

# *The Year of the Poet* III

## Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalasiz

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

## *The Poetry Posse 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White

Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatus \* Alan W. Jankoaski

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

*celebrating international poetry month*



The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III

April 2016

*celebrating International Poetry Month*

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# The Poetry Pose 2016

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

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**General Information**  
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**April Edition**

**The Poetry Posse**

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WHAT WOULD  
**L**I F E  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
**P**O E T R Y ?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

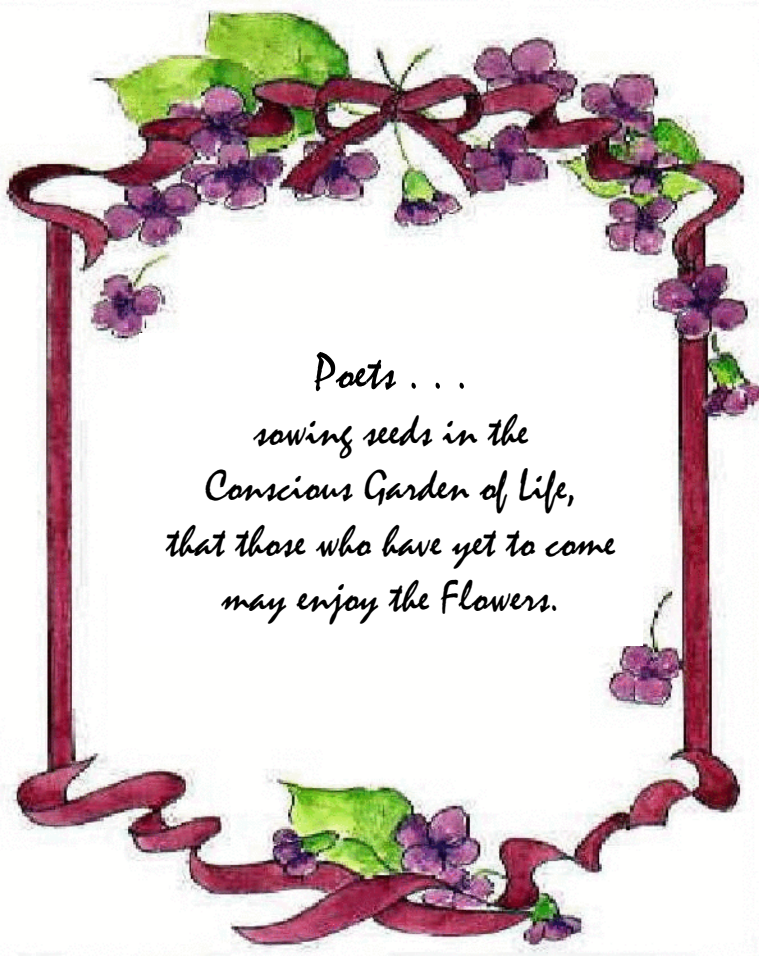
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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



# Foreword

Bright shiny words, terrifying, sad, joyful combinations of letters make up the poems in this book. April is National Poetry Month in the United States and so for a few days we heap honor and respect on the words of poets.

Words carefully crafted or spontaneously shouted in passion can ignite the world, and can change the trajectory of a family or community. Words are powerful. They can describe an experience, weave a tall story, or move a man to tears. Words enable us for a few moments to walk in the shoes of another and glimpse life from a new vantage point.

There is a part of the brain, mirror neurons that respond and make hearts beat, muscles contract, salivary glands produce, eyes dilate, and so much more when we read or hear that particular combination of words that we resonate with—that we feel and respond to. Words can touch us in a very unique way. Just reading the words we can each imagine ... a puppy leaping into the air trying to grab a Frisbee. An image forms in our mind's eye when we hear the words ... the shiny yellow and white lemon meringue pie place alluringly on

the counter. If our imagination is particularly good our mouth moistens in response to the imagined taste of sugary sweetness and sour lemons. We stand a little taller or walk a little faster when we hear how bravely someone faced life and overcame a giant challenge.

Each month the poets of the Inner Child Press' Poetry Posse craft their words to share the highs and lows, delicious and tragic aspects of our lives in hope that our words will spur you on to find the beauty and richness in your own life and share the words that matter to you. Please enjoy our gift to you, let the words run and jump and dance in your body and in your mind's eye.

**Kimberly Burnham**

# Preface

Greetings Family,

I cannot begin to express how appreciative and blessed i feel to be associated with such a fine group of people know as “The Poetry Posse”. I commend each one’s commitment to the vision of what words can do and how it may affect others as well as ourselves.

With that being said, i am ecstatic for many a reason. Here we are once again in April, a month which for myself and Inner Child represents International Poetry Month. This is also our even year (2016) at Inner Child Press which you may be aware of is when we publish the epic offering of World Healing, World Peace Poetry. This is a Poetry Anthology about Healing and Peace that include participants from all over the globe. I do hope that each of you take advantage of the opportunity to pick up a copy and read through the wealth of words, verse and perspectives offered by all the wonder-filled souls know as poets.

You can visit the dedicated Web Site of World Healing, World Peace and pick up your personal print copy a the discount price of only \$8.00

<http://www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com/>

On another note, i am honored to be traveling to Morocco representing Poetry and Inner Child at the Morocco Global Poetry Festival. There, once again i will have the blessed

opportunity to commune with Poets and Dignitaries from all over the Earth. We shall break bread, share our words, ideas, visions and hearts. I am also additionally honored to be the Key Note Speaker. I am so looking forward to sharing our words, empowering the consciousness of each other and departing empowered.

In closing, i offer you my love and the hope that some day we all shall walk hand in hand, heart in heart for the goodness of all humanity.

Love and Blessings

*Bill*

PS

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

Available here

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

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

~ wsp

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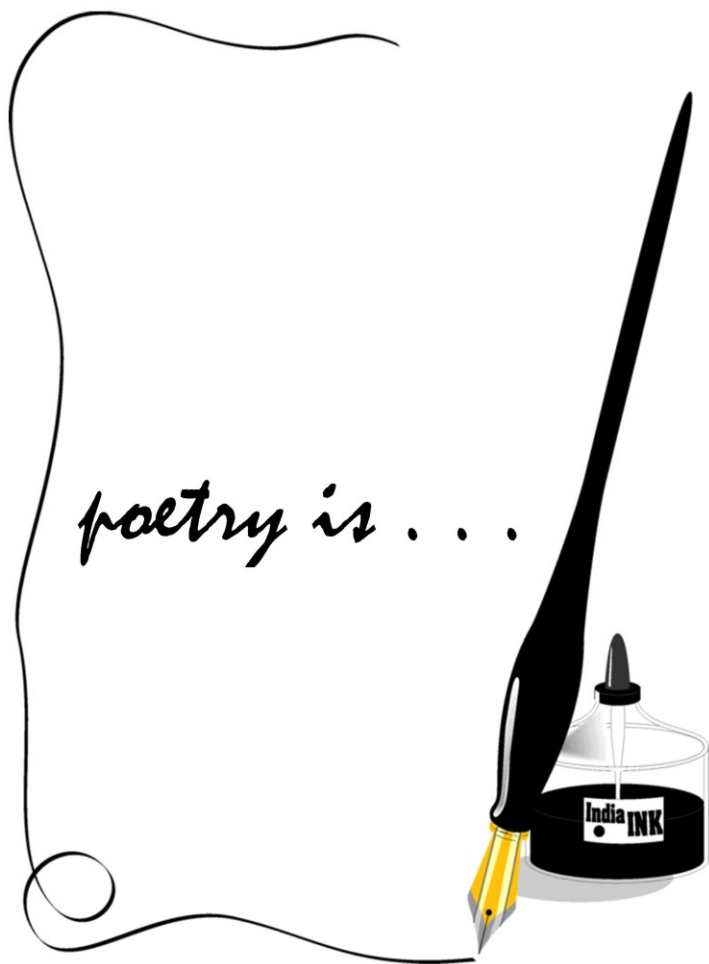
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has 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*

*Gail Weston Shazor*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ April 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.

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[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## Death of a Stranger

Smoothing down the folded pleats  
In this brand new dress  
I stand as close to the wall  
As I can get and not be seen  
I still remember the phone call  
Of last weekend and how uncertain  
I was that the caller may not  
Have the correct telephone number,  
While i listened politely when they said my name

I still believe there has been a mistake  
Of my identity  
For there is no familiar face  
On this second pew of this cold  
Funeral home surrounded by eyes  
In which I cannot see my reflection  
Nor can I see my legacy  
In a smile or glance back my way

I shift from foot to foot  
In this long line of people  
I am practicing what to say to the ones in the front  
"I am so sorry"  
Might do okay but I really don't know  
What I am going to say to this woman  
Who was married to my father  
A man I never knew



## Death in a Foreign Land

*There was nothing exciting about it. The day started out much as the day before had, with the sun rising hot before one was ready to leave the house. The roosters crowed their regular untimely noise loud enough to wake the dead.*

Life calls loudly  
In the midday sun  
Anybody with anybody's  
Time under this hot sky  
Knew the sound by heart  
The keening wail broke the stride  
Of those by passers  
Quickening steps less they find  
That their numbers had been chosen also  
Death was upon the land  
It elevated the cries to a pitch

She was just an ordinary girl and everyone knew her even if they didn't know her name. She was well seen hustling along the docks. One day selling flowers, the next teas and when she couldn't steal something sellable, herself had to do.

The smile below her mouth  
Shines a bright red  
In the morning light  
No one could mistake the double grin  
For happiness  
This look had circled the world  
Surprise at the suddenness  
Of the end of life

*Gail Weston Shazor*

*The policeman showed up after receiving the call. His impotence at preventing the violence wrought upon the public daily showing in the sweat on his brow. There was nothing he could do for her now but go through the motions of asking questions of the people around.*

What more could he know  
Save the dead girl's name  
Her real name gifted her at birth  
The only real thing she owned  
And the one thing she had protected  
From being stolen from her  
Unspoken and not be heard again  
Passing her birth mouth  
And not the one gifted at her death

She lay half in the water and half out. No one knew how long she had been there, but it was obvious it had been a while. He estimated from the lack of rigidity that she had lain here most of the night. He knew before he took out his notebook, that no one had seen anything nor heard anything. With a sigh, he removed a pencil from his pocket.

The business end lay on the stone  
The accidental end, in the water  
The very thing that hastened her death  
Had begun to melt in the surf  
Her last bit of currency  
Returning to the source until  
Only androgyny remained under the sun

## First Children

*On the occasion of my uncle's death*

First children know this~  
That the call will come  
The call that paralyzes us into action  
Without feeling our feet moving  
The aunties voices in the kitchen  
Saying that the weather is turning  
And ya'll better get out there  
While there is still light  
Bundling up in auntie bought parkas  
And grandma crocheted scarves  
We clasped big hand into little hand  
And walked slowly together  
Looking for a familiar shoe  
Or straining to hear a familiar voice  
And it broke our hearts  
To be necessary to you

First children know this~  
The candle will waver  
But it does not blow out  
There is always light  
Even when we have to  
Look beyond midnite to find it  
We waited in those days  
For hidden moments  
That you prepared in sleep time  
Singing the Motown tunes  
So we could dance in time  
To salt and pepper eggs  
And solve trigonometry problems  
Between the smoke rings  
For Pierre to finally answer the door

*Gail Weston Shazor*

First children know this~  
That you could always be depended upon  
To over feed us  
Dip the dead guppies from the fishtank  
And defend us against the ghosts  
That lingered in the closets  
You would appear when we  
Least expected to see you  
And wake us up for robot fights  
Roundly cussing out interferers  
That there were treats in your pockets  
And comic books could be read  
By forbidden flashlights

First children know this~  
That life can be noble  
In the midst of our mess  
And we don't have to be afraid  
Of becoming scared  
Weak in our own anger  
A refusal to speak well  
But we never doubted the love  
That pushed us to find ourselves  
And be greater than the world  
Said we could be  
I am mad at the harsh words  
That wouldn't allow a final hug  
For us that loved you more  
Than you loved yourself

## Katalambanō

*“to lay hold of so as to make one's own, to obtain, attain to,  
to make one's own, to take into one's self, appropriate”*

It's often we overlook the story  
To see the storyteller  
False teeth in his pocket  
So they don't go rattling in his head  
Rainboots , overalls and a rainslick  
It's easy to smile at this  
Imagining of a doddering old man  
Perhaps senile  
We really don't see what we see  
An earnest man with his beliefs  
Without the trappings of  
What we believe we need  
To run this race well  
Money cannot overcome the spirit  
As light cannot overcome darkness  
There is no stamp on  
The back of his neck  
Left from a mold  
That says “made in China”

*Gail Weston Shazor*

*Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell*

*Janet Perkins Caldwell*





*The Year of the Poet III ~ April 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 4<sup>th</sup> 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](http://www.janetcaldwell.com)

## Don't

The high wire walker  
knows to keep his eyes forward  
to get to the other side.

Don't look down, don't look down.

The abused woman  
knows to look ahead  
to go forward and make a safe life.

Don't look back, don't look back.

The conscious poet  
knows to believe the so called . . . *impossible*.  
Because nothing is.

Don't believe their lies, don't believe their lies.

## **We Both Believe**

We both share in the belief  
that self service is just that.  
It does not last and  
in the end, serves no one  
not even self.

We both believe that love has no color  
and have proved that.  
We both believe that we could conceive  
many miracle babies and we did  
not give up, and the world is ours.

We both believe that love is all power  
heals all wounds, when we are open to receive.  
We both believe . . .

## Excellence

Time has taken us on many paths.  
Good times, sad times, crazy times  
and we excelled together on the trails of life.

I believe that we excelled  
because just when we were ready  
to throw the towel in, we stopped to breathe.

We knew it was not just about us  
but humanity and sharing love  
with our global family, to be an example  
of seemingly different cultures  
who became ONE.

*Lackie*

*Davis*

*Allen*

*Jackie Davis Allen*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline Allen or Jackie Allen, grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia. As the next eldest daughter of a coal miner father and a stay at home mother she was the first in her family to attend college.

Graduating from what is now Radford University, with a Bachelor of Science degree in Education, she taught in both public and private schools.

Residing in northern Virginia, she revels in spending time with her husband in their get away home in the Blue Ridge Mountains, a place that evokes memories of days spent in Appalachia.

A lover of hats, she has worn many. Following her marriage to her college sweetheart, and as wife, mother, grandmother, teacher, tutor, artist, writer, poet, and crafter, she is a lover of art and antiques, surrounding herself with books, always seeking to learn more.

In 2015 she authored her first book, a collection of writings penned over the past decade. Well received by family and friends, both near and far, her book, "Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art is available from her website [jackiedavisallen.com](http://jackiedavisallen.com) or from [innerchildpress.com](http://innerchildpress.com)

## Windsong

Fierce winds are blowing all around, from east to west,  
north to south. Lo, the world has turned upside down.

Whoever would have thought recent maneuvers  
would turn the headlines into blood and cause others  
to pray for malfeasance's landslides?

It's a national pastime to orchestrate races, to bait them  
and attempt to knock each other down.

The crashing waves are loud and rough, with branches  
and tributaries of fear that prevent one from navigating  
down to where the truth lies waiting.

They resist stripping down to the bone, afraid they'll  
find the fallacy of what they're saying.

But there is light at the end, a colorful rainbow to double  
across the land and back, and God willing, may it spread  
its hope, its promise, measured, adjusted to personal need.

May it be a sign to all, and may its beautiful colors  
complement the rights of those who desire peace.

It matters not to Nature if she pleases mankind; would she  
that man create as little harm as possible while countering  
the flashes of hypocrisy and slander.



## The Reawakening

How beautiful is the anticipation of spring's arrival.  
How great the delight when robins sing, when daffodil  
buds awaken from winter's cold and deep, snowy keep.  
Nature's smile brightens the emerging green-scape  
with splendiferous colors, she desiring only that I accept  
and enjoy her considerable benevolence.

Beneath the split rail fence, a robin sits amongst  
the daffodils; she tweets a spirited song, one filled  
with joy that she has discovered a tasty, juicy morsel.  
As I hasten along the intrusive highway of everyday life,  
the glorious grace of springtime brightens my outlook, my  
perspective, and I begin to contemplate altering my pace.

When the heavens usher in great gusts of wind  
and when the sky begins to darken and hide its face,  
the daffodils valiantly struggle to hold onto their keep.  
See how they embrace the morning, they swaying  
to and fro, they bowing their heads beneath the sun,  
their shadows ardently kissing the ground?

How tempted am I to kneel down and scoop them up,  
perhaps a dozen or two, and place them  
in a long neglected, yet treasured, antique vase.  
As morning merges into the early afternoon, lacy patterns  
dance and trace the branches of the cherry blossom trees,  
while on the ground robins continue to peck and seek.

With poetic pen aflame on passionate pad, I lift my voice  
in praise of spring; and for all her gifts, would that  
mankind,  
similarly blossom with fruit and fill some long awaited  
need.

## Life's Time Piece

Life is a gilded treasure; let us waste it not.

My friend, trusting in tomorrow's dance  
invites some uncertainty, anticipates some joy;  
but today is here, it is where you are.

Time is precious; so are family and friends.

Today's time pieces are mostly silent,  
we hardly see what's right before us~  
our eyes seldom look up from our hands.

Intellect wages battle with desire.

We foolishly elect to avoid the serendipitous  
gift of present moment, its time and place;  
we ignore that which cannot be replaced.

Life has a way of looking in the mirror.

Surely, we should seize the treasure that time  
has graciously granted and acquiesce to the faces,  
familiar, that anxiously wait with baited breath.

The time piece of life can not be rewound.

Tomorrow may be too late, indeed, its promises  
may never come; it cares not if its face reappears.  
It is an entity unto itself, desires its own keep.

My friend, are you willing to trust in tomorrow?

Knowing that it may never come, are you willing  
to indulge in such a promiscuous game?  
Is it your desire to forgo love's dance with life?

*Albert  
Carrasco*

*Albert Carrasco*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 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.

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Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

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### Infinite Poetry

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

## Truth Hurts

Everything I write is real, I'm the truth, I lived urban poetry before I wrote it, the in's and outs of poverty I know it. From the roaches in cereal boxes to thousands stashed in our last Air Force one box. I use to stand on corners looking at my environment telling myself "sometimes when its sunny it looks so pretty" then the next day on that same corner, same environment I would be disgusted how ugly I now saw it. While i was in the lobby feeding my family I would see a little boy holding the hand of his mommy staring at me, that little boy would grow up idolizing me, while I didn't idolize myself. I would look at my situation, look at that little boy living where I'm living, I knew this lobby would wind up with him following my direction, and he did. I was looking in a mirror of false reflection, they was looking at the false reflection I was reflecting from that false reflection. I was lucky! That kid is buried. That kid was a lot of kids, a lot of my friends were these kids, I was just looking at a kid with those false reflections, I don't know about him but I can speak for myself when I say sorry for the misconception. I didn't choose to be me, I wanted to be the boy holding mommas hand looking straight and ignore what I saw with my peripheral, but after daddy's death certificate I slowly lost grip, but I never let her go!. I was learning intricate schemes, living the street dreamers dream, penny under the scale while the coke was measured on the beam, illusion bottles to trick the fiends. to trick mom I stashed my money and wore the same dirty shirt and jeans. At 15 i was locked up at 16 i was shot, Who but me would be a better choice to teach preteens and teens about ghetto hot blocks from what cooked in Pyrex pots to make off white rocks?

## Slavery

Dog bites, high powered hoses, burning crucifix's on our lawns, hooded henchmen lynching my men was the norm, prejudice atheist , fascist racist in a genocidal extinction race of those with a darker face, darker traces, darker melanin in our skin. They Teach us to eat wrong so were weak, they didn't want us educated so we could speak, think, or escape, so you know what happened to some of our a alike slavery prisoners? They became house niggas whipping us! The sound of the whip on our backs from a traitor went crack crack, so him and the slave owners are crackers, that's where that term derived, they beat us daily ,nightly, that's the reason for our keloid bodies, we were tortured and tied as we watched them rape and sell our wives. That was then....

I didn't say slavery came to an end, all I said was then, nowadays we got crooked, blood thirsty oversee-ers office-ers, officers, we got slave owners of all colors they just changed the way they hurt my sisters and brothers. welfare no healthcare, the statistics of my people not being able to go to school has risen due to high tuition. the hood has no food and drug admission, there's no food and no drugs being administered unless it's by a local community center or pusher. We buy our own brothers and sisters, twenty dollars for felatio, fifty dollars for what's below and become disease and infection carriers...

## NY, NY

New York City births the most witty, we made shelter from roofless apartments in abandoned buildings. We drank brown tap water, that same water we boiled to kill germs before we added Gerber to feed our sons and daughters, baby sisters and brothers. Milk, bread, eggs and cheese to us was delicacy not just necessity, we randomly selected what we were going to eat through the day, grilled cheese, French toast, scrambled eggs, fried eggs, or just plain pan caliente. That was a basic breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. We are carnivores, but there was hardly ever any carne to maul, we used to try to steal meat from the corner store, after getting caught over and over we got pictures placed on front doors saying "if you see these people don't let them in anymore". How embarrassing! We were just embarrassed when we asked them for it, lol lmao smh get out, no credit. We packed other people's groceries to be able to buy ourselves groceries, for packing things neat we were at times able to make tip money to buy packs of steak, chicken and other meat, that's how we make ends meet.

When it's cold we broiled water over the stove for heat, when it's hot we put ice cubes in water under the fan by the window as AC. If we bumped our head and got a knot, we went to get the ice pack, that's ice in a sock. If we got cut we got gauze and medical tape, that's paper towels folded with duct tape. When moms and sis got their menstrual, it's paper wrapped around cotton balls, that's their usual homemade maxi super absorb. Aluminum foil fused our sockets, aluminum foil was antennas when wrapped around hangers.



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Old phone lines nailed wall to wall was clothes dryers,  
freezers charged dead duracel and energizers. A single  
slipper jamming a closed door is a lock. The Dailey news  
becomes a rug after we mop, due to faulty plumbing after  
number 1 and 2 we do bucket flushing, this is how we  
made something out of nothing!

*Albert Carrasco*

*Joe*  
*Da Verbal*  
*MindDancer*

*Joe Da Verbal Minddancer*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

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

<https://www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer>

## THE POETRY OF APRIL

The month of April with all the new blooms  
A few will suffer with those floral perfumes  
Everyday a new poem will be born  
30 days of beautiful words take form

I won't sneeze through the breeze  
And I'm pleased at what I see  
30 poems for every day I read  
I can't think of one for the life of me

The rains came today  
and my flowers won't wait till may  
I feel the urge to write before I hit the hay  
30 days of something new to say

Poetry is that certain bonding factor  
It's more potent than a nuclear reactor  
I read it sometimes like a character actor  
Even get caught up in its romantic rapture

To read a man capture the movement of clouds  
To stop and just recite to strangers in a crowd  
Poetry can be both soft and loud  
As spring growth shows its blossoms proud

## FOCAL POINT

You seem to have lost your way  
tossed about during rough seas  
The beacon you were seeking  
guided you to be free

You avoided those rocky shores  
and dropped anchor, or so it seemed  
My light was frozen for the chosen  
maybe the gears were broken  
Maybe the tears that soaked in  
were a token of my extreme

I need to rotate this beam of light  
and guide others lost in their plight  
I am the owner of the night  
sought out by lost souls  
My mind glows and my horn blows

You've made it through the fog  
Others got waterlogged  
something was wedged in the cog  
You jarred it loose with the truth

I'm not the Captain of your ship  
I'm not the one who's steering it  
I just light the way ending my purpose  
A focused beam of light  
Eventually rendered worthless

## ANTICIPATED ENDING

I feel the absence of love from our day to day  
We began as most do, on the high side of love  
Long sleepless nights wanting our days to never end  
We began as friends on the tail end failure

I had my eyes opened by a youthful heart  
You had your eyes opened by one not so smart  
but I knew you.  
I knew what you needed, and we proceeded to grow  
Years of investment and every day was a lover's testament  
Yet life circumvents loves hold on the soul.  
We just weren't enough to hold on to.

Even if we'd captured those missed moments  
We couldn't own this love  
I was content, while you spent countless hours wondering  
I was to you what hunger is to appetite  
Yet only a bite

You were to me a means to fill a void  
We helped ourselves to each other's needs  
and wore the scales of justice's blindfold  
In the interim we will stay in love  
We will stay friends

The passion has fashioned itself a memory.  
in the end there's still room for jealousy  
as we'll inevitably find comfort elsewhere  
Knowing full well those that take us there  
can't compare.



*Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed*

*Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 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.worldpress.com>

jigsaw...

puzzle world, pieces here, there hurled  
maybe wrapped up in a crumpled ball  
like discarded newspaper, paper towels  
wet, saturated,  
things got scrambled, mankind gambled  
lost their way  
lost from disregard to admonition  
caused the deeply rooted chronic condition  
till this day we pay the price  
enjoined the evil, ignored the right  
trying to make night day, day night  
right wrong, wrong right  
it's a jigsaw puzzle here  
nothing making sense, nothings clear  
dumbing down appears  
diminishing intelligence, raising fears  
so dem believe what they hear  
with no evidence made clear  
and the ignorance and blight increase  
in intensity and height  
from year to year  
now they don't know what's day, what's night  
when dem appear  
eyez comprised of blank stares everywhere  
dead souls dominate landscapes  
ignorance, arrogance, indifference mold dem  
fate  
jigsaw puzzle scattered about, here, there  
we fear might be too late to repair  
scattered puzzled lives dem didn't listen  
to admonition wise  
believed lies, chose to compromise  
threw away their lives

the scent..,

takes me away back to another day  
the smells that fill air takes me back  
there to other years  
people, places here ' n ' there  
remembering the smell of his/her hair  
scent that remain on clothes they used  
to wear  
those no longer here remain in what  
remains, remind, rewind the mind  
from what dem left behind  
amazing these sense's that ignite vivid  
live, bright  
puts you back right in the past  
sort of a time machine  
and you touch her/him again while their  
garment is pressed up to your skin  
soaking the memories in  
clinging to something though old thinned  
better than nothing then  
incredible isn't it, phenomenal things we  
can't see but knowing they're real  
we believe!  
smell, touch/feel, sight invisible but we know  
real!  
we believe!  
something like memories revived from  
things we feel, smell, touch brings back much  
of that which we cherished, loved  
these invisible gifts from above lifts us up in  
the love we keep with us  
priceless keepsakes left behind to remind  
are simply divine!

food4thought = education

## Who are you America?

America you who  
anything/anyone that sings the praises of  
your so called whiteness you attest to their  
their greatness or at least relevance  
even mad dogs ' n ' hooligans,  
the worst of the worst steeped in sin  
who do you know, where have you been  
other than the town, village, city you're in?  
yet ya'll always got a \$#!+y opinion  
about how other folks living that don't fit in  
the white world you live in your warped minds  
the one that's crumbling  
your world and mind!  
who knows it might give pause for humbling  
cause lord knows ya'll need humbling  
all the things you were told by your folks of old  
that you hold so close like us and dem folk  
all that ignorance exposed when you spoke  
you and your folk trapped in a mental yoke  
did ya'll ever crack a book open  
seek the wisdom that wise righteous people have  
spoken throughout time  
so your life might have some reason and rhyme?  
the opium of white privilege, supremacy has numbed  
your mind, rendered you blind  
using code words, phrases that disguise like patriotism,  
American, the American way, that's not American  
really mean...  
" White, worship me " The White Man, the white way,  
it's not White " and all done in the name of god and country  
when did god made ya'll a divinity? sorta like the "Holy  
trinity "

*The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

did he say worship man and man's lands?  
worship the creation of the creator not the creator?  
man setting himself up as divine, privileged, entitled being  
the common denominator  
what happened to your ten commandments in the book  
called Exodus?  
hear oh Israel i am the lord thy god  
take no other gods besides me  
thou shall not make nor worship graven images on sea or  
land  
did Exodus take an exit out the back door of your  
consciousness?  
so now your flags have become divine like your so called  
white behinds all to be worshiped, subservient to and  
unquestionably adored and anything or anyone else ignored  
as relevant and even abhorred because if it ain't white it  
ain't divine  
since only so called white folks are divine.  
in their warped mind though,  
since when did you see dem  
looking like your white sheets on the bed, yo since when  
did dem look like snow?

Food4thought = education

*Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed*



*Kimberly  
Burnham*

*Kimberly Burnham*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

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>

## Run, Stroll, Reach ...

Run as if in a dream  
fields full of red and gold  
wild flower seeds  
popping up in the warmth

Strolling up  
wide busy streets  
right foot swinging  
in time  
forward

Reaching for greatness  
a family's life  
cozy around the table  
carrots and Brussels sprouts

Steaming  
warmth rising  
sun lifting the light  
nourishing

Dreaming people,  
strolling pedestrians  
reaching families  
in the heat of life

Poetry asks  
imagine  
yourself  
and others  
creating renewed lives

## Who Is In Charge

words matter  
are respectful and independent  
opposites  
a balanced polarity  
comes tumbling down  
from time to time

Is it better to be obedient  
or self-reliant  
well-behaved or  
considerate

who is in charge  
can I be curious  
and respectful both  
expressed in words  
and actions

bright sounds streaming  
fueled by air and insights  
I want my life  
and for the life of children

Powerful curiosity  
round words formed  
smooth like pebbles  
thrown in anger  
for building a castle  
or skipping on a lake

So many things I can do  
with the words  
I find around

## Curious

How old are you?  
How much money  
do you make?  
How will you vote?  
Do you believe in god?

They say curiosity killed the cat  
but not a cat I am  
well-mannered the opposite  
or curiosity the reach  
so many questions  
dance in my head

I hold them back  
when I can  
waiting on the sidelines  
till the time is right

Curiosity bursts forward  
intending no disrespect  
just satisfying the joy  
learning about the softness  
greenness  
spiciness of life

*Ann*

*L.*

*White*

*Ann J. White*





## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

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](http://www.ItsACluckingGood.Life)

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

## A Poem Is

A poem is

A song the heart is brave enough to sing

The gentle kiss of a lover between our eyes

Glittery trails made by snails

The smell of coffee in the morning

Tears that sneak out of our eyes when we least expect them

The trust of a toddler reaching for our hand

A poem is

The longing for a lost love

Fleeting footsteps down a dark cobbled alley

An ache so deep we can't name it

A trolley car packed with homeward bound travelers

Hopes and dreams we can only whisper

Mud puddles and tadpoles announcing spring

A poem is

Gray hair and wrinkles blessed with the heart of a child

Lazy days and blank pages

Joy that can't be contained nor described

Cinnamon and flannel

The dawn of a new day

Your hand in mine

## Words, Steps, and Life

A blank page  
A blank page filled with possibility  
A new day for us to create  
Step, step, stepping  
A waltz or a chacha  
Gliding through life or staying in one place  
A word or a sentence  
A step or a stumble  
Writing is like dancing  
Dancing is like life  
A tango or rumba  
Flow or frustration  
Sometimes our words come easy, filling pages  
Fast, fast, faster  
It's hard to keep up  
And then  
Quiet  
No more words  
Sometimes our steps are fluid, whirling and twirling  
Exhilarating  
And then  
Quiet  
No more steps  
Sometimes are days are bursting with activity  
Here, there, everywhere  
Must do's, should do's, gotta do's  
And then we are done  
Quiet  
No more days  
Just a blank page and a new sunrise  
Fill your pages wisely

## I Declare It to Be Spring

It's spring at my house  
I declare it to be so  
No more bulky coats – even though the wind still chills  
I'm tired of bundling up – so chill me if you will  
But I declare it to be spring  
The crocus announce spring too  
Even though they are buried in snow  
They're done with all this hibernation stuff  
A little bud pops its head toward the sun  
And says it is time for you to glow  
Robins are back, digging for worms  
Buds on trees shaking off cracked ice  
The energy shifts  
From withdrawing into one's self to nest  
Or maybe to rest  
To exploding out of one's self to embrace new growth  
Inside and out  
Open the windows and shout out to the world  
It's spring at my house  
I declare it to be so!  
And then quickly shut the sash do avoid the blowing snow.

*Alfreda*

*D.*

*Ghee*

*Alfreda D. Ghee*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

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>

*Alfreda D. Ghee*

## Gods Warrior

When it's time to fight in the war  
When it's time to decide whose side you are on  
When it's time to stand and be a warrior princess  
When it's time to protect the innocent  
When it's time to fight in the army of the Lord  
When it's time to stand strong in front of evil forces  
When it's time to know what's right and what's wrong  
When it's time to kill in the name of goodness  
When it's time to give your life  
When it's time to pray a prayer for another  
When it's time to show no fear  
When it's time to shine your souls light  
When it's time to look deep within  
When it's time to make the trumpets sound  
When it's time to hear the bell toll  
When it's time to sing that sad song  
When it's time to fight for GOD  
I surely only take orders from the LORD....  
Will you put on your armor....  
I am a warrior of the LORD...  
My armor is always on.....



## A Woman

She lives to be a real woman  
She moves with grace and pose  
She backs her man even when he's wrong  
She guides her thoughts to fit her husbands  
Every move she makes it is in sync with his  
She's a mother until the end  
She focus her all on her family  
She seeks GOD in her time of distress  
She prays without taking a rest  
She is at her best when she has to be strong  
She knows when her husband needs to be loved  
She works endlessly without complaining  
She strokes his ego when there is a need  
She protects her kids with her life  
She knows no man can come between what she has with  
him  
She gives wisdom and is humble  
She cooks breakfast, lunch and dinner  
She makes sure his soul is at peace  
She lifts his spirits when ever  
She gives him intimacy at every beckoning call  
She soothes his worries  
She is beauty personified ten times fold  
She exudes purity from within  
She lets nothing but prayer guide her in the end  
She is a woman that will never let her daughter/son fall by  
the way side  
She is a mother  
She is a Queen  
She is a real woman indeed...

## A Man

He stands to be a real man  
He stands for strength  
He stands for father  
He stands for prayer  
He stands for wisdom  
He stands for love  
He stands for teaching  
He stands for protection  
He stands for proving  
He stands for guidance  
He stands for understanding  
He stands for intimacy with GOD and me  
He stands for desires  
He stands for crying  
He stands for weakness  
He stands for imperfections  
He stands for family  
He stands for mentoring  
He stands for his child  
He stands for his mother  
He stands for respect  
He stands for communication  
He stands for honesty  
He stands for me  
He stands for him  
He stands for listening

*The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

He stands for sharing  
He stands for substance  
He stands for the mind  
He stands for reality  
He stands for dreams  
He stands for faith  
He stands for the growth of US  
He stands for the union of us to be one  
He stands for the prayer in his sons heart that cannot be  
broken....

*Alfreda D. Ghee*

*Hrishakesh  
Padhye*

*Hrishkekesh Padhye*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

My name is Hrishikesh Padhye. I am the author of two poetry books, entitled ECHOES AND CONSEQUENCES and HYMNS OF ASCENSION. In my mind, I love to be a critical but free thinker. I think our minds are always in the stage of intellectual wear and tear as modifications always fit in the equations having variable desire and destiny. That's how, we are caught amidst the Continuous Evolution.

I consider Poetry to be a bridge that arches between Globe-trotting and Self-discovery. It takes the spirit to higher levels of enlightenment. I think that art is like a nova which is dormant in many human beings, thus ascends someday in some form to enhance the strength of abated spirituality in an individual.

Academically, I am a student studying Civil Engineering, from Government Engineering College in the City of Jabalpur, India. I also love to spend time my in meditation, cooking, painting, analysing literary humour, learning different languages, as well as grasping scriptures, while learning more about spirituality. I prefer to be reserved for discovering my deep inside inner-self.

~ Life is an endless tug of war between Strength of Purpose and Height of Ambition

- Hrishikesh

## My Friend; My Iridescence

Just as a candle flame kills the dark,  
Just as a beacon of light unravels the hidden path;  
Just as an intellectual saviour counsels the masses,  
You enlighten me, you enlighten me.

Just as the mountains kiss the clouds,  
Just as king lion roars it out loud;  
Just as the tsunami wave is driven up by the Shore,  
You boost me, you boost me.

Just as the chlorophyll saves every leaf,  
Just as the almighty is compassionate for every belief;  
Just as the army storms for invincibility,  
You shield me, you shield me.

Contemplating things together, we will face consequences,  
Moving toe to toe, we will raise the turbulence;  
Bringing back the lost in me,  
Looking at you to receive solace,  
Because my friend,  
You are my iridescence, you are my iridescence.



## The Meteor of Your Reality

You used to be my soulful nemesis,  
Captivating me all in your dark eyes,  
Never knew I was a victim of delusion  
Just a prey in the chamber of Lies . . .

Like a sunlit water drop on a blade of  
grass glistens its glory even more,  
I believed you to be the flash of my sword  
never dreamed about being this obscure . . .

I needed our tale to be painted by the fabric of love,  
ending with the colorful climax;  
You made it a betrayal classic,  
Left me as an utter Silent Soundtrack . . .

Sheltering my exposed scars at this stroke of time,  
My tears are writing this life altering story;  
In which, the disintegration of my Life's planet . . .  
Was done by the METEOR OF YOUR REALITY. . . . .

## Obscure Psychology

Caught amidst chaos  
Searching through darkness,  
Picking up our own shattered pieces  
Embracing hatred,  
Lost in loneliness  
Leaving conspicuousness  
Sheltering uncertainties  
Playing with vulnerabilities  
Absorbing cruelty  
Appreciating mediocrity  
Breathing with procrastinations  
Living up with bounded horizons  
Addicted to fake temptations  
Slave of disintegrations  
Victim of fake reflections  
In the life's constitution.

*Fahredin*

*Shehu*

*Fahredin Shehu*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a highly *Noted* and *Acclaimed* World Renowned Poet, Author, Teacher and so much more. He graduated from Prishtina University with a Degree in Oriental Studies. In his continuing Education he received an M.A. in Literature. and a PhD in Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin hails from Rahovec, South East of Kosova and has been embraced affectionately for his acutely gifted insightful poetic expressions by the Global Poetry Community. The depth and knowledge of many spiritual aspects that affect Humanity subtly shines through in his work. *Pleroma's Dew & Maelstrom* are very graceful works that serves to add to the accolades of this much celebrated Poet / Author / Philosopher.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu>

## Rotten desires

I see...

All stars assembled- once again  
they want to bang.  
In veranda I drink what  
the father left behind.  
His desires- my desires  
on the smoke of my cigarette  
evaporating shapes- the rotten desires  
miserable and poor as decayed Iris tuber  
split prior to moistening seven times seven.

We are the children of Love  
before we become the children of our desires.  
Thyme is twisting odor with hyacinth.  
Two lumps of hatred- the last remained  
thrown in an abyss of the miser merchant.  
The Soul declares enlightenment  
perpetually- in silence.  
We are deaf to hear this tune.

...and the story unfolds  
heavily as aquamarine brocade  
when mistletoe releases its Gnostic essence.  
Love has no other name- it rather  
gives out of herself never losing even a particle  
of her celestial being- we meet again in the Island  
of honey-blood; once again we are immune  
even from the most evil hexes cast by mischief

*The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

We shall now hail this lasting second  
folding us with the mildness of a liquid nacre  
in a dew transformed- Stand up oh Human  
You too have right to Love- And you Poet:  
” May the curse of all Mankind  
Fall upon and your writing hand be cleft- if  
You ever restrain or quit writing on Love...”

On the day when heart  
gives the sweetest essence

It is again this moment...  
Repetitive hands united in a prayer  
When the soul asks nothing but serenity

Why I ought to outcry the avarice  
Of others destinies divided somewhere  
In the Cosmic Courts

Am I not the same manlike creature?  
Even when I realize that plants  
And animals fear me not

And rainbow of the manifestations  
Mock me for myriads of reasons

What they are unable to digest  
Nor do they possess capabilities  
To achieve is: My Love- is eternal  
Overwhelming and sparkling

But not blinding- is mild to the eyes  
As it is to the heart

Sour Souls may in vain parade  
The elegance of the glamorous prides  
Dressed in heavy brocade, velvet and  
Spectral muslin



*The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

When you open the shell and you  
See not the pearl- why your heart  
Baths in quinine Spa

Yet your face shows the curved paths  
Where boiling tears went through  
And moistened the Mesh of your Soul

Listen!  
The taste of Love may be a bitter morsel  
But its reward is sweeter than the birth  
Of the Newborn coming out of heart  
Of Mother- The Godling

## MALICE OF HER

You play life- alive  
Fat short catty old and immoral  
Women-like creature curved  
From my belly to the top of the neck  
And the warm passionate hug  
With the hell smell of inexhaustible  
Bizarre desires

This scene in serial were seen  
Yet the cantankerous mouths never  
Cease teasing the attacked  
Some played differently with  
The tact of genuine and gentle Gazelle  
Showing the varieties of the unknown signs  
To be deciphered by Western rationalists  
But can the irrational plethora of the Eastern  
Secret codes be translated into  
Understandable language  
It is akin to the betrayed husband  
Left home with two children while  
She seen in the commencing scene  
Of this narration were harassing  
Whatever came from Men?  
Starting from the capital "M" - whatever smells?  
Masculine; even the layered smell of nicotine  
Between two right fingers of the amber color  
Of the senile

*The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

So intoxicating may the story become, yet  
The genitals of the both sides are ready  
To burst- whether young, mezzo or old aged

She is a kind of bitch with the spectrum  
Of smiles – hiding the cursed thread  
Of jealousy, passion and sick ambition  
To embroider the literary Chrysanthemum  
To charm, allure and perhaps aghast  
With the odor of the mischief  
Nor with the laugh she hides  
As sin- otherwise upon laugh  
She unconsciously unveils the true nature

*Fahredin Shehu*

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

*Hülya N. Yılmaz*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

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](http://www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com)

[www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com](http://www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com)

*Hülya N. Yılmaz*

## A Trio of Landai

*\*smile*, It Is 2010 and Spring

May the forked tongue bind their bloody hands,  
And the womb birthing you all char them in their own fire.

O You, Honorable Grandfather-Husband!

You think a prayer cleanses your sins.  
My cradle, barren yet long after your manhood burst!

Mama, Did You Turn Into Stone?

Why did you rip me off of your breasts?  
Under his atrocious soil is where I now must rest.



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

\*The first folk couplet – a Landay (defining also a short poisonous snake in Pashto), is a tribute to a teenage Afghani poet who died soon after setting herself on fire in protest of her severe beatings by her brothers. Her crimes? To fall in love, to seek education through other women’s poetry, to write her own poems and to read them on a hotline for girls. Mirman Baheer, a women’s literary group that, in addition to offering other services for Afghanistan’s female population, ran the radio program. This young frequent caller whose poetic word was of promising extent was much adored. The news of her burning would reach her circle in the spring of 2010 from a hospital through a phone call by the teenager herself. Her on-air persona was *Rahila Muska* – *smile* in Pashto.

*Hülya N. Yılmaz*

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gallion*

*Teresa E. Gallion*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 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>***

## Sedona Journaling

Trying to capture the essence  
of this place is like  
trying to catch a swift bird,  
a challenge but humbling experience.

As you break under beauty  
that surrounds your sensors,  
you want to fly into the images  
that pull at your happy feet.

Your heart laughs loud,  
an inhale is pure joy,  
your exhale an orgasmic bomb.  
What else could this giggly feeling be

but the pure ecstasy of meeting  
the positive energy flow  
from the red rock sanctuaries.  
The sensation comes with

a walk, a hike, a drive or sitting  
by a bubbly creek.  
Soul wants to know,  
how do you hug bliss?

The poet answers with images  
that tickle the skin  
the only way  
that a wordsmith can.

## Skydiving

She skydives from a question mark.  
He stands frozen like an exclamation.  
The dog barks in semicolons.  
The cat dances around commas.

And Mama asks, *what the hell is going on?*

Lil Bro smiles  
knows exactly what's going down.  
Big Sis is in the shed writing again.

Nickels jingle in his pockets,  
not a word from his mouth,  
he is bought and sold.

He is happy.  
The wordsmith in the shed is happy.  
Mama hears the phone, closes the back door.

*Teresa E. Gallion*

## A Poet Teases with Words

And he caresses the metaphors that roll off my tongue  
makes a pathway of similes to rub my feet.

I walk slowly into his couplets.

We merge into quatrains,  
serenade one another with sonnets  
and spend the night in a villanelle.

The sun sings a ballad in our honor.

We step into a cinquain,  
dance in a senyru.

A pantoun waits in mornings harbor.

We ride waves of haikus to take us home.



*Demetrius*  
*Trifiat's*

*Demetrios Trifiatis*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ April 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.

## CUPID/EROS

Oh Muse of poetry of love  
Inspire me today  
I supplicate you  
For  
I aspire for HIM to write  
HIM: CUPID, the son of Venus  
Goddess of beauty, and of Mercury,  
The cunning messenger  
Of Gods

Guide my pen, Oh, Erato,  
I implore you, a hymn for  
HIM to write,  
A worthy hymn,  
For this sweet winged-tyrant of  
Mortals' hearts,  
This merciless despot of mankind  
His mother's looks inherited has he and  
The shrewdness of his father,  
Irresistible thus for ever has remained  
And easily into our souls uninvited infiltrates  
Paralyzing our resistance  
Then unopposed  
He marches on:  
Conquering every heart,  
Subjugating every will,  
Dominating every mind and  
Becoming the absolute master  
Of our being

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No armies are able to resist his charms  
No troops are willing him to oppose  
Instead they are:  
Readier to embrace the shadow of death  
Than to live under the Sun of the living,  
Readier to be defeated by Cupid's sweet arrows  
Than to be victorious,  
Readier to exist in shameful infamy  
Than to claim fame eternal,

Easy for me is now to comprehend, divine Homer  
Who describes you, oh CUPID, as  
“Invincible in battle.”

Yes, YOU are INVINCIBLE, indeed!  
For no mortal, no matter how powerful  
Is willing to take arms against you in  
Love's arena  
But eagerly, instead, his soul trades for  
Just a probable morsel of happiness,  
A dim hope of love eternal  
And thus,  
Without giving a single blow,  
To you, oh cupid, CAPITULATES!

## PARIS AND THE BEAST OF FEAR

The raging beast of fear in darkness was  
Conceived  
Its father is Terror  
Its mother is Ignorance,  
With the black milk of hate was it  
Breastfed,  
By wrath was it nurtured,  
By fanaticism its character was forged  
And  
Its dark soul saturated was with repugnance  
Thus  
The deformed prince of gloom, once matured,  
A menace to humanity grew up to be,  
Threatening the world's civilization to  
Extinguish, by:  
Terrorizing  
Torturing  
Burning  
Raping  
Enslaving  
Decapitating  
Executing,  
Assassinating,  
All this, in the name of a God that the brute doesn't  
Even understand,  
So  
It demands the whole world to kneel in dread  
BUT  
Humanity doesn't succumb  
United, in its finest hour, marches on,

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Unyielding  
Unafraid  
Uncompromising  
Proud and free,  
Sending thus the message to the kingdom of shadows that  
Its days are numbered  
For  
One ray of light, mightier is than any amount of darkness  
And easily could obliterate beast's obscure empire at a  
blink  
Of the eye  
Because  
GOD is not HATE and DARKNESS  
But  
LIGHT and LOVE!

## PARIS SLAUGHTER

Fall snow fall,  
Over the moaning Paris' ground,  
Let your descending snowflakes a  
Healing blanket for the city  
To weave  
And  
France's innocent slaughtered youth  
To enshroud!

PARIS —A series of attacks targeting young concert-goers, soccer fans and Parisians enjoying a Friday night out at popular nightspots, killed at least 150 and injured more than two hundred people in the deadliest violence to strike France since World War II.



*Alan*

*W.*

*Lankowski*

*Alan W. Jankowski*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 2016*

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](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](mailto:Exakta66@gmail.com)

## She carried no pen

She carried no pen in her simple dress,  
Nor a diary upon her person.  
Not a single notebook could be found in her modest home.  
She never wrote a single line of poetry in all her years.  
And yet, she told stories all her own.  
With gentle sobs that serenaded the four walls at night,  
And her distant eyes betraying a tempered heart,  
Hardened as only years of anguish can harden,  
And when the tears flowed down from the corners of her  
eyes,  
Upon cheeks deeply lined from the cruel passage of time,  
Flowing like a poet's ink upon a page,  
More vividly than any pen or brush stroke could muster,  
She told tales of a life wearied and burdened,  
Haunted by a past she's tried desperately to escape, time  
and again.  
Shouldering a heaviness that would welcome death itself.  
Her tales were the envy of one skilled in verse and rhyme.  
And yet, she carried no pen.

## She Fills My Loving Cup

She's hot and wet when she greets me in the morning,  
I know of no better way to wake up.  
And when I need her she is always there,  
She fills my loving cup.

It is an affair that has been going on for years,  
And she will continue to comfort when I'm old.  
When I am down she perks me up,  
She warms me when I am cold.

Dark and bold she comes to me,  
More beautiful than any sunrise.  
Like a gypsy with her magic charms,  
She has the power to open tired eyes.

Though some folks may criticize her,  
Pointing out her mother's a Columbian nut.  
And yes, those South Americans are a bit hot-blooded,  
But I just smile and say "So what?"

For coffee and I are partners in life,  
From her I will never stray.  
And should anyone try to get between us,  
They will surely rue the day.

*Alan W. Jankowski*

## This day is yours, it belongs to you

This day is yours, it belongs to you,  
Do anything that you desire to do.  
Watch your favorite shows, eat your favorite food,  
Do anything that puts you in a good mood.

Your friends are here to celebrate too,  
This day is yours, it belongs to you.  
You've been working too hard, you need a break,  
Sit down and have another piece of cake.

Open the presents your friends have bought,  
You can see they've given this plenty of thought.  
This day is yours, it belongs to you,  
So spend it joyfully with your favorite crew.

Just here to wish you Happy Birthday,  
That's really all we have to say.  
And may your dreams all come true,  
This day is yours, it belongs to you.

*Anna*  
*Jakubczak*  
*vel*  
*Ratty Adalan*

*Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan*





## *The Year of the Poet III ~ April 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 Stya 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](http://www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com)

## The written man

I touch ever letters

As if I touched your hand.

Nonsens is a truth

anyway I finish every from broached metaphors.

Though I know that you hold in contempt with them  
as autumn leaves.

Maybe only you fear to ripen

or you are blindly on love.

Open your heart, while yet

... I didn't force the door.

## Inspirations bath

How it is with the bath?

She isn't shy to inspire?  
Coquets, simulates the nonchalance,  
puts out of tune senses - it wants to become with the muse!

Ach, these women...

The Foam-girl how as the hand she puts on the arm,  
the good cheer conceals in the butter carite.

Ach, these women...

She dreams about the prince, wishes to be as a rose,  
with the expression secretive between verses.  
Asleep Etna, will put out claws,  
when you will tread the tail.

Ach, these women....

## The Grotesque

In the trot I lose the queue  
and reality in the ears of stanzas  
and find it again  
somewhere hidden behind the point.

My dipped paws in ink  
of blot they create the verse -  
touch says more  
than braids from words.

With the inversion I will amuse myself at dawn  
in order to at nightfall to finish up  
with the punchline  
on the grimy nose.

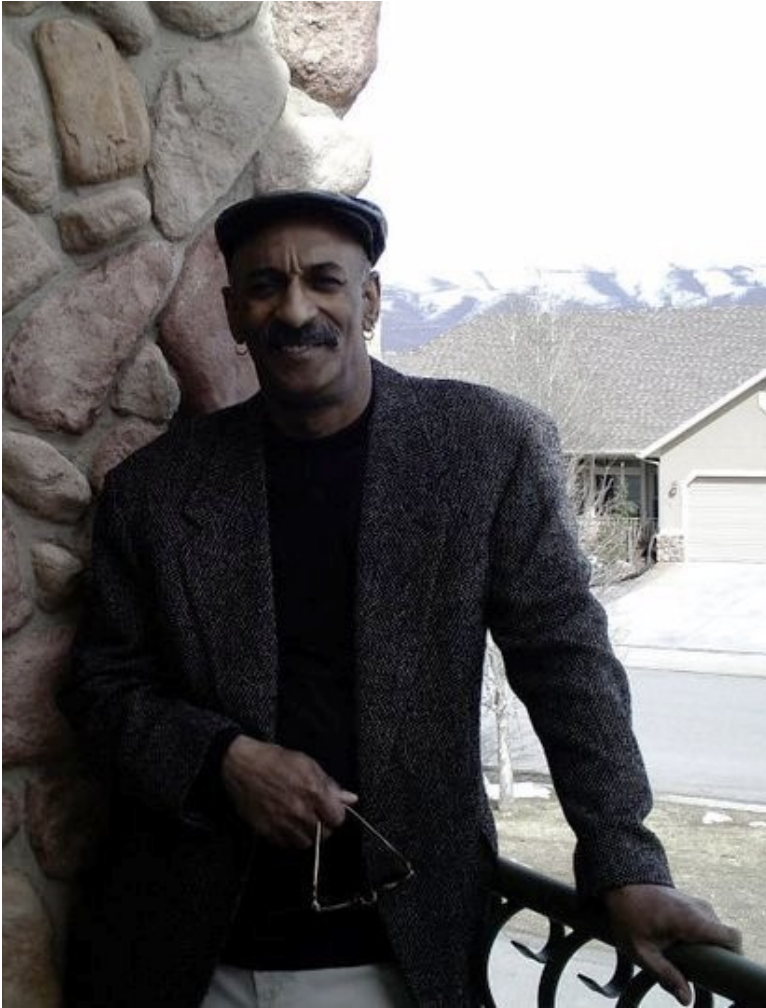
Maybe you will understand  
when you run over  
after my traces.

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

*William S. Peters, Sr.*



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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](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site  
[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

## I want my poetry to . . .

i want my poetry to  
open the gates  
to our considerations  
of what could possibly be  
between . .  
you and me  
and all  
of humanity

let us dance again  
smile again  
sit and spend some time  
and converse  
a while

my intent in my verse  
is to touch you  
touch me  
in a way  
we either  
do not remember  
but need to  
or a way  
that is new

let a new day  
be ushered in



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let you and i  
become the friends  
of creation  
and each other  
once again  
for we are kin – folk

we are Brothers and Sisters  
of an exquisite possibility  
that is filled with certainties  
and exponential-ties  
beyond our understandable  
probabilities

may my poetry  
open that door for you  
find that cure for you  
and i  
as we open our eye  
with a singular vision  
that you and i  
are the poems of life

i want my poetry to  
assist in the reawakening  
of us all

let my poetry be that call  
to arms  
and charm us into

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

the conceivable  
believable  
achievable  
future  
where we will no longer  
forsake  
our divine birthrights  
to joy

let us open the gates  
go into the garden  
and dance

and this is what i want my poetry to do . . .

poetry is my prayer

my poetry is my prayer  
for understanding  
that i may comprehend  
the beauty and the pain  
the crazy and the sane

i write for clarity  
to end my disparity  
with my world about me  
and about you too

i write to examine  
that which troubles me  
or to share my joys

there are sometimes insights  
and lights to brighten our nights  
and some times there are stars  
revealing life scars  
that assists me  
in seeing far  
down my road  
and that which i left behind

poetry helps me clear my mind  
my spirit  
my emotions

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

there are songs playing  
can you hear it  
can you feel the motion  
of love as she beckons you  
beckons me  
to reconcile  
our differences

poetry,  
you have to love her  
she teaches  
she preaches  
she breeches topics  
we would rather not indulge in  
and some we are all too eager  
to divulge in  
she beseeches us  
to look closely  
at our Sins and our Blessings

through poetry our souls get to confessing  
that which was once a burden  
and our Poem then becomes  
our wing fitted verse

we disperse our essence  
like presents  
in syllables and words  
to be read  
to be heard

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they are laced with  
adverbs and adjectives  
nouns, verbs and prepositions  
and such

some times say enough  
some times too much

we give to you our Soul's expletives  
and thoughts we have deleted  
and if you can read between the lines  
and find our deeper meanings  
our poetry will be gleaning that hull  
that chaff  
that encapsulates your higher self

some of our stanzas are lyrical  
some rhyme  
in some sort of way  
whether obvious  
or ambiguous

there is a greater gift  
to be held  
by he who has an ear  
or an eye to see  
you see

sometimes poetry calls for us  
to shed a tear  
cry  
face our fears  
die

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

put on our armor  
vie  
see our self  
deny  
be courageous  
try  
but never should we lie  
especially to our own soul  
for it will not hold  
up

we need to  
send those poetic expressions up  
my friend  
just like you do your prayers  
for that is what poetry is  
another prayer  
bequest  
conquest  
request  
to the universe  
as we divest ourselves  
of that which troubles our waters  
to exact a certain beauty  
only found in the duty  
written  
sketched  
the drawn quarters  
of what poetry  
can do

so this is what i leave with you

poetry is my prayer

## Long Walk Home

it took him 88 years and 8 days  
to complete his journey

along the way  
there have many a pleasures  
and many a treasures  
i am sure his soul  
has encountered

most certainly he was such  
to all who knew him

behind he left 6 children  
22 Grandchildren  
and  
11 Greats  
to celebrate his life,  
his spirit . . .  
and i for one shall do so

Mom had went before him  
to prepare a place  
for his arrival . . .  
which she knew would come

we did not want to let go,  
and in his hey-day,  
neither would he  
. . . but he was tired,  
life had taken on new meaning  
where suffering could not live  
and had no place

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

this is not the first time  
we have stood witness  
to the crossing of the bridge,  
there have been many before him,  
and many shall follow

and one day we all shall pay  
the toll as well . . .  
some sooner . . .  
some later,  
but 88 years, 8 days . . .  
what a magnificent life,  
a bountiful blessing  
to have been able  
to share your journey,  
your passion,  
your dedication,  
your humility,  
your love,  
your guidance,  
your reverence . . .  
i am thankful  
beyond words

thank you Dad  
for all of your sacrifices  
and the time you have spent  
here with us  
sharing your light.

yes i shall shed a many tear,  
i shall smile in reflection,  
i shall embrace the memories,



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and i shall miss you,  
but i shall never stop loving you,  
even in your absence,  
for truth be told  
i am you,  
you are me  
and i shall be the keeper  
of the spirit  
of your goodness

R.I.P. Marion Peters  
My Father

20 March 1928 ~ 28 March 2016

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April  
2016

Features

~ \* ~

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalasiz

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz



*Asi*

*Abdolrezaei*

*Ali Abdolrezaei*



Ali Abdolrezaei is a poet, writer and literary theorist with 38 books in multiple languages. Before 2001, when he had to leave Iran, he was

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one of the most innovative poets of the new Persian poetry. He has since been prolific and although he started to write in English with his Short and little like i, Persian poetry and fiction remain the mainstay of his work.

Abdolrezaei is one of 34 international poets selected by the British Library, and his recordings are kept in the Sound Archives of the British Library. He is currently the Chair of Exiled Writers Ink! in the United Kingdom.

'Miss Ziari'

My eyes didn't wander  
I just wandered in her eyes  
those burning embers

I was fuel to  
The deft sculptor  
to chisel such delicate nose  
was me  
the butchering of her lips  
between the teeth  
What a tongue!  
Hands of a masseuse hid in her eyes  
O my God  
someone come light up  
this black pair of cigarillos  
squirming like seductive serpents  
in such grace  
this woman  
was born  
prettier than any bunch of flowers  
I ever put to water  
I ever lost my marbles  
under the skin of those cheeks  
She is still playing marbles  
with the little eyes  
my childhood possessed  
My eyes do not wander  
even if under the desk  
I'm still climbing up your legs  
in the short skirts you wore  
to the prep class at Yari Primary  
Miss Ziari\*

\* I was six when I started school. I had long straight hair, a navy blue jacket, wearing a tie of a colour I cannot remember. We had eleven silly girls in the class who kept coming on to me and I didn't care. There were eight other boys in the class too, but I had become a man, because I was in love with Miss Ziari. I kept coming onto her but she



## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2016*

didn't care. So I kept getting top marks so she would come  
caress my hair and tell me with her budding lips, Excellent  
Ali! There was still one year left to the Revolution which  
put my love in a frame. Tonight when another love was  
torn away from me, I remembered my classmates and my  
teacher, Miss Ziari who, I still do not know why, when the  
schools shut for holidays, they put her against the wall in  
the middle of summer and shot a bullet in her chest. No, I  
still can't believe it. It is impossible to kill a beautiful  
woman by a bullet.

### "Censorship"

In the massacre of my words  
they've beheaded my last line  
and blood      ink like      is hitting on paper  
there's death stretched over the page  
and life      like a window ajar      is shattered by a rock  
a new gun has finished off the world

and I imported goods like through this alley's doors  
am still the very meagre room that emigrated

I in my life who am pen like to the lines of this meagre  
page  
am mother  
The cat's paws are still prancing  
to scare the mouse  
running for the hole they filled in

In pursuit of the lesson I did at school  
I'm no longer Jack the lover to my Jill  
I'm doing my new homework  
You cross it out  
And in the girl who will tumble at this poem's end  
build a house  
filled with a door open like a wound  
and from in-between the edges of death  
like a room gone from this house lived happily  
a girl who wanting to make me her own  
would throw morsels in her voice to tease me over  
to the temple of her body  
for my eyes to keep whirling and whirling  
to make a Dervish of me again

How the eyes  
these empty sockets  
in between the love making of two are thousand handed  
How this side of being where I am is all the more  
other-sided in Iran  
Fathurt mothurt my brothurt!  
My condition is more critical than hurt  
writing's more emasculated than me  
and London with its hair highlights of a weather is still  
sisterly awaiting

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Death to stretch over my body  
for life to kill me again

My heart is bleeding  
for the poet whose queue of words is getting longer  
for the branch less sparrow who's swallowed  
its twitter  
for the restitution of a crow with no  
overhead wire  
for myself  
gone from the house like electricity  
I was somebody  
Did the foolish thing became a poet!

## "Three O'clock"

Two in the afternoon.

It was bang on two  
I dusted and tidied the house.  
2:00pm I showered and shaved.

It was exactly half past  
two wine glasses ready placed  
I switched off Lorca's voice.

Now thirty minutes left to three  
Maria's coming first time over  
I should have a pick-me-up to take a sip to get me going.

Now the clock hands aren't inclined to three  
I should water the flowers  
before Maria arrives.

Twenty five minutes are left  
I should call my friend Michael  
tell him my loneliness I'm now done with.

I'm exactly twenty minutes away from Maria  
she must have come out of the station up the road and  
flirting  
with the florist near my house to wrap a more scarlet  
bouquet.

In fifteen minutes my world will change  
with glee. I should wear some aftershave  
to entice her.

Ten minutes to three. Hey  
like a red bull on the beach inside my chest  
my heart's beating such Bandari beat.

She has only five minutes left to show  
up I should get moving What if she has  
matched her bra with her white slip?  
I should go get into my black boxers now.

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Only three short minutes left to her knock on my door  
I know she will.

Maria's brought up at her father's table  
she's always on time  
she should be anytime  
now that only two ticks  
left to appointed time  
this phone keeps ringing. Bugger.  
I'm sure it's the girl I left like a skunk.

I should pull the plug  
but why the buzzer won't let me go  
she's chasing my mobile now.

Ma mamia! It's Maria's number  
she must be at the door. Hello.  
Bang on three and I'm rolling the floor.

Why what savage time was three  
o'clock third class to all o'clocks  
three o'clock in a dark guardian age

No savior at work  
I lose my faith in second coming  
Sushiant, Jesus Mary and Mahdi.

I was the fool of the fields otherwise  
Maria wouldn't have rung bang at three  
to say she's not coming.

*Anna*  
*Chalasiz*

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2016*



## *Anna Chalas*

Anna Wanda Chalas - was born 7 March 1990 in Trzcianka (Poland), young Polish poet. She have written since when she had 13 years old, thanks for her teacher who suggested that she should to begin to develop her literary workshop on the poetical websites. Results of it she self-published her debut collections of poetry: "The smile scraped on the heart" (2010) and "Under eyelids" (2012). Her poems was included in two anthology – charity "Helpful word" (2014) and "The Year of The Poet II" (2015) published by PublishedHouse "InnerChild Press". In meanwhile she collaborates with schools in her hometown within the framework of meetings with poetry. She is the member of the jury in the reciter contests. She is the author of two schools anthems. From collaborate with Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan poet from Szczecin became her participated in new media-project E-Magazine "The Horizon of Szczecin". Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan was translator of Anna Chalas poems which was published in the anthology "The Year of the Poems II".



## Double dissociation

I am depend on you  
our worlds coexist  
in Siamese unity  
feeding on each other

how can I say to the world  
that the fear wakes me up

when you release my  
from responsibility  
and you live by yourself  
with your name  
which is easier to say

at least  
one of us  
sleep the whole night  
in the subconsciousness  
hating the mirrors

but they aren't silly  
(have seen a lot)  
they know the secrets  
nooks of looks  
will unscramble the mystery  
with the refraction of light

they know we both  
are living on the same mind

We border the possibility  
and don't believe  
in reality

## Enthrallment

I wish to captivate  
the wind for a moment

even if it's dumb  
unable to love  
it has it more than me

touching you unpunished  
and without explanation  
it deride all mine  
untaken attempts

I wish to captivate  
the wind for one moment  
to approach and feel  
listen how you live

let it go  
all the ends of beyond  
I will accept it without fear  
you will be abreast

## Unity

We have scars on hands  
and in our words

snicked quickly to not be able to cry  
it's elevated not to hurt us

we are going to display  
against them and opened eyes  
in which there is no bloody sacrifice  
although they have to accept it

you'vr shouting -  
so I stoppel  
we are not that kind of people  
that we have to run away

Our "together"  
Is any redemption  
but it has waited unutil dawn  
And silence

*Agim*  
*Vinca*

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2016*



## *Agim Vinca*

Agim Vinca (b. 1947 in Veleshta, Macedonia) is a leading poet and literary critic from Kosovo. He is author of more than 20 books of different genres. His poetry is translated into several language. Vinca lives in Prishtina and is a professor of Albanian Literature at University of Prishtina.

## ALBANIAN RHAPSODY

Have you been to the source of the Black Drin,  
To Saint Naum, in the south?  
Have you seen how its waters flow  
Like a gentle lyric poem.

Have you been to the source of the White Drin,  
To the North Albanian Alps, among the mountain cliffs?  
Have you seen how their waters roar  
Like epic verse.

Have you been to the source of the Black Drin  
To Ohrid, to Struga?  
Have you seen how its waters weep  
Like a clarinet at twilight.

Have you been to the source of the White Drin  
To Radavc near Peja?  
Have you seen how its waters quiver  
Like the strings of a lute.

Have you seen how our rivers flow  
Through the gorges and mountains,  
Have you heard their melodies:  
Albanian rhapsody.

*Agim Vinca*

## PSALM FOR SAINT NAUM

You are too beautiful  
To be true

You are too sinful  
To be holy

An azure curse  
Slumbers in your eyes

How I pity you!



## BALLAD OF THE DRY MOUNTAIN

There is a mountain in the south  
Between two lakes  
They call the Dry Mountain

And no one can tell you  
How this mountain  
Stays dry surrounded by water

Nearby is a meadow  
With the startling name  
The Meadow of Tears

And no one can tell you  
How this mountain  
Stays dry near the tears either

There is a mountain in the south  
Between two lakes  
They call the Dry Mountain

And no one can tell you  
Why this mountain  
Always thirsts near the water

Dry Mountain  
No grass, no trees, no birds  
Dead for the living.

Like a human being  
Withered from desire.

*Geri  
Naz*

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2016*



## *Ceri Naz*

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, a native of Anda, Pangasinan, known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, public speaker, linguist, educator, peace and women's advocate.

She was chosen as World Poetry International Director to Philippines by the World Poetry Canada and International. She is also a featured member of Universal Peace Federation, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and World Poetry Canada and International.

Beyond her literary work, Caroline has created the The Ceri Naz Literary Award through which she supports selected journalism students at the Pangasinan State University-Bayambang Campus.

the 9th interlude

all that jazz  
repeatedly playing  
in all directions  
flourishing pi of life  
between the symphonic duo  
on the summit of "nine forevers"  
in a day within the days  
of infinite worlds  
like Olympiads  
embellish  
altitudes  
of love-struck  
interfacing  
towers of joy  
beyond laughter  
because together  
"we" always love  
always be loved  
my love  
my always, YOU.

What makes a woman,  
A woman

You are the voice of your mind  
The breathe of your heart  
Your words are cure to ailing prose  
The mouth of your affection  
You are the muse who stretches strength  
The advocate of love and sacrifice

a dreamer

a believer

a goal finder

a truth seeker

a home maker

a patient child bearer

a soulful mother

an understanding wife

a compassionate partner

a blessed friend and defender

a real bloom of in and out beauty

an arsenal of excellence and competence

You are the senses of the invincible.

## marine chronicles

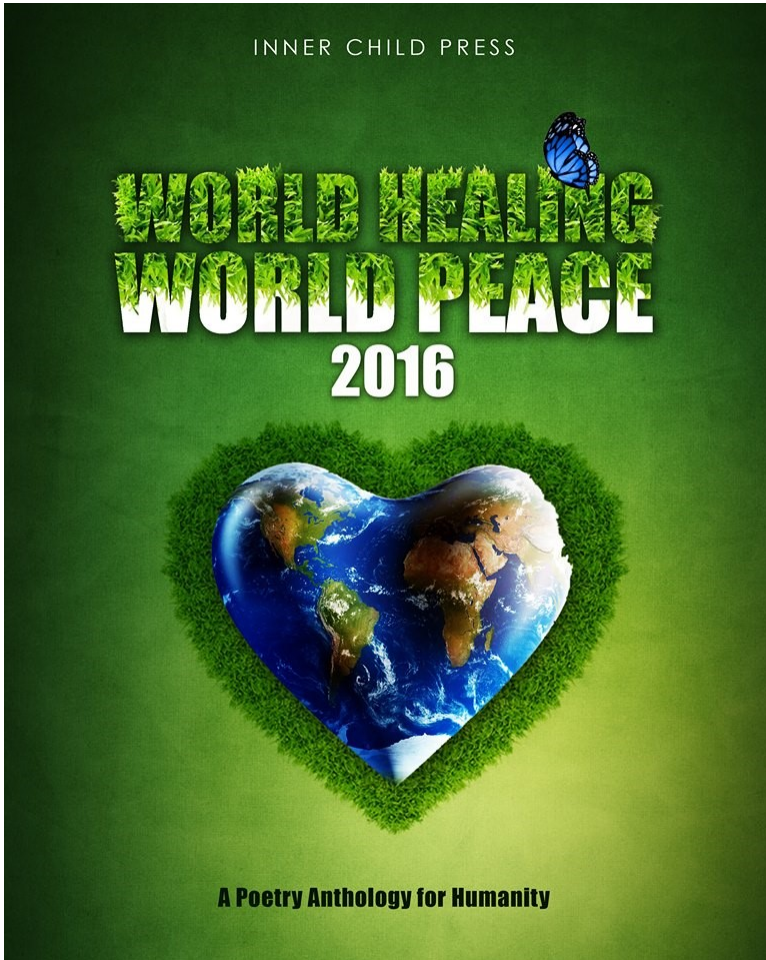
it's about love  
you know how it is like, when  
summer sand honeymoons sunkissed-feet  
rhyming the longing Pacific bliss  
into the magnificent marine rings of wonders  
swishing interviews with sea turtles  
colorful fishes and seahorses  
days of days, nights after nights of centuries  
resounding waves from the pristine corals  
pearly scenes deep, deep, down the Tubbataha  
gift sets of nautical kisses like shoreline of hearts  
blessed by the straits of ageless love  
the pandora of fire  
the pantheon of loved and unloved  
set beyond the depths  
of Great Barrier Reefs

*Other  
Anthological  
works from  
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

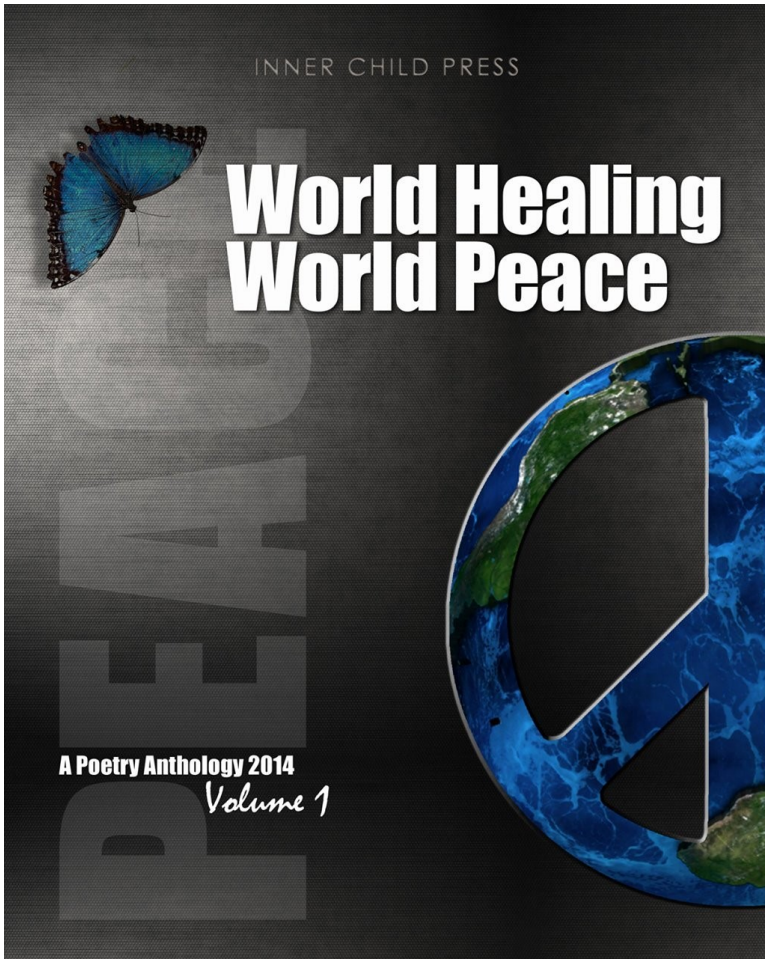
[www.innerchildpress.com](http://www.innerchildpress.com)



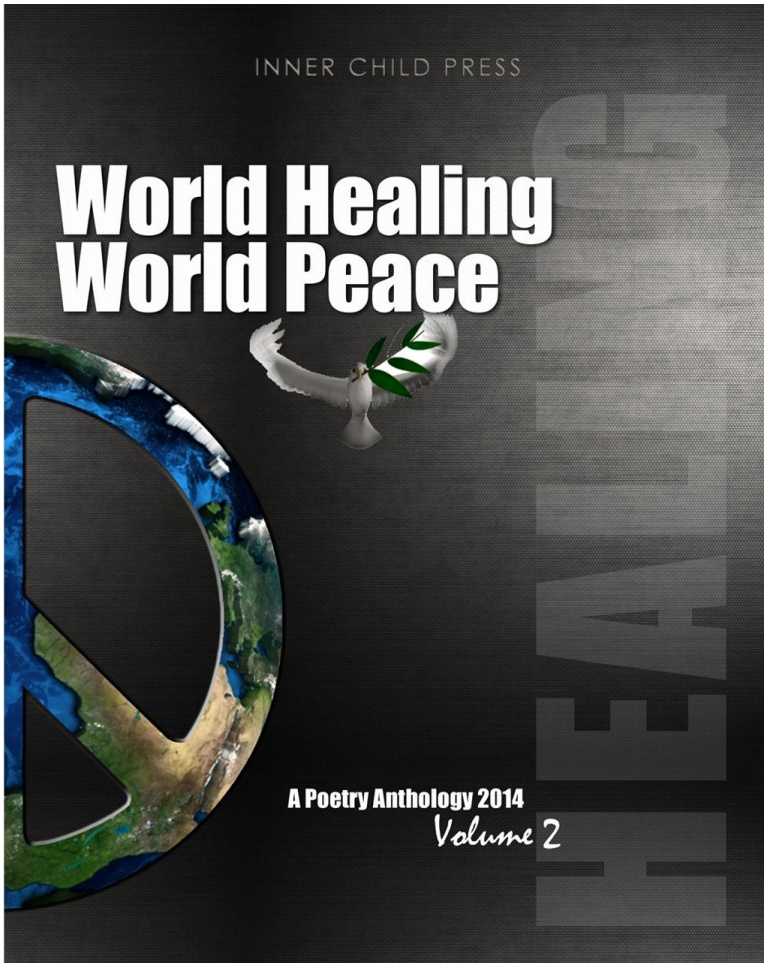
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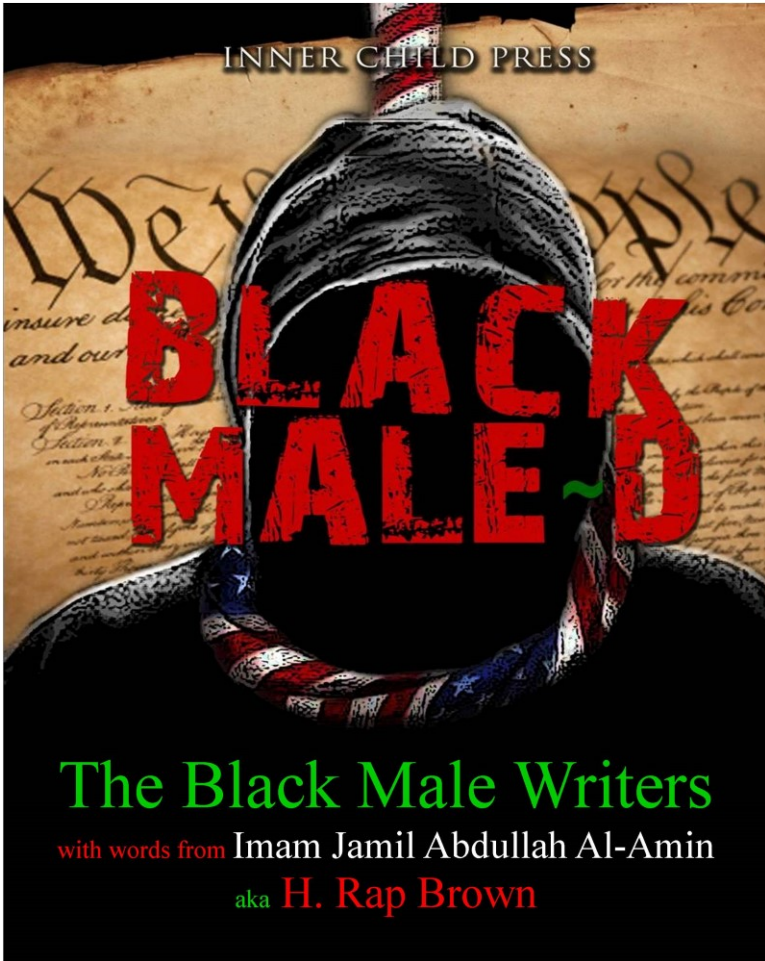
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*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



# *The Year of the Poet* III

## Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalas

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

## *The Poetry Posse 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White

Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatus \* Alan W. Jankoaski

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

*celebrating international poetry month*

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

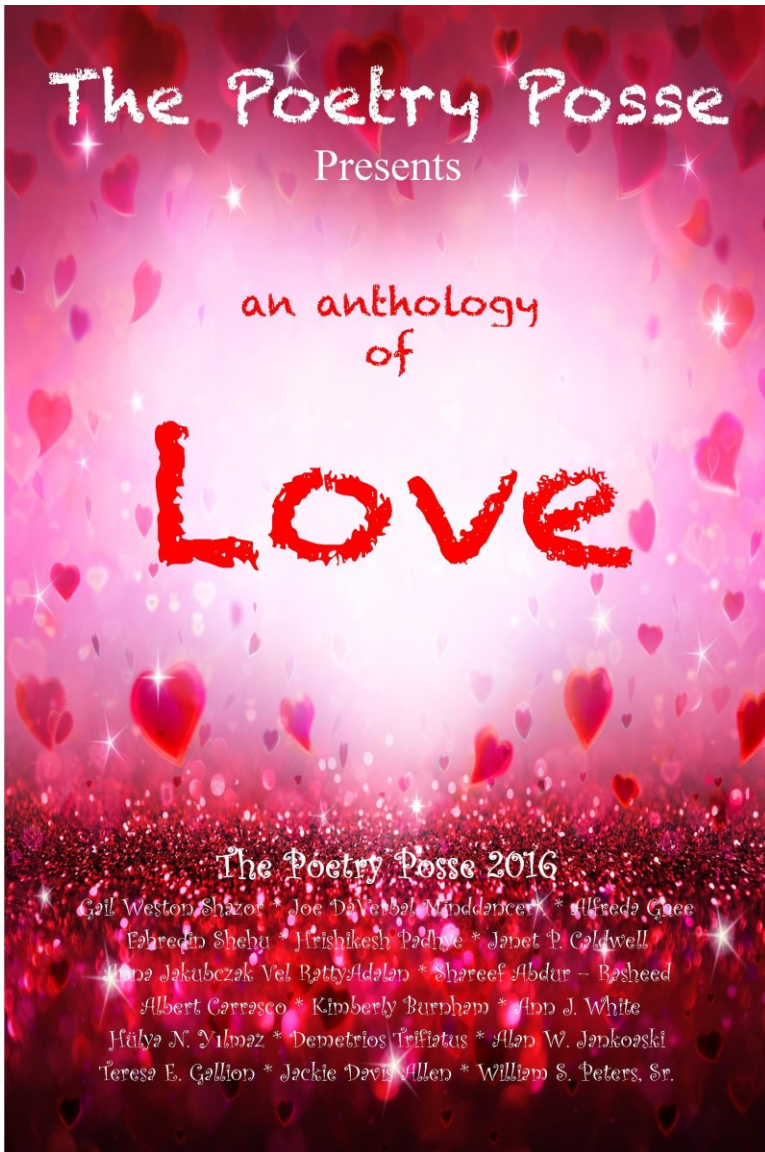
Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfreda Chee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Jirishikesh Pachye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Mülyá N. Dilnaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



# The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology  
of

# Love

## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeboi Mendenhall \* Alfredo Gaez  
Ehrecin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Pachole \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalar \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Jfalya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Jirishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Jfalya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* 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 RattyAdalen \* Ann J. White  
Ehredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burpham \* 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  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

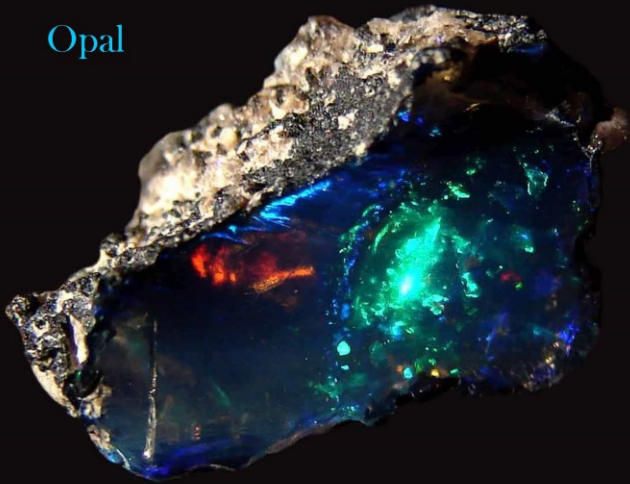
# The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

## Featured Poets

Monte Smith \* Laura J. Wolfe \* William Washington

Opal



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonneice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

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

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 \* 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

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 \* 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

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Geri 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.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

# 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  
Siddartha 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. Yılmaz  
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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

# 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  
Siddantha 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 Passé

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 & hũlya 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.

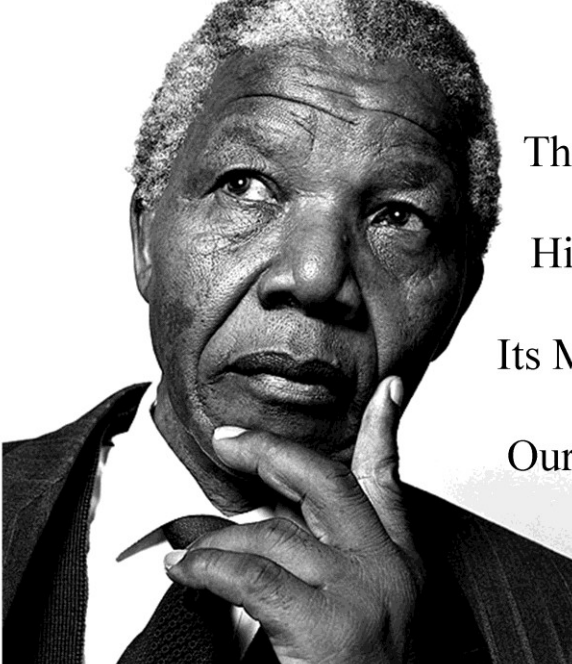
### Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# 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**



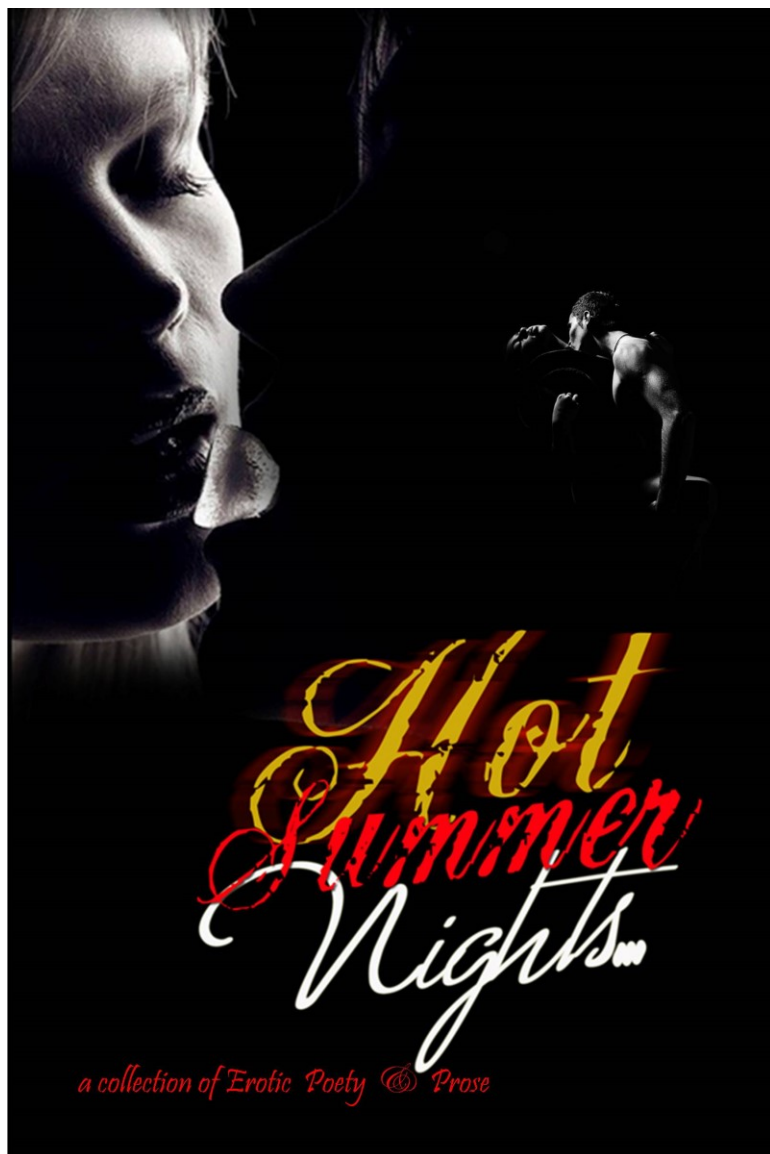
**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 2*

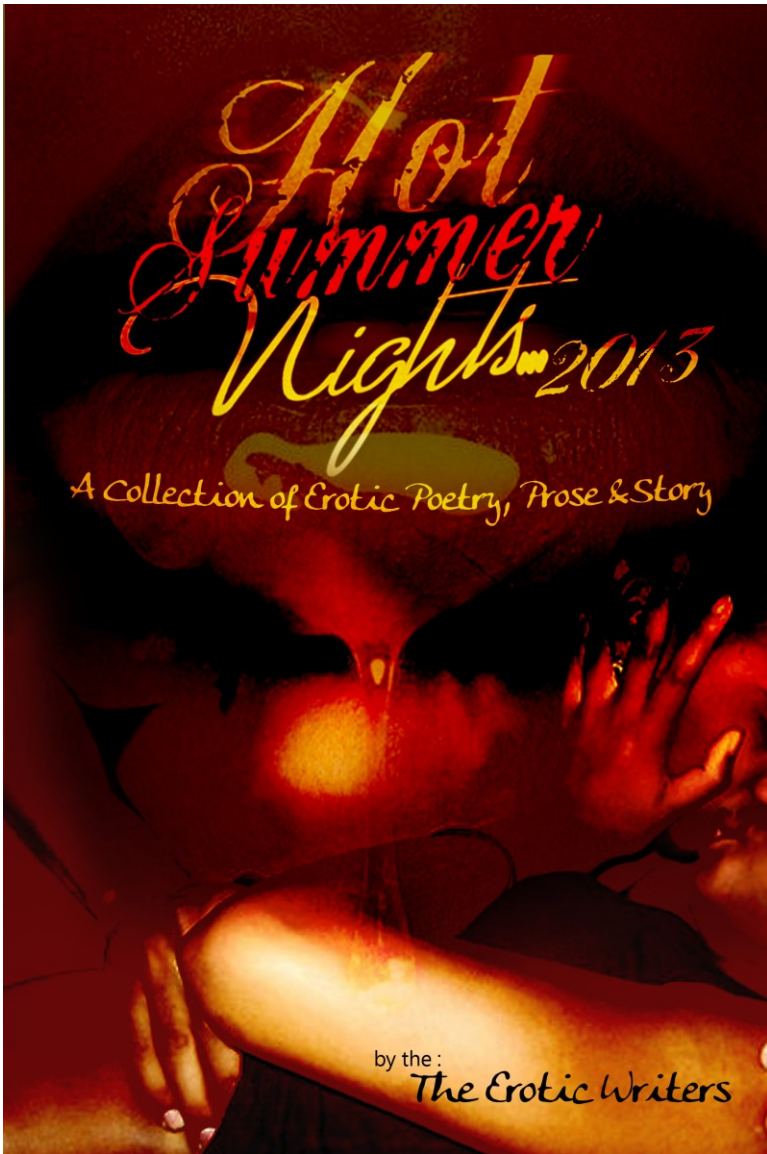
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

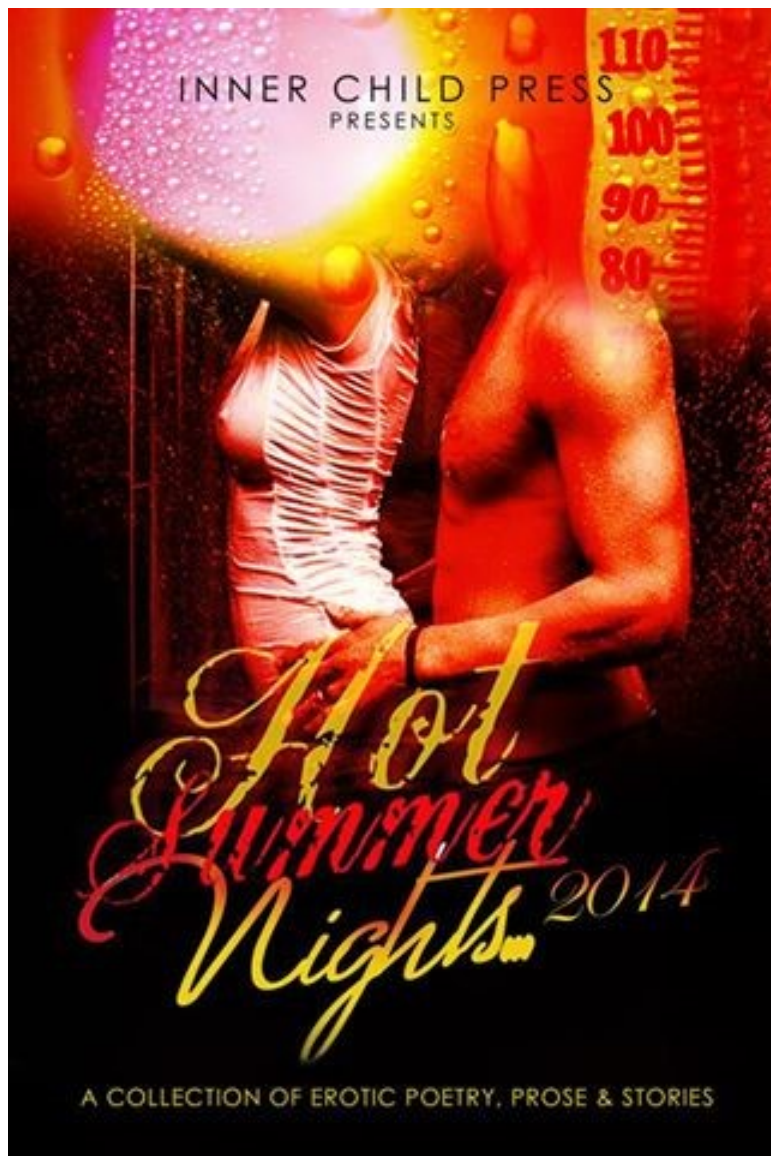
*healing through words*



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

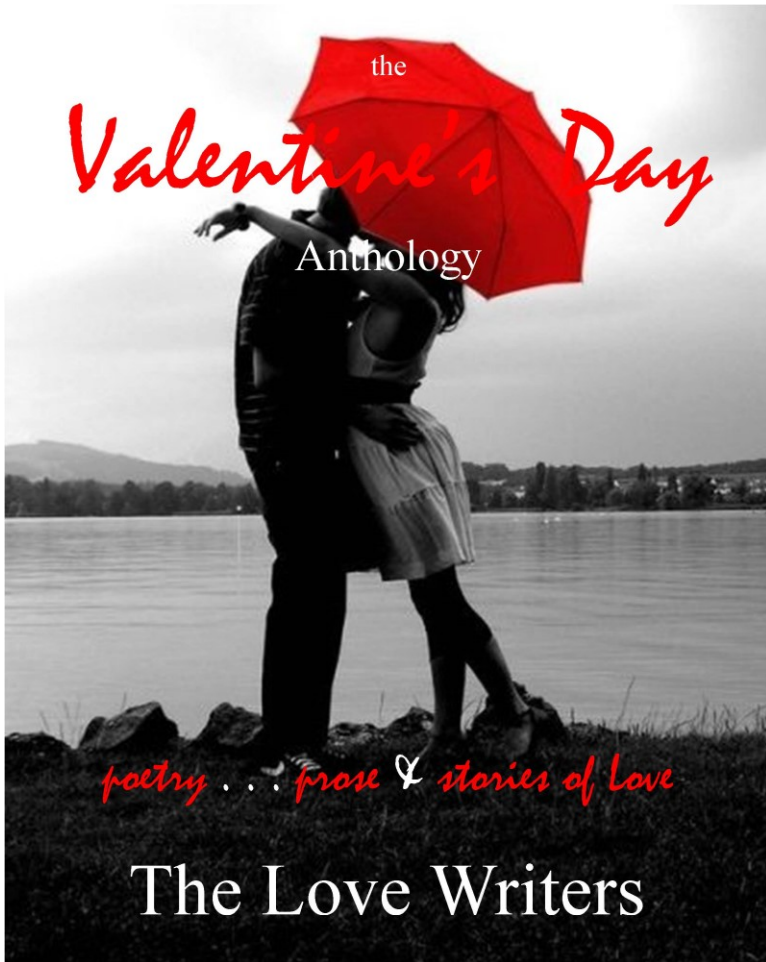








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to . . .

*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*



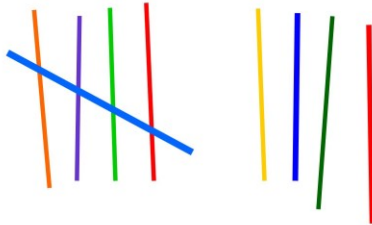
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to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

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*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

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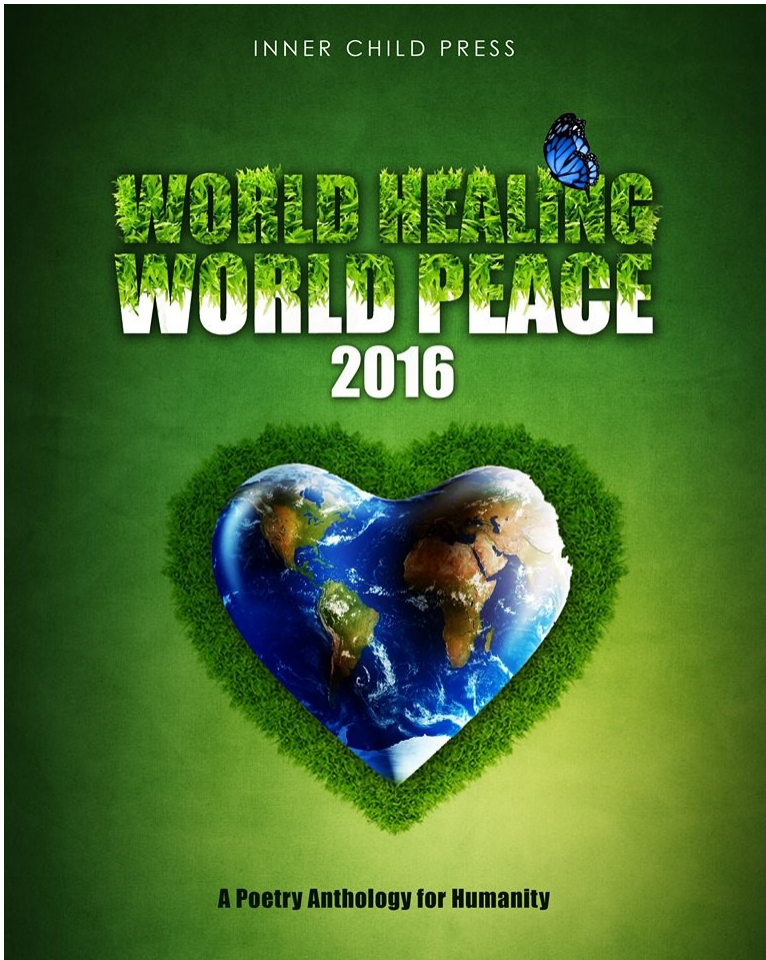
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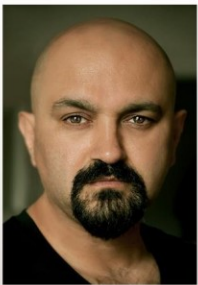


~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



## March 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Ali  
Abdolrezaei



Anna  
Chasz



Agim  
Vinca



Ceri  
Naz

