

# The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalasiz

Christopher Schultz



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz

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



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*inner child press, ltd.*

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**General Information**  
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**August 2015 Edition**

**The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2015**

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WHAT WOULD  
**L**IFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
**P**OETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

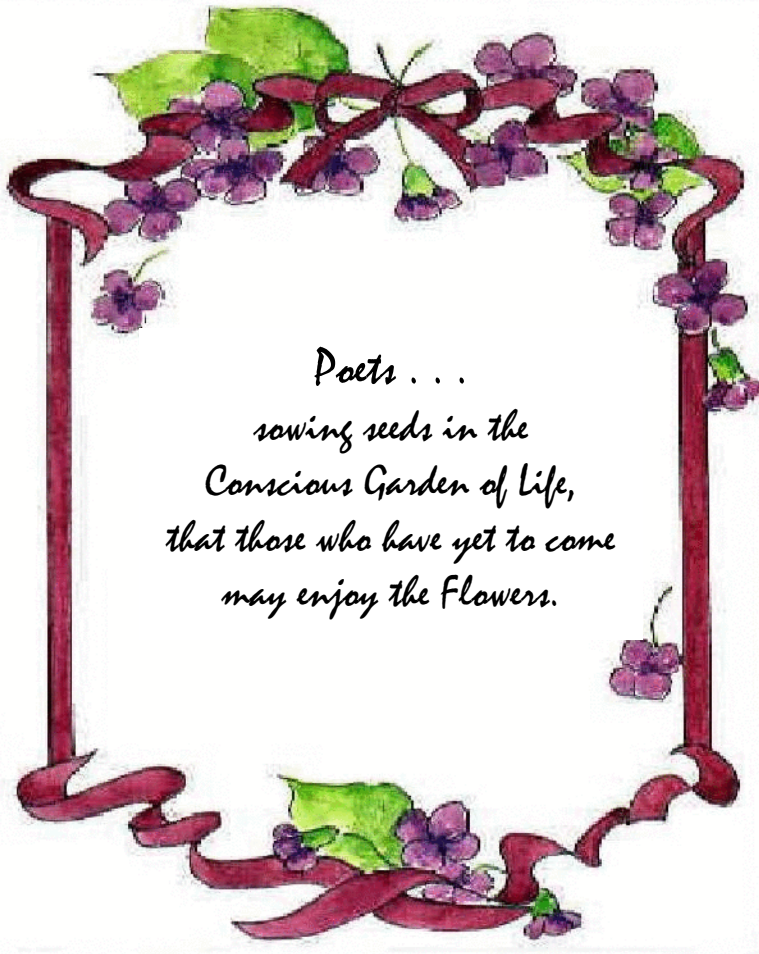
Poetry . . .

its Patrons,

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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



# Foreword

*"There is no such thing as instant poetry.* Instant crap, perhaps, but not instant poetry. Even those “geniuses” who appear to pen memorable verse at the first sitting have either spent plenty of time thinking about their lines before even picking up a pen, or have prepared the ground by reading so much that beautiful language comes naturally to them; there is nothing “instant” even about genius.

The bottom line: laziness does not create poetry; whatever else poetry is, it involves work. Whether that work is reading more poems so that one gets a better understanding of the range and power of poetry, or reading books about poetry to see what other people say about it, or reading poetry posted on internet workshops and thinking about what’s right and wrong, or writing critiques, or working out the kinks in one’s own poems for oneself, it is still work. Without it, there is no poetry.

There’s no fairy godmother, no wand that can make a pumpkin into a coach, a mouse into a stallion, or

a group of  
words

irregularly  
spaced

into a poem.

Sorry.

(adopted from PFFA)

Poetry.

The transference of life to paper, of thoughts to ink, of experiences to the world.

Between these pages, you will not find lazy, no matter how hard you look. You may find magic wands and enchanted pens and amazing ideas. You may even find offenses and challenges and perhaps opinions. You will definitely find offered to you, food for thought.

There is a genius in a community of profound thinkers. Poets have the unique reputation of flights of imagination and while this may look easy, I assure you it is no small feat to commit to a second year of a monthly publishing. I suppose you wonder why we do it. We do it because we love the ink. We do it because just maybe the love will spread. We do it because this is how we shape the world. Every action begins with an idea and we give these ideas of change to you.

Give a read. Enjoy the pieces. Buy back issues and gift them to others. There is much to be learned from the sharing.

Greatfilledly,

Gail Weston Shazor

# Preface

Another month, August is now being catalogued in the annals of time. There is much going on in our world. There are challenges to our Humanity, our Spirits, our Intellectuality, our Health and every other realm that we humans occupy. This may be coincidence that all that is wrong or right coexists with us alone, or perhaps this may be an errant assumption. Perhaps across the Universe and beyond there are similar, or more complex issues that affect or either challenge the peace or balance of creation . . . perhaps not !

This is what we as Poets are called to do. We are the voices of Reason, Question, Affirmation, Joy, Pain, Consciousness and so much more. Our charge is to take on the issues of our existence that either does, or may have an effect or not only how we live, but how we dream to live as well as how we perceive ourselves, others and the world about us.

In this collection of poetry, as in all the other issues of “The Year of the Poet” since January of 2014, i must admit, i am astounded by the great minds and spirits included that choose to share their vulnerabilities, questions and joys with us, the world.

Have a read, and sit and ponder the words offered by these Poets through their interpretations of Poetry. You will be affected in such a way to go beyond your normal “status quo”. Open the Gate ! Enjoy . . .

Bless Up

*Bill*

p.s. All back publishing since January of 2014 are available in Print and as a FREE Download at :

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet.php>

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*

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

~ wsp

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~ wsp



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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*The diversity of thought, flavor, in depth artistic expression is consistent with the varied backgrounds, life experiences, individual styles presented in this mosaic called The Poetry Posse.*

*I invite all who appreciate poetic expression to partake of this artistic banquet that runs the gantlet of styles while addressing the contemporary issues that impact on us individually and collectively. “The Poetry Posse” is a collective comprised of sensitive, concerned, humanity loving people who happen to be gifted artists.*

~ Shareef Abdur Rasheed



# Jamie Bond

*Jamie Bond*





## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

Jamie Bond aka UnMuted Ink is an authoress, radio show hostess, poetess and spoken word maven.

She is; as she says “google-able” if you type in itsbondjamiebond or unmuted ink; you'll find her on various social networks. Born and raised in Brick City aka Newark, NJ. Jamie Bond has been recognized publicly by her peers in various genres for her poetic influences. Her Poetic resume is extensive and her spoken word performances go far beyond 1,000 stage appearances globally. Best known for her networking and marketing skills; her future goals are to become more grounded as a liaison for a variety of fundraisers, activism, volunteering as an advocate as she uses her pen and voice to empower and raise the consciousness of those around her.

### Her Motto

*Help me to help you to help us... BUT if helping you hurts me, then I can't help you!*

<http://www.facebook.com/IBJB.BrickCity>

## Hateful Charm

He wishes that he could talk to him  
And say this is how he feels  
But the words don't flow that smoothly  
He winds up being defensive  
And then he gets interrupted  
And his desire to share with him, he no longer feels  
To tell you the truth,  
He doesn't know what he wants anymore  
He feels so confused half of the time  
And it's not him for sure....

It's he that messed up,  
And his mind is intolerant of this bull  
He's playing real mind games  
And he's so not the one  
He's allowed him to do him harm for so long  
His peace of mind is at stake  
And he gets headaches  
Messing with his drama and it's not fun  
He's twisted his train of thought and  
His dreams to coincide with his  
That now he doesn't know who he is anymore  
Fathers really need to talk to their kids

## Bridge To Heaven

Serenity beyond the clouds of a smoke signal  
As they are all anticipating my glorious arrival  
But I'm turning around I'm not ready yet  
I have too much to do too many rhymes to spit  
Too much love to give too many lessons to get  
I'm just not ready... I don't like this bridge!

As I protest each step gets easy  
My progress makes me feel queasy  
Lord; are you sure you need me  
Feel like a kid  
Needing to be home  
Before the street lights come on  
And he's waiting patiently  
Concerned for my safety  
But this can't be I'm just not ready  
I love you but nothing about this  
Makes me in the least bit happy

Feeling his presence with his arms outstretched  
I don't want to hug him back it hurts my neck  
This bridge hurts my feelings I got a headache  
Thanks but no thanks I don't want a reprieve  
Where's the keys I'm so ready to just leave  
Look Lord;  
I don't belong here I try to prove it by cursing  
But my heart just sings  
Smh... I don't like this bridge It took me home ...  
Where I don't want to live....

*Jamie Bond*

## YOU CAN'T CHECK MY PEN

You can't check my pen no day of the week  
But yeah you can peep my piece and weep  
Armor less it hits your cerebral like an arrow  
Sapphire scribe so vital it's like my bone marrow  
Hell no

You just can't check my pen ~ nah...not at all  
You can't call my bluff if I made the call for yall  
Stop playing why you hating YO you see me shine  
What you mad cuz my words make dollar signs?

You can't check my pen on your BEST day  
My pen games authentic and yours is pre -pay  
You all tired about to retire your words just decay  
I pen it like I see it but we'll send you a bouquet

You see my flow, my inks' a live wire it's hot like fiya  
Created for all the haters made to elevate em higher  
You see my pen & my words ain't no scratch off ticket  
Your thoughts are local news mine are 60 minutes!!

Gail  
Weston  
Shazor

*Gail Weston Shazor*



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

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](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)

[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)

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

## Island Summers

It is hot on the corner  
Women old and new  
Fan the hems of cotton  
As they sit in folding chairs  
Along the waterfront  
Half heartedly harking lotto  
To anyone who passes close

They walk by them  
The men old and new  
With pleasant greetings  
Of the good afternoons  
That their parents have required  
Of those raised with manners  
In the folds of hems

The clouds form slowly  
Along a far horizon  
And the tourists are few  
Preferring their own backyards  
To the blues of the Caribbean Sea  
But even for us the work continues  
Because our bills still come due



## A Turtle Song

Lying in the Sargasso

Snacking on grass

Blue above and below

Why not

To sleep in the above

Instead of the below

Floating on a cloud

For

The blues are the same

## Dorado

Break blue my champion  
Across white capped waters  
Dive deep and run fast  
For while I wait  
Under the blistering sun  
The blindness of the horizon  
Becomes a fight to the finish

We cannot tarry too long  
Because tides turn fast  
As we dance this dance  
And when you crest  
Your brilliance begins to fade to  
The golden hue of the captured  
And I breathe through you

I am in love with you  
Then and now  
The memory of our first time  
On the open sea  
As the tijereta signaled your arrival  
Your brilliance bought me respect  
And I am ever in your debt

Albert  
'Infinite the Poet'  
Carrasco

*Albert "Infinite the Poet" Carrasco*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

## Anti social

I used to be anti social, the only peeps that got close to my physical or heard my voice was the people in my circle. Trust didn't come easy, was getting money and had so much drama meeting new folk wasn't healthy, dudes knew not to introduce anyone to me because when background checks were done and cats were no good there would be a penalty. Only a chosen few can add to the cipher, when they get the green light its blood in blood out...lifers. that's what saved the team from infiltration and outside corruption. Through my evolution I had to change certain conditions if I wanted to be heard. I had to learn how to build relationships with the outside world while keeping "too much info" censorship when i had to converse about life dealing with white girl. Crowds and me don't mix, because I'm used to being low but people wanted to hear me blow, I still went on stage but I was paranoid thinking some snakes will jump out and blast me like Malcolm X when I do a show. I was scared to care, most of the guys I rolled with that I loved died so I wouldn't get too close, I'll just make appearances and disappear like a ghost. I was trying my best to mingle but after having my guard up so long, lowering them wasn't simple. There's not much that me and most have in common, while they had a good life and walked the straight and narrow, I had a harsh life and grew up with sons of kings that crossed over like Tutankhamen...young Pharaohs. Through the years I've met a lot of good brothers and sisters spitting from different angles but same genre, they understand me, I understand them forming poetic unions. Ink spills are helping me polish up my social skills.

## The urban armarian

The world is my scriptorium as I put these urban scripts together of poverty, drugs, prison and murder like a ghetto life armarian. I am a truthbrarian, a third eye optician for those that can't see through the facade with normal twenty twenty... I correct those visions. When I was young i was that little boy looking at the hustlers hustle, I saw all the happy times, all the smiling faces, I saw the bling swing as they jumped in Lincoln's and caddy's and sped off like its the races... I was poor so seeing this left me in awe... I wanted to be like them, so did all my friends.

Besides wishing for steady meals, We imagined ourselves with all the materialistic items we couldn't afford and wondered if we ever really possessed them, how would it would feel? That was the beginning, when the facade first started deceiving us. We're out in the streets with karate slippers and chancletas, shorts made out of cut jeans, white T's or wife beaters in the summer, it was almost the same ensemble in winter, just add tube socks, the last pair of jeans we didn't cut and an over or undersized never fit right hand me down sweater telling ourselves...there's gotta be somtn better. Better to us was becoming those hustlers, so we became those hustlers.

The ones that were living like stars are no longer out here, I found that odd, it was just a hidden part of the facade...but at this point we didn't care...we was here! We has gettn high, partying and bullshitting while celebrating emancipation from our usual poor classification. Bottles are being popped, gems are being copped, springs on somthn fast were dropped, chips, heads ported and polished, we're living lavish off what we established, to others, like us then, this is the facade at its finest. Wars, cases, trials, bail,

*Albert "Infinite the Poet" Carrasco*

bond, retainers, body bags, coroners, weeping mothers, missing faces.

Those are the things that remained out of sight when we were looking at others in the lime light. We didn't see those hustlers going to court, we didn't see those hustlers burying their brothers, we didn't see all the mother weepers, all we saw was what was shown...that's the facade full blown. Now I know where the hustlers before me went. They went to jail, they went back to god, some are lucky to have survived the subliminal and are lucky to be walkn the streets still hustln like me minus powdery material. When it comes to the hard knock life I'm fluent, I speak about the facade to help others see right through it.



## Dying to live

We went hard to help our poor parents, some went god, some spent time in the yard, some found religion because their conscious couldn't bare their physicals blasphemous sins. Life wasn't easy, we all had battle scars...bullet holes or buck fifties, back then it was Taurus nine Millie's and ppk 380's, derringers in sneakers and back seat street sweepers, young felon repeaters roamed New York to network like social media gaining net worth Flippn eina.

Bellaco...the name rings bells, violate...instantly there was dropping shells , nothing was ever personal it was all bout respect, clientele and sales, retainers, bondsmen and bail. Me and my pañas were a bunch of Melos blazing lala living la costra nostra trying to better mañana in a state of empires. Young dons fought for that white girl like King Kong, it wasn't for love... it was to add steak with rice and beans, ox tail for rice and peas and instead of cloudy faucet water we had chasers of absolute or Moët Chandon.

The team had family ties...we was bonded, we had a trademark color as we monopolized...we was branded, when cases were caught we saved the pc of those... remanded, it was a curriculum real dudes incorporated, everything was fine till the acts of the reaper were orchestrated. We learnt the process of mourning at an early age because of running wild with white or beige, we dealt with it...hope made it easier to cope, the hope that no matter how many died that one day the rest will find success through coke...

*Albert "Infinite the Poet" Carrasco*

That's why we celebrated everyday...we celebrated because we didn't know if we would see another day. That street wealth got me pouring two drinks but saying ...salud to myself, There's no one to tap glasses with anymore...one goes in the system the other on the spot where Sangre spilled like sangria... on the floor.

Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell

*Janet Perkins Caldwell*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

Janet P. Caldwell has been writing for 40 years and has been published in print newspapers and held a byline in a small newspaper in TX. She also has contributed to magazines and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues 2013*, and contributed to countless anthologies yearly. She is currently editing her 4<sup>th</sup> book, written and to be published 2015. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child, which includes the many Inner Child Facebook groups, Inner Child Newspaper, Inner Child Magazine, Inner Child Radio and The Inner Child Press Publishing Company.

To find out more about Janet, you may visit her web-site, Face-book Fan Page and her Author page at Inner Child Press.

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

<https://www.facebook.com/JanetPCaldwell>

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

## Things Missing

Some days she wondered  
if life had passed her by.  
She had survived life's thunderous  
rains and cold snows with a mournful sigh.

With her hiking boots on  
she kicked up the dirt, howled  
from the old paths that she made.  
Stored safely in her dusty and dangerous memory bank.

Yes, something was missing  
as she looked at her life.  
These last few years, she dug into her brain.  
Trying to exorcise *this hideous and heart breaking pain*.

It made her sad and because of this  
bad decisions were continually made.  
Chewing the lies and swallowing  
the bullshit that settled like clay in coagulated veins.

On the outside, so normal, pretty and gay.  
On the inside, irregular, ugly and nearly insane.  
Til one day, she disappeared altogether  
from the crowds and the so called fame.

Cycles, patterns, cycles, rest.

Some days she wondered  
if life had passed her by.  
Clawing to find the missing things  
and so very tired, she laid down and died.

## Weather Warnings

The snows came  
the rains drenched  
then the sun baked our minds  
and dried up all that we knew.

We suffered this while waiting  
for a cool breeze to blow through.  
For we had hope of a better day  
when cyclical seasons / reasons do not rule.

## Walk Away

It was a grey day and she soon realized  
that she had become one of those women  
that she secretly despised.

The kind that turned an eye  
and pretended that everything was alright.  
He was smooth that way.

He made it all seem so loving  
to stand firm beside him  
as he made sure the grass was not greener.

Funny thing is, he wanted to keep her too  
marry her and hold on forever  
while continually doing his thing.

Like I said, it was a grey day  
but this time, she walked away.



Jackie  
Allen

*Jackie Allen*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

My name is Jacqueline D. Allen, otherwise known as Jackie. I grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia, one of ten children. As a child, of a coal miner and a stay at home mother, I told stories at night to my younger siblings in an attempt to lull them to sleep. That was the tool I used so that I might return to my homework, uninterrupted. Much to my delight they begged me to bring the "books" home so that they could see the pictures for themselves. As delighted as I was that they loved my stories, it was difficult to endure the disappointment on their faces when I told them the truth: I had made up all of the stories that they had so loved.

Many years after those early seeds of story telling began, after college, after work, after raising my children, I began to write poetry. I find writing poetry the creative fabric from which I am able to weave whole cloth from both truth and fiction. Inspired by real life events, memory, imagination and enhanced by the sheer joy of playing with words, my poetry satisfies my need to be creative.

And, if ever there are days when I wonder why it took so long for the writer in me to reveal itself, I simply pick up my pen, or in most cases, go to the computer, and begin writing yet another poem.

## Once Again

He chose to bend his will and desire to time.  
Like clay in the hands of the creator  
It came, it did, to hold the sweetest wine.

His cup of joy overflowed. The rain,  
When willing to release such blessing,  
Shared some of its energy and its pain.

His gift, a generous taste from his field  
Brought light, dispelled the season's temptation.  
His investment produced the largest yield.

A monument that work is gain, he stands  
Satisfied, his face portrays his greatest joy,  
It comes from the way he works with his hands.

## Time of Reckoning

Yesterday, he fell into a vat of self  
pity, and with intent, stirred up the past...  
drank of its bitter wine...  
a pathetic, defeated man.

O, morning sun, be thou his true witness,  
the hour of reckoning is knocking  
at his door...he asks if life's rhyme is but a ruse  
and he but a pale shadow?

Lo! Stench of fame and depression walk hand  
in hand... the face of his character has  
turned his song into a sickening  
shade of life gone wrong.

He's never reflected on the mirror  
that resides inside of him...never tried  
out the best part of love to see if it fits  
or how well it fits him.

Some days are like fading pages, tattered  
torn, he often wondering for what purpose  
was he born, and, if it's possible for him  
to find life's meaning?

## One Excuse or Another

The man labored under the misguided  
Impression  
that to be a writer, he had first  
to peruse all the manuscripts that ever  
had been written.

Fearing for his eyesight, he decided  
to take up painting, he visited every  
museum searching for that which had not  
yet been painted.

The man that was besotted with the fallacy  
of his intellect ended up in an institution,  
seeking advice on how to shape his mind  
into a piece of fiction.

Laboring under the impression that  
perfection was always just within his grasp,  
he lost sight of the fact that his Voice  
was an instrument of beauty.

The man that made all the excuses  
has now expired, his genius diminished,  
his opportunity wasted.

Today he lies six feet below, beneath a stone  
that reads: Passed away, due to a Stroke  
of Bad Luck.

Tony  
Henninger

*Tony Henninger*





## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

Tony Henninger is the current president of The Permian Basin Poetry Society of Texas in West-Texas. His first book, "A Journey of Love", is a collection of love poems dedicated to his wife Deanne and is available at InnerchildPress.Com and Amazon.com.

He has been published in several anthologies including: Permian basin and Beyond 2014, We are the 500 (West Texas poets), Hot Summer Nights 2013 and 2014 editions, and World Healing/World Peace. He is, also, one of the co-authors of the 12 volume Anthology "Year of the Poet 2014" at InnerChild.

He is currently working on his second book of poetry to be published in early 2015.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany and growing up in Colorado, He now resides in Texas.

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at LinkedIn.com

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*Tony Henninger*

## SEEK THE LIGHT

On the other side of darkness  
is a bright and guiding light.  
It is deep inside your soul  
giving your mind's eye sight.

Seek it out and see the real  
not the illusion put before your eyes,  
but the world as it truly is and  
the path leading to paradise.

Life is a most wonderful gift.  
Cherish all life under heaven above.  
Seek out the inner beauty of others  
and see only a world filled with love.

As the ocean welcomes everyone,  
so your heart will drown in ecstasy.  
And your soul will become one  
with the universe for all eternity.

## TO BE “ONE” IN ALL THINGS

Sitting by the window, watching,  
as another day passes me by,  
I think of all the Earth’s beauty  
I have yet to taste and to eye.

A smile crosses my face as I  
think of spring. The smell  
of flowers and rain. Creatures  
breaking out of winter’s shell.  
Suddenly, it is day once more  
even though the sun has gone down.  
Sirens pierce the air like a wolf’s howl  
when the moon is full blown.

And as the wind starts getting stronger  
I realize, my time has come to an end.  
My eyes pour forth their final tears,  
memories falling with every drop spent.

I scream to the world “THIS IS INSANE!”  
Temperatures rise, there is nowhere to run.  
No turning back the hands of time.  
The final holocaust has begun.

Buildings begin crashing to the ground  
from the force of the wind and I turn  
to God with my last prayer of salvation  
as my flesh begins to burn.

My tears evaporated, my soul rising,  
into the air, I see on the snow-white ground,  
the charred remains of animals and people.  
Leaving only ashes to be found.

*Tony Henninger*

The feelings of the few who cared  
are now merely far-away screams.  
Their thoughts of a future with nature  
destroyed with their hopes and dreams.

I think of all the ways we could have  
made this planet sparkle with beauty.  
To be seen and awed by all the universe.  
And God "WAS IT NOT OUR DUTY?"

Finally, I reach out to heaven,  
my destination since birth, where  
my soul will be cleansed by God  
along with all the others who cared.

My heart is saddened no more  
by the memories of the holocaust.  
As my last feelings of sorrow disappear  
I give thanks for my freedom, but such a cost.

I wonder if there will be another Earth  
one day and will it be able to survive  
forever and be gracious and beautiful,  
teeming with all sorts of life?

I pray that the creatures on this new Earth  
will love it dearly and spend  
their lives in harmony with God and nature  
until time comes to an end.

## IT'S NOT TOO LATE...

On this morning crystal clear  
I throw away all my fears.  
For to love you is my fate.  
It's not too late, too late.

A hundred times  
I've cried for you.  
A hundred times  
I've died for you.  
A hundred times  
I'm begging you.  
It's not too late, too late.

Taking your extended hand.  
Kneeling, I make my final stand.  
Hoping that you'll understand.  
It's not too late, too late,

for us...

*Tony Henninger*

Joe  
Da Verbal  
MindDancer

*Joe Da Verbal Minddancer*





*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

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

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

## THE LAST DANCE

We used to tango at 12 noon I'd dip you over lunch  
We'd two-step in the evening sometimes you'd lead  
A midnight waltz was never out of question  
A rumba at 2 am now that dance was something else  
Now you have a new partner I heard he can cut a rug  
No one has asked me to dance I don't salsa very well  
Those many months of you as a swing partner  
Those days it seems you were a jive dancer

Nowadays dancing involves a lot of space  
No more dancing face to face  
Oh the glory of seeing your eyes sparkle  
On a night with a full moon we would change  
Time will wear down the soles of a heel  
Time allows the soul to heal

A voice calls in the distance she wants to dance  
At a glance she stands no visual chance  
Given my circumstance I offer my hand  
Good god almighty we started to bop  
As the music played on we never stopped  
Alone with this new partner our steps became sharper  
In and out of turns never fearing I'd drop her  
In a passing moment she felt like you  
Never did we rumba in the hour of 2  
Needless to say we still dance from time to time

Our last dance still stays on my mind.

## WHAT'S THE POINT OF LIVING?

Wake up with hatred on your mind  
You have a dislike for anything different  
You cannot see everything is different  
No two snowflakes never did sink in  
There are no demarcations lines or borders  
There's only social disorder  
And you my friend are messed up  
A new born is a blank slate  
Someone taught you hate  
So what's the point of living?  
In a world of difference  
Others are blending in and you're on the fence  
You're on defense  
Do you shout defense at sporting events?  
Is your favorite player of Hispanic decent?  
Is your favorite author a gay activist?  
Do you react different to a British accent?  
Do you change your speech pattern just to fit in?  
All these questions so many questions  
Does the oak tree spit on maple leaves?  
Does the rose bush sting the bee?  
Even the simplest forms of life live in harmony  
So why can't we?  
A dog is still a dog with the same basic needs  
Every single one of them shit sleep and eat  
Is there a dominant species?  
Your DNA could be darker than mine  
So you hate your own kind  
Don't wake-up tomorrow, just throw in the towel  
Because worrying about complexion  
Makes your vision very narrow.

## 1,048.0 miles

The distance to my fantasy has been calculated  
There's no good reason why I've waited  
Where's the technology beam me up Scotty  
My voice gets there, so why can't I be?  
Yo-Yo conversations with-out physical relations  
Why the hesitation over such a short distance  
Love is not a matter of convenience

In the meantime across town a body waits  
In the meantime one is found staying up late  
A missed call and all those miles don't matter  
A carryover of mixed emotions start to gather  
Why chance a long trip and be giving the slip  
Why commit to a mind trip, and change the script  
This rollercoaster ride of want and desire  
These misplaced souls left on fire

The mile markers on the highway to togetherness  
Seem to grow further apart  
And the pain of this emptiness takes a toll on my heart  
Laptop views in the shadows are as close as we've gotten  
A weekend excursion and we'd be spoiled rotten  
The strain is unbearable now, yet somehow we hold-on  
What sin are we paying for and still owed on?  
With every heated line in a message  
With every erotic dream I've slept with  
Only you can close that distance  
1,048.0 miles still met with resistance.

Neetu  
Wali

*Neetu Wali*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

Hi! I am Neetu. Who am I? This question is very difficult to answer.

Well! If you insist, let me reveal. I am a human and like every other human I eat, sleep, drink, dance, sing, laugh, smile, cry and so on. Hang on! There is a difference. Unlike most of the human beings, I breathe and when I breathe, I relax. When I am relaxed, I draw. I draw sketches of me in words.

I have been orbiting around sun for forty years now. I started this journey on the Valentine day of 1974. I have seen people craving for heaven and I was born in the only heaven on earth (Kashmir). My Grandfather was a spiritual personality and a renowned poet of his time. Though he left me around 35 years ago, I couldn't let him go. I carry him in my eyes and mind and will do that till the end of my life. I hate words, yet I am full of words. I know words cannot express, yet I express me through words, because they are the only medium I am familiar with. That is why I try to express me as much as possible with as minimum words as possible.

When I did Masters in business administration, I never knew, writing will be the only business in my life. More than hobby writing is a necessity for me, because it helps me get the load of thoughts off my head. I don't remember when it that I wrote my first poem was. But I surely know the time of my last poem. Surely, not before my last breath.

## Weird or Wise

He was acting weird  
Running and jumping  
In the middle of a road  
Rolling down the road  
Playing with pebbles  
Singing and laughing  
Crying and weeping  
All simultaneously  
I found myself engrossed  
In his act of innocence  
For all obvious reasons  
He was mentally sick  
Was he?  
No, because what  
He did next  
Proved he was  
More than wise  
He came to me  
And handed me a note  
It read  
Do you need someone  
In your life?  
I am saying this  
Because you seemed so cool  
It seemed you were  
In no hurry  
To go home  
When everybody else was



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

If that's true  
You can call me  
Because as you could see  
I too am in no hurry  
To go home  
I smiled  
And was about  
To tear the note  
When something stopped me  
And I placed it in my wallet  
Carefully!

## Irony Story

Tears in his eyes  
He said sorry  
Please trust me  
I am not the same  
Who deserted you  
Years ago  
I laughed heartily  
I said  
I trust you  
Whole heartedly  
Nobody else can comprehend  
As deeply as I do  
And I laughed once again  
He looked at me, the lost look  
Surprised? I asked  
And smirked  
Just see, I whispered  
In his moistened eyes  
Even I am not the same  
Whom you deserted  
Years ago  
Irony! Irony!

## I am My Nature

Walking through the greens, carelessly  
I strengthen my eyes  
Running after the butterflies  
I learn the shades of life  
I stare at the sky  
Teach my cruel mind  
A lesson in vastness  
Wish the devil opens  
The gates of my heart  
And I be a bit of me  
But the home coming  
From woods of wood  
To jungles of concrete  
Ends it all  
A stone of reality  
Breaks my imaginative head  
And I am on the ground  
They say I will be destroyed  
If I don't change  
I am so stupid  
I laugh hard  
Is there anything here  
That remains for ever  
I have to end and I will  
As the ones who advise me  
If I am destroyed for me  
Isn't it the biggest deal here  
I will end for my nature  
End for the nature  
Let you nurture somebody else in you

*Neetu Wali*

Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed

*Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed*



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

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 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

For more information about Shareef,  
contact or follow him at :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1>

<http://zakirflo.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/shareef-abdur-rasheed.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Muslim-Writers-Forum/370511683056503>

## entitlement..,

means, meant time wasted spent  
thinking you the best thing after  
the white bread invent  
world wars event  
you supposed ta get mosta  
there is to get  
on the strength of your color,  
family, tribe, nation, possessions,  
all arrogant inventions  
manifest from evil intentions  
that you and yours are the best  
seperate, apart from the rest  
a lie first perpetuated by the  
main pest  
the personification of evil  
the devil himself promotes his  
traits on the human race  
just scan the human landscape  
proliferation of evil traits  
lies, deception, greed, manipulation,  
violence, genocide, no justification  
pure indifference, hate  
man against man  
nation against nation  
promoting justification of entitlement  
for certain persuasions, affiliations  
on the basis of pure arrogance,  
ignorance



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

ever since, from time memorial  
never any evidence to support  
imperialism, racism, nationalism,  
tribalism, and all the other schisms  
that saturate all of man's ism's  
such is this world always was  
always will  
fact remains it's insane  
always the same deal  
until the creator puts a stop to  
this game of evil!

food4thought!

## Designed...

to be world of alienation  
done purposely that the  
many are ruled by a few  
so' called V.I.P affiliations  
they're calling the shots  
that run nations  
maintain system of haves  
and have nots  
keep dem tied up in knots  
make sure someone's  
always stirring the pot  
always to busy to notice  
a lot  
turn dem round n round  
masses remain dizzy on  
the merry go round  
in a state where tranquility  
and peace is never found  
how can it when you to busy  
to touch down, feet planted  
firmly on the ground  
time to chill, sit down  
when you need a pill to  
lay down, get up, get around,  
getting busy getting down  
the magnitude of this evil  
profound 4 real

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

the few that control it who  
made a deal  
can be daunting the power  
they wield  
as disappointing as the souls  
they steal

food4thought!

and the chorus goes...

can we all get along?  
we shall overcome one day  
no justice, no peace  
sick ' n ' tired of being  
sick ' n ' tired  
let's all pray...  
for the day when all people...  
forgive dem they know not...  
ladee da and some more stuff  
didn't go away!  
we buried another ' n ' another  
yo this gotz ta stop  
flash!! victims of hate didn't  
get up. stand up enough  
hang tuff long enough, hard  
enough, do some real stuff  
to make this Bull\$#!+ stop  
Marley said stand up  
he didn't mean some pu\$\$y  
stuff, wu\$\$y stuff  
tosh said" him don't want no  
peace, him want justice"  
extra, extra read all about it  
nobody got \$#!+ just getting  
loud about it  
and then got the nerve to get  
proud about it  
wound up getting a big JOB  
now you see dem on TV  
getting paid  
but wait folks still getting

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

sure nuff laid in their grave  
on the regular.,  
still treated as a slave  
BANG,BANG,BANG  
replaced the HANG,HANG,  
HANG  
and look when the smoke  
cleared the sameo stuff  
what Malcolm say?  
sumpin bout the price of  
freedom is.,  
cause running ya'll mouth  
never was, never will be  
enough!  
even for those few who  
ran a game on some naive  
lames getting paid  
think they got it made?  
hell no.,  
all dem is, is high price slaves,  
yo!

food4thought!

*Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed*

Kimberly  
Burnham

*Kimberly Burnham*





## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

As a 28 year-old photojournalist, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic condition, "Consider life if you become blind." From those devastating words, she forged a healing path with insight and vision. Today, a brain health expert, Kimberly helps people experience richer, more nourishing environments.

*"People, who feel better, make better choices for themselves, their community and our world."*

Her PhD in Integrative Medicine and extensive training in Craniosacral Therapy, Reiki, Acupressure, Integrative Manual Therapy, Health Coaching, and Matrix Energetics enable her to serve as a catalyst, gently shifting your ability to feel better physically, think more clearly, and be more creative.

A 2014 Poetry Posse member, Kimberly and Creating Calm Network's Ann White, assist small enterprises in crafting business booming words and robust social media platforms. Kimberly won SageUSA's 2013 story contest with a poem from *The Journey Home*, chronicling her 3,000 mile Hazon Cross-USA bicycle trip. Her poetry books include, *Live Like Someone Left The Gate Open* and the upcoming *Healing Words—Poetry for Thriving Brains*. With Elizabeth Goldstein she edited the anthology, *Music—Carrier of Intention in 49 Jewish Prayers*.

Experience greater health & success @ (860)221-8510  
<http://ParkinsonsAlternatives.CreatingCalmNetwork.com>  
<https://www.Linkedin.com/today/author/39038923>  
Vision Story: <http://youtu.be/JhG3-qwkvVk>

*Kimberly Burnham*

## Einstein's Peace, a Found Poem

Learn from yesterday  
peace cannot be kept by force  
achieve by understanding

Live for today  
look deep into nature  
do not stop questioning

hope for tomorrow's  
true intelligence  
imagination  
will take you everywhere

## Martin Luther King's Daybreak of Peace, a Found Poem

Starless midnight of racism and war  
in the silence of good people  
come here on different ships

Change the system  
justice, love, peace  
become a reality  
in the bright daybreak of peace  
unconditional love  
the final word

Walk in the light of creativity  
stand at times of challenge  
work for our freedom  
in the same boat now

*Kimberly Burnham*

## Virginia Woolf's Peace Poetry, a Found Poem

You cannot find peace  
by avoiding life  
in every secret of a writer's soul

Language and poetry  
friends and beauty  
riot and extravagance  
laughter and anguish

Cutting the heart asunder  
value life more

Ann  
J.  
White

*Ann J. White*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

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

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

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

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm by Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with two very weird dogs and six quirky hens.

Ann is the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking*, *Living with Spirit Energy*, *Code Red – a Stress Rx for Trauma Workers*, and *So You Want to Be a Radio Host*. She has also been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group along with Kimberly Burnham.

Ann produces and hosts several programs on CCN as well as officiating weddings and distributing Young Living Essential Oils and It Works! Body Wraps.

You can find her at:

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

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

## Enchanted Evenings

The dawn of dusk  
Colors deepen with a promise of more  
Breezes shift off the lake teasing and taunting  
I climb to my treehouse hidden in the leaves  
And wait  
Wait for the magic  
Wait for the mystery  
Wait for the moodiness of the mighty lake  
Wait  
And then it starts – the gentle tendrils of breeze  
Softly tiptoeing across my still body  
Like whispers or butterfly wings  
The tempo picks up – the wind dances a tango through the  
trees  
Stars twinkle in and out of the leaves  
Surf crashes on the shore as winds whip and swirl through  
my tree  
Moon beams and magic  
I dance with the night – my gown flowing in the wind  
I feel like I am soaring  
Free  
The night darkens and calls me to rest  
Wrapped in my covers of stars in my nest  
Gentle slumber is mine  
Floating in nature as I sleep in my tree



## Wildflowers and Weeds

Wildflowers and Weeds

Dandelions turn their faces toward the sun

Growing through cracks in sidewalks and tar

Vines cling to buildings covering them in lush green

Left untended they blossom and bloom in beautiful hues

Survivors all

Humans try to tame them – break their spirit

Poison and pluck them from yards and walls

Humans try to tame us wild ones too

Poisoning us with rules and laws and signs and hatred

But like the wildflowers and weeds

And dandelions and wee faerie flowers hidden in the shade

And vines and tendrils – we flourish turning our faces into  
the sun

Our backs to the wind – fueled by moonlight and magic

Wild ones all

The spirit of our earth mother

We cannot be tamed

We can go underground and root deeper but we will burst  
through the toughest terrain

And open our beauty to light the world

Because we too are wildflowers and weeds

*Ann J. White*

## Enchanted Morning

Sun shines through my kitchen window  
Turning my black and white hen iridescent hues of blue and  
silver  
She waits her turn for morning treats  
Surrounded by dogs – they wait  
I sit before them  
Filled with contentment – my heart is happy  
Savoring love – this is my family  
I call each one's name and give them a breakfast treat  
Lex – Riley – Ziggy – Glozel, the chicken  
The dogs sit for their treat – Glo likes to jump for hers  
My treat is the love and playful spirit of each  
Sipping my coffee – dark, rich, perfect  
Rainbows fluttering around the kitchen like faery wings as  
light dances through the crystals  
Morning magic  
Daybreak delights  
Perfect peace  
I love my life in the enchanted cottage with my fur and  
feathered family  
It's as I always dreamed  
Breathing in this joy and love and wonder with gratitude

Keith  
Alan  
Hamilton

*Keith Alan Hamilton*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is an Author who writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog, the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog and the NatureIQ.com Blog. Keith is also an exhibited artist, a fervent promoter of other artists and a professional Information Specialist/Investigator (Private/Corporate Sector – LPI).

Keith firmly believes, “The true act of creating art, is for it to be used for the everlasting benefit of all humanity” by using art to create change.

Driven by that belief, Keith's mission is within the spirit brought forth in his book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die! to see the value of proactively working together to improve the overall well-being of humanity. So people become more willing and able to help themselves and then do the same for others. To exemplify this mission a portion of the proceeds from the Keith's book series and his Art Store are donated to help support promising research into the cause, treatment, and management of MS, Fibromyalgia, Diabetes, Cancer, Hydrocephalus and mental conditions (Bipolar, Depression, Autism, etc.).

## one of supple co-existence

the self as an individual  
is born with genetic traits  
along with inheriting  
a family culture with tradition  
thereafter the individual  
is subjected to influence  
experiencing a socially  
embedded programming  
societal interactions  
emerge a co-creative process  
rules, ethics, etiquette  
and so forth bestow guidance  
a pattern of behavioral psyche  
for the individual to follow ~

~ and yet guidance  
from society's co-creative process  
restricts, limiting the full motion  
regarding the individual  
where the activities of nationhood  
often outweigh, given primacy  
over the individual acts of self-hood  
arguably as far as society  
a very sensible perspective  
one that has to be concerned  
for the welfare of society as a whole  
civility being sustained overall  
is pertinent to societal stability ~

~ but yet guidance  
from society's co-creative process  
as to the outlook of the individual  
needs to remain flexible  
seemingly it's wise

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

not to let the novelty of individuality  
it's creative variability  
to become buried in the mix  
societal inflexibility  
as to individuality brings rigidity  
disturbing overall  
the social assemblage of relations  
adaptability to fluctuating conditions  
will begin to become inhibited ~

~ individuality begets spontaneity  
which in turn obliges changing needs  
variety in individual notion and ideal  
keeps society vibrant and durable ~

~ the promotion of individuality  
is important to society as a whole  
collectivity and individuality  
each perform roles  
beneficial to social existence  
our rationale as to the priority  
given to either  
may depend on perception  
and yet time and circumstance  
can dictate which gets more emphasis  
relying more on one over the other  
tends to force eventual adjustment  
seemingly the interplay between  
collectivity and individuality  
within human society  
is one of supple co-existence

peace out

*Keith Alan Hamilton*

The following two poems are dedicated to the preservation of the African-American artifacts in the areas of Shockoe Bottom, Deep Creek & the burial grounds of Portsmouth, VA. This process of preservation will bring forth remembrance, acceptance, healing and a cooperative progression of *We the people* that will become beneficial to all the people of THE HUMAN RACE.

## Welcome to the Story-line

as an artist .....  
with a Smartphone camera  
who loves to preserve  
snapshots  
of every day things  
in time  
later to be created  
into this image with words  
to tell a little story  
that's part of a larger story  
a collective story  
however  
not the whole story  
or "the story"  
but rather  
a sort of WELCOME  
to a story of stories  
that wets the appetite  
just enough  
to inspire  
those of THE HUMAN RACE  
with its facets of color  
to discover  
then further explore  
and uncover  
the full story-line



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

or even some  
underground legacy  
for themselves . . . .  
. . . . shouldn't that be  
the noble intent  
behind STORYTELLING ~  
*empathic enlightenment*  
*intelligent progression*  
*~ healing and self-growth*  
for example  
in this case  
my Slavery in America  
Image with Words Collection  
~ Virginia Edition  
exhibited in The Urban  
Individualist Artist Collective  
a gallery at Art Works  
in Richmond, VA  
started by my dear friend  
and fellow artist  
Helene Ruiz ~  
how fitting then  
this snapshot  
of a building  
more than ONE STORY  
with the words painted  
on its side  
WELCOME TO SHOCKOE BOTTOM  
an area with an underground legacy  
layers . . . . . story after story  
of artifacts  
preserved in moist soil  
under pavement  
embedded with the stories  
of slave trade  
like the story of Goodwin's jail  
that held a slave named

*Keith Alan Hamilton*

Solomon Northrup  
stories of slavery  
which flow past  
this building's welcome  
back down the James River  
to the storied waters  
of Deep Creek  
a canal with a lock  
and a swamp  
a part of the Underground Railroad  
stories with a street  
called Moses Grandy ~ a slave  
stories of my muse RLF's family  
buried in the Barnes  
Culpepper family cemetery

Slave Trade in America  
~ waiting for THE HUMAN RACE  
with its facets of color  
to discover  
then further explore  
and uncover  
the full story-line  
or even some  
underground legacy  
for themselves . . . .  
undergo empathic enlightenment  
intelligent progression  
~ healing and self-growth

## freely breathe

near the Dismal Swamp Canal  
hand dug by slaves  
a tiny graveyard  
located in a small area  
called Deep Creek  
behind a trailer park  
the Little Branch Trail Cemetery  
better known as .....  
the Barnes-Culpepper  
Family Cemetery  
Barnes was born in Pennsylvania  
and married a Culpepper  
named Susie  
who both were friends  
with my muse RLF's  
mother's parents  
they too are buried there  
behind the Barnes  
and next to the man  
noted on his head stone  
to had fired the first shot  
in World War I from a ship  
even though  
the Culpepper family in the past  
did own slaves ~  
James Henry Culpepper  
buried there  
~ his father's father  
is listed in the census  
as the owner of slaves  
no one .... as far as my research  
buried in this graveyard  
had slaves  
those buried there

*Keith Alan Hamilton*

were decent and hardworking people  
~ however  
this is a place  
where history is revealed  
can freely breathe out  
its remembrance  
from its head stones  
the story beneath Culpepper Landing  
life blossoming into  
present day community  
on Robert Frost Rd  
without restriction  
no bondage to chains and enslavement  
concealed and imprisoned  
buried under pavement for years  
like the African Ancestral  
Burial Ground  
next to Lumpkins Jail for slaves  
a holy and sacred ground  
by the First African Baptist Church  
the gathering point  
for African-Americans  
while enduring slavery  
in Richmond  
prior to the Civil War  
where the memory of those  
entombed there  
that *"24 year old blacksmith  
named Gabriel  
aroused with  
the spiritual vision  
that in the eyes  
of the creator  
all people  
despite color of skin  
are a part of  
The Human Race*

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

*equal with  
every kind of  
man and woman”*  
such vision  
is now coming to light  
to freely breathe  
nurture enlightenment  
and acceptance  
for past transgressions  
by all concerned  
then lead to healing  
and cooperative progression  
beneficial to all the people  
of THE HUMAN RACE  
after he was hung  
so long ago at the gallows  
along what is now known  
as the Slave Trail ~

*Keith Alan Hamilton*

Katherine  
Wyatt

*Katherine Wyatt*





## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

Katherine Wyatt, born in Pittsburgh, PA., comes from a family of artists and writers that date back into the fifteen hundreds. Her mother was a cartoonist whose work was published globally. Her father was a writer in the corporate world, and he started his career as a journalist as a young man. Katherine was formally a ballet dancer who was trained at the prestigious School of American Ballet and danced the New York City Ballet repertoire for many years. She then went to college and got a BA and an MA in World Religions, and MA in Humanities and another MS in Instructional Design for Online Applications. She Attended Florida State University, among other. She then taught college students for three years. Katherine has written all of her life, but mostly academically until eight years ago. When she was seventeen she began a spiritual journey that led her around the world, and to Rishikesh, India. There she studied yoga in the tradition of the Himalayan Masters. She also has spent the last four years studying the history and traditions of Native Americans, and is still learning much in this area. With a strong background in the arts and her deep interest in spirituality her poetry often reflects the human connection to the divine. Her work is inspired by both eastern and western tradition. Katherine is currently and academic writer who loves to write poetry and has two books published.

*Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well*  
<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

*She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud\*  
<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>  
[http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile\\_view\\_source=header\\_icon\\_nav](http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav)

*Katherine Wyatt*

~liquid sunsets and making love

*Sun melting down onto my shoulders  
held within my flesh,  
pale winter skin holds sundrops within it  
warming to gentle shades of bronze and gold*

*Evening light shows sweep us  
in deep oranges and reds  
soft pinks and violets  
filtering through liquid cotton clouds*

*Each sunset is changing  
always incomparable to the last  
It is as our lovemaking,  
each encounter exquisite  
like the skies fluctuating ecstatic*

*I am wrapped inside the sun in your eyes  
enveloping you inside my body  
god and goddess one moment,  
at times feral and entwined in passion.  
Some nights there is ... ecstatic wanting  
ending soft in afterglow*

*Sunset dances on the waters in alizarin crimson  
clouds shapeshifting  
colors dancing like flames*

*we blend as One  
as the night shadows dance  
under a swaying moon*

*to Be... is always liquid  
and I am your forever ocean..*

~be like water

Contouring thoughts  
(mind please stay here and)  
now Now NOW,,,,,,

Diving into the water  
... One with the "fishpeople:  
I Am a water being

"Be like water"

Breathing deeply  
exhaling fire..  
lava moves beneath me  
creating a stronger place from which  
...to Be

quieting the fire.. electricity within  
this body

Kudzu, the plant  
.....plotting world domination  
lush green now covers the forest  
I breathe in oxygen exhaling  
that which the "prayer guardians" inhale

We are all connected

I carry sacred stones  
touching stones..  
ghosting stones..  
my own bones  
allowing movement to dance  
to fly within like the "winged ones":  
From stone I came

*Katherine Wyatt*

one day to return to the stars...

Mother Earth ... you birthed us from rock  
...we are your children

Fire, rock, water, and the green

Spiritual law more solid than gravity

This is what we are  
vibrational beings in form  
connected  
to pure Love  
form for play(some wanted some not)  
(re) membering who  
I Am.....

## ~tending the garden naked at sunrise

He was a dream I had,  
    such gentle golden eyes  
auburn hair,  
    shimmering in the sunlight

In the shelter of gossamer and moonglow  
    wrapped in the darkened velvet skies  
our bodies moved as One  
    transformed into myst and sacred fires

We were,  
god and goddess celebrating being alive

When we released at last  
    that final warm embrace  
bathed in one another's scent  
    no words dare described  
        all that such a union meant..

Before I closed my eyes  
the sun rose in the sky  
    drawing us both to roam awhile outside,

marveling at morning's shade of light

I wandered naked by his side  
    into the dew kissed grass  
Wonder filtered through my eyes  
    watching a new day birthed as the old one passed

*Katherine Wyatt*

A million minds were there  
still soft with slumbering  
dawns' light spilled across my breast

We were children lost in Eden's myth,  
taking our first breath

Later when we awoke  
embraced in glowing memories  
of jasmine amongst the oak..  
both soul and sensory  
touching heaven's crest

In that moment we were free...  
in the kiss of ecstasy  
worshiping the dawn...

for a moment held in suspension  
we had become  
spirits of the wind

I caught a long lost glimpse  
of the exquisiteness of freedom

I am all that Is...  
slowly like a whisper

(re) membering who  
I Am...

Fahredin  
Shehu

*Fahredin Shehu*





## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Green Muffin Hills

*(I'm the ashes beneath your holly feet my Miriai)*

Blood cells turned blue...  
a mass of blue kelp floats,  
somewhere amidst nine layers of fog;  
You see no one except the "I".

You see...there's no one encroached ever,  
the valleys of green muffin hills resembling,  
Darjeeling fields with the white clouds just near the leafs

Sprinkled pearls of dew... in them alloyed rhizoid bacteria  
fertilizing the images of someone supposed to be Spiritual  
Something  
but where?- where is the one who felt down in despair for  
the Men lost the idea for

the Magic of something called Love, and the Hexes of  
Creativity beyond visible forms  
and shapes disperses, and colors, and nuances, and sound,  
and vibrations, and feelings, and destinations...  
and destinations...  
and destinations...

...and the tree that laments the death of lianas embracing its  
marvelous body as old as Holy Scriptures, those who  
evaporate the smell of Nard and keep between its pages the  
wreaths of Myrrh...oh Mother Miriai : "I'm the ashes  
beneath your holly feet when you swear in Certitude":

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In my forehead there's a testimony, the Angel of the Right Shoulder and the Angel of my Left...are witness what my Womb bears : for others are unable to see what you saw, Miriai. No, there were never neither they would ever be able to see, what you saw:- what I saw...what I saw...what I saw...what I saw...what I saw...what I...

## Thinking in Turquoise

*for the Poet on the way to become!!!*

I was really happy that in Albanian language there's an exact word for opaque stone of greenish-blue color and sky-blue color, which is hydrous phosphate of Cooper and Aluminum, known as Turquoise from French, as the stone came in Europe through Turkey from Khorasan Province in nowadays Iran. In Iran it is known as Phirouze. The word in Albanian is "Bruz", but you may rarely find Albanian who really know that word and more rarely you may find a writer that refers to this mineral.

My personal encounter with the stone was in an artisan shop in Isfahan Bazaar, a tremendous building of Seljuk period; of 5 km shopping streets heavy with saffron, Famous Iranian caviar and dates, helva, rose jam, Sohan pastry in tin round package, silken carpets, and silken paintings, artisan /art galleries of many eastern creative splendors. I immediately bought a necklace for my beloved wife to be kept as memory for eternity and a day more. After this in Jerusalem Bazaar, in an Armenian shop, again I bought a turquoise circlet and earrings so to complete the majestic set of natural jewelry that somehow transcends my feeling from terrestrial to a celestial. I also bought few bottles of Nard essence, said to be used by Jesus and the perfume of my delight, the Amberlin.

I use to speak a lot about creative people and on the Giant of creativity that lies dormant within every Human. I emphasized that Human Potentials must be awoken so the creativity may flow and gurgle as a spring in a deserted and innocent natural environment. The real problem I encounter every year is when the blossoming of Acacia disperses its magical and divine fragrance. The flow of ideas, images, vibrations and many yet unnamed

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phenomenon appears in jet as wild wisdom need to be tamed meticulously and zealously every now and then. Another problem of persisting nature is when you are unable to communicate so to say in an “Understandable Language”, what is encountered in a personal plan of creativity.

Having been equipped with this stimulatory paraphernalia one starts to really think in turquoise i.e. extremely rare thoughts and ideas pops-up, that ought to be poured harshly and later refined on silicon memory, on paper, metal plates, wood, silk, stainless steel and you name it, so it afterwards becomes Poetry, Painting, Calligraphy, Sculpture, silicon and or virtual epitaph, and declare the death of lethargy and resurrection of metamorphosed Self that sees nothing but exist in it without duality.

Today the world outbursts from creative people an in particular of those who write and want to say something important. Back in time of Cicero when everybody used to write and it seem that annoyed very much the great famous Orator, I do believe that Intelligence shan't be mixed with Education or Intelligence with Creativity or the Creativity with Zeal. Remember: the Wise one is silent when he has to say something important.

By Thinking in Turquoise, I want to refer the thinking and writing down of those thoughts, memoirs, visions that are not of journalistic character but rather self-reflective, with the plethora of poetical images in Poetic verses or in this case exactly in prose form. Because as Fahredin Shehu used to say: *“a moment every time is faster than mind that's why we realize it after it disappears”*- because the speed of flowing ideas was a way too faster than those I was able to record them and because in this moment I'm totally detached from the authorship of this quote. And again from this one: *“there are two things that poet must remember as*

*Fahredin Shehu*

*God and as death, and they are a permanent work and not to confuse that he/she is the best".*

Let us salute Life for it is the most extraordinary- death happens in a moment and it lacks the Magic.

Salute!!!



## THE SALT OF AGES

She sat under the shade of the blue  
Wisterias for who knows how many  
Man-years waiting an old Soul in the body  
of an orphan who run away from the sunlight  
and avoids the rain in August.

He has the azure eyes that shows the emptiness  
inside yet the heart is full of ruby crystals as  
Pomegranates and his skin is a map for the suffering  
in the days to come.

He detrades all particles of the vast blue ocean  
layered in his skin and the salt he brushed off from it  
shall become a testimony of hard lives he lived.

She is collecting days in the crystal buckets  
to stir them with the detached salt  
from the Map-skin of young lad and  
waiting for the moment to kiss him  
in his forehead and transfer the entire  
salt of her ages for eternity and a day more.



## LA SAL DE LA EDAD

Ella se sentó a la sombra de las glicinias  
azules por quién sabe cuántos  
años humanos hay que esperar un Alma vieja en el cuerpo  
de un huérfano que huye de la luz del sol  
y evita la lluvia en agosto.

Él tiene ojos azules que muestran el vacío  
Interior, sin embargo, su corazón está lleno de rubíes como  
Granadas y su piel es un mapa para el sufrimiento  
en los días por venir.

Él destruye todas las partículas del vasto océano azul  
encostrado en su piel y se sacude la sal de ella  
convirtiéndose en un testimonio de la difícil vida que vivió.

Ella colecciona días en cubos de cristal  
para mezclarlos con la sal independiente  
del mapa-piel del muchacho y  
esperar el momento de besarlo  
en la frente y transferir la SAL  
entera de sus edades para la eternidad y un día más.

Translated by Santiago Aguaded Landero

...Neve na mungon vokabulari tokësor për çështje qiellore.  
...**We lack terrestrial vocabulary for the celestial quest**

*Fahredin Shehu*

Hülya  
N.  
Yılmaz

*Hülya N. Yılmaz*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

hülya n. yılmaz was born and raised in Turkey but has been living in the U.S. as a university instructor since she earned her liberal arts doctoral degree from The University of Michigan. During her studies, she gave birth to her life source – a daughter who is now a mother herself. yılmaz authored a then groundbreaking research book in German on the literary reflections of cross-cultural interactions between the West and the Islamic East. She has a chapter published in a research book and presented her smaller scholarly projects at various national and international conferences. A few were published in academic journals.

A member of the Academy of American Poets, Dr. yılmaz authored with Inner Child Press, Ltd. her debut book, *Trance*. In this book of poetry in English, German and Turkish, hülya offers a venue for deliberations on identity formation and assertion within a multi-cultural context. Her narrations then alert readers to the urgent need for a re-visit to the often-unquestioned patriarchal mindset across the world. Several of her other creative work continue to appear in other Inner Child Press, Ltd. publications.

A licensed freelance writer and editor and a member of the Editorial Freelancers Association, hülya n. yılmaz served as editorial consultant for a large number of literary manuscripts, having published several book evaluations and critiques. She has also extensive experience in literary translations between English, German and Turkish in any direction – an example of which is present in *Trance*.

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<http://www.innerchildpress.com/hulyas-professional-writers-services.php>

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

*Hülya N. Yılmaz*

## we the self-righteous

while all along we claim to trace the heart's path  
the sacrifice is always at the cost of the other  
adorned under the auspices of "the book"  
one word of haloed hatred after another

are we one soul divided as bodies at birth  
or inflated heads shooting from the hip  
appointing ourselves as born-again sages  
in bouts of heavy delirium enough for ages

let us fast act and add hypocrisy  
to our conceited bankrupt glossary  
as a hearty reminder for all those phases  
when we self-entitle to preach "truth" to its teachers

missing the primal id

i yearn to a burn for the original self

ache once again to come to life there

this time not for myself to torch my self

but for the waves to sear to death my sphere

to lull my cleansed eternal birth

upending the end to its final girth

as if to lay down to sleep the infant self

## whiny

she died at 48  
i was 25 then  
at each of our phone calls since  
you sing to me in your shaky voice:  
"You have us backing you always!"

i am 59 now  
became a grandmother even  
but you know, dad, what do i still do?  
i keep looking back to secure those loving four hands  
steadying me gently in full respect for my own freedom  
just being there lest i need their tender safety net...

how many times did i go onto slippery ropes  
with you two lifting me up over and again  
from under the fiercely choppy waters  
i happened to choose as my safe ring

i see you more and more in my dreams of the late  
the way i used to see mom before her end

as if to sense my growing fear  
last Bayram\* you told me a bedtime story  
how your side of the family tends to "make it"  
in turning life to a far more decent glory...

one pair of hands have been gone for too long  
although you kept them close on our side all along  
what am i to do, dad, if your promise doesn't come true  
if the other pair is no longer there for me to continue?

*\*"Bayram" is a word in Turkic languages signifying a national festival or holiday – of secular or religious celebrations.*



Teresa  
E.  
Gallion

*Teresa E. Gallion*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

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>

## Country Road

I walk down the road alone  
inhale the quiet sanctum,  
fill my lungs with glee.  
Dust runs around my legs.

This road curves like my backbone  
entangled in the lush beauty  
of flowers, shrubs and trees  
that shelter its history.

Nestled in gravel and sand,  
singing praises to my footsteps,  
is the heart of a lonely road  
looking for social interaction.

I dance up the road,  
tug at its goodness,  
distract it from loneliness,  
stir the dust of its welcome mat.

My grin captures the road's curve.  
It laughs back at me,  
shakes hands with my joy,  
rolls out a tattered carpet.

I feel its laughter  
the joy of its birth,  
its eagerness to give  
and to receive love.

Today is for happiness  
and the road responds,  
tunes into my gift of love  
to store in its history bank.

## Sedona Moment

A sacred winged breath rides the wind  
with daybreaks morning prayer.  
Radiant light kisses red peaks,  
warms the shoulders

of mountains and mesas,  
exposes the grandeur  
of a million years of labor  
released from the sea.

My soul burns with gratefulness  
as I echo back my morning prayer  
to the red rock sanctuary  
my eyes behold with reverence.

I struggle to find language  
that captures this landscape  
as my heart pumps exhilaration  
bordering on overdrive.

I cannot tell you there is a vortex.  
I am a simple witness to love  
that binds me to a visual feast.  
I am full and want more.

## Birthing

We slip from the womb head first,  
an intake of oxygen, a howl,  
we announce our arrival  
with a release of carbon dioxide.

Bound by gravity,  
sensual pleasure overtakes us  
as we engage our surroundings

with smells of mother's bosom,  
tastes of strained apple sauce,  
sounds of lullabies,  
a touch of gentle hands.

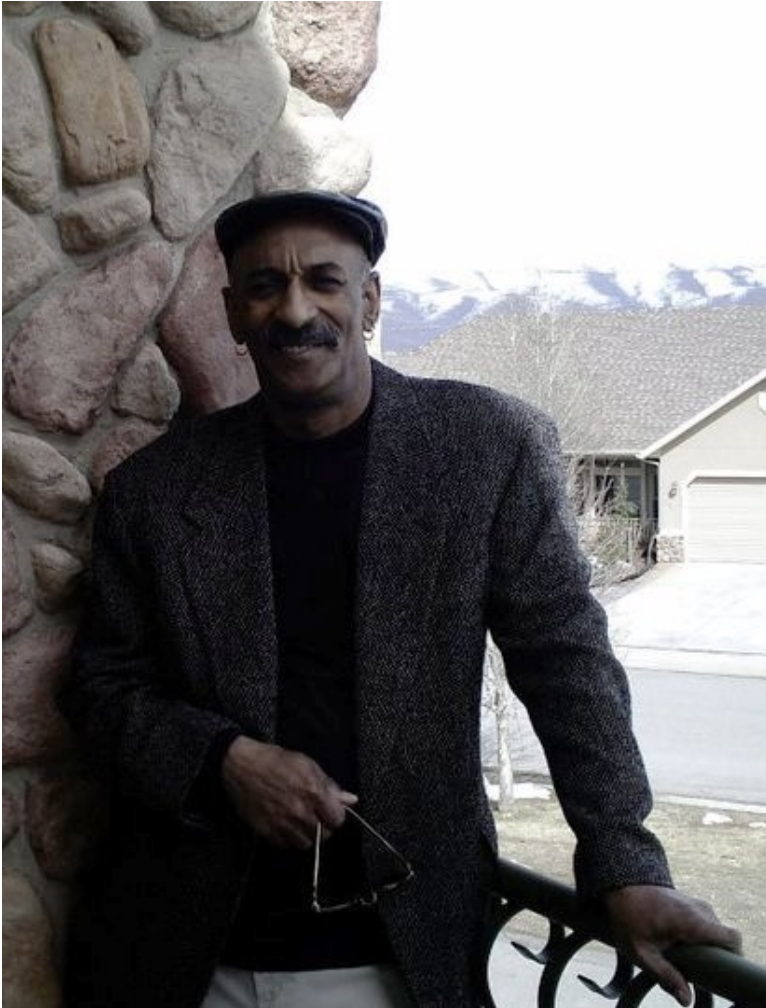
Tradition surrounds us  
and hangs shadows over our hearts.  
We bloom into standardized  
replicas trembling in the soil.

Each experience stored  
in our cognitive suitcase  
waits for the shower of readiness  
to wash the shadows away.

We step into our creativity  
like a child's first step.  
We explore possibilities.

William  
S.  
Peters Sr.

*William S. Peters, Sr.*





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Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 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 is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child :  
[www.iaminnerchild.com](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

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

## less than me

close my eyes  
and shadows begin to reawaken

i realize, that it is i  
who give them life,  
for i am that light  
whose company they clamor for  
and like to hang around

we eat our potentials  
with a fervor,  
but they are not digested,  
and we regurgitate them as our fate  
laden with excuses  
that helps ease  
our long term uneasiness  
with our dreams

i have been practicing being  
less than me  
all my life

i have need for new frontiers  
to explore . . .  
new paradigms to discover,  
new perspectives  
that limit my wonder, to conquer

i am as stagnated water  
becoming dis-eased  
by the moments  
as the pond scum seeks  
to overrun the boundaries  
of the last vestiges

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of my sanity

and what little decency  
can i hold to,  
that i may believe again  
that there is a pot of gold  
at the end of even  
this discolored rainbow

this may be a depressing exercise  
of excise-ment,  
but i no longer have  
the luxury of faltering,  
as time calls for the closing  
of the curtain,  
for the “play”  
draws to an end

i must shed this costume,  
remove my make-up,  
slip out of character  
and embrace the poignancy  
of reality  
without equivocation, compromise  
or fear

the script is being flipped,  
and i no longer heed the words  
nor instructions  
of any director,  
for i shall no longer  
read the lines as told

i am producing my own play,  
and no audience is required  
to affirm my success

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

we all have irreconcilable pasts,  
so we think,  
so why not just  
let them go ?  
let them wander vagrantly  
in the halls of memories  
and they will eventually die  
if we stop feeding them

there is a cancer of spirit,  
of mind,  
of body  
waiting for us all  
to come take a dip  
in it's pool,  
so i ask you please  
do not drink the water

the truth is,  
the same God you deify  
is the same God  
that establishes the premise  
upon which all discordance  
can be made manifest . . .

is this our gift of perfection  
from a perfect one  
we deem our Creator,  
or is this just a ruse  
an uncomfortable cushion  
of pins and needles  
prodding,  
calling,  
begging,  
for us to awaken

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the soles of my feet ache,  
the pathway i think i cut  
through my wilderness  
has a deep rut  
that approaches a depth  
of 6 feet  
and soon this expression of self  
shall be under it all  
yielding this body  
to a decomposition  
that i may nurture and feed  
an uncertain future

and yet still . . .  
i practice with a blind  
vigilant diligence  
being . . .  
less than me

how's your day going so far ?  
eyes open ? . . .  
which one ?

## it don't go out

everyone could see his light leaking out,  
but he couldn't,  
for he was blinded by the indoctrinations  
that told him . . .  
he was not worthy

her grew up thinking he did not belong,  
yet comparatively,  
he had what everyone else had,  
except the absence of melanin

he was taught to minimize his stature,  
be polite at every turn,  
even though it was wrong  
and he was right . . .  
to do so ?

he read about the subservience of his people  
who lived in the south,  
whose ancestors picked that cotton,  
tendered dem dere Tobacco Plantations  
and were eventually liberated ?  
to Sharecrop and pretend they had equity. . .  
a theosophy of misalignment that was portioned  
not only to the North,  
but perpetuated  
around the globe

can i vote now . . .  
“well damn boy, we let you read,  
what more do you want ?”  
“damn negrahs!”

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remember those stories  
GrandMother told us in secret  
about when Uncle Jethro was killed . .  
he was knifed, and then hung  
for someone else's amusement

My GrandFather forbade us to speak of it.  
I think as a man, he was hurting more than men  
were allowed to show  
back in them days . . .  
so he wore the battle scars of his grief  
like a badge of some sort of  
honorable penance  
for being . . . not of them

all this is what stoked those fires within  
that produced that brightness . . .  
that yearning to learn  
of the thing schools refused to acknowledge

to this day, i still remember those lies  
about Christopher Columbus,  
but the darkness of deceit  
cannot obliterate light,

is it the light of truth  
what they dread ?

he wanted to learn about himself  
and his peoples  
and why they were treated as such . . .  
was it fear . . . of the unknown ?

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

His light grew more intense  
as the years went by,  
and all the suppression  
of his gifts  
only served to enrich his abilities  
and his connectivity  
to the primal aspects  
of creation . . . to survive

his brilliance dazzled all those about him,  
for some how  
he had found an energy within himself  
that gave him the daily strength  
to endure  
just as his ancestors  
in those hot fields,  
who were whipped,  
hung,  
starved,  
chained,  
sold and traded,  
raped,  
abused . . .  
yes, his light was their light  
and no one will ever extinguish it !

it don't go out



## Ants remember

it was somewhere around 7 am . . .  
i was sitting on the brick steps  
of our front porch  
enjoying the slow drag of my first cigarette  
of the day  
and a cup of coffee  
with low-fat French Vanilla Cream

i did not think myself to be very cognizant  
of much . . .  
my only penchant was to  
but to capture  
the apparent series of moments  
that was painting my canvass  
of this new day

i heard the solitary chirping bird  
whose voice  
harmonized with my desire  
to want to catalog this time  
and memorialize it  
for some future  
yet to be described

i wanted to remember now . . .  
and then

i looked upon the pavement of concrete  
and i saw the Ants were busy  
doing whatever Ants do  
in their “back and forwardness” . . .  
empty handed . . . and i wondered  
about this

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

metaphorically, do not we humans move  
to and fro . . . empty . . . without substance,  
at least every once in a while

i wonder . . . are Ants  
aware of the Stars,  
and the possibilities and potentials  
they present  
to the dreams on mankind ?  
. . . does it matter ?

do they dream ?

Ants remember . . .  
from whence they came . . .  
no coffee, no cigarette, nor reflection . . .  
needed

me, i dream . . .

## too many tears

i cry inside  
every day,  
and it is not because  
i have lost my way . . .  
but i sometimes  
wish i could

there is a river that flows  
and it is filled with such things as  
anguish  
regrets  
betrayals  
deaths  
love  
words  
and other inadequacies  
that have visited upon my life  
from time to time

yes, there are also a few sprinklings  
of joy . . . no, there are many,  
but they too drown  
in that pool of woes  
as do i,  
every day

i fight the battles  
in my feeble attempts  
to keep these hurts at bay,  
but it is times like these  
when i realize  
i am not winning a war  
nor the battle  
for the enemy

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

of my personal utopia  
reminds me  
that though i strive for mastery,  
there is much yet i must learn

i have worn masks  
to the theater,  
i have hid behind the curtain  
in my own delusional Oz  
and i pretended  
to be the Wizard,  
but someone named Dorothy  
had those magical Ruby Red Shoes

i have cursed my fate . . .  
at times,  
i have sung praises for the favor  
i have been granted . . .  
at times

i have celebrated the rising of the Sun,  
and the warm kisses  
of a new day . . . and then  
there have been times  
i left the blinds closed,  
and the curtains undrawn,  
and did not bother getting up  
to brush my teeth,  
for i dreaded looking in  
that damned mirror . . .  
. . . me looking at me

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

yes there were many tears,  
and each one  
had reason of its own,  
and i am certain  
there is a reservoir filled now  
waiting for my heart-felt request  
to open the floodgates  
once again

leaking . . .  
pretending to be strong

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

August  
2015  
Features



Gayle Howell  
Ann Chalaszc  
Christopher Schultz





Gayle Howell  
aka  
Lady Silk

*Gayle Howell aka Lady Silk*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

Gayle Howell, known as “Lady Silk” is a product of the culturally rich environs of Harlem. She fell in love with poetry after hearing Nikki Giovanni’s “Ego Tripping” and the Last Poet’s “Black Rose” She also notes that her earliest inspiration with poetry was in Jr. High. She recalls how mesmerized she was after reading Robert Frost’s sonnet “The Silken Tent” Thus, the word “Silk being apart of her pen name; smiling to herself, Gayle begins to recite *“She is as in a field a silken tent at midday when the sunny summer breeze has dried the dew and all its ropes relent”*

Lady Silk declares that poetry is an extremely powerful tool and stresses it provides her solace. Writing since the age of 14; she calls herself the Love Poet. Silk speaks to the effect of life’s little moments as well as its lasting memories. Her work provides a gateway into her heart, which allows her audience to peer into her soul.

Gayle is finishing up on her first Slavery Novella called **3 Generations Thralldom**. The Author of **Silk Elements** “A Poets Origin” and **Secrets Exposed** “Confessions of a Poet; she has performed exclusively at the Inspired Word Open Mic and has been a guest on several blog talk radio shows. She received the achievement award in (2004) from JMW Publishing and in (2003 - 2004) she received the Editor’s Choice Award for outstanding achievement in Poetry. Her work is in a host of anthologies and can be found on a variety of websites.

Gayle holds a degree in Marketing & Management.  
Contact: [apoetsilk@gmail.com](mailto:apoetsilk@gmail.com)

## An Invitation

.....as you read me from beginning to end  
in between my verses hides a story of men  
composed with the essence from  
The Poetess den, my pages yell  
CUM read me again

Toppling all over in a stanza of sin  
scanning for couplets that emotionally blend  
as you read me from beginning to end  
I'll wrap you in a sonnet  
Written only for men

I'll soak you with the nectar of a haiku and then  
hook you to an ode where you'll emotionally spin  
with your eyes wide open there's no need to pretend  
as you start to read me  
All over again

I'll leave you mentally exposed to a limerick of when  
morally or spiritually now are you ready to begin  
to take a journey that could emotionally rend  
your heart wide open  
From a stanza of sin

In between my verses lies a story of men  
composed and written by the Poetess Pen

## Infinite Wisdom

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

*There's a master waiting to teach  
There's a student waiting to be reached*

In my infinite wisdom  
I heard no promises, yet I took him at his word  
As his words became the verbs  
That opened up my heart and mind  
He moved freely through my soul  
As if he was a part of me

Taking me down with every verb and noun  
Yet, I heard no promises from his lips  
Still he made me feel free  
And as I opened up to him like a book  
He scanned my pages  
Understanding every nook

Like a book of conversations yet to be read  
He held a level of understanding yet to be said  
Even though his infinite wisdom  
Didn't mean I was being read  
He laid his pencil upon me.  
So, I bled his truth instead

Shouting from the top of my lungs  
Go run; hide behind those old pages of youth  
See if the writing from them  
Can compel you to take a second look  
In my infinite wisdom, I heard no promises  
Yet I took him at his word,

As his words became the verbs

*Gayle Howell aka Lady Silk*

The nouns and the propositions  
That opened up my heart and mind  
He moved freely through me  
Scanning my pages all over again  
As if never read

## Resistance

*Why* are we haunted by such low self-esteem?

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

I've looked towards the rafters though none could be seen

*Running*

She hurried away from the sound  
Trying to escape

*"Gripping her"*

The fear of fear now so strong  
Giving off an aura  
A warning of I don't belong

*"Gripping"*

She heard it, her own fate  
She looked at it, filled with rage  
Filled with hate

*"Gripping her"*

The void, the emptiness  
Pumping  
Her heart raced

*"Gripping"*

*Clearly* her judgment was wrong  
How did this happen  
*How* will she escape?

*Gayle Howell aka Lady Silk*

*“Gripping her”*

Absent of time; absent of space  
Wondering  
Would she get out of this scrape?

**Gripping :**

*Though the fear of fear is in its self  
The fear of life and nothing else*

*“Gripping”*

The hold so strong  
She thought, why not try  
How could she go wrong

*“Gripping her”*

The fear of fear oh so strong  
Would she; could she  
*Should* she scream rape?

*“Gripping”*

*Will* someone hear her; see her  
catch *her psychosis* on tape  
Drench in her personal fear

*“Gripping her”*



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*

A sensation of wrong  
Her thoughts became euphoric  
And her cries became a song

*“Gripping”*

*Out* of the fog she has since escaped  
Escaped the misery; the emptiness  
Of that dark place

Ann  
Chalasz

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*



## *Ann Chalasz*

Anna Wanda Chalasz was born on 7 March 1990 in Trzcianka in Poland.

She have started her writing in 2003 when her teacher proposed her write a poem. Before she discovered the existence of poetic portals, she wrote mainly to the drawer, sending her literary attempts on differences contests.

After the work of several years on the workshop in the circle of friends, also unprofessionally writing she self-published two volumes: "The smile on the heart engraved" and "Under eyelids".

In 2014 she carried out series of meetings with children and the youth in cooperation with libraries. She was also a juror in several reciter contests. One of them included her poesy. Currently she works on the novel.

*Unity*

We have scars on hands  
and in our words

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

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

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

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

*Translated by:*

**Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan**

*Ann Chalas*

*Tantibus\**

suffering doesn't exist  
although between eyes  
it's hurts from time to time

remember well

you will became alive with dawn  
in day to spite the death  
which still is overconfident

go and don't remember

that night didn't became  
like it was before  
and the dreams don't stop to  
lie about truth

you can rest  
they gave back your breath

here I am

For Latin – Nightmare\*

*Translated by*

**Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan**

*Enthrallment*

I wish to captivate  
the wind for a moment

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

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

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

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

*Translated by*  
**Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan**

Christopher  
Schultz



*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2015*



## *Christopher Schultz*

Christopher M. Schultz of Baltimore, Maryland is a seasoned writer of free style poetry and prose, he is also the creator of several digital abstract art pieces.

Chris has lived an interesting to say the least and has been observing and studying the many paths of life and creation, he has spent many decades trying to understand our existence while accumulating thousands of individual writings, he has decided to share his his works of art and words with the world which has received an overwhelming positive response and acceptance, his writings have been described as spiritual, enlightening, romantic and quite unique.

Compilations of his writings have been featured on The Inner Child Radio Show as well as The World Poetry Radio Show.

You can sample his writings as well as his digital art creations by clicking on the following links

[www.facebook.com/pages/Poetic-Perceptions-The-Poetic-Writings-Of-Christopher-M-Schultz/278167259007863](http://www.facebook.com/pages/Poetic-Perceptions-The-Poetic-Writings-Of-Christopher-M-Schultz/278167259007863)

[www.facebook.com/pages/Artwork-By-Christopher-M-Schultz/360236577455376](http://www.facebook.com/pages/Artwork-By-Christopher-M-Schultz/360236577455376)

## The Chaperone Of Creation

Honestly in my soul you'll sleep soundly for there is no revolution of fear.

I've come back home to accompany the loathing of convenience but only we of many will be escorted to the vision of refinement.

This path I've created for all to follow is paved in beauty and will never decay, only to flourish within the sins of evaporation.

The gelidity of my touch will assure you of my presence but don't turn away in fright for I am your guide to all that is unequivocal, my children are vindicated.

## Unexplainable Intruder

A momentary exposure of human shame, oh my, I do know that the weight can be crushing, the decision that brought us to an absent realization, erased, I do apologize but it has escaped me for this time in thoughtless capture.

No sense

No sensation

No ideals

Every step taken, every breath abused, every word spoken, every lie being convinced of its truth, within every heartbeat, emotion, thought, or gesture, temptation will always be causing us to fail faith.

Inconceivable strength, no implant of human fear.

You have poisoned us with the accomplishment of selfish design, another soul of extreme abilities, oh yes, I am coming back.

To move into the home of truthful comfort, one more reunion to complete, then I soar.

Precious theories

Contained apologies

The abusive light falls upon my shoulders, I can now watch as the fading delight is returned.

Perception achieved

## Let Me Tell You A Secret

The humor of humanity has struck me like the beauty of single truthful word from the mouth of our creator, am I mischievous, absolutely, you cannot contain this strength that I have now given to you, use wisely.

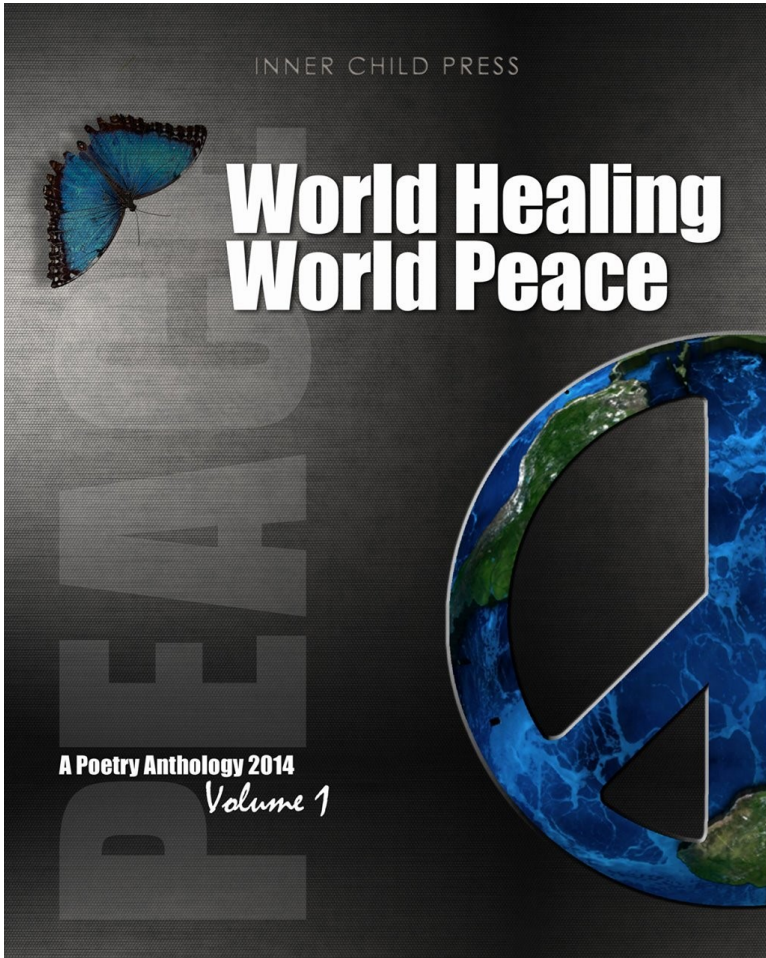
I have used the ability to unravel these words of absent messages with you but it seems as if I have fallen into this trap of perception once again, can you hear me as I silently scream, shh don't answer that question.

The hidden metamorphosis of perfection shows to you the youth of our universe, there will be no further need for your salvation, I have recreated your purpose.

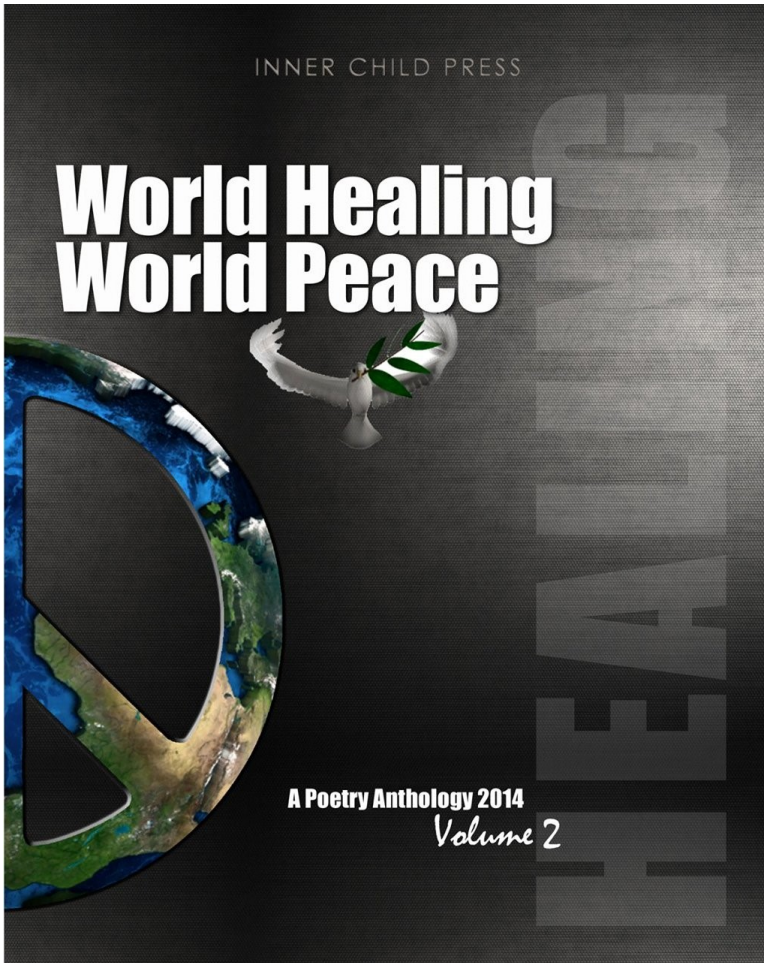
The father, the mother, no not at all, you know who I am.

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

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

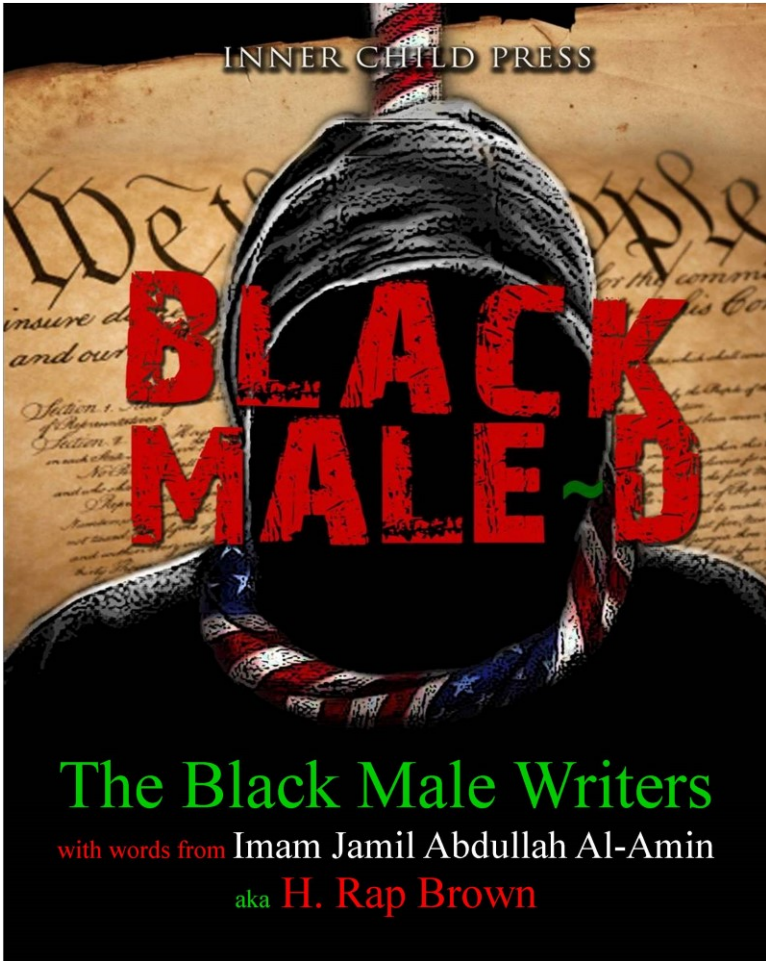


*Inner Child Press Anthologies*





*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

## June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

February 2015

Amethyst



## THE POETRY POSSE

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

## FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS

Iram Fatima \* Bob McNeil \* Kerstin Centervall

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 \* 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.

## 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 \* 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.

## 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  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neehu 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  
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.



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Rose

Love & Relationship

## June's Featured Poets

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

## The Poetry Passe

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

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' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony 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

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



Sweet Pea



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

March 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## *Our February Features*

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

# The Year of the Poet

## January 2014



*Carnation*

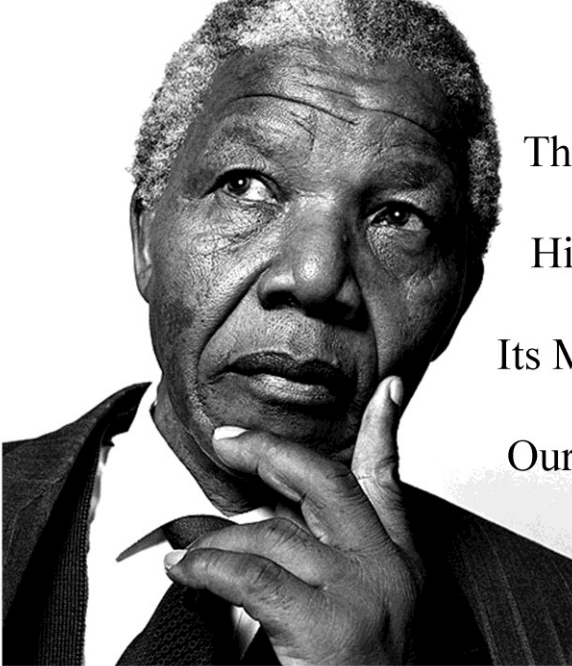
### *The Poetry Posse*

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

*Our January Feature*  
**Terri L. Johnson**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# A GATHERING OF WORDS



**POETRY & COMMENTARY**  
FOR

# TRAYVON MARTIN

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**2012**  
**World Healing**  
**World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 2*

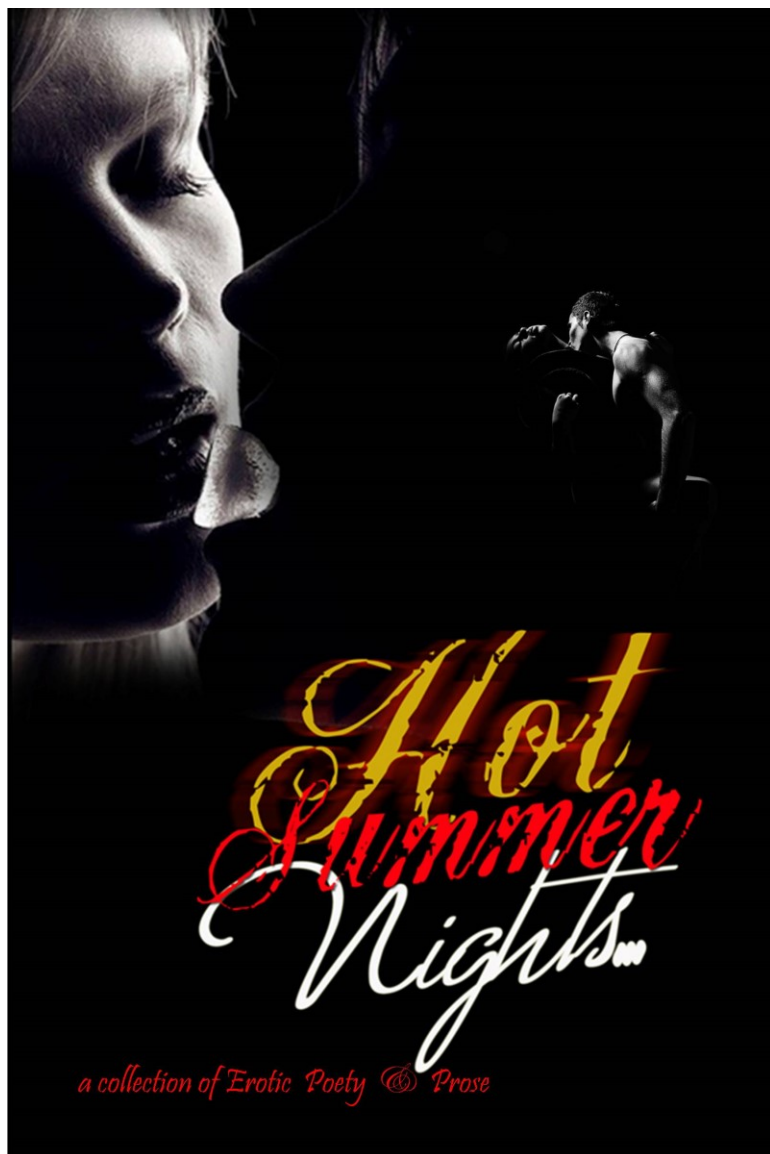


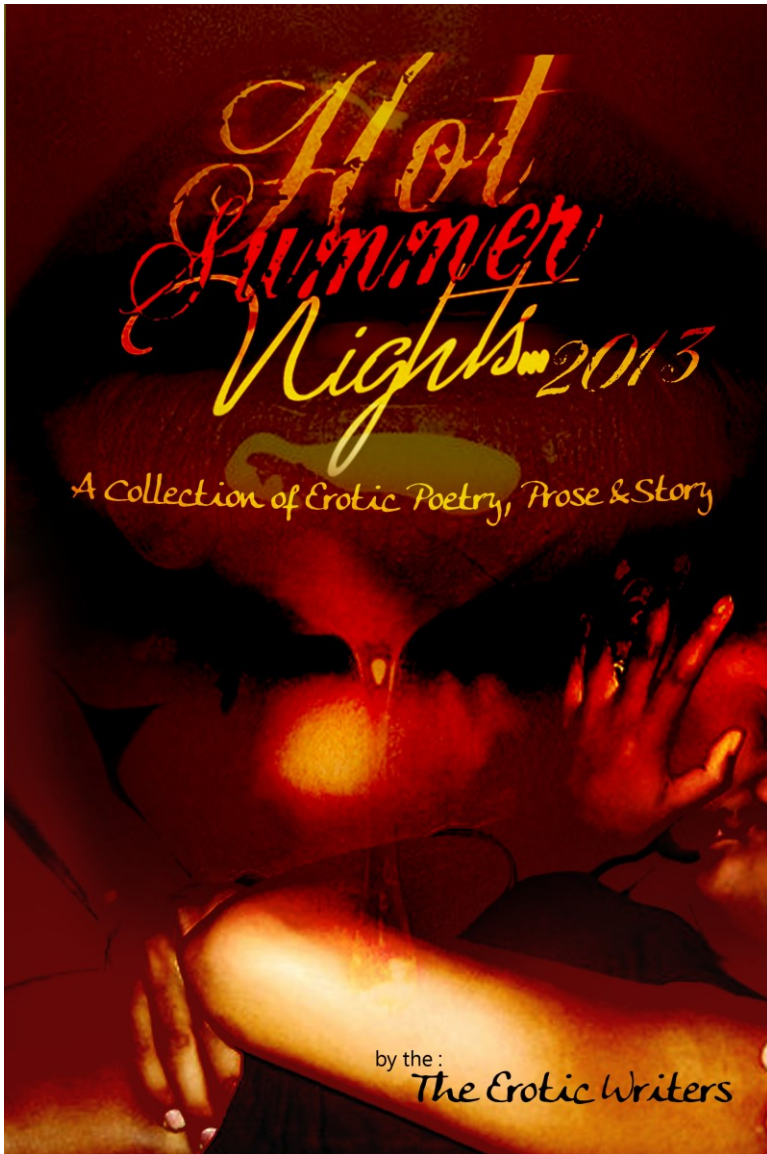
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

*healing through words*



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

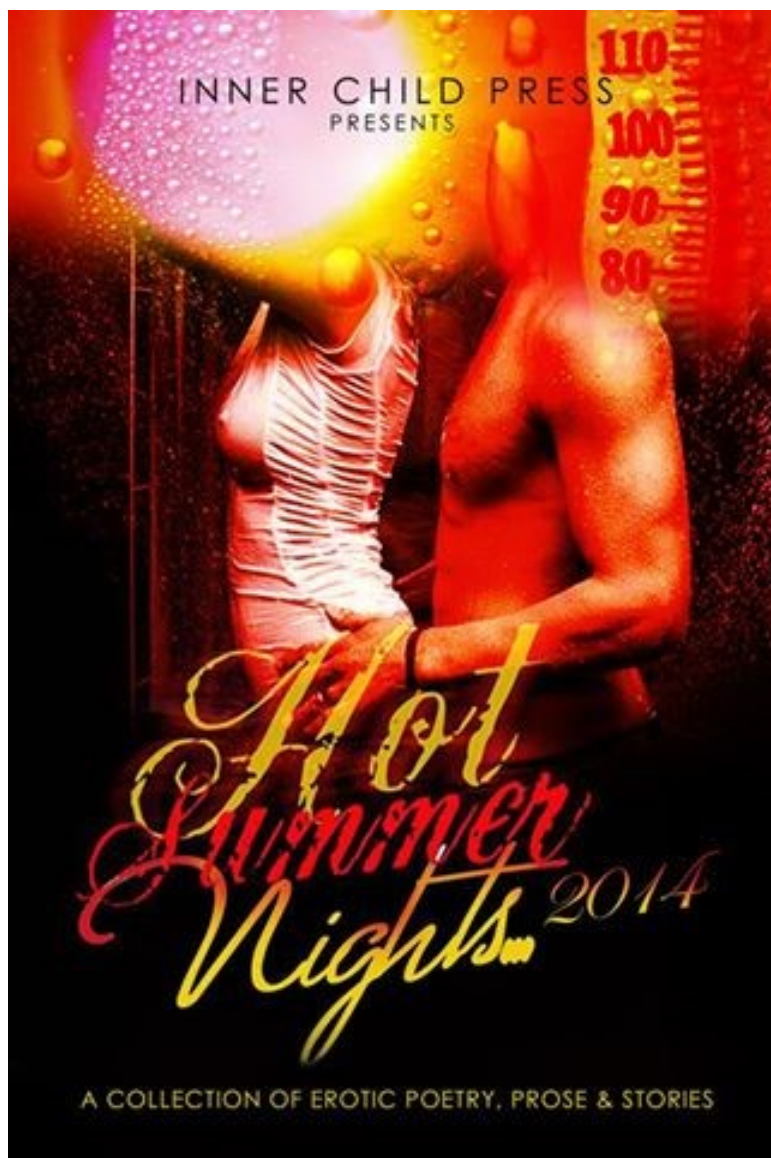




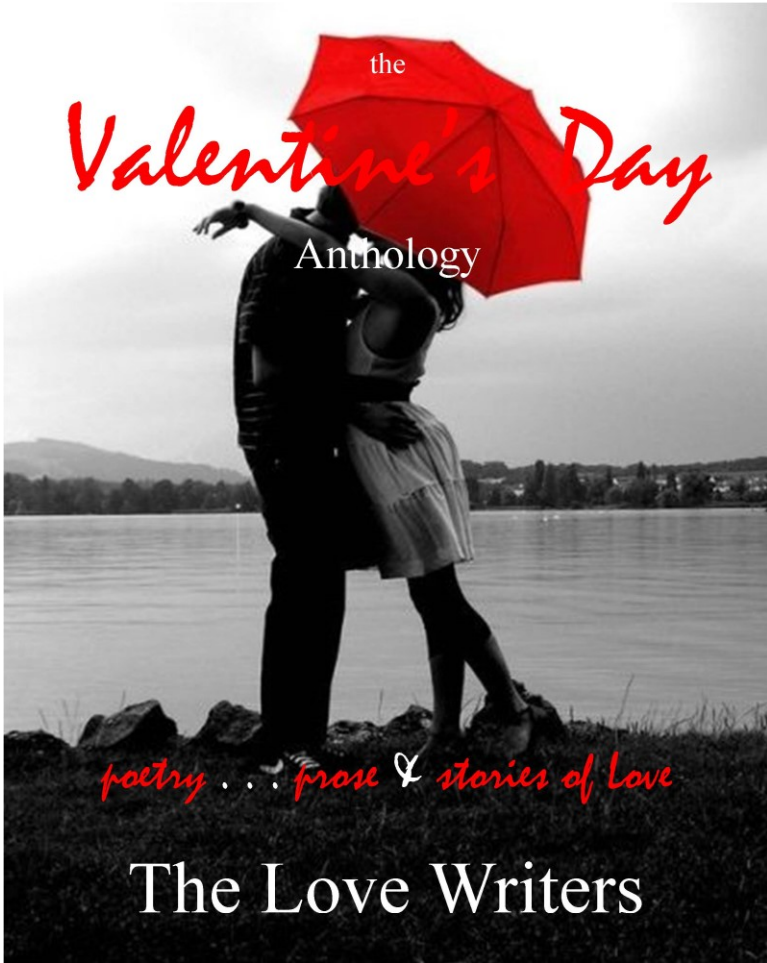
*Hot  
Summer  
Nights 2013*

*A Collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Story*

by the:  
*The Erotic Writers*



Inner Child Press Anthologies



the  
*Valentine's Day*  
Anthology

*poetry . . . prose & stories of love*

The Love Writers

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



want my

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

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

*Monte Smith*

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

*Monte Smith*



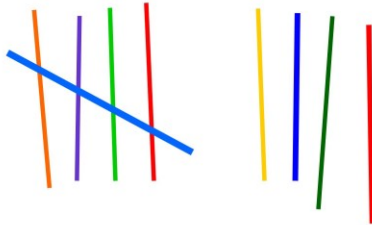
want my

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

to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*



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a  
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~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse



## August Featured Poets



Gaule Howell



Ann Chalas



Christopher Schultz



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