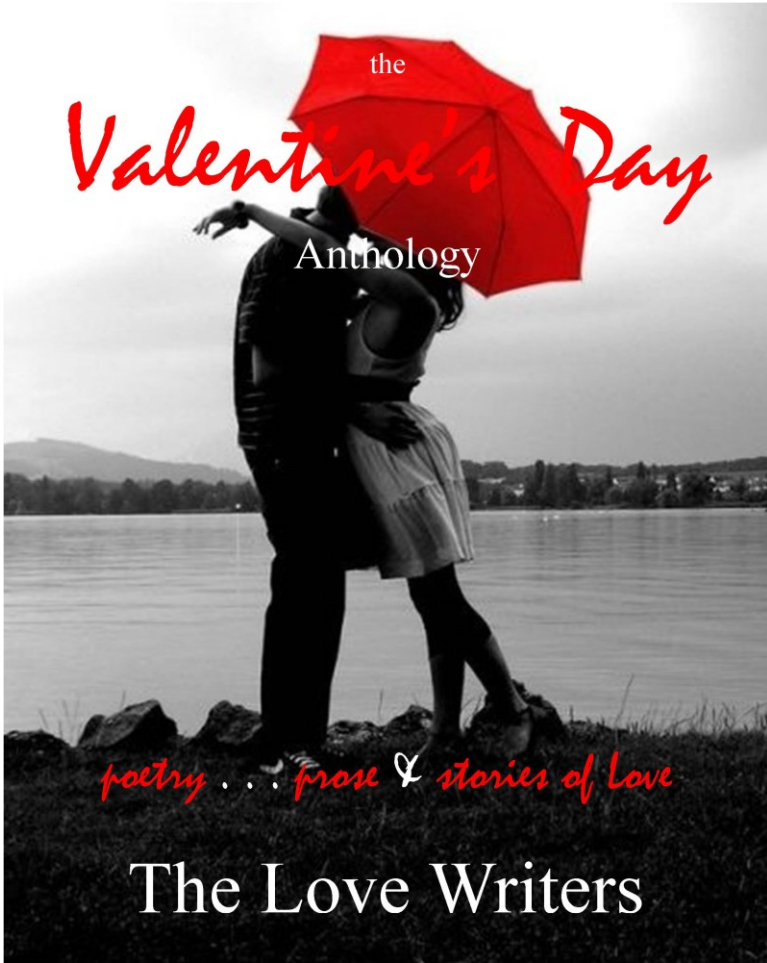
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by the:
The Erotic Writers

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the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

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want my

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to . . .

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

Monte Smith

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

Monte Smith



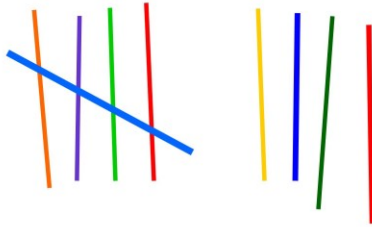
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P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**

to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

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Poetry Dancer

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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse 2016



Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies. ~ Aristotle

I have found the paradox, that if you love until it hurts, there can be no more hurt, only more love. ~ Mother Teresa

Love is space and time measured by the heart. ~ Marcel Proust

Love doesn't make the world go 'round. Love is what makes the ride worthwhile. ~ Franklin P. Jones

I have decided to stick with love. Hate is too great a burden to bear.
~ Martin Luther King, Jr.



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