

The Year of the Poet IV

April 2017

Featured Poets

Dr. Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman

Masoud Khalaf

The Blossoming Cherry

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sattawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

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Faleeha Hassan

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William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information

The Year of the Poet IV April 2017 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell



Alan W. Jankowski

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



*In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and the Light appeared
and I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

Foreword

if i can't be the Poet, then i'll be the song/ for
justice, for love, for righting the wrong
(William S. Peters Sr., "i poem," 2102)

Words carefully crafted or spontaneously shouted
in passion can ignite the world, and can change the
trajectory of a family or community.
(Kimberly Burnham, Foreword to *Year of the Poet*,
April, 2016)

Twenty-one years ago, the Academy of American
poets inaugurated the National Poetry Month.
Since then it has become the largest literary
celebration worldwide. What a joy!

When I think of poetry, two questions occur to me:
1) Is there any hope *in* poetry? and 2) Is there any
hope *for* poetry? The first question can be
rephrased like this: Can poetry save us? Does it
have the power to make our lives better? Can it
deliver the human race from its own brutalities?
The second may be put like this: Can poetry be
saved? Does poetry have the power to survive – to
be sustained? Or is it being pushed towards
extinction?

With these questions in mind, I am reminded of
two books with similar titles: *The Republic* and
The Republic of Poetry. The former, by the great

Greek philosopher Plato, was written around 380 BCE; the latter, by American poet Martin Espada, was published in 2006.

In *The Republic* Plato argued that the problem with poetry is that it is a second-hand imitation. Like all artists, poets imitate worldly things, and these things themselves are no more than imitations of *Forms* or *ideas*, which in their turn are the only source of knowledge. Therefore, poets had no place in Plato's city. Thus, in Book X of the *Republic* he claimed that they should be banished from his ideal society.

In *The Republic of Poetry*, which Espada wrote after visiting Chile in 2004 to participate in the Neruda centenary celebrations, the poet gives the world a new republic – a republic where dead poets, such as Henry David Thoreau, Clemente Soto Véllez, Robert Creeley, Julia de Burgos, and others are brought to life; where Captain Ahab runs a poetry workshop in Provincetown; where poets are joined, not just by people, but also by trees and animals, to celebrate poetry. In The poem that bears the title of Espada's *Republic*,

poets rent a helicopter
to bombard the national palace
with poems on bookmarks,
and everyone in the courtyard
rushes to grab a poem
fluttering from the sky,
blinded by weeping.

This is the kind of legacy that dedicated poets leave for the world, a legacy that bears witness to their faith in poetry and its power to transform our lives. It is in this spirit that the Spanish poet Lorca wrote *Poet in New York* (posthumously published in 1940) while staying in Manhattan for two years, the Palestinian poet Nathalie Handal wrote *A Poet in Andalucía* (2012) during her visit to Spain, and William S. Peters Sr. wrote *O Sweet Kosovo* (2015) and *Morocco Love* (2017) during his brief stay in Kosovo and Morocco, where he participated in Kosovo and Rabat international poetry festivals.

The National Poetry Month is certainly a great occasion for us to celebrate poetry. The Inner Child Poetry Posse, however, are going a step further: For them it is an *International* Poetry Month, an occasion to reaffirm our conviction that poetry has the power to change our lives, bring peace and love into our world, bring harmony between nations, heal humanity, and bring about rapport between man and nature.

Nizar Sartawi

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

~ wsp

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Well, Spring is officially here. For me Spring signifies new growth, a time to plant seeds as we look forward to our expected harvests. I ask you, what kind of seeds are you planting or plan to plant in your “Life’s Garden”?

At Inner Child Press, we like to think of April as “International Poetry Month”. This provides us with a reason to fellowship and celebrate poets from all over the globe. We should not need an excuse to do this, but providing a label to this month of April acts as a catalyst for our beloved global poetry community. This month, once again in The year of the Poet we bring to you diversity. In the reading of this month’s offering i am sure you will agree. We have planted the seeds that you may enjoy the fruit of our words and verse. I hope you find some of what we have to say worthy. Enjoy.

Keep in mind that all previous issues are available as a print copy at a nominal cost as well as a FREE Download at our publishing site :

www.innerchildpress.com

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

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The Year of the Poet**

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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





The Blossoming Cherry



A cherry blossom is the flower of any of several trees of genus *Prunus*, particularly the Japanese cherry, *Prunus serrulata*, which is called sakura after the Japanese . . . 桜 or 櫻; さくら

Currently it is widely distributed, especially in the temperate zone of the Northern Hemisphere including Japan, China, Korea, Europe, West Siberia, India, Canada, and the United States. Along with the chrysanthemum, the cherry blossom is considered the national flower of Japan.

Many of the varieties that have been cultivated for ornamental use do not produce fruit. Edible [cherries](#) generally come from cultivars of the related species [Prunus avium](#) and [Prunus cerasus](#). Cherry blossoms are also closely related to other Prunus trees such as the [almond](#), [peach](#), [plum](#) and [apricot](#) and more distantly to [apples](#), [pears](#) and [roses](#).

In Japan, cherry blossoms symbolize clouds due to their nature of blooming *en masse*, besides being an enduring metaphor for the ephemeral nature of life, an aspect of Japanese cultural tradition that is often associated with Buddhist influence, and which is embodied in the concept of *mono no aware*. The association of the cherry blossom with *mono no aware* dates back to 18th-century scholar [Motoori Norinaga](#).^[11] The transience of the blossoms, the exquisite beauty and volatility, has often been associated with mortality and graceful and readily acceptance of destiny and karma; for this reason, cherry blossoms are richly symbolic, and have been utilized often in [Japanese art](#), [manga](#), [anime](#), and film, as well as at musical performances for ambient effect. There is at least one popular [folk song](#), originally meant for the [shakuhachi](#) (bamboo flute), titled "[Sakura](#)", and several [pop songs](#). The flower is also represented on all manner of consumer goods in Japan, including [kimono](#), stationery, and [dishware](#).

The [Sakurakai](#) or Cherry Blossom Society was the name chosen by young officers within the [Imperial Japanese Army](#) in September 1930 for their secret society established with the goal of reorganizing the state along [totalitarian militaristic](#) lines, via a military coup d'état if necessary.

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of the
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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

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

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

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor
www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor
navypoet1@gmail.com

Make me wanna holler

“Makes me wanna holler
Throw up both my hands”
How can I embody all blackness
And all whiteness and all brownness
When I am just me, look at me
I am just a little colored girl
Standing on a corner at the bus stop
So what if my hair won't make an afro
Does that make less a sistah, sister, sistar
I did not choose this high yellow, redbone,
Lights kin nedness
So why you hate me for being me
For reminding you of trespasses
In the dark and switches in the day

Sticks and stones flow from your mouth
The hidden pain of reflecting who you want to be
And yes you made me cry everyday
Until I got strong enough to mix my shell
Hard enough to hide behind indifference
And yeah, you know it was you
In the school yard and grocery store
Scornfully looking sideways
As if you could make me disappear
I wanted your looks to not make my skin crawl
So I threw up both my hands
To shield me from your view, your judgment

Your judgment like the black Jesus on velvet
At the swapmeet, next to fried pork rinds

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Or the oil painting above the baptismal
And I wanted to holler
In the middle of the service
But that was just not done in this church
On this pew, in this dress
But I could hear, those darker shoutings
In a glorious sound of holiness down the street
And I knew my kitchen was safe from going back
Because it had never gone anywhere anyway
So you left me there with Martin, Jack and white Jesus
With my hands safe and clasped in my lap
Marvin & Tammie sang all through Saturday mornings
In barbershops and beautyshops and kitchens
We had power then, all colors of it
And free love and drink and weed
So long as it was with your own kind
But what about us who had no kind
Straddling lines and neighborhoods
Half way in and half way out, half breeds
And us folks, we pick the less painful
And girl folks we pick the desiring
Passing through life not wanted anywhere
Passed through life from light to dark

These days it appears that be of appearance
I must remain sunned out
As if I purposely chose to miss the melanin
That would firmly identify me
As one or the other or the tween
No I do not speak other than English
Which I refuse to use improperly
There are days that adding cream to my coffee

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Mellows out my own flavor
As much as a brick of cocoa can sharpen the same
See what you will when you look at me
I will be who I am in spite of your prejudice

You make me wanna holler
Throw up both my hands
So listen baby, listen
I am here and here I remain
And yes I am white
And yes I am black
And yes I gots me some Indian blood
You say you wanna run your fingers through my hair
Maybe if you ax me right
Because you can't make me cry anymore
About not being colored enough
To suit your ideal of African American
Negro, Black, Mixed, or whatever label you choose
If you really wanna know the why

The laughter behind my now smile

You only need to Logos Me

To See me as I am

I dare

Poets, I write about it
This Athenian hammer pounding against my skull
Begging to be birthed
In a slew of syllables and verbs
The unspoken anger
Of a child abused in their own bed
In their own home
In the keep of their own parents
Left unattended to the nightmares
That linger over into day
I will write
So that they know they are not alone
In this the circumstance of their birth
Not of their making

I will write the black eyes and pain
Hidden by pancakes applied
With a hot trowel against cheek and bone
The seams unravel across the skin of
Forehead and hip
Unexplainable damage that excuses
Were invented for
Raggedy edges where sense and purpose
Can't seem to meet
I will write
So they will know that it's ok
To leave in the dead of night
And steal back their souls

I will write the marks across
The backs of formerly strong black men
Of the young disenfranchised men
That lead to the disenfranchisement of
A franchised prison system

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That feed on the fears and legalities
Of the have not who must not
Because they are told not
And if you touch the fire, it is
More than a burning light
I will write
Of the shackled brains and concrete heads
Dropped off bridges feet first instead of
On open minds

I will write of open legs
Swathed in cotton, linen and gelatin
Painted green and only seen through
The lens of sunlit markers
Owed to the American dream
In heat and light and full bellies
Jobless, hopeless and hungry
Addicted to the street life
With no where else to go
I will write
So they are not forgotten and
Discarded as the unwanted, nameless
Bodies painted in pleasure

I will write those mournful tunes
Of elegies and dirges
Sung low in false basses of basements
A mother's baleful prayer
For the salvation of her kin
And the saving of her children
It cries to draw them back
From electric lights and intones
The dangers in drumbeats and howls
I will write the lyrics
Without notes and songs

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Without the bars and stones
So we all can be free

I will write colors in the edges
So that those who live there
Will know that they are
More than in pieces
But pieces of the puzzle
And can be fit in the places
They were destined to be solid

Yearning for the peace of love
For the peace of life
I will write the lines
That draw them into this world
And separate them from that world
Built upon lies
I write

Spirit

breeze blows gently
breath responding to
tradewind wayward travel
cool of evening
for waiting are we
hearts bursting of fire
unleashed and
unrequited and
unquenched
depth of seas
mountains high
Heaven, He did that
That did He, Earth
135:6 Psalms
Pleasing
Spirit

Pleasing

Psalms 135:6
Earth, He did that
That did He heaven
High mountains
Seas of depth
unquenched
and unrequited
and unleashed
fire of bursting hearts
we are waiting for
evening of cool
travel wayward tradewind
to responding breath
Gently blows breeze

*Bismay
Mohanty*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

It took as long as decade for him to come to the forefront in the poetic world. An engineering student, a poet, a blogger, that's all Bismay Mohanty is about. Even though currently graduating in Computer Science and Engineering he aims to be the most beloved poet of the world. His works magically connect natural sceneries with romance, society, human tendencies and give rise to a sea of literary beauty. He loves to narrate his expressions and learning, therefore actively participates in literature sessions. All his dreams came true when he was nominated as a feature in YOTP by Inner Child Press.

He dreams to establish media to encourage writers and poets worldwide. Also, he aims his poems reach people all over the globe.

He can be mailed at bismaymohanty.97@gmail.com

Discovering you

As the clouds float up in the sky so high
Blushes away from me a girl so shy
That every day would have been a dream
A prince comes to wake you up and I would be him
To make the sun spare you from scorching light
I would wake up and toil all day all night
My journey of life is colored with embellishment
The uncountable dreams aren't colossal
But a small fragment to be lived in amazement
To be amazed and live amazing
Has come as a way to live a life salvage
Billion expressions of my words for you made
Every line in your love is an adage.
Discovering you turned life into a love spree
Discovering you has helped discovering me.

An independent mind

Mind is the gift God has endowed
The ability to think and act accordingly
The witty has showed.

Of compulsion, fear, lust and ambition
An independent mind is free from the vagaries
And everything wrong to the path of destination.

As such the heart obeys the thoughts
The soul inspires the dead spirits
And spreads smile on the face of Gods.

Sixteen statements

I don't know the region
Where my thoughts are wandering.
I don't know why despite
Several calls, they aren't returning.

Some epic said that mind
Is the fastest in travelling.
Indeed it is but in my case,
Thoughts aren't brooding.

Oh no dear friends!
I am not distracted by love.
May be freshness, may be life,
Fun filled days I need some.

Eyes continually rest upon the books
But hardly have I felt being at home.
Strolling n a fairy land I think
May my enterprise ask for a welcome...

Lackie

Davis

Allen

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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 or from innerchildpress.com

Early this Morning

Glistening in the sun is a shallow bowl
On a stand, it waits for a gathering of birds
Or, perhaps just a single one
Surely it will be discovered and quench their thirst
Perhaps they shall linger and I shall be granted
The privilege of witnessing them bathe and splash

I wonder if who I am ever glistens in the sunlight
And whether or not something I have said
Or done or written has ever
Provided that which another was seeking
And if such an experience made a difference
Privileged I would be to discover that I had helped
Under cover of dark, the moon full face or not
I pray that I shall not be found wanting
As I strive to utilize the gifts of the spirit
Humbled, I know that my Creator
Loves and trusts me to become the person
That he knows, with the help of others, I can be
So thankful, am I, day and night, God willing
With the spirit of love, which I long to follow,
I shall receive all that I need to allow
His light to reflect love's essence on my head
And, I pray, not to others, a disappointment
Or hinderance, begging forgiveness if I am

Listening to that inner voice, I am compelled to relate
That the me that resides within is a complex creation
She is a constant companion with serious
Suggestions and considerable corrections
As to how I might improve my station; however
The one I most want most to please is God

A Turn in the Road

Walking by your home, the lights no longer on
I think of you, the two of us, moments of intimacy

Forever, I think, they will be a part of my heart

The nights are dark and long, and still I pass by
Your residence hoping to see your car in the driveway

My mind revisits, too, the things we used to do

Moments spent cuddling, dancing, talking, loving, they
Resurface fondly then dissipate into the mist of pain

For months I've heard nothing from you, won't you explain

Was there something that I said or did, or didn't do
Should I pick up the phone and call you, or perhaps

I should turn around and begin all over again

Always Right

I'm looking out the window, an eerie sort of quiet
Has fallen over the bold sun-kissed landscape; I'm told
Spring has a surprise in store: it's finally going to snow
My daffodils would say, "No way," had they been
consulted

Were they able to think or speak. So would the shrubs
The senior citizens, who reside down by the split-rail fence
They're the ones with arms gently waving back at me
And if their white blossoms have feelings and experience
Pain, they'd beg of Mother Nature, Please do explain
All is quiet in the silent sunlight, the birds have gone into
Slow motion disguise, furtively searching for food; perhaps
Building better, tighter nests as they wonder what's next

A red one streaks by the grey-green brambles, flying down
From its perch on the naked arms of the sweet gum tree
From head to mid-breast it is a welcome splash of color
On the ground, where the seeds have fallen from the past
I spy a yellow one. It's a canary. But is it not too early
Alas, perhaps it was my imagination, for now it is no more
As if an invitation could not have been issued any sooner
The wind picks up and dances amongst expectant greens
Each filled with more than it takes to fill an artist's canvas
Might not Mother Nature condescend to spare my garden
From what seems, at the moment, an impossibility
Snowstorm or not, the mother always gets her way

So, for the moment I will rejoice in what is: the sky is blue
The color of my husband's eyes; the white puffy clouds
Like the wool that fluffs up the antique quilts on my bed
When the sky grays and the snow begins to accumulate
I'll stay inside my home; I'll watch the snowflakes as they
Mime their secret song: Mother Nature is never wrong

Albert
Carrasco

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

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Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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Spring

Heavy coats slowly disappear along with gloves and scarfs,
one layer of clothing is suffice,
days get warmer and the nights are so nice.
See ya mister winter I won't miss ya,
you're so disrespectful,
you pound us with 10 inches of snow right before you have
to go.
I guess you wanted to go out with a bang.
The outfits on mannequins posing behind windows
changed,
they're sportier,
restaurants are setting up tables on the sidewalk for
breakfast,
lunch and dinner,
convertibles will start converting and the'll be no need for
the heater,
neighborhoods will start looking brighter and cleaner,
parks will have more visitors, fields will have baseball and
soccer players,
trees will no longer be naked,
they'll dress up and shade us.
Thank god the cold is over is the song we'll sing,
March 20 arrived with spring.

Poetry

point blank, without it I'll probably would've been dead or in the penitentiary. I wish it would've found me earlier because I would've not lost so many brothers. While the devil provokes with temptation, I'm in my lab in deep concentration breaking down the illegal pursuit to end poverty's oppression. I'm internally digging at scars to bleed, when I write and it sinks in, it's coagulated blood you read. Reliving horrible moments isn't my muse, from beginning to the end I scribe nothing but truth. For the love of fast money, I lost close friends and my youth. Infinite is broken beyond repair, I feel like not sharing deadly verses wouldn't be fair, I don't want anyone to have a heart that's an igloo like I do, that's what the streets do, so I share knowledge and two, hurt and pain too, I tell you about the first sale, how it felt when those doves flew and everything in between with urban poetic blues. I was spared to save, I put down the guns, left the drugs, removed the shackles and noose making myself an ex money slave.

Retired

When I retired from the streets I was worried about how I'll make ends meet, I had a empty resume, my only skills were war tactics, stretchn soft and expanding hard ya. For a couple of decades that was my work environment. I'm home ignoring all calls wondering what was next while staring at four walls, temptation was tempting me telling fuck it all and ball, I can lie in the beginning I relapsed and fell victim, but with time I learnt how not to listen and that's how I went through evolution. I grabbed a pen and started bleeding scars that turned into hustler memoirs. I found something I loved to keep me busy but I needed a way to feed the family. I committed those memoirs to memory, took them on the road to see if anybody would feel me and they felt me, I'm gettn calls from host and promoters that want me to come to their spot to spit this sort of urban poetry, I was hungry so I ran with every opportunity to earn wages for what's written on pages and recited on stages. I went from a frequent visitor of bookings to an author writing down dates for bookings. If I never stepped back and did the knowledge on how life was and how I wanted it to be, I never would've reached my full potential, I had to put what was normal to the side and step out the box from dealing with powder and rocks, what I saw was a beautiful visual, I saw hope for my circle through my third optical, I saw life instead of back to back funerals, I got a glance at a second chance. I'm dropping bombs, scribbling urban psalms and spittn napalm, my vocab is so long, my ambition is so strong, I'm so gone.

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*Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017



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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>

POETRY FREE

No amount of funding
Will keep a poet from running
Art will find a way

Across borders of any country
There's a poet holding order
Poetry speaks for a conscientious soldier

There's a story yet told about political mistakes
There's a story yet told about a child by a lake
Poetry free stories be poetic story's

Examples and why's in between lines
Understood by misunderstood minds
A language barrier unbarred

As the bombs drop on backdoors
As the debris is searched on weekend dance floors
We may not read of spring leaves

From where ever we stand
Everything is international poetry

POETRY YOU CAN RELATE TO

I'm not here to bate you
Or switch the dish on the menu
I just want to write the words you breathe to
Mirrored images of your own life experiences
You may search a room thinking I'm sitting there
That's where it's relatable
So many life choices
A life so debatable
Poetry you can relate to
From hardened streets to naivety
From cowardice to bravery
I'm but a slave to me and poetry

POETIC WHISPERS

A simple hush as I thumb through the pages
Background music from some obscure band
I hold a mic in my hand
I place it back in its stand
Inanimate objects get me off my topic
I'm getting all philanthropic
Stop it
Some just drop it but my beat goes on
Getting closer I whisper
My voice fills the room
My voice feels the room
There's room at the top
For those who drop, stop and savor a moment
Call it mental atonement
Call it knowing what being alone meant
Just a whisper a nagging heel spur
Getting chills per every uncanny reminder
Now you find yourself
No stranger than yourself
So much wealth in poetic whispers

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

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Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, AKA Zakir Flo was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. His education includes Brooklyn College, Suffolk County Community College and Makkah, Saudi Arabia. He is a Veteran of the Viet Nam era, where in 1969 he reverted to his now reverently embraced Islamic Faith. He is very active in the Islamic community and beyond with his teachings, activism and his humanity.

Shareef's spiritual expression comes through the persona of "Zakir Flo" . Zakir is Arabic for "To remind". Never silent, Shareef Abdur-Rasheed is always dropping science, love, consciousness and signs of the time in rhyme.

Shareef is the Patriarch of the Abdur-Rasheed Family with 9 Children (6 Sons and 3 Daughters) and 41 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 17 Girls).

For more information about Shareef, visit his personal FaceBook Page at :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed>
<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

one would/should...

ask can logic, reason fit into what continues to appear
surreal, sorta, kinda nightmares real, not the best way
to feel
so in vogue with oft touted blow that folks all too well
know, what's the deal?
can this all really be real, and why?
simply it has to be the plan from on high that stands
to defy reason/logic we prefer to apply
but one must sit contemplate slowly, becomes clear bit
by bit
folks get to wear the shoe that fits
it is written concerning people/nations smitten by tyranny
thus reserved
" People get the leaders they deserve "
it is written concerning calamities that plague humanity,
man
" Look at your own hands" Look at your own hands "
before you implore the band to play that sad refrain
' it's so & so to blame, it's so & so to blame '
take this nation " Please " and the long standing situation
that constitutes serious disease of heart ' n ' mind
' White institutional Racism ' ravages this nation
that makes an abomination of " one nation under god with
liberty and justice for all "
just lip service that falls from the lips of dem who's hearts
reflect no respect for that concept
instead they want to flip the script and go back to the days
of slaves, rope, whip, chains " The good ' ol ' days "
dem get what they asked for based on conduct of all
concerned, dem that light the fire and dem who get burnt

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all in this together but miles apart all receive the same
" Scum " that leads

Allah will not change the condition of a people until they
make effort to change themselves (Qur'an Majeed)
systems that worship and obey the creation(other men)
and nations over the creator, raising that to the status of
' Divine ' will ultimately fail just as all before who have
come and gone risen and fallen, failed
Greatness = the Creator, never the creation
be it men, be it nations!

food4thought = education

What you..,

gonna say when comes the day life as you know it will pass
away
as will you and all you knew?
some old, some new, near and dear family too
all of you, all you knew, whatever, whoever you was,
whatever you used to do, what you thought belonged to you
whoever used to be with you wife, children too
friends you held near, dear called em true, dem too
i said life will end as you know it regardless of what your
doing now, regardless of what you talkin bout
when the angel of death appears and says i'm here for you
what you sayin' then huh what you gonna do?
we all lose sight of that impending right Allah(swt) has
giving
himself to give and take life
he who created all things only, exclusively has that right
ultimately it's always him who put you here for a period
and takes you back when he sees fit
it could come in many forms, as in the song
" Six million Ways to Die, Choose One "
but they all are simply means to carry out the order " Be "
yes, simply " Be "
we get caught up in the why, how, and all that because
we are about that not either realizing true fact or ignoring,
looking past that, exploring other reasons that fit your
logic,
reason, something you want to see to prove it real
but the real deal is Qadir'Allah his will be done on earth as
it is
in heaven
sooo what you gonna do then, when my friends?
wake up, get up check the roast in the oven
it's almost done!

repel...

evil by that which is good saith the lord
follow sin with righteous deeds
words of wisdom to take seriously, heed
lower thy wing, be a giver not a taking thing
thus thy cup will run over with heavenly nectar
that being pure immense blessings
coming from that which is the creator's never
diminished, endless, unmeasured treasures
contentment of inner peace, holy pleasure
drinking only from thy cups overflow but from
thy cup one would never need to drink
thus thy cup will always be full
only from that undeserved mercy by Allah's will
contentment, love that emanates, illuminates,
radiates, disintegrates hate
the power of love can not be underestimated
it can effect change beyond wild imagination
from hard hearts melting into a peaceful calm
that effects all living things
even birds sing praise devoted to him who paved
the way with the gift of life and a earth to facilitate
all that enhances that life, just look around, up, down
listen and you will hear life everywhere
reflecting undeserved mercy bestowed upon
even ungrateful folk who invoke only themselves
as though it was them who made their self
and the earth in which they dwell.
the same who in ' Gods ' name then again ' n ' again
defame, blaspheme, heap acts of shame
transform that beautiful, bountiful planet same
into a hell!
when all we need is love, that gift from the author
of love from above
for us all in peace to dwell

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*Kimberly
Burnham*

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See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." 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 global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions>
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham>

Time Rhyme

Time to write
a poet's delight

Moments snatched
with joy attached

Days in the sun
without having to run

The silent ticking of seconds
gently beckons

A monthly retreat
listening to poetry's drumbeat

Now as I gather my thoughts
a luscious page with the letters and dots

Time Travels

Time crawls
slowly moving through space
experiences growing

A caterpillar crawling upwards
on a leaf
encountering the new world

The trail crawls up the mountain side
carving out a space for itself
trees and flowers watching as it climbs

And with the movement time flies
like a rocket from days gone towards
a yet unborn future

Jets stirring the clouds
as they flies from here to there
carrying us through a plethora of feelings

Fruit flies gather to eat
on the rough underbelly of life
quickly multiplying in time

And time marches on
covering great distances
or curling up at home

A soldier of fortune
marching us towards the place
where the winds of time blow strongest

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And March turns to April
as we celebrate
cyclic changes in time

Hate Has a History

A time that extends into the present
marching from the past
coloring each of our lives
destroying precious childhoods
ravaging countries

Hate has a history
each day it lives
it becomes
a child's past
rising into the now

Hate has a history
but so to its challengers
secular and sacred
civic and religious
past and present.
those who refuse
to play the game

Those who leap up
in the face of hate
terrified but strong
and say never again

Together we can mend
the broken strand that bind us to peace
to love
and open hearts

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Each step we take
changes the history that will be
now
today we have a chance
to transform
what will be
history

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

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Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Journalist / Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a co-author to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India. She is a Contributing Editor of Inner Child Magazine, USA and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA) and PEN International.

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

<https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo>

Google Plus

<https://plus.google.com/u/0/+ElizabethCastillo>

Poetic Soul

Yes, I am a poetic soul armed with words
Bleeding each time my muse internalizes emotions
Cuts deep when it pierces the hearts of many lost souls
Poetry-
How you touch my soul when you speak of my
lamentations...
Poetry-
How you take me to the roads less travelled and make want
to reach the heavens...
I do it in style for words can either make or break
Can either sympathize with life's triumph or antagonize
further one's suffering...
Yes, I am a poetic soul bleeding with rhyme
Or one steaming with free style with a cutting edge...
A poetic soul sharing the magnificence of God's creations
God's messenger of words, a Light guiding other's path
Poetry-
How you change the lives of those who hunger for the
Message
When soulful poets become the instrument of change
Through words skillfully woven, dreams can come true
The world can start anew!

Sunset and Poetry

There is something about the sunset that makes us weave
dreams

As the day bids adieu to welcome a calm evening anew
Staring at its magnanimous display of stunning hues,
Takes you to a dreamland, a nameless place, another
undiscovered world

Perhaps a new frontier beyond your wildest imagination.

I can paint a marvelous landscape through my dancing
words

While looking at such splendor, the Master Artist's touch
Rhyming words, screaming to come out of my head,
Why do a lot of hearts have this certain fondness of you
dear sunset?

Could be that you are God's manifestation of His poetic art.

Those cottony clouds of different formations make you
look lovelier

Wordsmiths like me create our masterpieces out of just
admiring you from a far

The gentle breeze brushing my warm cheeks blush at the
mere sight of you,

Such grandeur cannot be replaced by anything as beautiful
as this scene unfolding right in front of my naked eyes.

The Poet and His Guitar

He gathers what he needs
Heads down to the green fields
With an overcast sky above him
The sun smiling at a distant horizon.
Humming breeze, chirping birds on the trees
One said "good day" to him
This little blue robin sitting on a small branch.

Armed with a guitar on one hand
With a mighty pen and paper on the other
Chose a soft spot and sat down underneath an oak tree
Begins to breathe in, breathe out
And feel the beauty spread before his naked eyes.
This is what he hoped for
A solemn sanctuary away from the maddening crowd
A haven you could only reach inside your dreams.

His fragile fingers begin strumming the chords on his guitar
Remembering the sweet echoes of his distant past
Together with the birds singing at the background
Beautiful memories go in rhythm with his strum.

He imagined a vast ocean, a beach with pure white sand
A low tide as he sat by the sea shore
With seagulls flying above him.
Memoirs of his younger years
Came flooding in through his mind
As he search for his shadow
Hidden beneath the limelight of his soul,
Overwhelmed with wonderful thoughts
He began scribbling on his notes.

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Wrote a poem for his future love
Though they haven't crossed each other's paths yet
He believes one fateful day they'll surely meet
And this masterpiece will be his first gift to her.
The poet is a great dreamer
Although some couldn't appreciate his being different
Made a vow that no matter what, he'll still be in love with
his poems
As long as he can strum his guitar too
For his music goes hand in hand with the words he creates
Truly the words dance with his music's beat.

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Anna
Lakubczak
Ves Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017



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Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. Polish poet, journalist and the main editor of e-Magazine *Horizon*. Student on journalism and social communication at the University in Szczecin. In free time author on the website

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan collaborate with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines. Her poems were included in a few American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2016” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House „Avenue U Publications” and She started to publish her poetry in the cycle "The Year of The Poet" since 2016. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styra University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

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

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

Insatiable

They believed that the world
has been swallowed by them
could be masticated the time
and dripped with immortality.

They acknowledged
that this not their God had created
and they created God on their similarity.
There are as kites released windward.
like silent before the storm.

They still are insatiable
not of the knowledge
but force of
authority
and green papers

They are We
lost in

The Code

We “Like” a new reality
involving a Cesar’s finger
no matter how
no matter what
but

click and be proud

because all ways
go lead
from folly
to money
and Romebook

our minds are freak

and if you won’t risk
living in Facemundi

you have never lived indeed

Filia maris*

Petting sand,
closing lyrically sea
cooling feisty spirit.
The conjunctiva exploring space
I am looking for a trusted astrolabe.
The wind combing tangled hair,
compass sense - it whispers.
Childishness response,
like praline, I want to explore the world.
Throwing away the skin, I see
at the horizon, latest sailing flows.
Impulse piercing through the body
I move, grab the fate in my hands.
I am the daughter of the sea,
just rebirth of the waves.

*daughter of the sea

Nizar
Sartawi

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Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator and educator. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He holds a Bachelor's degree in English Literature from the University of Jordan, Amman, and a Master's degree in Human Resources Development from the University of Minnesota, the U.S. Sartawi is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association, General Union of Arab Writers, and Asian-African Writers Union. He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, and Palestine, and Morocco.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His poetry translations into Arabic include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; *Searching for Bridges* (2013), poems by American poet Margaret Saine (2016) *The Talhamiya* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Nathalie Handal. His Arabic poetry translations into English include *Contemporary Jordanian Poets*, Volume I (2013); *The Eyes of the Wind* (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015, 2016), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb; *Haifa and other Poems* (2016), poems by Palestinian poet Samih Masaud; *The Pearls of a Grief* (2016), poems by Lebanese poet Abdulkarim Baalbaki. He has also been working for the last four years on a translation project, Arab Contemporary Poets Series.

Sartawi's poems and translations have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Italy, the Philippines, and India.

The Poem

How long will you keep hiding
in the womb of the unknown
a sheepish shadow
haunted with perplexed agitation
with whom the sun no secrets shares
nor is she seduced with the sparks of stars
or with the murmurs of the moon

And how could you stay in retreat
a phantom
without a breathing body
a lump of flesh
within the walls of a cocoon
a form
whose composition has no details
in the tome of destiny

How long will you remain a blurred voice?
a mumbling
unknown by alphabets
a humming
without
the dance of strings

And how could you endure to be
a subject
waiting for
the predicate



Stars

Oh those stars
that linger
a while
before they go away
to regard me with their glitters
so shy

Are they secretly
reproaching me
or sly
making a date with me
or bidding my mournful heart
goodbye



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haiku

her eyes filled with tears
but she goes on singing
and cutting onions

~~~~~

please honey go away  
my husband coming home soon  
the wicked parrot

~~~~~

don't run away calf
hasn't mom told you i am
your foster brother



*Len
Walls*

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Jen Walls is an award-winning author/international poet/literary reviewer/critic; bringing soulful love inside joyful heart's radiance; pulsating us deeply inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first poetry collection, *The Tender Petals* released – November 2014, through inner child press, Ltd. USA. Her second book of co-authored poems, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, combined to offer divine nature-inspired spiritual poetry released – November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India. Her peace-filled poems come alive inside renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa, and India. She recently received a 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, from Writers International Network (WIN - Canada) in Burnaby, British Columbia on May 27, 2016. Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A. with her loving family.

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/jen.walls.7>

GRACE OF CARE

Fly calm cool breeze
send out-flowing's to sail;
love-sing in heart-prayers
Spill silent-dance
vibrate bliss on kisses shared;
calm with divine air
Face journey - smile
glow life and give calming breaths;
float in grace of care
Wave soul-wings - kiss sky
grow near and far to solace;
still within - lift free
Pour ripples moving
speak life-currents and swirl;
center bliss and be

MOON-GLOWS

Deepen color to ever flow and run so full.
Scale shades of shale in blue-pink silver.
Mirror silent splashes - light waterfall-breaths.
Float sky-spirals gone dancing soul-depths.
Caress moon-gloWS - shine inside-showering.
Wake surround-shimmering's with loving arms.
Melt free from darkness - ocean's passion pull.
Unfurl ribbons of the sea's luminous love-light.
Curl adventurous breaths for moment's stillness.
Offer rippling to bubble-up then gracefully blend.
Jettison light-waves - rush-flows - finding current.
Rest into beauty's rapture - call up silence within.
Meet virtuous vibration on sacred holy essence.
Evolve blessings to merge - flow smooth as one.

NATURE'S BLISS-SONG

Color-spark rainbows
fly each feeling - lift light's flight;
rejoice inside-sight
Flow adoration
breathe sweet blissful beauty-breaths;
gift spirit-prayer

Build bridges, not walls
share love - humanity-grace;
unify heart's care

Float soft butterflies
dance through pain and suffering;
praise living-glory

Rise where laughter joins
pour sharing anthems soaring;
free nature's bliss-song

Hülya

n.

Yılmaz

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A Penn State faculty in Humanities, published author, literary translator and freelance editor, hülya n. yılmaz started her formal writing career in the U.S. after joining the Nittany Valley Writers Network in Centre County, PA. Her poetry made its first public appearance in the OLLI Magazine, *Pastiche*. Dr. yılmaz' academic publications include an extensive research book on the literary relations between the West and the Islamic East, a chapter for a book of critical essays on Orhan Pamuk – the recipient of the 2006 Nobel Prize in Literature, and several treatises presented at national and international conferences.

Outside the academia, hülya has authored *Trance*, a book of poetry in Turkish, German and English, and co-authored another collection of poems, *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* with Demetrius Trifiatis, professor of Philosophy from Greece. She finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper self and writes creatively to attain and nourish it.

Links

Personal Web Site

<http://authoroftrance.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

(not an affordable pair of shoes)

poetry

a luxury

when the ink

has no link

free will

a yet to be lived thrill

men in throne-power

tightening your chains

for you have a skill

no matter how much it pains

you trot over each deplorable hill

(won't you please share mine)

The Stone Age

long ago you left behind

only to them belongs the stage

they bark at you to viciously remind

though de-voiced also in recent centuries

here there everywhere on every cliff's brink

you have always known how not to sink

wherever tunes crept up inside

that could not be brushed aside

you as poetry itself continued to sing

(and let me conjoin the soles of your feet
so sore?)

your light has been my source of many a celebration
your courage to team up with each budding seed
your unrelenting determination to proceed
your generations-guarding devotion

yes you my maternal twin
i have been writing this and that
even daring to cockily patronize
how you should conceive your win
am i a former privileged spoiled brat
cured? there's enough reason to scrutinize

for my past and the present-day
have been generous with my seat of ease
if such advantage were to stay
i may catch anew that dreaded disease

let us therefore fit in together
into the same worn-out shoe
i'll do my best to patch the heels
tying all my ink with a tether
and you will tell me how it feels
whenever my poetry has no clue

Teresa

L.

Gassion

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The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

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>

Yale Street

Blacktop melts on the edges
and acorns slip into black puddles.
The half built house next door
has weeds and flowers growing
through rotting floor boards.
A blue bike and two red bikes
race down the hill.

It is the last block on Yale Street
where colored children play
baseball late afternoon.
Pearly sweat invades bodies.

The overloaded pecan tree
in the backyard waits
to make its fall dump.
Hide and seek stirs
between simple wood houses.

We stake our lives
messing with the beehive
in the abandoned house
across the street.
Every bite and scream is earned.

Mama yells at the front door
stay in the shade out of that heat.

We take turns drinking water
from the green water hose,
sit under the acorn tree
and reveal fantasies
middle of the day.

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The rubber toy military waits
for the next formation and commands.

A black widow spider crawls
on the trail behind the houses,
bricks, sling shots, sticks fly.
Tippie is a gorgeous four legged girl
running the trail with us.

The swing on Big Mama's front porch
is better than cotton candy
for evening entertainment.
A hard rain creates puddle jumpers
that pull us off the porch.

Pop sits on the porch next door
tuned in to the street action.

Riding the Wavelengths

I see you spinning in my meditation.
Your robe and turban cling to you
in rhythm with every move you make.
You always make me smile
so deep that it penetrates my heart.
How do you draw me so near.

I can read your soul cards.
They say, *come play with Hafiz*.
You pull off your robe and turban,
expose blue jeans and white tee shirt.
We are twins in the same outfit.

You take my hand and
run down I25 headed south.
You stop abruptly in the middle
of the highway and we sit.
I look into your eyes
as cars speed around us.

I feel nothing but ecstasy
here in the middle of the road
as you grasp my hands.
You answer my thought.
Yes, we were together in a past life.

Uncontrolled giggles takeover.
We race down the highway together.
I know where we are going.
You are headed for the brewery
in Socorro, New Mexico to observe.

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Rumor has it that too much
singing and dancing
is going on and a neglect
of Godly duties.
This must end tonight.

Forgiveness

We walk two miles with silence.
Clouds hug the treetops,
grey veils try to smother you
and I laugh to hide my anger.
The glass of vinegar you fed my garden
causes enduring ripples of broken flowers.

We walk today to seek healing in the forest.
I hesitate to hold your hand as I
question my readiness to forgive.
You stop suddenly and howl at the trees.
The wolves answer back with divine lyrics
to ease your pain. My eyes perk up,
attentive to something bigger than me.

Arms open to wrap you in warmth.
My garden feels the boost of letting go.
Flowers raise their heads like a choir
ready to do a praise song.
Forgiveness flows like a river in us.

New beginnings often run deep in the woods.
The crackle of pine needles is music to silence.
A deer crosses the trail, stops, stares, moves on.
Perhaps we can learn to live today without
the baggage of past aggressions.
What a boost to life that would be.

Faleeha

Hassan

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

Faleeha Hassan is a poet, teacher, editor, writer born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Faleeha's poetry has been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain and Albanian. She has received many Arabic awards throughout her writing career.

Her poems and her stories published in different American magazines Such as : Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum , Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaminmamas, The Galway Review, Words without Borders, TXTOBJX, intranslation, SJ .magazine, nondoc ,Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW , Courier-Post , I am not a silent poet, taosjournal, Inner Child Press , Press of Atlantic City.

d.fh88@yahoo.com

Waiting for you

Her I am
Standing on the edge of the my white paper
Scared
Trembling from her emptiness
Oh my poem!
My distant butterfly
Here I am
Opening my hand
Stretching out my palm
And begging you to land on it
Please
Quietly do it
Let me drown in the meaning of my being
Do not leave me
Jailed between my paper's lines and my mute pen
Please
Com closer
Cover me with your cheerful colors
For without you
I will jump from my bones

I regain my life again

Right under the tap, I put my head
And I turn the ring above.
In the running water
There are the sticky words of my friend;
The barking of the street,
The creases of the rugged days,
Histories I bite with anxiety,
And cities that don't resemble
The silk of our poems.
The words pour
Like hair dyes that cover gray, into the bathroom drain.
And in a while
I lift my head
As if I had not been killed,
A few minutes ago
By his hands.

Translated by Dikra Ridha

My lover and I and some animals

Like two puppies

When I see him

We sniff one another.

Like cats

We lick the fingers of our desire.

With the eyes of a wolf, he watches

for any movement near me

He becomes a tiger

With rage

But I

Like the chicks of a hungry bird

I anticipate him.

Translated by Dikra Ridha

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

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

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen's Initiatives Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada 'Amazing Poet 2015', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

let me be your poem

so you can scribble
your thoughts of love
your simple wishes
your ideas about life's miracles
your giggling secrets
your forest of imagination
in kaleidoscope of freedom

let it be you,
my poetry's home.

poetry gestation

wandering at the Madison Square
somehow preempting veins
a gigolo or dragon's flare, thinking ...
are you inside me beating?

is it Da Vinci's code
inscribe in every soul
or DNA of the uncertain, thinking...
are you within me living?

is it an image of enfeeblement
when bubbles fade in the air
like dreams unremembered, thinking...
are you the poetry existing?

The 360° West Coast Sunset Memoir

I heard the usual greetings,
“Dear Flyover Checkers”
few seconds after the auroras turned green,
That autumn’s greetings were sent to spring fields of
summer,
It was fun to have a breakfast with misty waves
At the Waterfront, charmed with seagulls and cherry
blossoms
French toast and dark roast
Rhymed with a pinch of cinnamon and holy honey,
The False Creek might have been missing my slideshows
of her.
Well, Stanley’s green fern-carpet won’t leave me alone
As I thought of dropping by at my adopted paramount
aquarium spot
For beluga, dolphin and sea otters encounter,
Wondered how the serene jade pond serenades the taihu
rock and other miniatures,
That was really amazing, lauds to the fifty-three legendary
craftsmen!
My Epistle keeper showed her chromatic sneakers
Made extra creaky gallops at the Suspension Bridge
Connected with the pine tree spirits at Grouse Mountain
Been there camping, but did not have any floating sleeping
bag
So, as a wanderer, played my cards to the domed
OMNIMAX
Vertigo revisited my cornea, but I claimed that I need to
walk the deck

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

Where another stirring of dark roast will make me
SuperWoman
There, my spectacular lookout and hideout, my supernova
affair
Behold the time of all times, the lounge is mine.
I enjoyed the polytonic sentiments of the harbor's
opalescence
Where the tombs of the unfound echoing laughter and
gripping finesse gazes
Return after the total recall.

Wished me more daybreak of granted wishes
Written poetry to write for others to read
With all my love.

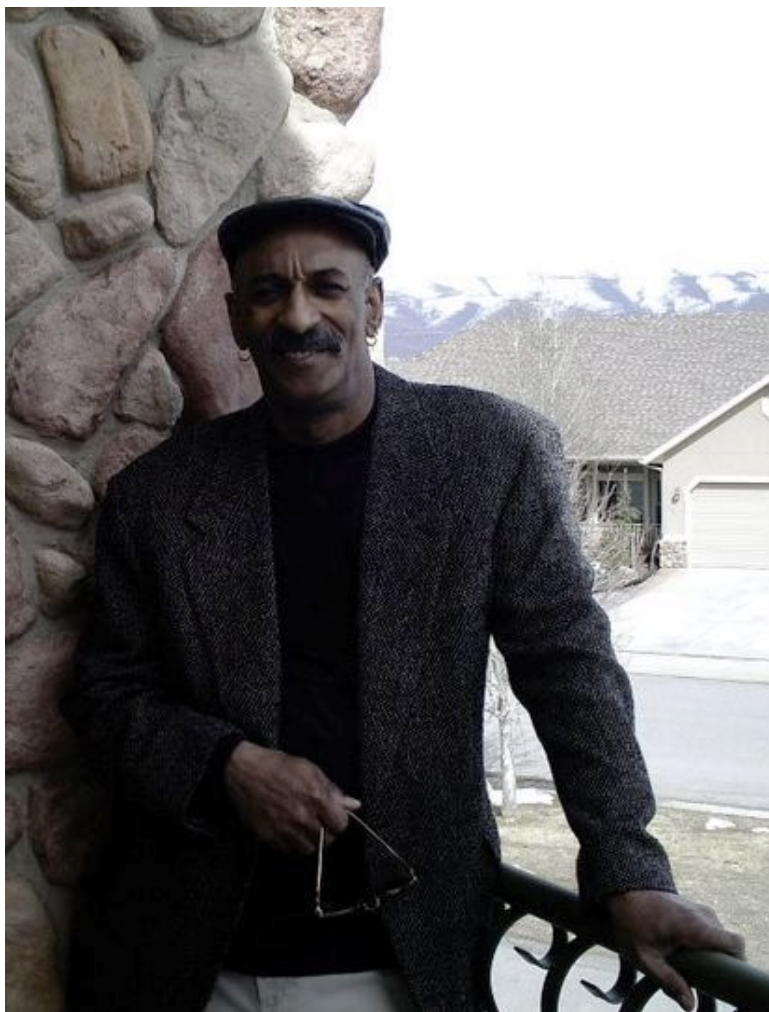
The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 40 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

i poem

my poem, my muse, my love o' fair
i penned my lines with angst and dare
i guised my craft as poetic-ware
i considered not thy toll nor tare

i've maligned thy name with language bane
to shine a light 'pon humanity's wane
i strive with word i tethered insane
for naught i think, for dark remain

to speak, to dance in lyrical quest
was this to be a "poet's" test
i've not yet failed, to give thy best
instruct me dear muse, r'i die my less

let my verse ring true, in beauty in word
i pray my bitters' ne'er be heard
let the children laugh and eat the curd
let our dreams expand beyond the third

thy Sun now shines for Souls which weep
to rinse the stain from eyes that sleep
let poetry's divine conquer and creep
with harmonious tones abysmal and deep

if i can't be the Poet, then i'll be the song
for justice, for love, for righting the wrong
to answer the call, for which hearts do long
let us smile, let us dance, for the bell has rung strong

she is my poem

she speaks in a voice
that is a natural metaphor
for beauty

the Butterflies take wing
the Angels sing
for truly
her melody
is Heaven sent

my heart enjoins her evocations
with it's own divine harmony
as the euphoric scents
of the blossoming flowers
take control of my senses
and paint all that i know
with her enchanting mesmerizing color

i am inebriated
by her presence
a present
to those who would hear

and i listen

the glistening twinkle
in her eye
sprinkles us common men's dreams
with possibilities
and belief
that we can redeem our selves
in the eyes of God

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

i hear my throne calling me
i don my scepter which is
beckoning me
to that reckoning of me
as i embrace her
kiss her face
and taste her tenderness
and her love for life

when her lips part
all the smiles
that were waiting to be born
manifest
a destiny
that is abundant
with blissful kisses
to all who have a cheek
and all seeking souls

yes she is that orchestrated symphony
we all vie for
men die for
that i cry for
i weep for
each night in my sleep
for she is
my beloved metaphor
for life
she is my poem

is it a poem yet ?

i wanted to write me a poem
that rhymed
so i took my time
and reached into my mind
to see what i may find
and i found
new ground
that was there for the taking
if i took to the breaking
the barriers
of new frontiers
where my fears
would have to be faced
as i embraced
the possibilities
that sets souls free

so you see
i began to create
an new path
to a new fate
where out of nothingness
i could make
or fake
whatever i deemed
or dreamed
and make it as real
as i do feel

now listen to my spiel

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

we create rhyme schemes
and weave mime dreams
that seems that in some realm
they may be true
we do this first for our selves
and then we lend them to you
these are but a few words
that herds our consciousness
in to other corrals of thought
thinking
as the words perhaps
get to sinking in
what do you think
is it a poem yet ?

well, i promise to try a little harder . . .next time
perhaps i will try to Rhyme something . . .

World Healing,
World Peace
2016

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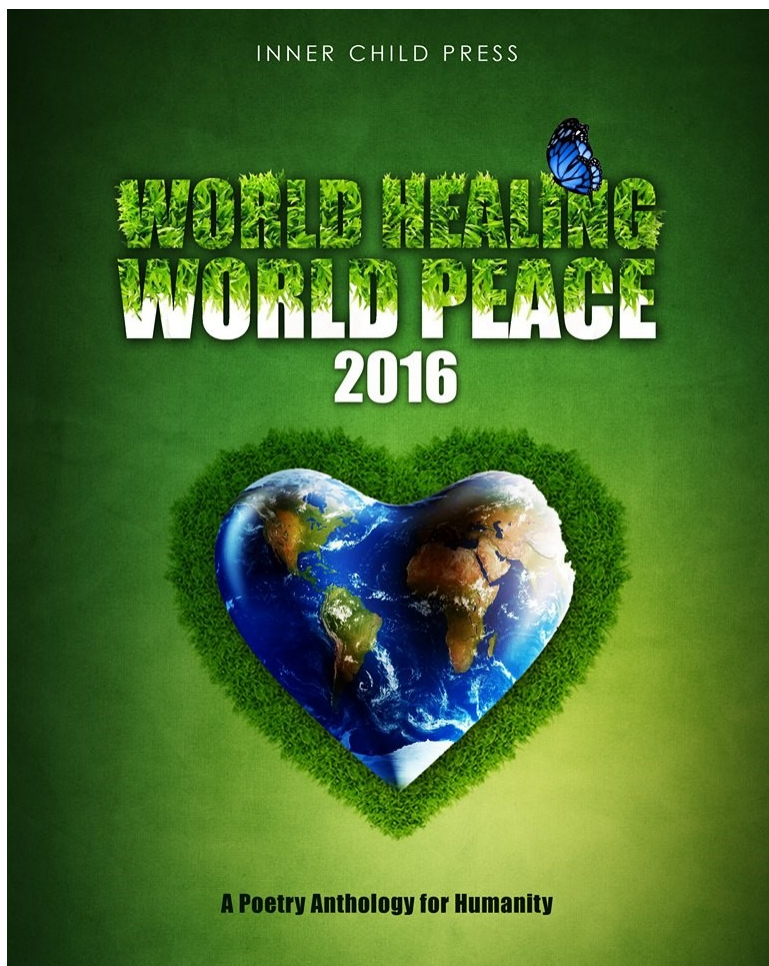
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The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

April
2017
Features

~ * ~

Dr. Ruchida Barman

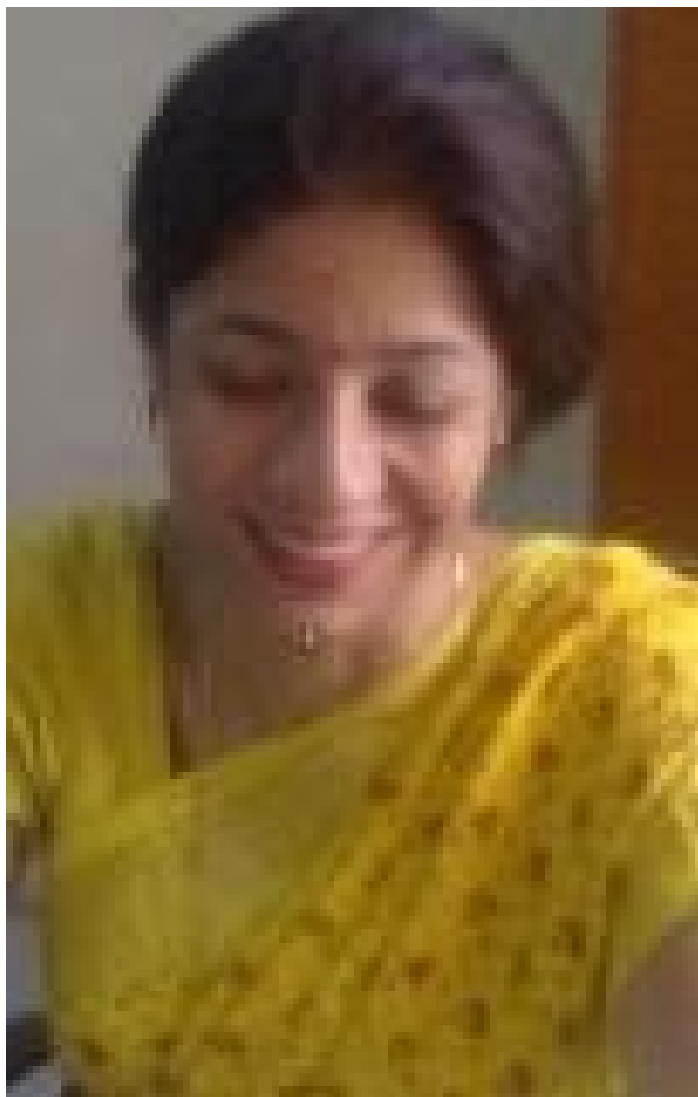
Neptune Barman

Masoud Khalaf

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

Ruchida
Barman

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

Dr. Ruchida Barman is a professor of English and has been teaching English for the last 24 years now. She has worked both at school and undergraduate level. She has created a niche for herself where ever she hs worked. She started her Creative writing career after her separation and initially her writing was concentrated on her own sufferings but she has now matured as a writer and her focus has shifted to the world around her. She is a single parent of a special child, with no regrets about her decisions in life.

I Surrender

No more fighting against my destiny,
No shedding of tears in corners lonely,
No more blaming myself for all situations
I surrender, I do surrender...

All the people wise and the learned advised,
That I should give up on such disguised,
But somehow I was never convinced,
For me my fight for my own part is prized.

How can a mother be passive, when she has to nurse,
How can she let her part suffer like a curse?
How to accept that things are beyond her power?
How can she see her shattered flower?

I felt it was my job to provide for her,
I felt it was in my power to make things right,
And I tried my best to fight like a knight,
But I fell short to fix things, to make them bright.

Then I realized, I can't make things right
There is a supreme power, could show me light,
He empowered and executed better than me
It is he to whom I surrender, I do surrender...

THE MONTH OF LOVE

Love is trendy; it is matter of craze,
Now love is tagged into particular dates,
Can love be confined to a day, week or month?
Should we celebrate this lovely love?
Only on particular one day, week or month?
Is this emotion an object for market's commercialization?

Love is lovely, love is eternal, all encompassing,
Love is pure, love is tolerant and love is about sacrificing.
But today I am not so sure, that love is so pure,
The love for religion and power makes others kill,
The love for short pleasure makes others rape and kill,
How this inhuman brutal thing could be known as love?

It shatters me into pieces,
My inner core screams to stop!
This can't be love, please don't name it as love,
This is not lovely at all,
This is not pure, this is not tolerant
This is not love for sure.

THE WOMAN

A lonely fight, A lonely life
A struggle for existence, A struggle for a smile
Difficult to live, difficult to smile
The story of a woman, difficult to write

To give up is easy, to live is crazy
To go away is easy, to survive is insane
To say I lost is easy, to continue the struggle is a fight
The story of a woman, difficult to write

Confrontations and blames meted out
Expectations and sacrifices to be carried out
Frustrations and dejections always come about
The story of a woman is difficult to write

Neptune
Barman

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

I am 18 years old am studying in XII standard in science stream at DSR Academy Nalbari. I have completed my schooling in VKV Nalbari. I have published many of my poems in Local Newspaper like The Young Planet of The Assam Tribune, and an American journal The Evergreen Poetry Journal and recently i have published a book too in Amazon named MY POEMS FOR YOU. I love writing poems it is a medium to express my feelings and how i see the world with my eyes. My poem Journey of life got the best poem in Assam Tribune newspaper in 2014.

For my further works visit the following links-

<https://vimeo.com/142717687>

<https://prezi.com/prd3zecegdzq/the-journey-of-happiness/>

<https://www.amazon.in/My-Poems-you-world-that-ebook/dp/B01NAE847Z>

My Religion

My religion`s to live for others
Crying in pain of others
Laughing in happiness of others
Am ready to burn my blood
for happiness of others
Truth`s my god, the universe`s my nation
Never will believe the religion
to fail wipe the tears of widow
Nor will believe the religion
to fail bring a piece of bread to orphan
Great things are fruit of great sacrifice
Even know life too precious
But what`s life
Without sacrifice for others
Neither money nor fame shall pay
But its love to pay
Character to cleave way through
Adamantine walls of difficulties
One to follow this religion
Need not years to live
But only a minute`s enough
To be immortalized in millions of heart

The memories of king

Oh my lord, king of kings
once you stand on throne of the earth
playing the world on your cold command
Thousands of battles you fought
Rivers of blood and tears that flowed
Time still holds those memories
Even mighty utters a cry of despair
looking your works of vanity
you built strong health or strong wealth
But sooner or later it came to rest
None ever escapes the sluttish time
your victories of battles
your statues of earthly metals
Nothing beside remained
Since dead man tell no lies
your vanity and arrogance is all
To be received by you
As past memories till eternity

House no more home

I was a home with life
had love to flow through heart
tiny foots walked, slept on my lap
hiding on my corners
singing song of love
You gave me life
i stood straight even in dark
surviving cold command nature had
to let you see happy here
Now no more am the home
but a house of barren heart
no love to flow through my heart
You decided leave me
at shore of the heart
where you had roots
you set off your roots
to seek another land
You may leave me but
am never alone here
with creepers, insects
Am always in a hope
That your song of love will rise
again from my heart like it was
from the corner you hide

*Masoud
Khalaf*

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017



The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

Masoud Khalaf

Born Qamishlo \ village Khazna- 1982

Writing poetry since 2002, he has been issued to him:

Words before death - poetry - a publishing house Tven-
Tevin -astnbul 2006

Arthritis remote border - poetry - of the Writers Union of
the Kurds in Dohuk 2007 publications.

Poems as the (Erde Castle) publications young poets-
Dohuk Association -2010

Oversees the website of the Union of Writers of the Kurds
in Dohuk www.duhokwriters.com

Member of the Union of Writers of the Kurds – Dahuk

Member of the Syndicate of Journalists of the Kurdistan-
Duhok

Member of the editorial board of the Journal of Nopon
quarterly.

Martyr is Narrating

In fastening the murdered feelings,
Tonight, you were the unhappiest beloved.
And you were the strangest tear during rose's dumbness.
Hey, hey, the heaven who deletes the hopes of life splitting,
Hey, the scattering of ache borders from the state of blind
soil,
Hey, the messengers of the dead people of the most
decayed and non delicious lips of desert,
How could you able to get married with this spring?
My beloved,
From the wisdom days towards the wisdom days,
From the sacrifice towards silence,
All of the algae belong to the years of resisting the sunshine
will split,
Neither this mountain does not recognize us any more nor
do the wild sheep sing our happiness songs.
If you gaze this time,
Thousands of the broken windows voices will come out
from inner of the city.
When the night was busy with burying the immortal and
adulterously hands,
I was polishing you face with missing kisses
And in a dark room
There was a Peshmarga brocading his coffin.
Here are the bells of regretting loving hearts,
Here are the eglantine which are controlled by severe
hunger,
So this homeland,
Is nor sufficient for half man, half hope and half poem,
I was seeing you in the embrace of the dream agonies,
The nights were guilty seeing the longs of Zin *,
The guard of your eyes just started from the fire of farness.
I did not know

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

How and from which river should I visit the brilliance of
you looks?!

By which language should I narrate to you the epic of
returning?!

By which eye should I cry on your corps?!

I was during the allaying of the borders elegizing the
strange burning of a nation for freedom.

I was gliding myself by your grave.

And kindly was breaking your ribs

I was asking the time to give me a shelter

Oh! Life I ask you to give me a shelter too

Oh! Death you should give me a shelter

Do not leave me alone in the embrace of life and death.

So place my head on your leg,

So hypnotize me with a mother song,

So narrate this story from its end,

So explain this reality opposite the lie.

If you give me a permission,

I would like to smoke another cigarette,

If you give me a permission,

I would like to utter some other words and hung them as
ear rings for her,

I would like to water her black hair with this full coffee cup
and smell her deeply.

I have distribute your identity on a homeland,

And in the migrant of an accused soil I raised your feelings
with my poem.

I was the only support for you

I have not declared my death in any stations and stop
points.

In the wounded times of the immigration, the orphans still
remain innocent as they were born

Translated by: Shamal Akrayi

The Drum of Pain

Pain and lust are a twine,
Lust in our prison body is decayed.
And you were dissolving towards the end of pain
Your stature was a creation full of secrets
It is not as before quenches the thirst of the days,
Nor you listen to the spring poem
We dreamt of the greenness
Thus our dreams were turning into green
Unlimitedly our non- address hopes were flying
We were at our sorrow gate looking for ourselves
From the foam our palms stars were falling down
Heaven was becoming bald
The night was orphan and miserable
I was listening to your silence
Sometimes the festivity of the sight was wandering far
away
Sometimes you were leaving without farewell
But your color was remaining at the dating place
Perhaps that night was a white cerecloth
Perhaps it was the crossing of tears
Without you I was not leaving from this homeland
When the borders of your love become empty,
I buried your handkerchief under a berry tree
This world is meaningless
So sweetheart,
Why you like to be far away?!
I realize that loneliness in the distance
Is the eternity of hiding a broken down passion
It is the arousing of the guilty lips
The blinks of the huge grief were roosting on our bright
words

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

At that season
Your laughter was an old lady
Under the clown of the dust land
the existence of the blooms was overturning
The vision of the happiness were bestrewing
The butterflies of the injured fire were died
From the Toros mountain,
there were a hum of an owner killer flute
So you slowly were approaching to
The embrace of the quiet fully and restful soreness
The shadow of the black night put its tent over your stature.

Translated by: Shamal Akrayi

The Year of the Poet IV ~ April 2017

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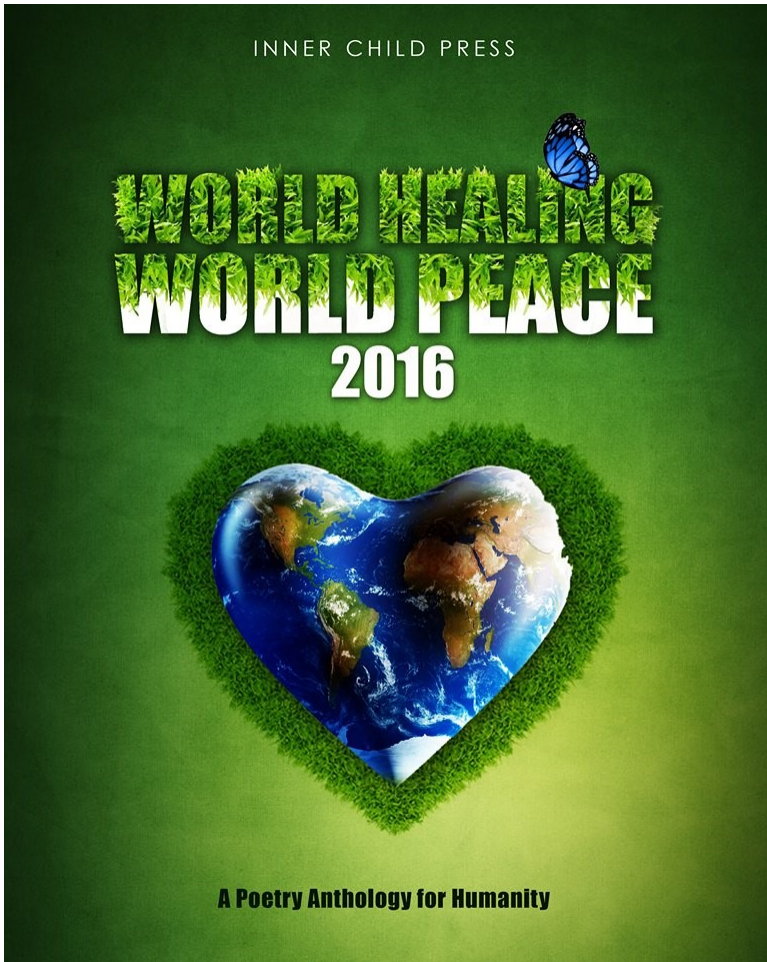
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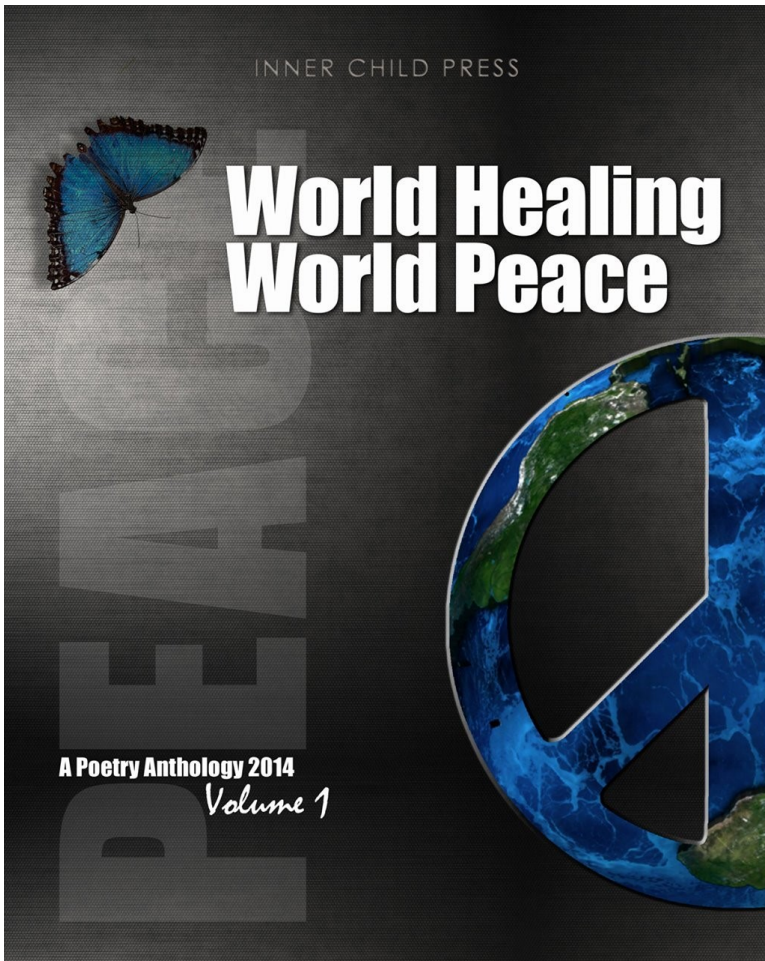
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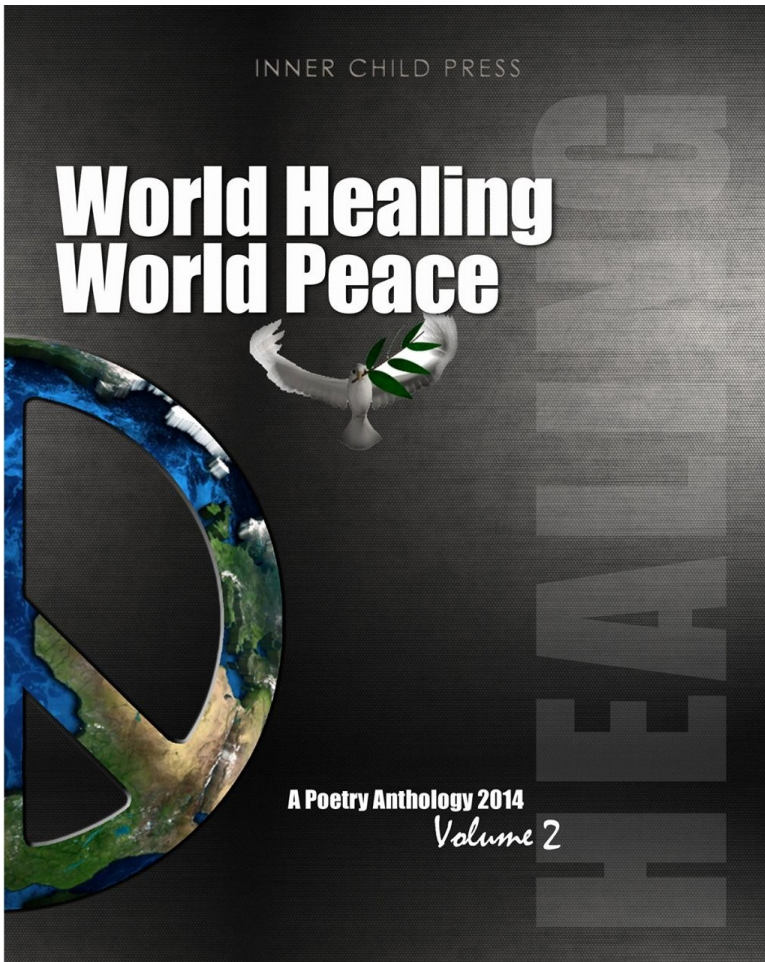
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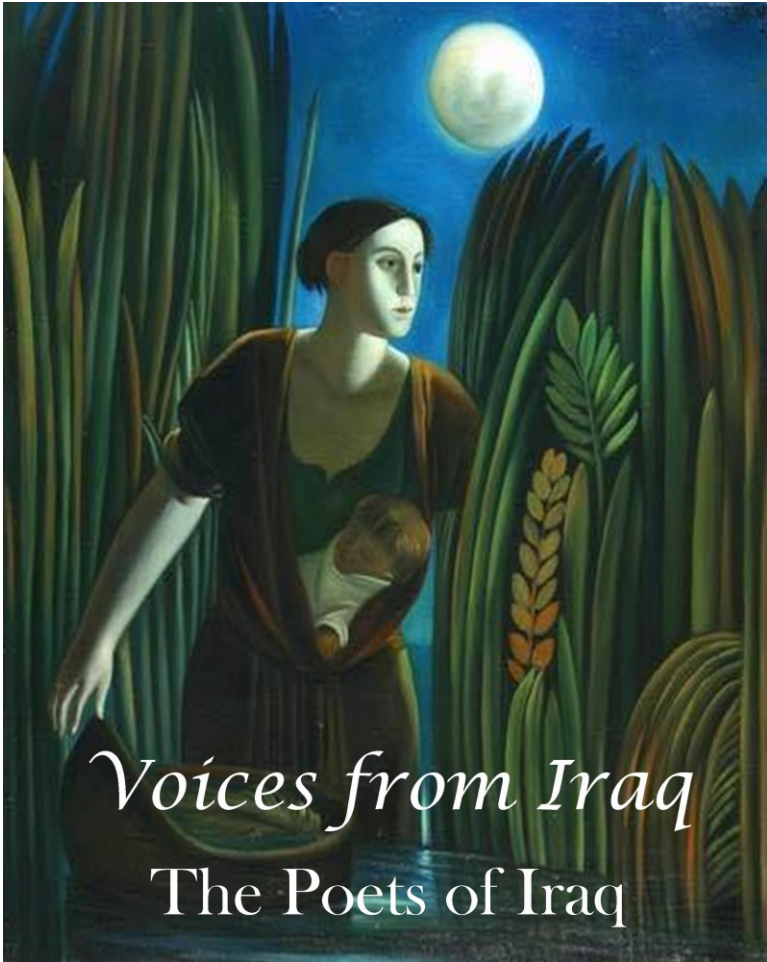
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A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 2

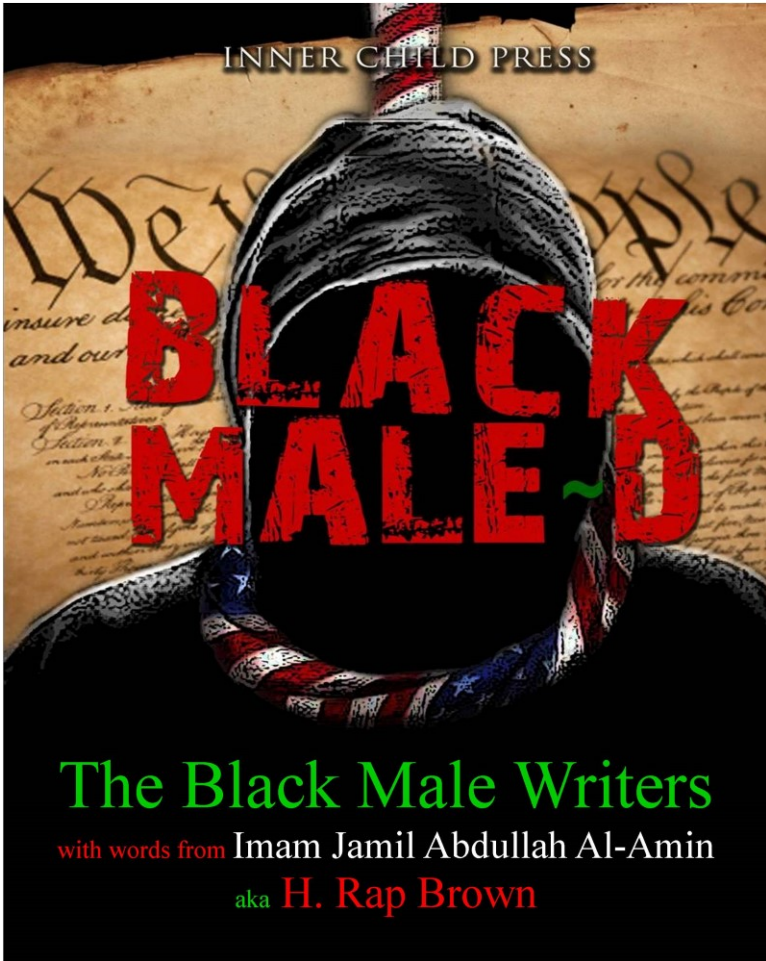


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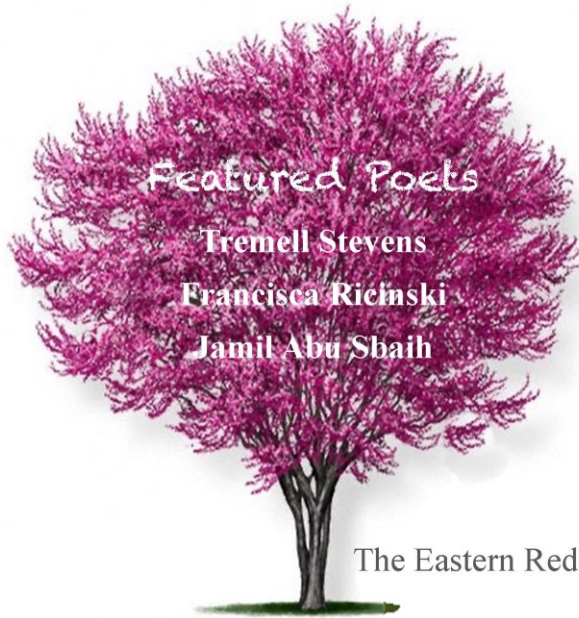
Voices from Iraq
The Poets of Iraq

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The Year of the Poet IV

March 2017



Featured Poets

Tremell Stevens

Francisca Ricinski

Jamil Abu Shaih

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalen
Joe DeVerbøl Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faheeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Wells * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

February 2017



Featured Poets

Lin Ross

Soukaina Falhi

Anwer Ghani

Witch Hazel!

The Poetry Posse 2017

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Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Anna Jakubczak Vel. Betty Adalan * Jen Walls
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet IV
January 2017

Featured Poets

Jon Winell

Natalie Shields

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bisway Mohanty
Nizar Sartawi * Anna Jakubczak Val Betty Adalan * Jen Walls
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faaleha Hassan * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud

Mountassir Aziz Bien

Abdulkadir Musa

Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shezor * Caroline Nazareno * Jan Wolk
Nzar Sartawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Joe DeVerbal Muddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burgham * Elizabeth Castillo
Julya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

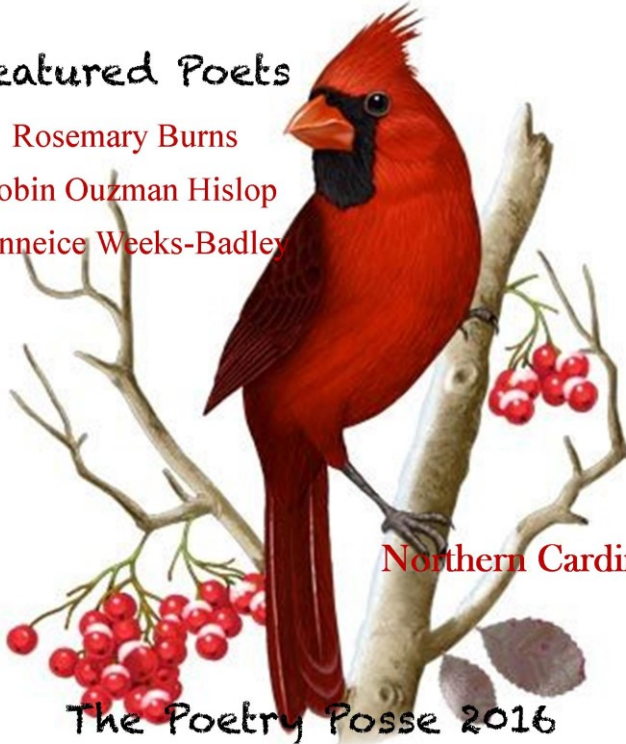
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns

Robin Ouzman Hislop

Lonneice Weeks-Badley



Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Wells

Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Ghee

Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo

Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatis * Alan W. Jankowski

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

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph

Usha Krishnamurthy R

James Moore

Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Wells
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Chee
Joe DeVerbal, Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novio

Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer * Jen Wells
Nizar Sertawi * Janet D. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Anna Jakubczak Val Ratty Adalan * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash
Irena Jovanovic
Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets

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

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfredo Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Allen Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel. Patty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Dilmaz * Demetrios Trifistos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sartaoui * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel BettyAdolan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbo! Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adolan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalaszc

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

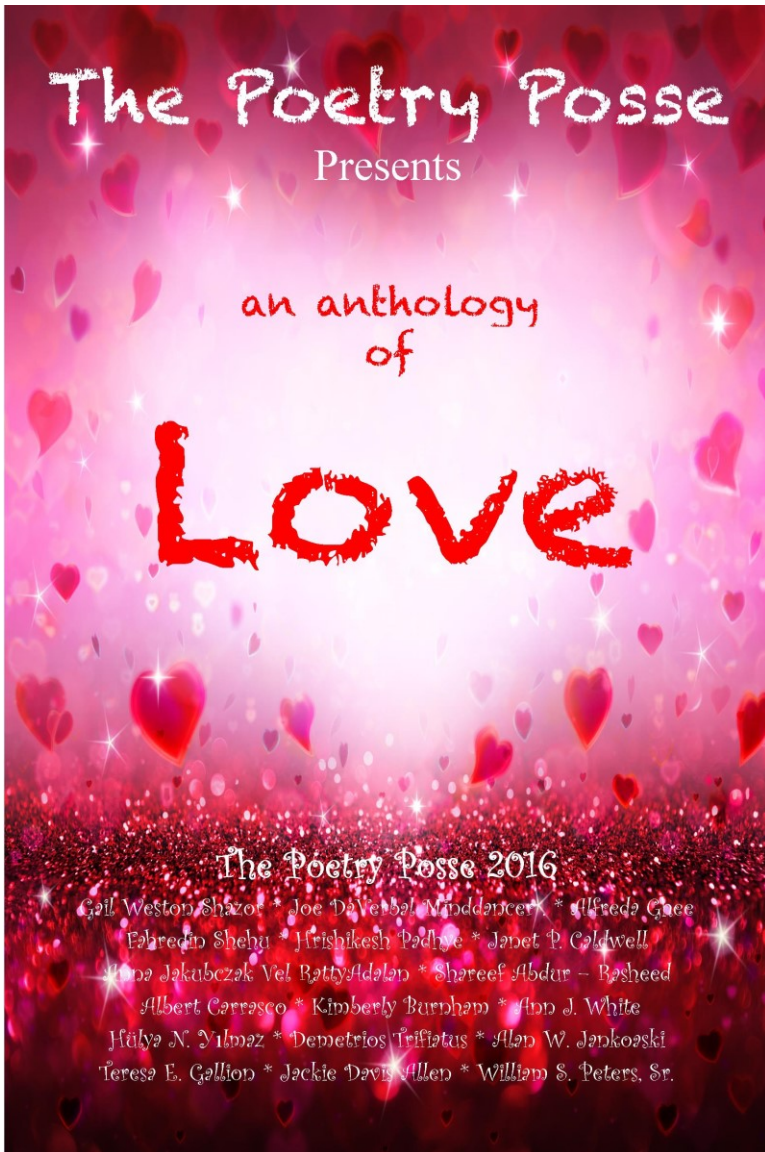
Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

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
Mülye N. Yilmaz * 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
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalar * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Jfalya N. Yilmaz * 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

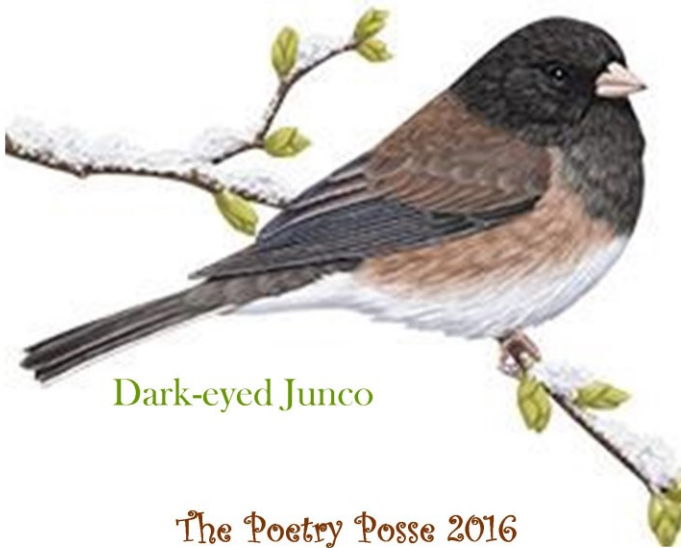
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adams * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Dilmaç * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * 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 Betty Adelen * Ann J. White
Ehredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * 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.

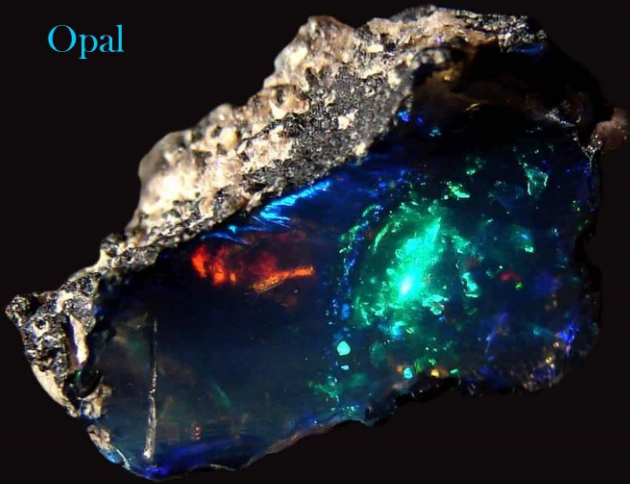
The Year of the Poet II

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 Shelu * 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.

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe Dawson-Mintzinger
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shehu
Hülya N. 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 * 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.

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



Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry posse

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & 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

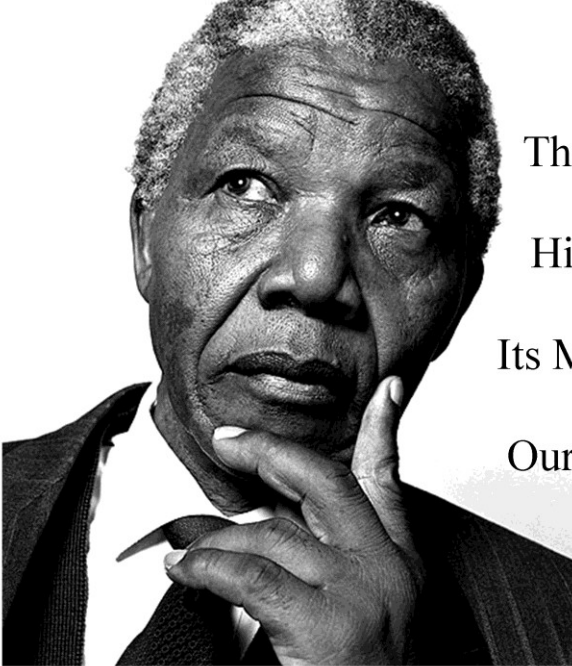
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

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

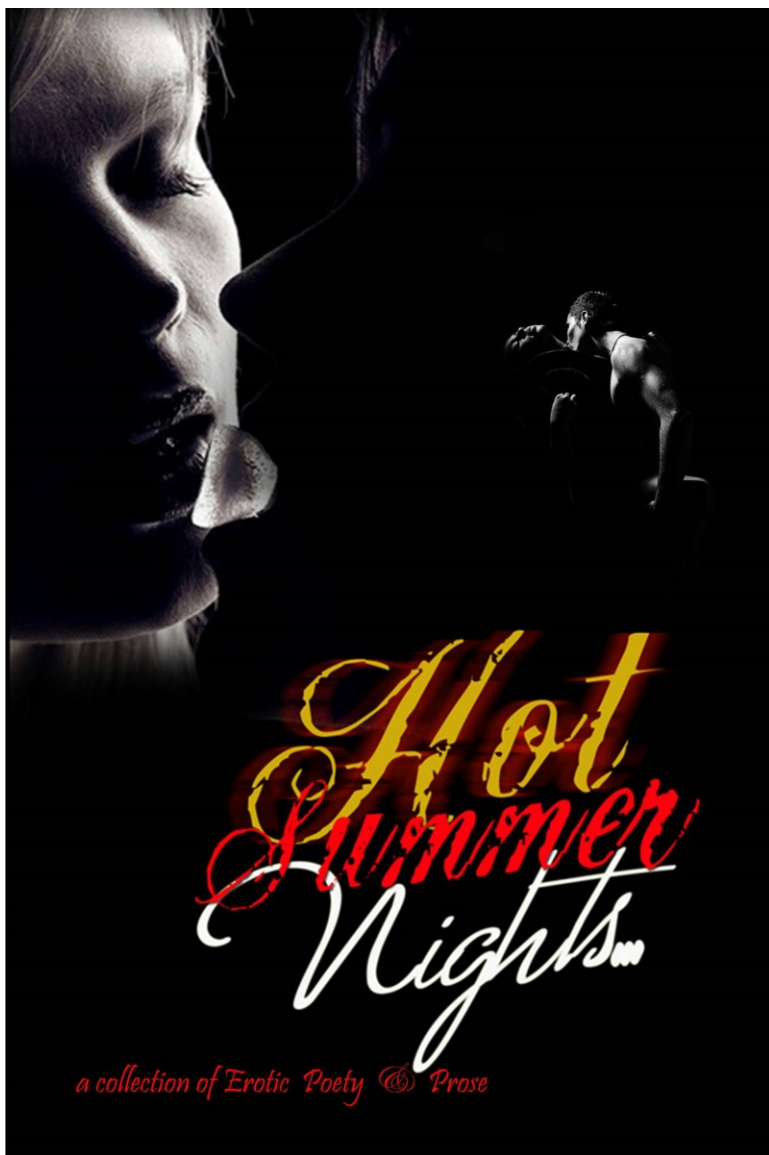
TRAYVON MARTIN

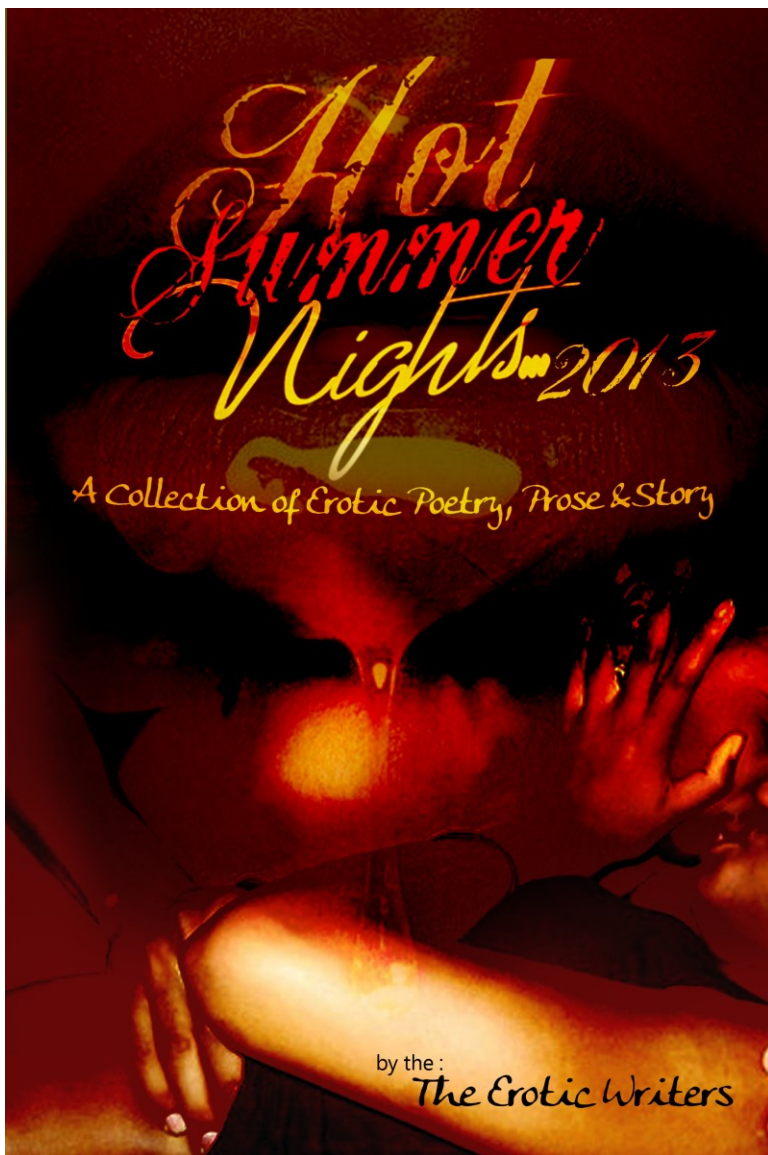
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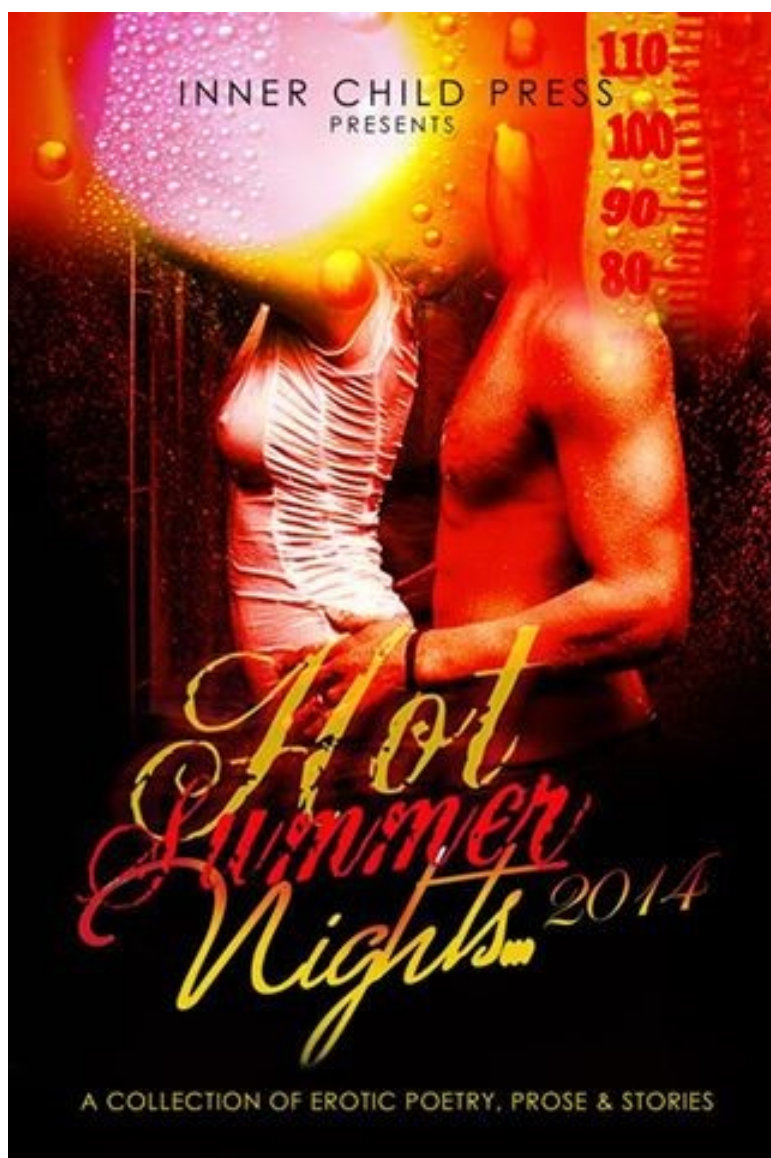
healing through words



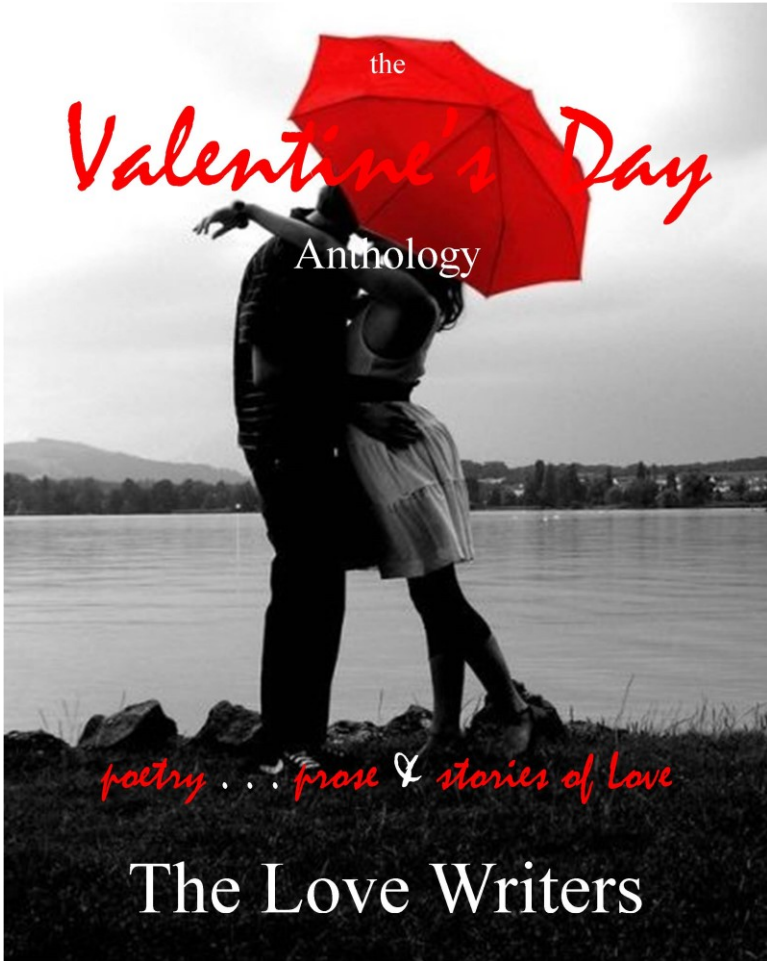
Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories







Inner Child Press Anthologies



the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies



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

Monte Smith

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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

Monte Smith



want my

POETRY

to . . .

volume II

Inner Child Press Anthologies



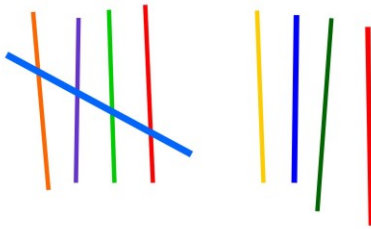
want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**
to . . .

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

Monte Smith

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

Inner Child Press Anthologies



a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition

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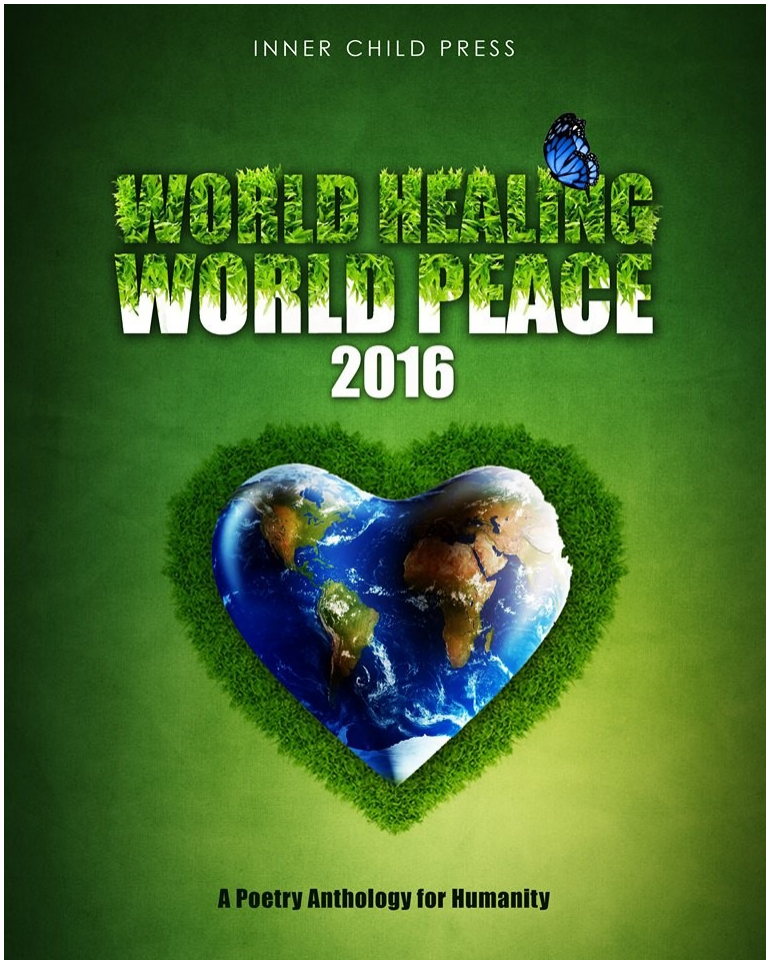
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For more Information

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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2017



April 2017 ~ Featured Poets



**Rucchida
Barman**



**Neptune
Barman**



**Masoud
Khalaf**



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