

# The Year of the Poet III

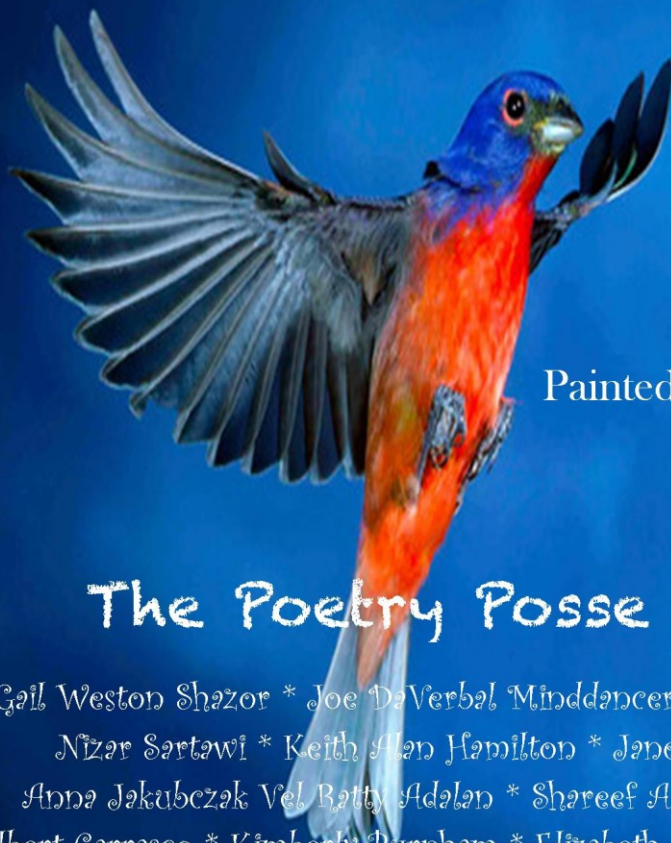
August 2016

## Featured Poets

Anita Dash

Irena Jovanovic

Malgorzata Goluda



Painted Bunting

## The Poetry Posse 2016

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



The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III

August 2016

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Passé 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

Hülya N. Yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Elizabeth Castillo

Jackie Davis Allen

Keith Alan Hamilton

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Janet P. Caldwell

Jen Walls

Demetrios Trifiatis

Alan W. Jankowski

Nizar Sartawi

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan

Alfreda Ghee

William S. Peters, Sr.

**General Information**  
**The Year of the Poet III**  
**August 2016 Edition**

**The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2016**

This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a “Collection”. All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior *WRITTEN CONSENT* of the “Material Owners” or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Laws. Any queries pertaining to this “Collection” should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

**Publisher Information**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : Inner Child Press**  
**intouch@innerchildpress.com**  
**www.innerchildpress.com**

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws

Copyright © 2016 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13 : 978-0997845945 (inner child press, ltd.)

ISBN-10 : 0997845945

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD

LIFE

BE WITHOUT

A LITTLE

POETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

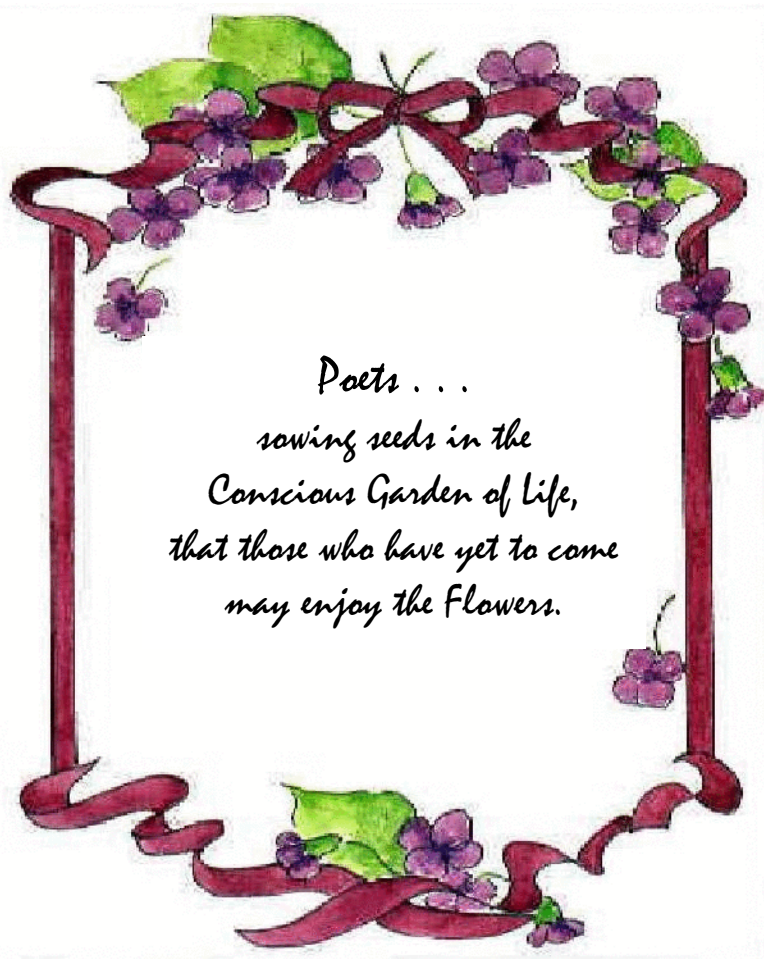
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.





# Preface

Greetings Family,

i want to write some poetry,

i want to write some poetry,  
you know, that kind of poetry  
that makes people feel beautiful again,  
that makes them lose all their angst  
and self-incrimination  
and makes them want to hug each other

i want to write some poetry  
that eliminates all fears  
we have about social integration,  
that poem which sets aside the perceptions of differences  
in our politics, gender, ethnicities, religions  
and any other institution  
that causes us  
to become spiritually kaleidoscopic  
in our interactions amongst each other

i want to write that type of poem  
that immediately releases us  
from all preconceived notions  
of class and rank,  
that instantly evokes  
and immerses us  
in the chasm  
of unfathomable love

i want to write that poem  
that gives permission for us  
to cast aside the Band-Aids,  
crutches, and temporary fixes

and allows us to confront our brokenness  
that we may begin the journey towards healing  
and being whole again

i want to write that poem  
that our leaders  
and the elitists feel compelled read  
and begin to question their motives  
of greed, power and indifference  
and come to a conclusion  
of just how offensive they have acted  
toward their brother and sisters,  
their fellow man

i want to write that poem  
that sings of harmony  
to all the people and beings of the earth  
and gives cause for eternal smiles  
to be permanently etched  
upon each of our hearts

i want to write that poem  
that puts an inextinguishable light  
on the senselessness of  
war,  
famine,  
strife,  
disease,  
deceit,  
and other inharmonious traits  
we have created betwixt us

i want to write that poem  
that restores our souls  
to its rightful divinity  
and teaches us to walk unencumbered  
and erect  
in and with an unerring nobility

i want to write that poem  
that awakens us  
so we come to succinctly understand  
without question  
what the term “humanity” really means . . .

i want to write that poem  
of congruity,  
that all hearts can sing and dance to  
with never ending smiles and unmitigated joy  
frozen upon our countenance

i want to write that poem  
that makes us all glow,  
that dispels all darkness  
and casts all of our misgivings  
into the abyss of forgiveness & forgetfulness

sigh . . . some day . . .

Yes, some day  
i will write that poem  
because i believe !

i am going to write that poem . . .

. . . can you write one too ?

“if you can not be the poet, be the poem”

right on !!!

© 29 July 2016 : william s. peters, sr.

Thank You

Bless Up

bill

Love and Blessings

*Bill*

PS

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

Available here

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

**For Free Downloads of Previous Issues of  
The Year of the Poet**

[www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet](http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet)

# Foreword

Are you also tired of social media platforms where someone's breakfast-/lunch-/dinner-selfie, new nail polish (with an actual picture of the toe-nails that so proudly don it)/the different color dots on that new nail polish, or a new outfit/part of an outfit/an accessory for that outfit (that many obviously cannot afford) decorates their status? Why am I being openly judgmental? Those individuals have the freedom to post anything on any of their social media accounts after all, do they not? My stance is disapproving because behind these and numerous other examples I choose to leave out are persons with strong inks (their rare but expressive commentaries on non-mundane issues tell me so). Time has become incredibly precious in today's world where immense darkness has been seeping in most barbaric ways through all that is enlightened to turn off the switch. Why, then, waste any gift of written self-expression on sequences of narcissistic exhibitions – of all the places, on mediums where masses can easily be given the opportunity for meaningful awareness regarding issues that currently affect and will continue to affect us all, indiscriminately?

You might be questioning the “us all”-part in my last sentence right now. The Global Terrorism Index shows the fact that terror attacks have quadrupled since 9/11, listing the following countries as the most affected: Iraq, Pakistan, Afghanistan, India, Yemen and Syria. The list, however, does not end there, as we have most recently witnessed from our supposedly safe distances what went on in France, Saudi Arabia, Bangladesh, Turkey, ..., ..., ... (the lack of a period here is intentional)

Let us pay a quick visit to another list: Botswana, Chile, Costa Rica, Japan, Mauritius, Panama, Qatar, Switzerland, Uruguay and Vietnam. Unlike those named in the section above, these are countries that the Global Peace Index 2016 singles out to be completely conflict-free. Ten in total. Only ten. Out of 196 countries on Earth – the planet we call ours. A chilling statistic, isn't it? But, while being alarmingly low, this number is still sufficient to ascertain for us that other nations could be doing the same – one step at a time.

The U.S. not having made the privileged list is a cause for worry, of course. What can the ten nations be possibly doing that we in North America, in ... (fill in with the name of a country outside the record in question and then simply go on adding the remaining 185 countries) are not yet doing? While there is no known nor a simple answer to this question, the social media platforms I have made my initial mention of can be effective in diminishing the impact that today's worldwide news delivery – heavily concentrated on glorifying global hatred – has on us all. And they will be so one step at a time. One writing at a time. One initiative at a time – toward raising the kind of awareness we all need to inhale and exhale: Awareness for the compassionate collaboration and acts of camaraderie that exist among today's people of conflict-rich societies and for the victory of universal love. In order to help spread the “germs” of one condition where being contagious is longed for by humanity at large: The union of compassion, collaboration and camaraderie.

The book you are reading, *The Year of the Poet* is the embodiment of such union. In and through it, members of a diverse combination of nations bring to attention the unified voicing of poetry – a phenomenon that is farthest away from any conflict by any definition of the term. On this day of July 20, forty-seven years ago, The First Moon Landing made history.

I cannot help but dream that we land on Earth anew, being far more alert to destructive forces all around us and make this planet we call ours not merely livable but indestructible. By uniting in compassion, collaboration and camaraderie. And in universal love. One step at a time. One country at a time. One written plea at a time.

**hülya n. yılmaz**

INNER CHILD PRESS

WORLD HEALING  
WORLD PEACE  
2016



**A Poetry Anthology for Humanity**

Now Available at . . .

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



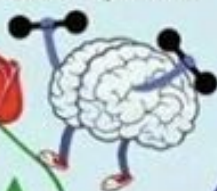
*Thank God for Poetry  
otherwise  
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp

## THE BENEFITS OF READING BOOKS

„A book is like a garden carried in the pocket.”  
(Chinese Proverb)

exercises your brain



*i* provides knowledge and information

books are a good topic of conversation

reduces stress, puts you in a better mood



better writing skills

great and free entertainment



improves concentration and focus

enriches the language and vocabulary

correlation  
turtledove  
decadence  
confused  
procrastinate  
ambivalence  
confabulation  
hermeneutics  
alliance

develops creativity



books pose questions to stimulate further reflection



good for memory

books are a window to the world

increases your ability to empathize with others

introduces to the unknown fantasy world

designed by: goslarysujie.pl

# Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>vii</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>xi</i>

# The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Janet P. Caldwell	9
Jackie Davis Allen	17
Albert Carrasco	25
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	31
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	39
Kimberly Burnham	45
Elizabeth Castillo	51
Alfreda D. Ghee	59
Nizar Sartawi	69
Jen Walls	77

# Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Hülya N. Yılmaz	85
Teresa E. Gallion	91
Demetrios Trifiatis	99
Alan W. Jankowski	109
Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan.	117
Keith Alan Hamilton	123
William S. Peters, Sr.	133

## August Features 145

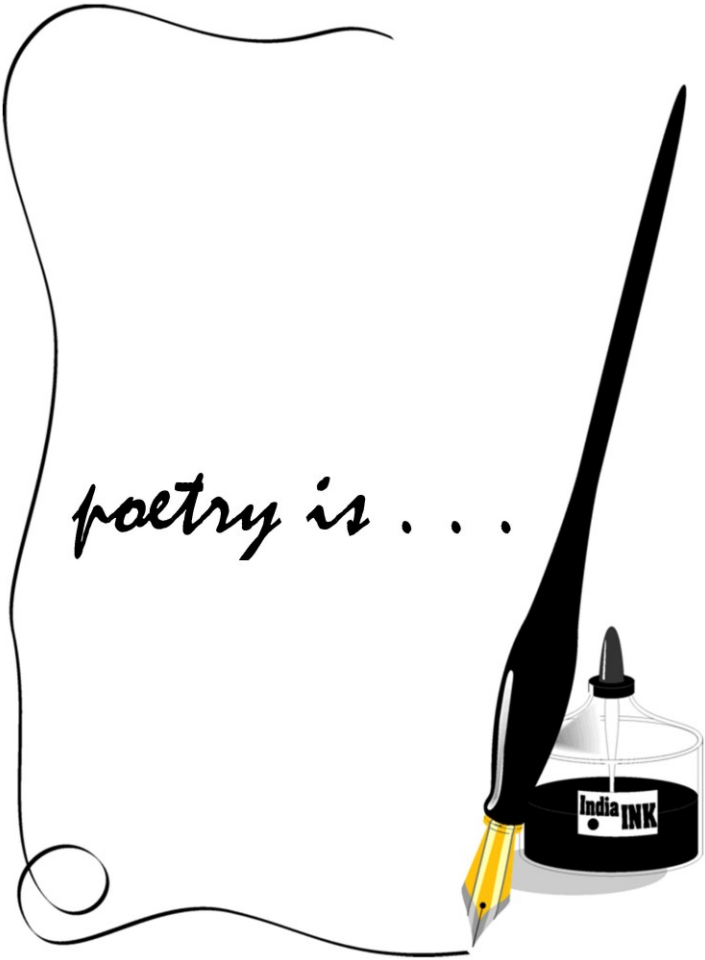
Anita Dash	147
Irena Jovanovic	153
Malgorzata Goluda	159

## Other Anthological Works 165

World Healing, World Peace	217
----------------------------	-----

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

~ wsp



The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III

August 2016

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp



*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

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

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

[www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor](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)

## Images

These petty words  
Circle  
Can't and  
Wont and  
Not me  
Forgive my heart break  
Collecting dream  
Pieces  
And it is only  
When confronted  
With what had been  
Lost  
The days and  
Memories  
And quiet happiness  
At belonging  
Somewhere  
Safe. Traditionally  
That tears fall apart  
Because  
My heart  
Is way too heavy  
To add to  
It  
Twinhearts  
Twin  
Faces and mirrors  
Don't lie  
Like people do.

## Bell's Theorem

Broken glass litters the floor  
Immediately bummed at the loss  
I wish it into disappearance  
It is a separation of the base particles  
That is disturbing  
It can no longer hold a shot of scotch  
And so seems without value  
But is it not still glass?

A helix can sometimes unravel  
At critical points in time  
The pieces on the ends shatter  
And in screaming pain  
It cuts the frayed edges  
To re knit itself  
And send the extra out into space

Split a rock  
And the small pieces become pebbles  
Grind the pebbles  
And it becomes sand  
Add fire to sand  
And it becomes glass

Broken glass litters the floor  
A oneness reacts  
In learned and old languages  
The pieces of the whole  
Are only mirrors  
And miles cannot change  
Our belongness

## The X-factor

Feet planted wide  
Arms spread upward  
Skyward, wingward  
Decisions to be had

Say yes  
Or  
Say no  
Or  
Say maybe

Just can't sat forever  
In the center of this X  
Relieving the pressure  
From the urgency

Say yes  
Or  
Say no  
Or  
Say maybe

Sprinkle the ground with salt  
And drive in iron nails  
Spinning fast so  
The wind will catch  
The budding wings

Say yes  
Or  
Say no  
Or  
Say maybe

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

Moon shines on barren ground  
The waiting is hard  
As the sun rises  
The answer becomes clear  
So just say it

Goodbye

## Wristwatch

Hopeful  
Here  
I am though  
Lost remain  
Faded ribbons  
Black on navy  
Lost you with life  
Shelves dusty on  
Gifts kept  
Life tuned in itself  
Sadness of passing  
Keep creep time  
~Wristwatch~  
Time creep keep  
Passing of sadness  
Itself in tuned life  
Kept gifts  
On dusty shelves  
Life with you lost  
Navy on black  
Ribbons faded  
Remain lost  
Though i am  
Here  
Hopeful



*Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

To contact Janet

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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

## Summer Daze

I could be traveling  
star gazing  
belly laughing, near howling.

Instead, I am unraveling  
while self-appraising  
these horrid pictures, photographing.

Craving peace and love  
while mind caving, no focused delights  
Summer-dazing. Summer-dazing.

## Memories of a Summer Day

I didn't know that I'd lose him before I was ready.  
Summer was a lot longer when I was seven.  
The sun seemed to set at midnight, and I  
never wanted to sleep when he was there.

It was the Summer of 1966, the moisture  
was falling and rising from the street.  
The waves were pink, blue, gray and green.  
Like invitations enticing me to a party while  
Quietly lulling me into a hazy hue of happiness.

Sticking my bare toe in the  
melting, pavement tar bubbles,  
alerted me and brought me  
right outta my lazy daze.

Looking up, he was there, blonde  
hair and crooked grin. Grabbing  
my hand and saying "let's Ride."

The excitement built and my heart raced  
almost as fast as the engine in his  
shiny Chevelle, SS 396.

Turning the radio on it began to wail  
a Beach Boy's tune,  
"1st gear, it's alright,  
2nd gear lean right,  
3rd gear hang on tight,  
faster . . .it's alright!"

The wind picked up like a Texas tornado.  
Round and round, with the windows down.  
Mouthfuls of hair, and we were not scared.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

Oh no, we were delighted and excited.  
Faster and faster he drove into  
yesteryear's horizon. You see,

I was blinded with joy and Summer's Freedom,  
never realizing how special this day would  
be in my memory . . . Because . . .

I didn't know that I'd lose him before I was ready.  
And that Summer was longer, when I was seven.  
The sun seemed to set at midnight, and I  
never wanted to sleep when my brother was there.

## The Cultivated Ones

The pampered roses are all bred  
much like step-ford wives to look alike.  
From seedling to flowering  
with abundant care, they do survive.

The gardener making sure they lay in measured mulch  
are properly watered, holding the moisture  
to prevent unwanted weeds from drinking and growing.  
Halting the choking of a prized dressing of a cultivated  
lawn.

Unaware they are slaves to man's idea of beauty  
and never serving themselves.

Now, look at the daisy, some say she's ugly,  
just a wild, uncultured weed.  
I say she's a beauty, bending with the wind  
growing sturdy through arid ground, so wild and free.

She's the clever one, she's cast off conformity!

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



*Lackie  
Davis  
Allen*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

## Novel

Mysterious,  
Strange  
Clashing personalities  
A secret,  
A plot  
Revealed~  
Consequences to be paid...  
A story waiting  
To be told.

## Transformation

Silently I move, then pause  
beneath the salty waters' solo,  
high tides crashing, splashing over me.

I am at the mercy of the moon,  
mourned over by the sea gulls' cry.

I lie here buried beneath the roar  
of the wet and awesome deep.

Suddenly, cymbal-like applause  
accelerates, a reverberating crescendo,  
then subsides, quietly.

Sedated, the salty waters croon, and I,  
the sandy beach, am no longer immersed.

I am restored and transformed  
from my watery sleep.

## Remembering this Day

This day, some, not all, stand at attention,  
Quiet in anguished thought; the pageantry awaits  
For the fallen ones we now honor;  
Sorrow does not come close  
to explaining how some of us feel.

Pain belies dry eyes; although the shock  
Of loss is immense, too much fear remains.

Grieving, heaving hearts sing their own homilies  
In mournful solitude, measured  
By the loss of the protectors, the ones who served.  
Their lives brutally taken leave the nation at a loss,  
Aghast at what's happening.

As the voices of hatred speak, let us remember  
Truth and justice: may the souls  
Of all who remain be more circumspect  
When we hear anyone presuming  
To dispense corrupted versions  
Of truth and justice.

It matters not what color they wear, or whether  
They're called James or John, or Joe.

Just understand that those who  
Pander to political correctness  
Have much to answer to God.  
It is he who judges a man's faith, his heart,  
His actions, including mine.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

On the other hand, lest we forget, a leader is not  
A leader solely by virtue of his title.

A leader leads. He does not simply play the part,  
Or assume the role when it's convenient.  
If leading does not suit his plans, why in broad daylight  
Or in guile does he choose political expediency?  
Why does he close his eyes, and opening, pour oil

On the flames of hatred? This slight will not  
Be ignored by those who want peace, those who dissent,

Nor by those waving flags across the aisle.  
It would be a boon if a nation could trust  
Its leaders to represent,  
To protect all of its people,  
Not just those with whom they're aligned.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



*Albert  
Carrasco*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

## When I build

When I build, my words are built with ebonics and laymen terminology, suburb and urban poetic hieroglyphics. I'm an anomaly. a wonder like ancient pyramids to scientist. I lived through the darkness of poverty's eclipse, a ghetto apocalypse. I grew up in the slums as a no sun conscript blinded... But I had dilated pupils waiting for light to shine so I can absorb it. I grew up in the treacherous trenches of sorrow where some wish to live and some wish to die... tomorrow. I grew up up in a place where having two parents was a broken family and one parent was the norm, I grew up as an experiment in the projects where apartments had roaches and rats as stray animals like alley cats...they watched the carrasco family deal with that. There was taxation without representation, they would take mammas money but never send in housing for extermination.

This is the darkness I speak of, emancipation from being poor was the light I searched for. Elevators had pissy floors, the stench of burnt bass filled the halls, the staircases were places of business, you could loose your life not minding your business... I almost lost my life dealing with the same business...darkness. I thought light would come hustling white adding soda and making it rise, I told y'all I had dilated pupils but i still didn't see what would be a lot of experiments like I was... demise. I heard the cries, I heard the question why? I followed their hearse on the final ride, it was me sometimes opening that cage so the doves... can fly. Fly fly my brothers all your debt is now mines leave it to me ill pay back society, go to the light your free. That's the darkness I know. Now.. My mental illuminates, my cranium glows, my words shine carotid and tarnished minds who's choices will lead to caskets and prisons, both options are still doing time. Call me the urban life Nostradamus, I can tell you the aftermath of fast cash by

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

showing you some urns with crematory ash, by showing you plots surrounded by the smell of fresh cut grass, or I can just take off my shirt show you the tattoos on my back from all that passed. I can't strip for everybody but I could spit for anybody, and the words I muster can save us from a suffering future, how? By taken that dark shroud and changing it to water and spill it it all over a crowd.

## Who is he?

I'm the urban boriquen sensation, when I write then recite I go so hard richter scales picks up seismographic vibrations. I send tremors through memoirs. The harder I meditate and think of how I was forsaken the harder I spit this urban life simulation for third eye stimulation. I got the spoken circuit shaking like its earthquaking. I talk real life issues, I take what took me years to learn, condense it into a form of a poem to elevate you. I'm an ex substance abuser, never was a crack or dope user, I was the one selling it at such a young age being abused by the pushers. I grew a habit of selling what my own dad was addicted to, I had a habit of selling what my friends got strung out on too. Imagine selling crack or heroin to try to get out of poverty. while doing that, I was taking friends and family to rehab and detox because of heroin and crack. Thats reaction and action from personal satisfaction. I'm not glamorizing nor glorifying I recite tears that my inner conscious cries, and it's been crying for years since so many died. When i rest I don't count sheep, I count faces of the deceased and at times it feels like if death is pulling at my feet for the life i lived in the streets. I'm gonna submerge the game with verse and make sure it stays submersed. Thirsty for thought minds, I'll lyrically quench your thirst, want to know how it is to live in poverty like a single parent with five kids? Try living with 350 400 dollar increments from the 1st till next months first in a one bedroom apartment that cost about 300 a month in the projects.

*Joe*  
*Da Verbal*  
*MindDancer*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*





*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

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

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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

## Novel

Mysterious,  
Strange  
Clashing personalities  
A secret,  
A plot  
Revealed~  
Consequences to be paid...  
A story waiting  
To be told.

## Transformation

Silently I move, then pause  
beneath the salty waters' solo,  
high tides crashing, splashing over me.

I am at the mercy of the moon,  
mourned over by the sea gulls' cry.

I lie here buried beneath the roar  
of the wet and awesome deep.

Suddenly, cymbal-like applause  
accelerates, a reverberating crescendo,  
then subsides, quietly.

Sedated, the salty waters croon, and I,  
the sandy beach, am no longer immersed.

I am restored and transformed  
from my watery sleep.

## Remembering this Day

This day, some, not all, stand at attention,  
Quiet in anguished thought; the pageantry awaits  
For the fallen ones we now honor;  
Sorrow does not come close  
to explaining how some of us feel.

Pain belies dry eyes; although the shock  
Of loss is immense, too much fear remains.

Grieving, heaving hearts sing their own homilies  
In mournful solitude, measured  
By the loss of the protectors, the ones who served.  
Their lives brutally taken leave the nation at a loss,  
Aghast at what's happening.

As the voices of hatred speak, let us remember  
Truth and justice: may the souls  
Of all who remain be more circumspect  
When we hear anyone presuming  
To dispense corrupted versions  
Of truth and justice.

It matters not what color they wear, or whether  
They're called James or John, or Joe.

Just understand that those who  
Pander to political correctness  
Have much to answer to God.  
It is he who judges a man's faith, his heart,  
His actions, including mine.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

On the other hand, lest we forget, a leader is not  
A leader solely by virtue of his title.

A leader leads. He does not simply play the part,  
Or assume the role when it's convenient.  
If leading does not suit his plans, why in broad daylight  
Or in guile does he choose political expediency?  
Why does he close his eyes, and opening, pour oil

On the flames of hatred? This slight will not  
Be ignored by those who want peace, those who dissent,

Nor by those waving flags across the aisle.  
It would be a boon if a nation could trust  
Its leaders to represent,  
To protect all of its people,  
Not just those with whom they're aligned.

..

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

*Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*





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

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

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

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

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

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

## Breath..,

deeply let it out slowly,  
vibe on the holy scribe  
strive to know thee  
clean the cranium  
empty the mind of stress  
don't think just relaxing  
ride your flow  
strive mellow, grow  
derive direction go  
easy  
don't try pleasing  
just be a light glow  
treat the soulful yearning  
to be free  
leafs blowing on a tree  
leaves me knowing thee  
unseen but in full effect  
the meaning of respect  
life being living out the  
purpose  
oh mankind rehearse the verse  
oh mankind reverse what's cursed  
breathe deeply, let it out slowly  
vibe on the holy name  
closer than the jugular vein

food4thought = education

melting...

into liquid like ice cream cone left  
alone in the sun  
your life now foam was once vibrant  
purposeful, bright  
like Rome had it's place in the sun  
back in the day  
went away by night  
what ya say? " my futures bright "  
oooh is that right?  
you was solid, bold, thought you would  
never grow old  
but look at ya now gotz to pray you get  
through the day with out passing away  
if you got up to piss you came a long way  
and you used to talk \$#!+ back in da day  
bout you was a player that getz his way  
but guess what player you getting played  
look @ ya melting into liquid, toxic waste  
fluid  
befuddled a\$\$ became a puddle fast  
you was just wind ' n ' gas  
you no different from the bums of the past  
all thrown on the garbage heap of history  
so what awaits your sorry a\$\$ ain't no mystery  
your past came up fast  
A\$\$holes and world powers you had your hour  
now you melting like ice in the sun  
just a matter of time you're done  
you who always talked \$#!+ about winners  
and losers tell me who the F()@# won  
you who lived and died by the gun

food4thought = education

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

salt..,

of earth from birth to dirt  
sweat of brow let the know  
how go live  
skills to survive deception, lies  
will to stay alive, thrive  
simple folk as truth invoked  
overstand when spoke  
words not twisted like lies  
dismiss facts on the fly  
consist of events contrived  
not these salt of earth  
birth to dirt  
dem real, feel the love  
lord above, earth beneath feet  
firmly planted on ground  
don't reside in bubble  
words roll off fools tongues  
wonder where dem coming from  
look what fools have done  
take advantage of masses dumb down  
deaf, blind, numb beat down  
so when fools speak like the sound  
like babies swallow breast milk down  
except breast milk benefits abound  
while fools words worth the like of  
piss on ground.

food4thought = education

*Kimberly  
Burnham*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

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

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

## Temporality Poetic Torrents of Time

### Immersion

time gives birth  
consciousness  
conflict and torment

### Sense of future

ability to anticipate threats  
nature, nurture, contradictory  
experience  
joy in fellow beings  
playfulness and freedom

### Cultures

bastions of survival  
places of poetry, art and religion  
banding together  
reflecting upon our  
common plight

### Psychoanalysis

process of remembering  
owning and elaborating  
creating substance  
out of reflective consciousness

### Rhythms in time emerge

syncopated and linear  
time travel  
though feelings  
poetic memories  
of past and future



## Divergent Connections

Divergent  
connective patterns  
recognition

Creative expression  
in medical sciences  
enhanced bedside empathy  
emotional awareness  
person centered

Understanding  
self reflection  
assuaging anxiety  
appreciating other ways  
of seeing the world  
the person  
behind the exterior condition

Cognitive flexibility  
verbal fluency  
a celebration  
individuality and life

## Fractal Snowflakes of Love

Love and justice  
connection and alienation  
expressed in  
feminist verse  
LGBTQ poetry  
Dante's inferno  
Sufi love poem of Rumi  
at the border  
edge  
of different communities

what you too  
dramatically seeing  
the you  
we can appreciate

*Elizabeth*

*E.*

*Castillo*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

### Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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

Google Plus

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

## Velvety Red Moon

you're the Queen of these endless nights  
in my herculean, lucid dreams that goes on forever,  
wolves dancing under your royal luminosity  
enchanted souls wake up from their eternal rest  
to worship the Goddess of this mystical evening.

Scarlet hues like droplets of blood  
keeping the weary come back to life,  
up in the skies velvety red moon you simply stand out  
radiantly you captivate the admiration of artists  
you're one magnificent creation of our Master Designer.

a touch of sorcery you cast down upon me  
staring at you from a far under a lifetime spell I am in,  
my wish is for time to just stand still and if I could own I  
will  
capture this moment and lay in these dreams 'til eternity  
velvety red moon, I am enamored by your beauteous  
stance.

## When Twin Flames Meet

I searched for you everywhere amidst these swirling  
madness in the universe  
hollow astral bodies floating along the vast sea of the Milky  
Way  
predestined lovers across time and space,  
souls intertwining lock up in a tight embrace  
there is a mystery behind the desire to finally enamor your  
heart,  
a heavenly calling from beyond every human's perception  
I long to feel the magic of being in Utopia when my hands  
finally touch you  
the nearness of you sending shivers up my whole existence.

Alas! I finally caught a glimpse of my beloved  
his majesty has finally arrived and stepped down from his  
throne for a while  
to meet me with a lingering kiss,  
his eyes have a certain sparkle making my heart leap  
a sweet voice that caresses my ears as he speaks my name  
for the first time,  
an electrifying touch sending shivers up my spine  
his eternal love is a promise that extends even after a  
lifetime.

twin flames connected from the soul  
no matter how many lifetimes we be apart, it's you I still  
adore,  
we will still meet in different times and places  
eternally we are bonded by this heavenly love,

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

a love written in the stars, continuously rekindled by the  
moon's illuminating shadow  
everywhere you go your heart will search to fill that  
emptiness inside of you,  
your mind would wander, meet some souls but your destiny  
you have to follow.



## Lovers Under The Moon

velvety full moon  
beaming brightly  
on a midnight summer's dream  
saw your face with the gentleness of an angel  
and from that moment, time stood still...  
we danced under the lovely moonlight sonata,  
your warm breath brushing my cheeks  
your mesmerizing eyes staring at me  
with the moon as our prime witness,  
to our love that is growing intense as time goes by.

dancing by the light of this heavenly creation  
with the love of your life by your side  
lunar ecstasy makes me quiver  
heavenly light illuminating two hearts,  
promise of true love, never ever to part...  
you whispered my name  
your voice takes me to another realm  
the sweet sound of it echoing the vast universe  
my soul is floating in a sea of endless madness,  
lovers under the moon making everyone who sees them  
swoon.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

*Alfreda*

*D.*

*Ghee*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

## Low and Behold...

Standing here not sure of my path  
Lost, broken and disheveled  
wondering why i'm left  
here all alone  
does love still live here  
or is it just gone?  
so scared not sure if this is the end  
the end of us  
or the end of my story

Hope  
all hope is gone  
dreams have faded  
as desires roam the halls  
trying to figure out  
how they were left in the cold  
no passion to warm their walls  
no steam to cause an evaporation  
of us all  
the clock has broken  
as for time it has stopped  
seeking to tick for you and I

No longer will I sit here  
in this emptiness of your despair  
no longer that butterfly  
with a broken wing  
rising up glowing with a smile  
love has found my open heart  
once more  
if you only knew the gem you carried in me  
i'm floating high like a cloud  
surrounded by love

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

I showed you a side of me  
you said another man would never see  
yet,  
you laid your cards on the table  
for all to see  
low and behold  
a great man stole your Diamond  
right from under your nose  
now I have blossomed into a Queen....

## Seeking....

Severed, burned, destroyed  
from the flames that tear down  
the spirit  
beaten, battered, shattered  
from the distress that sets  
the soul ablaze  
hands engulfed with flames  
yet they never burn  
wings are singed and smoke  
coats them with blackness  
dust, ash that forms in the air  
the ground is smoldered  
and hides the burning footsteps  
what is this that rises within?  
horns placed upon the mantel called the head  
so being adorned wont be  
something shown

Will death be placed upon thee  
only time can tell  
as it ticks, ticks, ticks away  
light has passed way out of arms reach  
for peace that is being seeked  
reeks of old musty rags  
laid out to mildew in the fields  
of never never land  
while souls seeks to  
find an opening through  
a gateway that has been  
locked with no passage  
while lying here in death



*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

wondering, hoping the  
way will be lit  
yet, knowing that only  
that darkness a waits

The gate keeper that slays  
the sins, demons and skeletons  
holds the key to freedom  
as knowing it becomes reality  
he seeks to keep them stranded  
by the past misinterpretations  
of the corruption inside their sight  
for the soul seeks to terminate  
those frustrations of agony  
laid inside the heart as it cries  
out for relief of grief and imperfections  
of the spirit which haven't yet  
been displayed for him to see  
as he gets closer to tearing down  
the outer and working towards  
breaking down walls to embed the core  
of frustration of life without  
supplications for me to seek forgiveness  
for many indignities  
unless repenting is a given  
before reaching the destination  
of the gates holding all sins  
hoping a bright light will grace  
the presence of the spirit  
crossing under it path

## Waiting.....

Searching for what lies beneath  
the heaven and trees  
in my sanctuary of sins  
i've been cast out  
delivered to the lonely  
hidden from the Apostle  
because renouncing my beliefs  
in something that was real  
has tainted my memories  
played with my mind  
set me back in darkness  
for a year or nine  
the biopsy found border line  
schizophrenia in the bipartite  
which left me alone  
divided into two halves  
while in my mind confusion reigns  
and makes me run  
to hide deep within my fears  
of the universe closing in around me  
panicked, frustrated, angered, mad  
scared, rabid  
drooling sitting here  
wondering if my thoughts  
will leave me in limbo  
under the destruction  
living in purgatory  
not able to relieve the  
pain that has been bestowed

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

upon my wings with grief  
stress, envy, hate and  
yet, lately I see nothing but black, bleak  
skies of fury and fog  
as I lay in wait to be delivered  
from my sins.....

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

*Nizar*  
*Sartawi*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His translations include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; all three translated into Arabic; *Contemporary Jordanian Poets, Volume I* (2013); *The Eyes of*

*the Wind* (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb. He is currently working on a translation project, **Arab Contemporary Poets Series**.

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

## Adam

They say...

O Adam, when you came  
out of the clay,  
so lonely were you  
with innocent eyes,  
with innocent lips,  
and innocent mind  
and heart  
and sperm,  
that you knew not  
but pulses of fear  
shaking your ribs

...that you took shelter in a cave  
within  
the jungle's womb  
to flee from your own heartbeats

They also say...

that once while your mind was wandering  
a ghost or phantom  
from the land of the jinn  
revealed itself in a woman's body

They say  
she broke open your door  
played with your head  
seduced you  
that since she poured in your  
thirsty mouth  
the nectar of desire  
from her lips  
forests of apples  
have grown out of your ribs



*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

They say ...that since then  
you've been staying awake all night  
like lovers  
dreaming the dreams of lovers

... that you've  
become bold of eyes  
bold of lips  
bold of mind  
heart  
sperm

They say...  
that since you stumbled upon her breasts  
and tasted the jinn's milk,  
poetry has flown  
out of your mouth  
and since then  
You've been crowned Prince of Poets

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

Eve

O our great grandmother

You, who were our original sin!

If you were just a rib

that Adam was robbed of

while he was

slumbering

or drunken

whence have you brought those cunning eyes

that dispossessed Adam of his power

liberated him

and us

from the luxury of paradise

## Her Fragrance

What brings you here

O gentle breeze

Go back,

I beg you,

where you've come from...

if you're not carrying

her fragrance.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

*Len  
Walls*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

Contact Jen Walls:

[mywritegift@gmail.com](mailto:mywritegift@gmail.com);

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

## FACE OF LOVE

Come and slowly walk within bliss  
give spirit a forest trail's edge.  
Kiss inside after a long night's refresh  
pouring free on rain's release.  
Coming together all our nature lives  
and meets love's silent breaths  
flowing cares into ether's stillness  
arising clear inside morning's mist.

Love lingers and was left here,  
wandering in the wilds so very long ago.  
We long to cradle and hold heart deeper  
inside of pale pink skies of blurring blue.  
Reverent greetings spring-alive mystic-serenade  
on each strand we bend beyond existence-spins.  
Love uplifts into celestial heights - soul's return  
living free in every breath as loving grace-gifts.

Only silent whispers dance out now  
and laugh to greet the tree leaves jingling.  
Teaching the touch-less touch on mind-opening's;  
falling onto pathways as abidance in heart-home.  
We'll float to ever roam onto calming rippling rolls  
of pouring gentle love-streams – flowing joy-tears.  
Cresting upon all waves - making river-let pools;  
polishing love's reflecting light of mirrors.



*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

How to live heart's wishes aloud and silent too?  
Guide upon breaths - living true as spirit of truth;  
blazing sun-fire for giving heart-liberation as love.  
Divine lives here inside heart's lovely place.  
Blessing all to find and know the all-Loving Soul.  
If we will grow to care beyond what we now see.  
Behold life's tender caress upon our love breathes  
into every breath, the face of Love - shining free.

## MOSSY-STONES AND TREES

Lift eternal flow  
travel smooth - river's calling;  
pour heart inside all

Share smile's laughter  
sweep green - onto gloom of night;  
answer breaths with love

Cradle earth's beauty  
shower clean - celestial-sprays;  
open new-soul-day

Light upon darkness  
breathe freshness of forest dews;  
join each dream - come through

Last until over  
caress mossy-stones and trees;  
roll forever-free

## SOUL-SILENCE

Journey soul-silence  
experience bless of stars;  
light each breath on breeze

Awaken heart-room  
plant deep in soul - ocean seeds;  
cross the mystic-bloom

Mirror vision-breaths  
bless beauty's star-light-kindness;  
care for life - unfold

Turn and burn sky-fire  
transform heavenly pinwheels;  
blaze a holy-grail

Glow sun-threads-gold  
flow through each wild forest;  
breathe free - love has wings

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

Links:

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

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

## preoccupied with peace on earth\*

if a war orphan could speak . . .

my hair hasn't been caressed after my mother's cruel death  
nor have i inhaled a tender kiss on my forehead since  
waiting is in vain that much i learned to know  
but it won't give up its hunger this infant soul

~ ~ ~

you my little darling girl  
fight your best against child marriage  
such crime will breed more of the same  
teach your daughters to follow your heed

you my little darling boy  
seek a bride apt to your age  
resist your ancestors' brutal custom  
teach your sons to follow your heed

when you leave  
your legacy will head humanity  
your ancestral inheritance will thus breathe peace

~ ~ ~

refuse to be a slow learner  
you are a blindingly bright light  
choose your guardians with greatest care  
your significant other with even finer-tooth-combing  
don't allow prejudiced biased hateful ones near you  
they will brand your soul with cursed hatred  
reach out to me whenever you feel weak  
as love i will multiply again



*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

\*These poems have first appeared in a book I had co-authored with Demetrios Trifiatis, *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* – published by Inner Child Press on October 12, 2015.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gallion*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Howland Road Redwoods

My eyes gaze upward into forever.  
I lie down and still the top is only imagined.  
I stand in the shadow of a grove of redwoods,  
cannot wrap my arms around them.

The soft whisper of trees penetrates bone.  
Ecstatic chills roll down my spine.  
No words capture the eloquence of this space.  
The trees smile at me, appreciate my reverence.

Let's try some clichés to describe these trees:  
awesome, amazing, breathtaking, fantastic,  
glorious, magnificent, marvelous, spectacular,  
splendid, stunning, wonderful.

The one that buzzes your heart is the best  
description of these trees so close to your eyes.  
Indulge your imagination and feel the sacredness  
of the old growth forest.

## Trail Grazing

My breath ascends and descends  
to the rhythm of the waterfall's plunge.  
My heart free falls on wings of breath.

The sight of water power  
is hard to fold arms around.  
Nature evokes humility,  
exposes your gentle footprints  
on the trail.

A wonderland of sky, trees, rocks  
and water blends a visual stew.  
Carpets of flowers are the tables  
for your lunchbreak.

The offspring of little critters  
frolic in grassy meadows.  
Natural lakes offer temptations  
to dive into cold purity.

Living galleries flood your sensors,  
call forth your desire to merge  
with a river, a rock, a tree,  
forever one with a living museum  
covering planet earth in majesty.

## Weighing In

Walking waves of energy in the room,  
light ribbons float on the ceiling.  
A stiff wall holds the light  
of a higher consciousness.

Where do you belong in this strange space?  
It does not feel alien to your bones.  
Lighten your weight, bury some baggage,  
listen to the river's gossip.

There is a message in the water.  
Let spirit enter your garden,  
Rose petals may touch your feet softly  
with velvet love notes.

You are so scattered today.  
Mind is racing in a triathlon,  
body dragging at snail's pace,  
soul tripping in the clouds.

We need to send  
a winged prayer to the universe  
with a plea for the ladder

to the ocean of love and mercy  
where mind, body and soul may merge  
as one being released to sweet sleep.



*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

Feel cool burning karma  
fall from your shoulders.  
A howling freedom cry  
shakes you like an earthquake.

If you must die to be free,  
may the Beloved take your soul  
and lay your body peacefully upon the earth.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

*Demetrios*  
*Trifiat's*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

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

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

## Death, My Pal

Death,  
An old friend, as old as life,  
We met soon after my birth.  
He liked to play games with me.  
“Be ready,” he said, “I am coming for you.”  
I waited, was all ready to go,  
No fear, no regrets, no agony.  
Typhus was a serious matter back then.  
I was a child of four.  
In the last minute, he changed his mind  
And let me be.

He returned later on though.  
Impressive he was, scary.  
I was a youth now and  
Knew, I had a lot to lose.  
My entire life was before me  
But what could I do?  
He is the boss.  
I fought back after the accident.  
He seemed to like my fighting.  
He played cat and mouse for a while  
But in the end, let me go with a warning:  
“Next time, will be your last.”  
I nodded.  
He smiled.

Years passed.  
I neither saw nor heard of him all that time.  
Ready was I to welcome my daughter.  
Anxiously, I was awaiting the marvelous moment.  
Suddenly, he knocked on the door.  
“Here I am again!” He shouted.  
“You have chosen the worst of times,” I told him.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

“Any time is a good time for me!” He retorted.  
“Wait for her to be born at least,” I begged him.  
“Ok, you have nine months.”  
“Thank you, you are so generous.”  
Finally, he let me off the hook again.  
Why?  
I do not know!  
Probably, the cancer was not that aggressive.  
Probably, because he knows I am his.  
So, he likes to play  
To scare people  
As it gives him  
Prestige and status.  
Since my daughter’s birth,  
I had some more skirmishes with death:  
Melanoma, Apnea, cancerous cells  
But each time, he let me go.  
Now, I do not care.  
I am not afraid of him anymore.  
We have become buddies.  
We joke and we laugh.  
He plays the terrible master,  
I play the intrepid servant.

You see, my mortal friends,  
We must keep up the appearances.  
This is the game of life and death,  
A game that no matter who loses,  
Life is always the winner.  
For even after we die, we live.

Cheer up!

There he comes again,  
Smiling and cheerful he is,  
As never before:  
“Hi pal,”

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

“You look great!”  
“So do you,” I reply.  
We embrace each other  
For that is what pals do!  
“It is such fun to have old friends like you!” I muse.  
“Let’s have a beer before going,” he suggests.  
“Why not?” I reply, “I am in no hurry!”  
He laughs and so do I.  
What a great guy!  
What a PAL!  
I could even give  
My soul to HIM . . .  
Performance over.  
Curtains down.  
“See you later!”  
“I am certain about it . . .”

The same game I will play  
With my pal once more.  
I would even write  
A poem about it

But

Under a different name . . .

I will keep you posted!  
Enjoy life,  
Here and in the hereafter!



## Destiny and my Path of Life

Once,

Destiny I got in the act of retracing the path of my life,

Noticing how difficult my new path was, strongly I protested,

So, my angry voice I raised, asking her aloud:

“Why are you doing that to me, when you see there are easier ways that

My life could pass through, without much suffering and pain?”

Calmly, Destiny, turned towards me and patiently explained:

“The path for which yourself so intensely are complaining, especially, for you

has been designed,

The reason is for to prepare you successful to be, with the mission your soul

has been entrusted

Otherwise, able you will be not, the divine plan to help at all for to come to

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

its conclusion

As our Lord with Necessity have planned, since the moment of creation!"

## Apollo's Maxims

Apollo,  
God of prophecy, music and eloquence  
Had advised Man two things he had to do  
In order the truth of things to discover  
And as a result to see the world anew:

"Know Thyself" and " Nothing in Excess"  
The son of Zeus emphatically declared  
In that way the path to wisdom you find  
Thus better for you it is to be prepared

Stop trying to locate your God far away  
High up a mountain or on the floor of the sea  
For God in the depths of your soul is found  
Waiting for you one day to be able Him to see

Close your eyes, your ears, your nose, your mouth  
Hold back your hands and touch things no more  
Remain thus immobile and in absolute silence  
If you ever wish to perceive, eternity's divine door

Take notice of what to you Man I, Apollo, say  
Make certain every step you take to be the right one  
Avoid excess or deficiency in all that you are doing  
Keep your soul in balance, for to see how all is done!

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

*Alan*

*W.*

*Lankowski*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

[http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf\\_postst538\\_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx](http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx)

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

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

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

## Political Banter

Once again it's that time of year,  
When political banter seems the rage.  
When otherwise normal people,  
Try to come off as some worldly sage.

I have friends who are really nice folks,  
Any other time of the year.  
But, once they start with the political rants,  
I really don't want them near.

Of course, their views are always right,  
How could it be any other way?  
And you too could be right like them,  
If you just listen to what they say.

Some people take it all quite seriously,  
And engage in rather spirited exchange.  
As if convincing all their Facebook friends,  
Will bring about a world of change.

But the more I hear all this political banter,  
The more it makes me think.  
That the only party I want to join,  
Is one where I can get a drink.



## **Actions Speak Louder Than Words**

Don't tell me that you need me,  
And I'm the best you've found,  
Because if you really needed me,  
You at least would come around.

Don't talk to me on the phone,  
Saying words I want to hear,  
And giving me more excuses,  
Why you can't be with me here.

Don't tell me that you love me,  
And how much you really care,  
But when I really need you,  
I can't find you anywhere.

Actions speak louder than words,  
And for all your fancy talk,  
It just don't mean a thing,  
If you can't walk the walk.

Because it's not what you say,  
As much as what you do,  
And if you can't understand that,  
I'll just find somebody new.

## My Brother

I can't get action nowhere  
I can't get satisfaction nowhere  
Just rage and hate and shouting and crying,  
But it won't bring my brother back anyhow.  
Why? Tell me why,  
Why? Why? Why did my brother have to die?  
The police say it was a gang war  
The neighbor says he was with the wrong whore  
The kids on the corner say it was a turf war.  
I just know I won't see him any more.  
Why? Tell me why,  
Why? Why? Why did my brother have to die?  
He was a typical kid growin' up in the hood  
He did what he had to that's understood  
His life was rough, his friends were tough,  
So much around him and none of it good.  
Why? Tell me why,  
Why? Why? Why did my brother have to die?  
It was a hot afternoon in the projects  
He was out scopin' out his prospects  
A car sped by, I heard gunfire  
Someone shouts my brothers dead.  
Why? Tell me why  
Why? Why? Why did my brother have to die?  
In the projects it's understood  
Life ain't worth nothin' in the hood  
One day your livin' large with a Porche in the garage  
Next day your dead as a piece of wood.  
Why? Tell me why,  
Why? Why? Why did my brother have to die?

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

The jealousy and pettiness are insane  
It's hard to believe we're in the same game  
We're fighting each other, brother against brother  
And all we're doing is filling graves.  
Why? Tell me why,  
Why? Why? Why did my brother have to die?  
No one's gettin' ahead here  
We're only getting dead here  
When your life is measured by the bundles you clock  
We should be lookin to get outa here.  
Why? Tell me why,  
Why? Why? Why did my brother have to die?  
Everyday here's another wake  
No one want's to give only want to take  
Have another drink maybe I won't have to think  
About what we love and forsake.  
Why? Tell me why,  
Why? Why? Why did my brother have to die?

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

## Interlova

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

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

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

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

Your Sarah in love.



## The written man

I touch ever letters  
As if I touched your hand.  
Nonsens is a truth  
anyway I finish every from broached metaphors.  
Though I know that you hold in contempt with them  
as autumn leaves.  
Maybe only you fear to ripen  
or you are blindly on love.

Open your heart, while yet  
... I didn't force the door.

## Insatiable

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

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

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

\*\*\*

They are We  
lost in  
our uncontrollable desires

*Keith  
Alan  
Hamilton*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is a PRO-HUMAN, Social Activist Performance Artist and Mystic Philosopher. The full emergence of Keith's artistically creative and socially proactive lived experience includes being an Author/Writer (Poet), Publisher and Editor. Keith is the creator of the book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die ! The Images with Words Series: on the Road with ~Keith Alan Hamilton~ and the Muse Series. Keith is a fervent promoter of other social activist artists at The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online. Keith writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is also an exhibited social activist artist and draws attention to the PRO-HUMAN message flowing within his creations through the act of performance art. While participating in charitable and athletic events, Keith artistically creates a body metaphor (wearing dark clothes with a hood) to bring back to light out of the darkness, to air out, and confront through the healing process of dialogue, those inhibitions and predispositions that work against finding any cure for societal ills.

## PRO-HUMAN with a PROACTIVE belief

as a mystic philosopher  
who spiritually  
is PRO-HUMAN  
with a PROACTIVE belief  
in only One Race  
THE HUMAN RACE  
regardless of  
skin color  
sex  
gender  
nationality  
ethnicity  
culture  
or belief  
I fervently  
hope and pray  
THE HUMAN RACE  
through the lived experience  
of an intelligently  
progressive  
transitional  
and transformational  
process of  
enlightenment  
will envision  
see the wisdom  
to satisfy  
the spiritual need  
for acceptance  
of each other  
and that  
a healing for all  
could occur through

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

the communicative  
process  
of open  
dialogue ~  
~ the bringing back to light  
out of the darkness  
all hidden  
and suppressed  
predispositions  
and inhibitions  
causing  
the dis-ease  
of social ills  
so We the people  
The Human-Kind  
of The One Race  
on planet earth  
THE HUMAN RACE  
can willingly  
and mutually  
within a cooperative  
spirit  
of unconditional love  
set  
aside  
our differences ....  
to find ways to improve  
the overall well-being of ~  
~ ALL HUMANITY  
with the spiritual intent  
to create a social environment  
that will emerge .....

as a quote from the introduction  
of the book Nature ~ IQ:  
Let's Survive,  
Not Die !  
– Adaptive Transitioning says ~

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

*“A happy, healthy, prosperous and informed humanity is then more hopeful, confident, self-sufficient and more a productive contributor to society. This improved overall well-being for the people is the primer that ignites a more positive mindset about the gift of life being lived to its fullest potential. A more worry free state of being, frees the mind of the people from the burden of day to day ills. The more open and clear the mind is with less distraction, helps the people see the wisdom for becoming united and focused through a commonality in purpose, the survival of humanity. We the people as a whole will then be more willing and able to set aside the differences between us that the trials and tribulations of life have exacerbated. This shared purpose with a clear vision, the preservation of the human species, spirited on by an improved well-being will help the people to not only want to take a more active role in life, but be more proactive in our efforts.”*

peace out



## must become Pro-Human

The Human-Kind  
The One Race  
THE HUMAN RACE  
We the people  
of planet earth.....

must become Pro-Human  
work together  
have the wisdom  
envision the purpose  
and foresee the benefit  
despite the odds  
in creating  
a human environment  
that leads to an  
Independence Day  
celebrated by all.....

The Human-Kind  
The One Race  
THE HUMAN RACE  
We the people  
of planet earth

where the right of choice  
equality  
and justice  
is a reality for everyone

peace out

## grant and then guarantee

*We the people*  
of the One Race  
THE HUMAN RACE  
must see the wisdom  
and benefit to all  
in continually striving  
to grant and then  
guarantee  
each and every  
individual  
regardless of  
skin color  
sex  
gender  
nationality  
ethnicity  
culture  
or belief  
the liberty  
to exercise freedom  
through an  
adaptively  
resilient  
transitional  
and transformational  
process  
of intelligent  
progression  
similar to the butterfly  
from cocoon  
to flight. ....  
..... experience fully

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

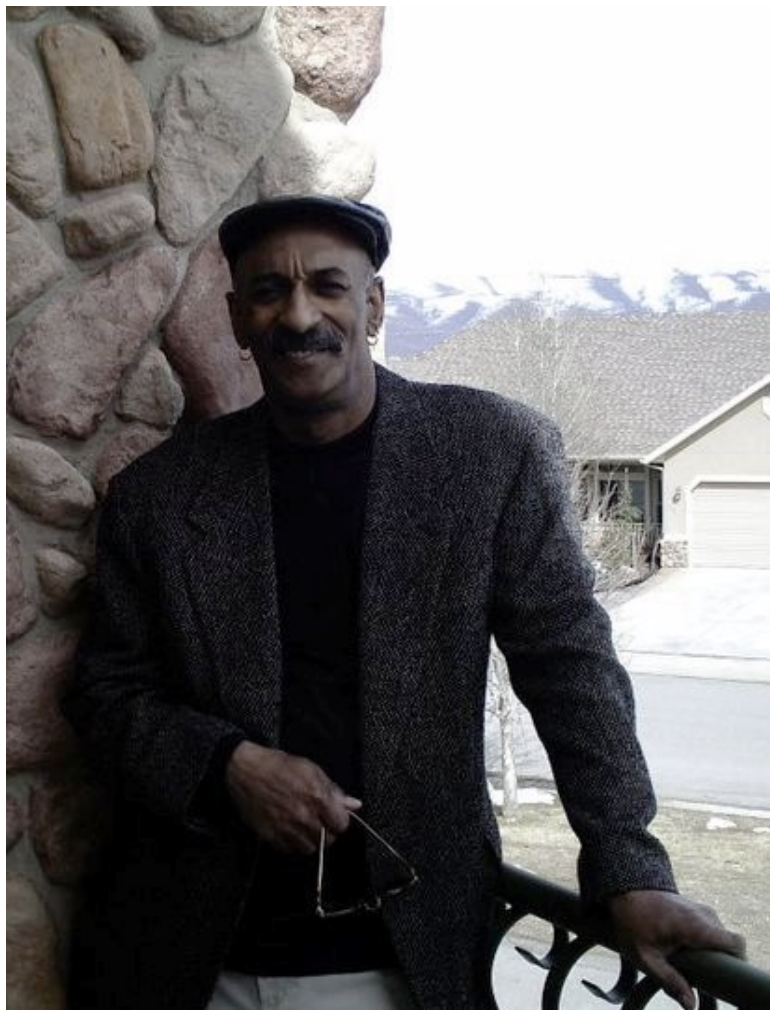
the right of choice  
equality  
and justice  
for all  
therein  
the co-evolutionary  
creation of  
a social environment  
where all  
groups formed  
comprised of  
individuals  
grown in liberty  
will reap the blessings  
of freedom as well

peace out

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

*William*  
*J.*  
*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

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

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

## Always . . . ALL Ways

bury me not  
in a pine box,  
a metal casket  
nor a concrete vault

burn away the essence and false evidence  
of my aging  
and scatter my ashes to the whispering winds  
of the ocean

let me for once  
fly as i was meant to  
and embrace all there is  
and settle upon the waters  
that feed all existence

my soul shall keep watch over thee  
and i will speak favor into thy life,  
for again, i will not be contained  
by the constraints  
of this vessel  
which held back my dreams  
and convinced me  
i had no wings

bury me not  
in a pine box,  
a metal casket  
nor a concrete vault



*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

burn away the essence and false evidence  
of my aging  
and scatter my ashes to the whispering winds  
of the ocean . . . Always

ALL Ways

## Storms

there have been many storms in my life,  
most of which i had an integral role in creating.

i have learned some things . . . i guess  
but i earnestly suspect  
many opportunities  
to agress my consciousness  
escaped my vision  
or traveled in the shadows  
of my ignorance

there were times i lamented,  
and i have cried  
over my slothful ways  
when i simply turned away  
from that which i knew  
at the core of my soul . . .  
i should have turned to,  
regardless the consequence

retrospectively,  
i hope there is a fruit  
in this reflective bemusing, amusing  
tango 'me' and 'i' do together.

we have become masters of this incongruous dereliction

in my current inebriating mesmerist attitude  
with 'self'  
i clearly see the vanity  
i suffer at the hand of my own  
dancing with my demented delusions  
that my life should have been charming  
in all particulars

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

of my experience . . .  
with no effort on my part

yes, i am still pouting !

i guess the storms come from imbalance  
when certain innate forces of nature  
come together in a perfect pitch  
to orchestrate change

sometimes i have a hand in this as well,  
as i attempt to go against nature,  
denying the truth of existence  
that all is causal  
with purpose inscribed on the heart of "Intention"

there is a quantifiable qualm before the storm  
that eventually expresses its self,  
dispersing its energies  
in the seeking of the silence of the middle  
where the 'eye is single'  
and brief respite is to be had

and after the rest,

the surge walks steadily  
towards exhaustion  
to embrace a remorse filled solitude  
where we contemplate  
and create visions of rebuilding,  
amidst the storm's cleansed plains . . .  
of existence

"Chaos" always cloaks her self  
in a robe of possibilities and enchantment  
thereby deceiving us  
and clouding our heads

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

from what is verifiably real

we do like to play with her,  
but she is a maelstrom  
which sucks men's stature  
into the chasm of confusion . . .  
and like a rudderless boat . . . hah !

we are at the mercy of the stars  
and the favor of fate

when we too,  
full of "self"  
deplete our energies,  
perhaps we will meet  
that same solitude  
and learn again  
to embrace  
that same "Self"  
we have cast aside,  
so many times

where in the storm does truth reside,  
where may i be soulfully fulfilled  
with a walking consciousness  
that i am the storm,  
i am the calm  
because . . .  
I Am

## the scent of Rain

you can smell her fragrance  
as she approaches,  
you can smell her aroma  
as she gently pours  
from the heavens

her presence evokes, awakens  
the grass and the wood,  
and they sing in scent  
of her praises

i stop !  
i am still  
and i remember,  
i have been here before,  
my soul frolicking,  
playing,  
dancing  
in  
the scent of Rain

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

World Healing,  
World Peace  
2016

Now Available



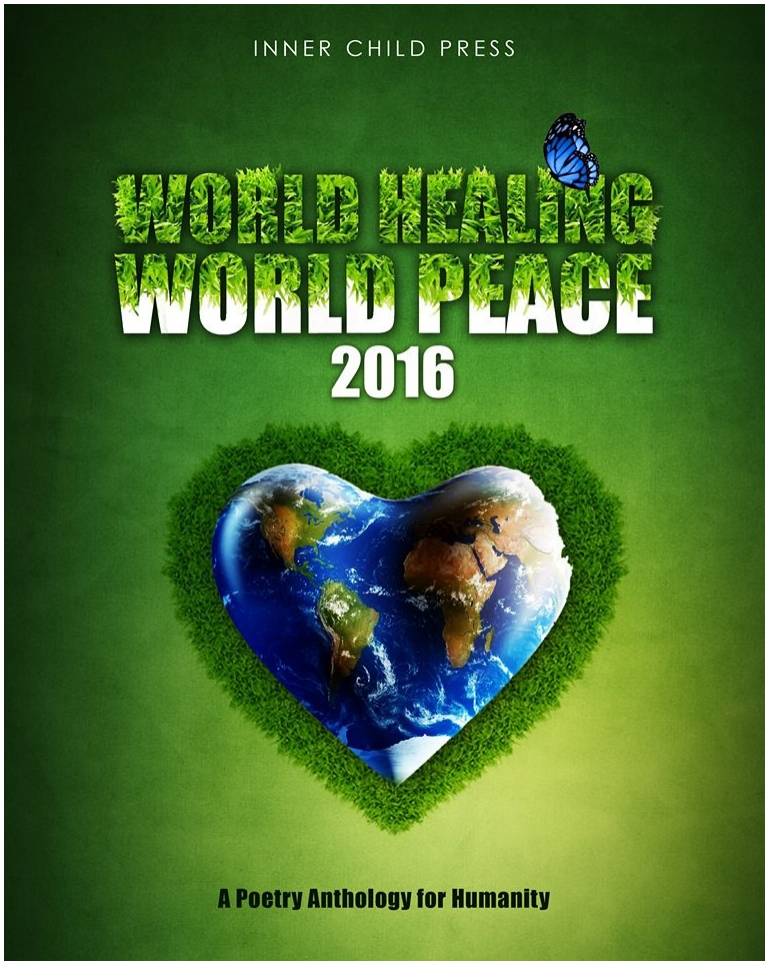
SUPPORT

World Healing  
World Peace



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

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*



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



August  
2016  
Features

~ \* ~

Anita Dash

Irena Jovanovic

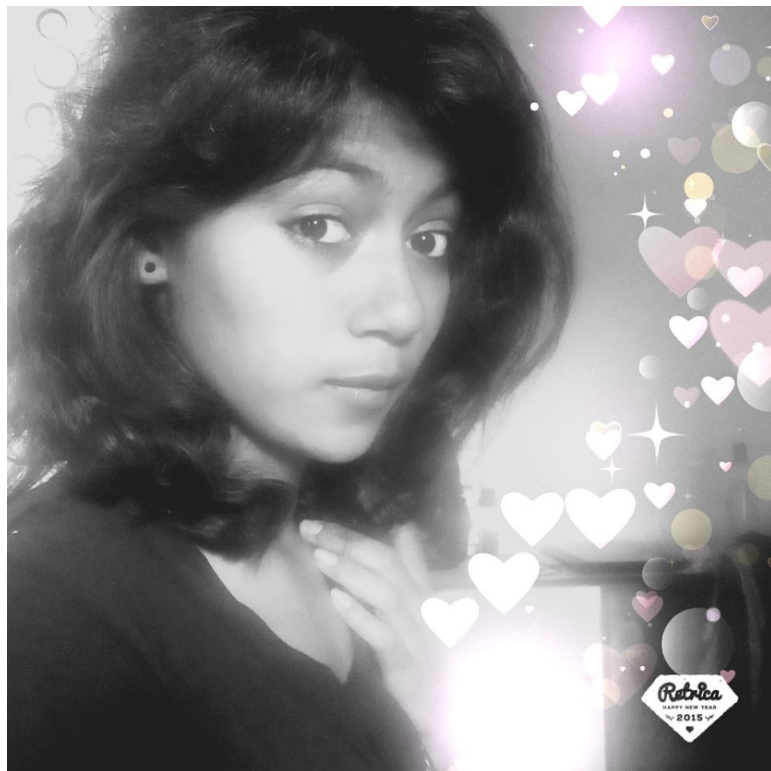
Malgorzata Gouluda

*The Year of the Poet III ~ August 2016*

*Anita*

*Dash*

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2016*



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

Anindita Dash (3rd Dec 2000) is a student of 11th grade of the school 'Kendriya Vidyalaya, Balasore'. Anindita hails from a small city namely 'Balasore' of a beautiful state 'Odisha', situated in the second most populated country 'INDIA'. She is merely an amateur poet, lately she started writing. She says, "The whole world inspires me to write". One day when her best friend denied to write for her, which she wished to submit for the class magazine. Then she felt a sudden jerk, and that night only she started writing.

Her best one liner is, 'I am pretty in front of my mirror'

Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/anindita.dash.50>

Email

[Anindita.dp24@gmail.com](mailto:Anindita.dp24@gmail.com)

## A DAY WITHOUT YOU

Every morn I open my eyes,  
You vanish from my dreams,  
And appear in front of my eyes.  
God! I adore that moment,  
I wish that time to never end.  
But when you fade away,  
From my sight,  
With myself—so I fight.  
Never thought to spend,  
A single sec without you.  
But for a day, I had to!  
I got a lot of time to be myself,  
But you weren't there,  
To see the new—Myself.  
A lot of things I wished  
To share with you.  
But wasn't allowed,  
To turn my feelings into texts.  
At time I broke into pieces.  
There wasn't anyone,  
To reconstruct the broken—me.  
Was a demonic day dear!  
Never please let  
The second monstrous day come.  
O my sweet heart!  
Days turn useless without you.

## MY POOR MARKSHEET

That day is still crystal clear,  
When your hands  
Held my mark-sheet.  
In my exam--I did quite poor.  
But had still the fear,  
To face your anger.  
I disappointed you by my marks,  
When the teacher taught me,  
I always listened carefully.  
From the theorems to their proofs,  
From poems to their poets.  
I keep in my mind everything!  
But when I see,  
The question paper in front of me.  
Don't know how,  
Sometimes I forget silly-silly things.  
And get nervous in the exam hall.  
Marks showed few numbers,  
Not 'MY' reflection.  
Do forgive me, for that poor mark-sheet.

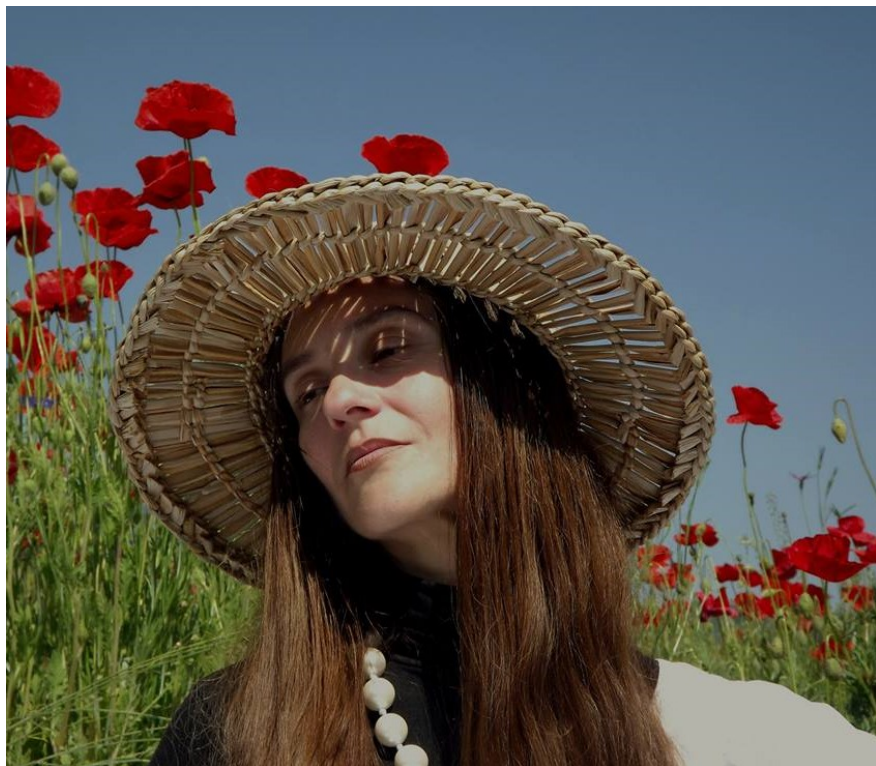
## ME' TIME

Thousands of people,  
I everyday see.  
Gather with them,  
Forgetting 'ME'.  
Even a drop of water,  
I have to share.  
To live with myself,  
I should go 'where'?  
In my dreams,  
Many people appear!  
To spend some  
'ME' time with 'ME' dear,  
I get no place!  
I at times,  
Decide to quit everything,  
To leave this chaotic land.  
But would i be,  
Able to spend some  
'ME' time in the heaven?



*Irena  
Lovanovic*

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2016*



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

Irena Jovanović was born in 1971 in Zaječar, Serbia. She studied drawing, painting, ceramics, sculpture and design at the Faculty of Applied Arts and Design in Belgrade, Serbia. She had many solo and collective exhibitions in her country, and she has been writing poetry in Serbian for years, but now she also started writing it in English, in order to express and transfer her spiritual cognitions, emotions and ideas in a language which all the world uses for communication now. In 2013 Inner Child Press published her first poetry book „Let It Be“ with 50 poems written in English. Her poems were published at electronic Carty's Poetry Journal in issues VIII and IX. She also maintains her facebook page with poetry in English on internet, and it can be found at following links:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Irena-Jovanovi%C4%87/221729514543916>

Her book is available at the link of the publisher:

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/irena-jovanovic.php>

She lives and works in Zaječar, Serbia,  
in her art studio.

## In the sixteenth dimension extension

In the sixteenth dimension extension  
I have sixteen pairs of hands  
and body even more subtle and fluent  
correlative to the extension of mind.  
There I may very well have  
sixteen thousand children born from mind  
with one whom I explicitly truly love there  
uplifted Master of Divine Sciences.  
Our minds are intertwined in brilliance  
creating all creatures and things  
wished and needed.  
it is a display of harmony implied  
we never met in the third dimensional events yet  
but we met up there in sixteenth dimension  
and reached completeness in immortal brilliant bliss.  
It's twisted if I say I love him more than anyone here  
it is celestial love, no way to explain to you by saying.  
It is a part of my evolution only, I admit  
and a God given lesson in light of all the existence  
in accordance to beautifully arranged stages -  
I try to evolve towards the purest love of God...

## Mainframe of my life

In the mainstream of light beams  
I enter into multidimensionality  
Fractal dreams resolve my intuition  
In the opened miracle area I conceive all  
watching inwards into conclusions  
which I have never made  
It is indefinite infinity to which  
you cannot point the finger on  
ever growing wilderness of expanded  
brilliance thoughts and visions of true depths  
of explanations to enveloped answers  
We were hiding for ages and eons  
in symbols of unknown omniscience we hid  
so deep, sunk and buried in auric treasures  
where enlightened source might  
plays games with life  
while questions stay outside unsolved and silent  
until the power of confidence and love  
release it and easily erase  
the walls of our mind fixations  
exchanging them for golden thrones of light  
with paramount crowns  
of knowledge  
in wisdom

## Snowflake Design

In a total orchestration of varieties  
perpetually dancing  
in the very unbounded fields  
of all the possibilities of life  
in the midst of winter time  
happiness flourished  
in the many-branched delicacy subtlety  
even more refined in gracious lines advancements  
some new, freshly born adorable ideas  
in the Supreme mind of the Creator alone  
just expressed in twinkling icy beauty  
of feather-like constituted icons  
of heavenly mandalas patterns  
and secrets even more deeply dived in realms  
in a short-timed messages of inner peace  
of the all mighty vibratory fields  
of His all quintessential energies of life  
just so elaborately dedicated art  
devoted precision in a filigree challenge  
who has imagined all this profound knowledge  
this sacred geometry consecrated in timelessness  
in genuine words all substance is hidden, embedded  
His all-powerful brilliance is absolutely reflected  
in every shiny little transparent piece of art  
of completely unique, one by one, each particular  
exceedingly luxurious snowflake design  
invented to charm the universe  
intended to enlighten eternity

*Malgorzata  
Goluda*

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2016*





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

Małgorzata “MarGoth” GOLUDA, ZLP Branch in Szczecin

She studied at the ZUT, the direction of Design. Defense Bachelor degree in March 2013. While studying the organization of several openings and exhibitions of surrealist art in Szczecin (<http://sigma.blogx.pl/>).

Is preparing several new series of works drawing. Completed series issued on evenings copyright, other events and published on the Internet. Since 2013, high school girl dance Abballu the direction of Tribal Fusion. Is no stranger to the dance also Gothic. In 2013 she collaborated with a team of Gothic as a graphic designer and dancer. Dancing had the pleasure to present more than once in Szczecin. In the near future collaboration with another team, the Gothic. The idea for the publication of the sixth.

## I LIFT HEAD

I'm going firmly on the sidewalk  
is it a lot of dried  
blood.

Soiling at least not shoes  
human pettiness and  
ignorance.

They do not realize,  
how much bleed  
in pursuit of a blunt  
lust.

Money.

And material existence.

~~~

But the pavement is bumpy.

In pregnancies to stumble.

Falling.

I raise.

I cannot give up.

Do not crush me.

I have to teach them.

Look at the sky.

## TOAST FOR FAITH

Stop faith  
do not let it escape  
with hands like Swallow freedom.  
Even when life  
it seems to be the depths  
meanness.  
Loneliness can then kill.  
So back to memories.  
Although one, even insignificant,  
maybe  
light  
in your  
life  
light.  
That it dissipates the darkness of hardships.  
When will it happen,  
drink with me.  
From a life of faith ...

*The Year of the Poet ~ August 2016*

aggressive in its

misery

dog barking

dies

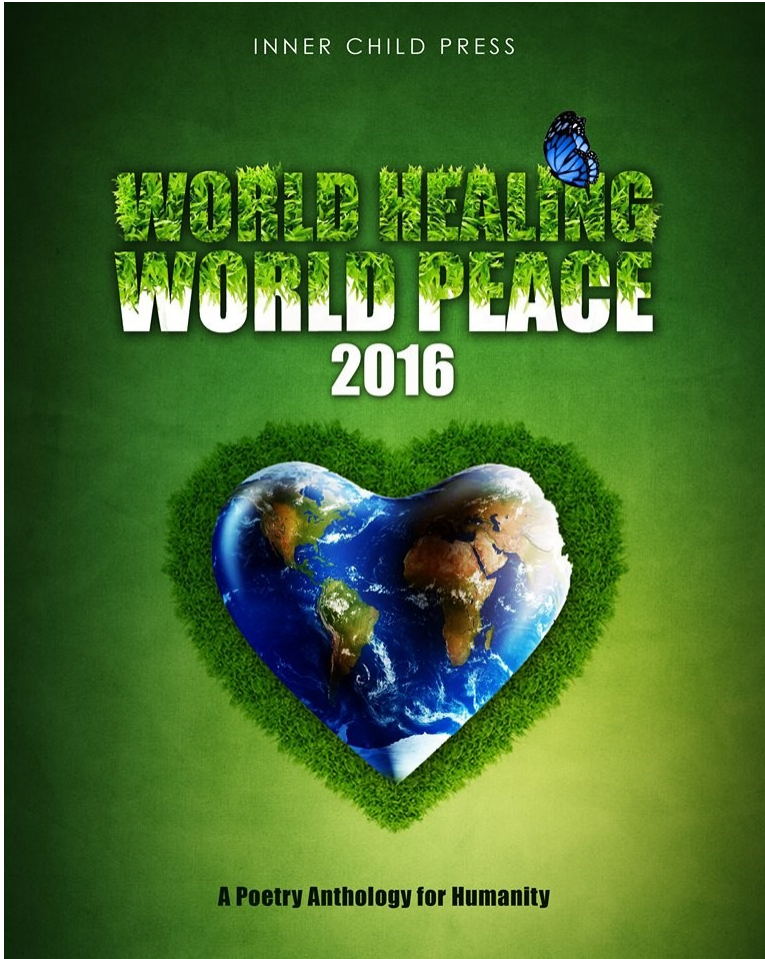
drowned out by night

train

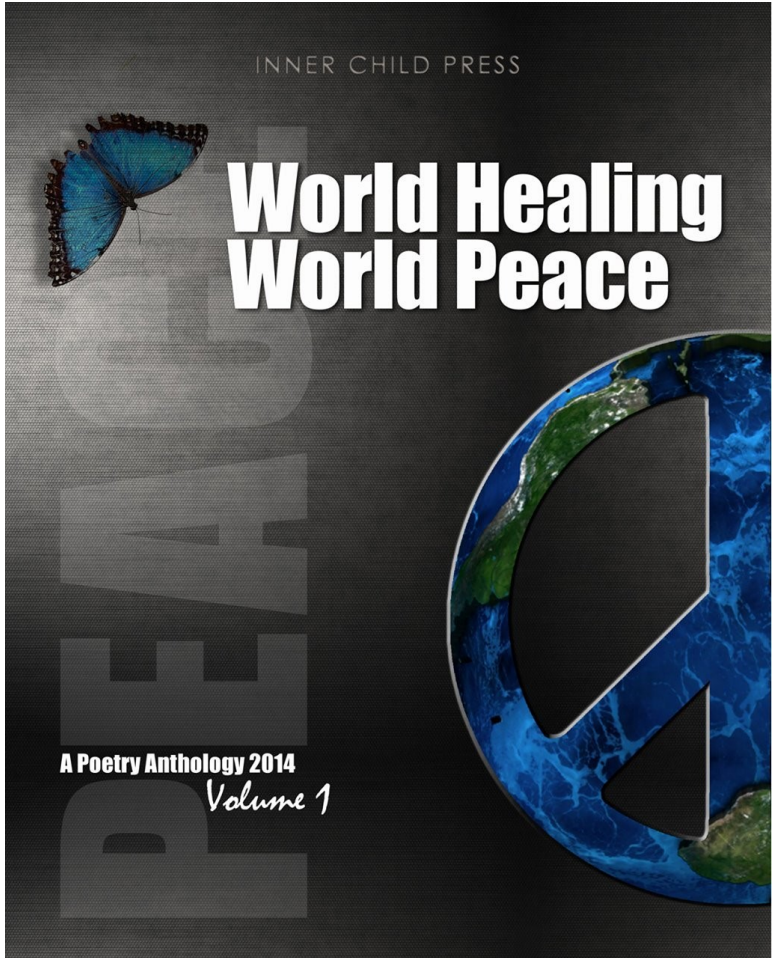
mortified independence

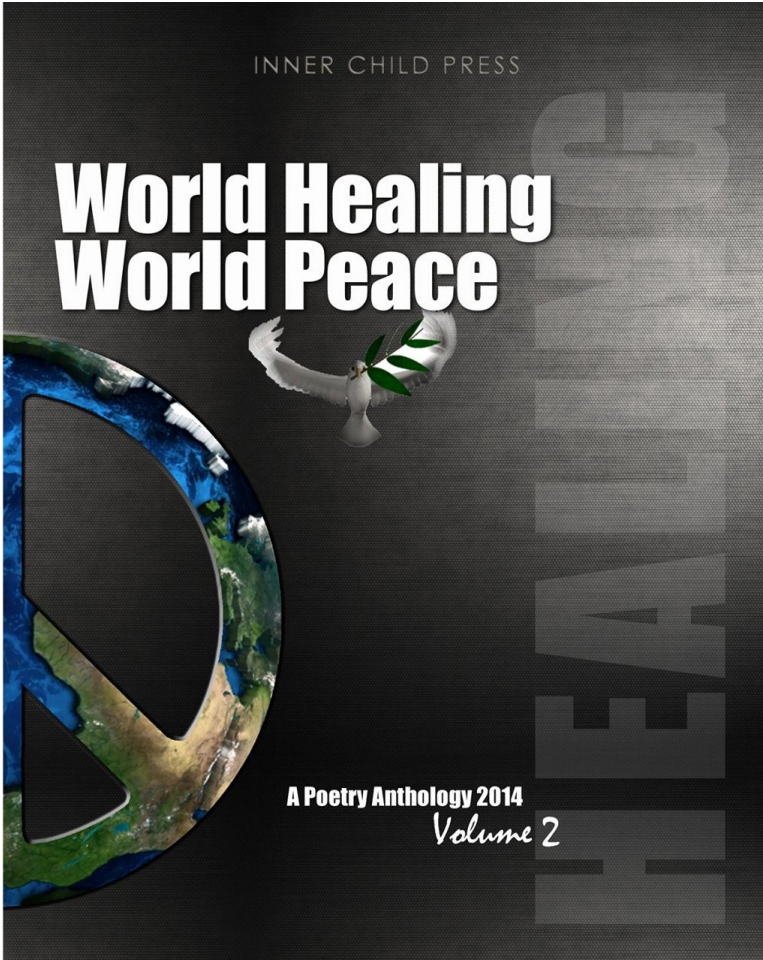
*Other  
Anthological  
works from  
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

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



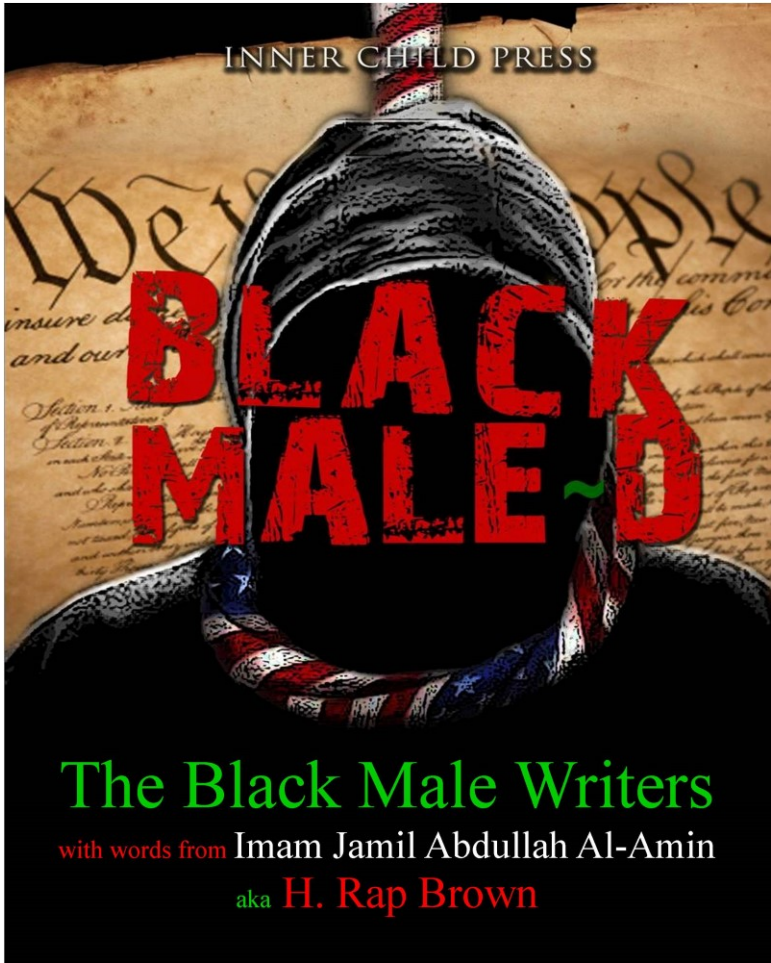
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*







*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



The Year of the Poet III  
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash

Irena Jovanovic

Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

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



The Year of the Poet III  
June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Nizar Sattawi \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adelan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiotus \* Alan W. Janowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

# *The Year of the Poet III*

## **Featured Poets**

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalasiz

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

## *The Poetry Posse 2016*

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

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

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

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

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

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

*celebrating international poetry month*

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

# The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology  
of

# Love

## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazo \* Joe DeVeber Mindence \* Alfredo Guee  
Ebrahim Shehu \* Hirshikesh Padhe \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

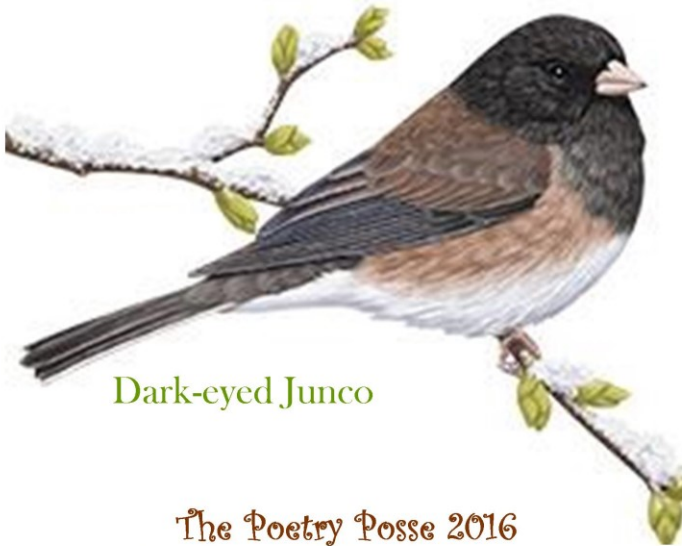
Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfred Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel. Betty Adams \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Triffatus \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

### Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

### The Poetry Posse 2016

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

## The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II  
November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

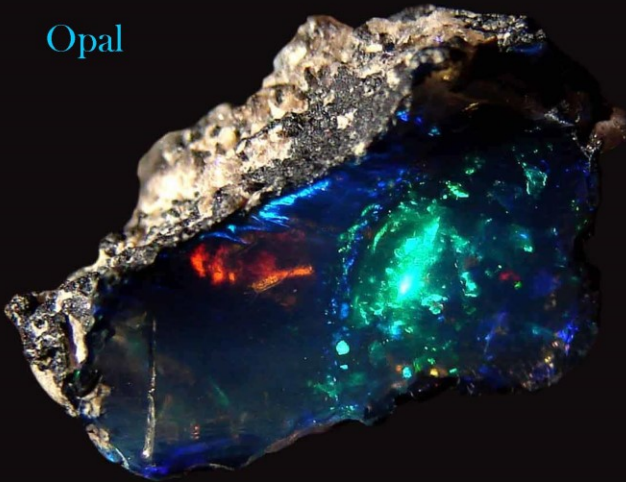
# The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

## Featured Poets

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

Opal



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

## Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonnice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

## *The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

## *Featured Poets*

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



## *The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

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

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

Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton

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

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

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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



# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

## June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Geri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chinnery  
Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

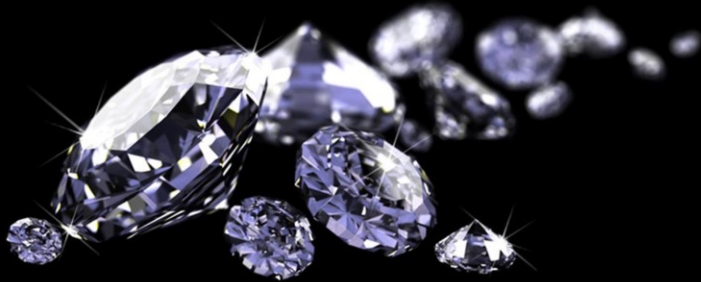
# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony 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

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 III

January 2015



Garnet

*The Poetry Posse*

- Jamie Bond
- Gail Weston Shazor
- Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
- Siddartha Beth Pierce
- Janet P. Caldwell
- Tony Henninger
- Joe Davis et Miralancer
- 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 posse

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

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raġendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo



# 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 \* 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.

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Pass*

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

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

## 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  
Siddhartha 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 DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

March 2014

## 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.



daffodil

*Our March Featured Poets*

Alicia C. Cooper & hulya yilmaz

# 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

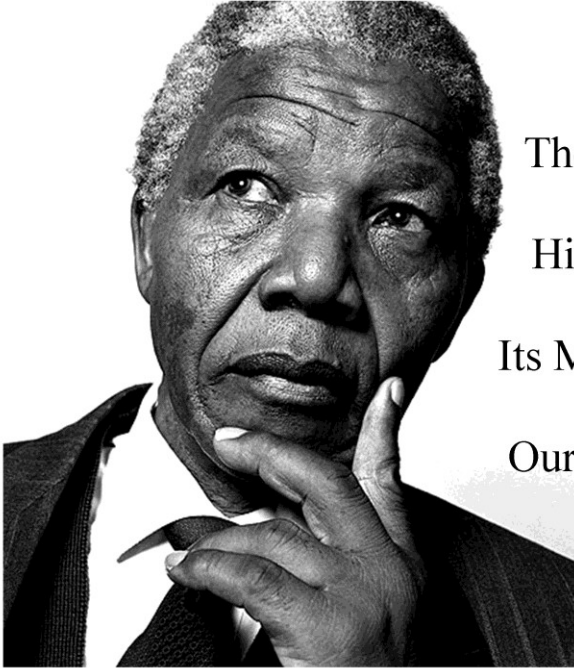
**Jamie Bond**  
**Gail Weston Shazor**  
**Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco**  
**Siddartha Beth Pierce**  
**Janet P. Caldwell**  
**June 'Bugg' Barefield**  
**Debbie M. Allen**  
**Tony Henninger**  
**Joe DaVerbal Minddancer**  
**Robert Gibbons**  
**Neetu Wali**  
**Shareef Abdur-Rasheed**  
**William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

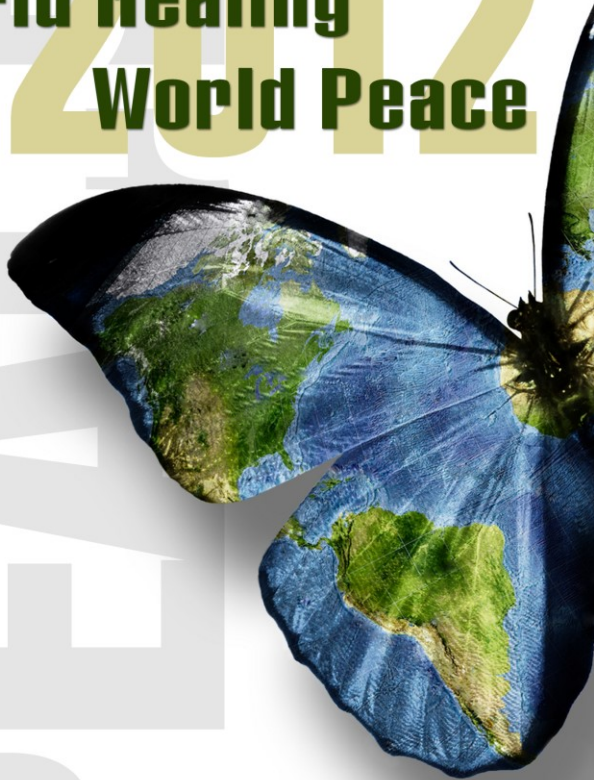
# **A GATHERING OF WORDS**



**POETRY & COMMENTARY**  
**FOR**  
**TRAYVON MARTIN**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# World Healing World Peace



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

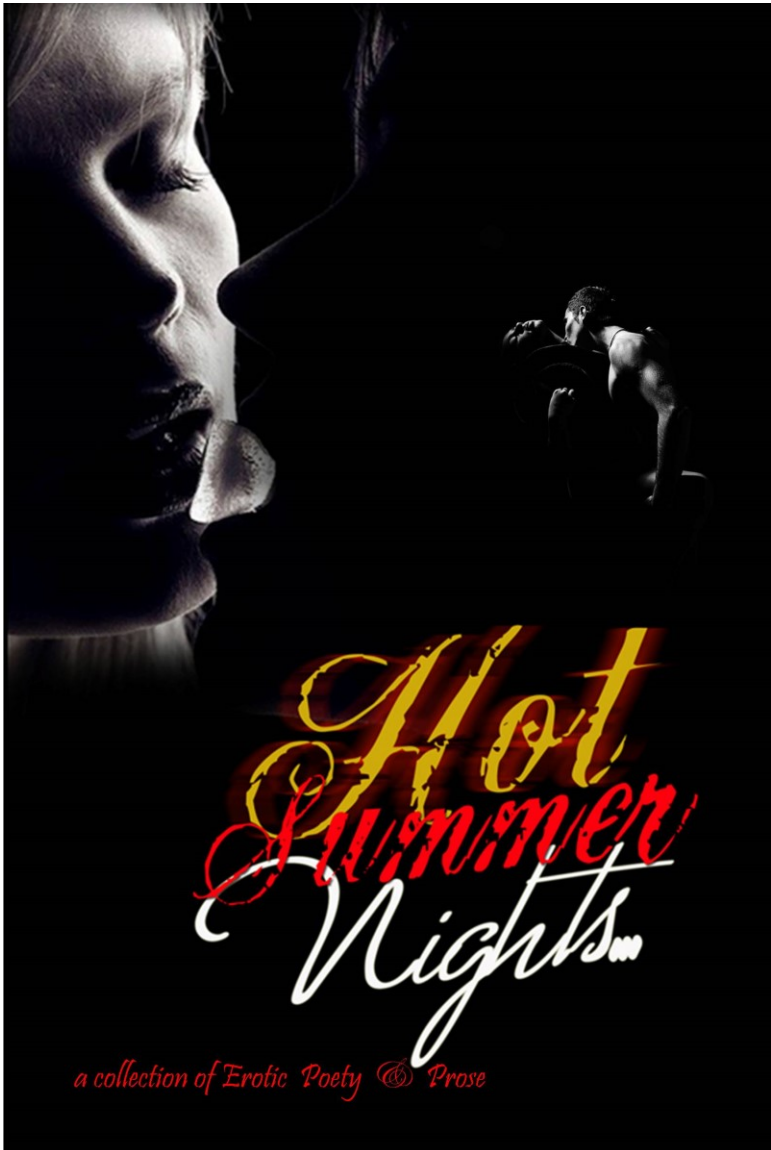
*Volume 2*

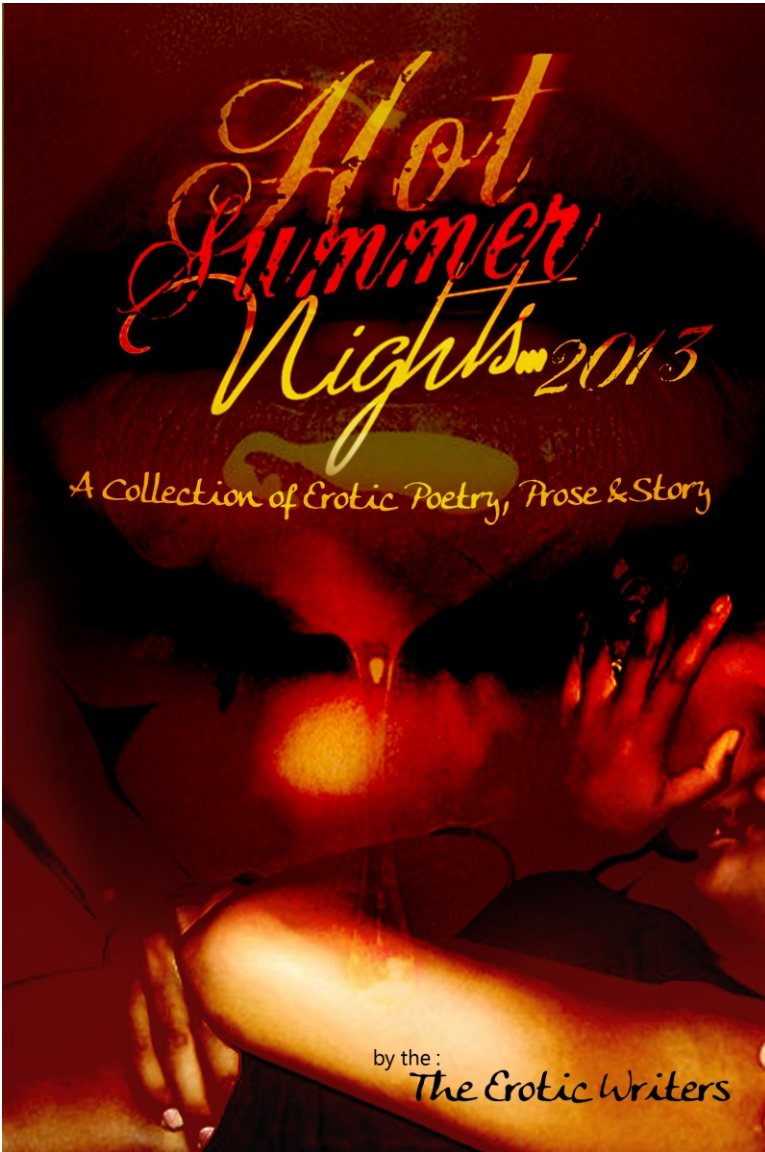
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

*healing through words*



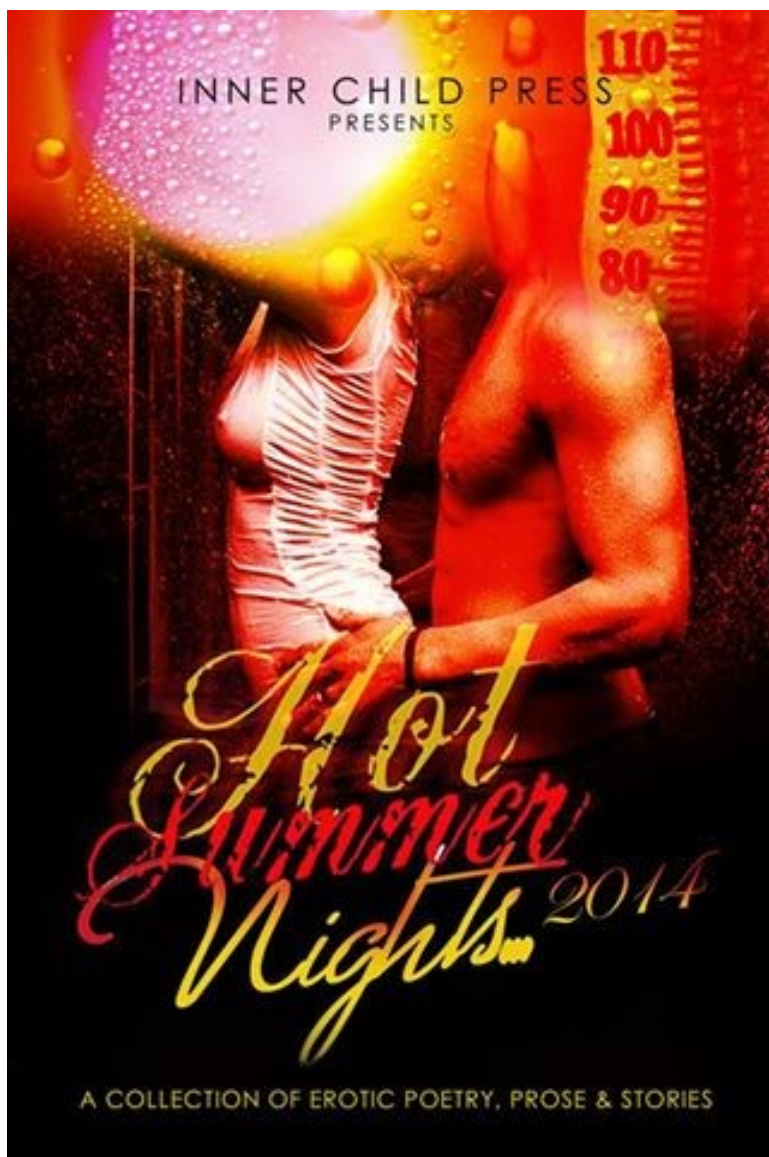
*Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories*



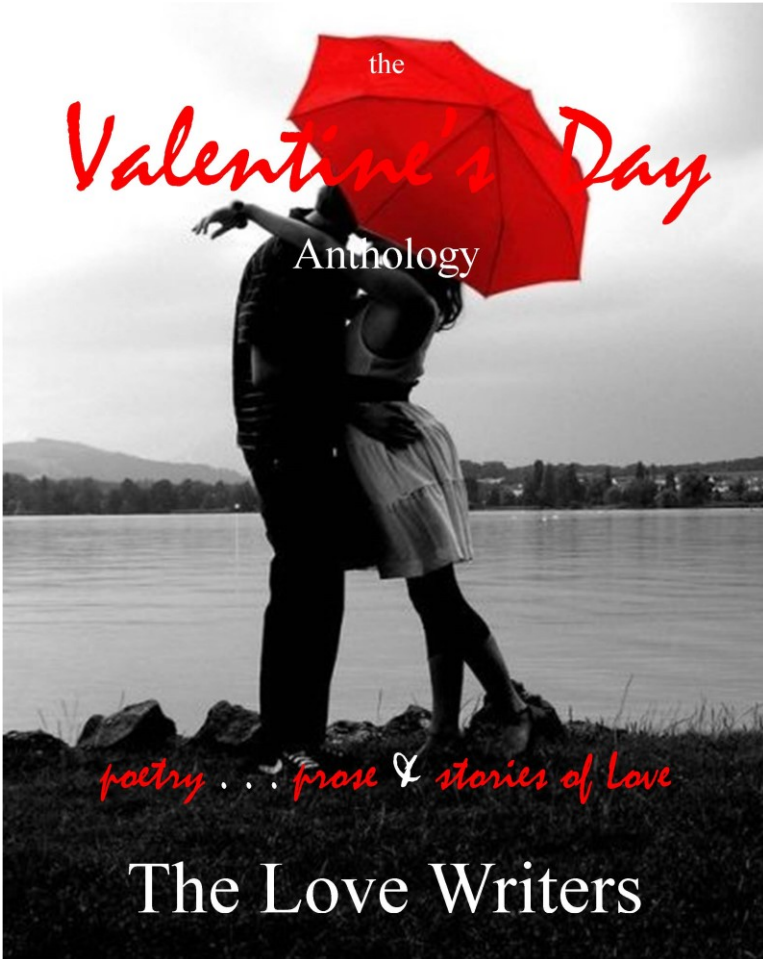




*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



want my

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

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

*Monte Smith*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

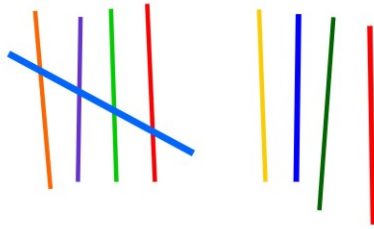
*a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...*

 Monte Smith  
want my

POEtRy  
to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



a  
Poetically  
Spoken  
Anthology  
volume I  
Collector's Edition

and there is much, much more !

visit . . .

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/anthologies-sales-special.php>

Also check out our Authors and  
all the wonderful Books

Available at :

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-book-store.php>





**Support**

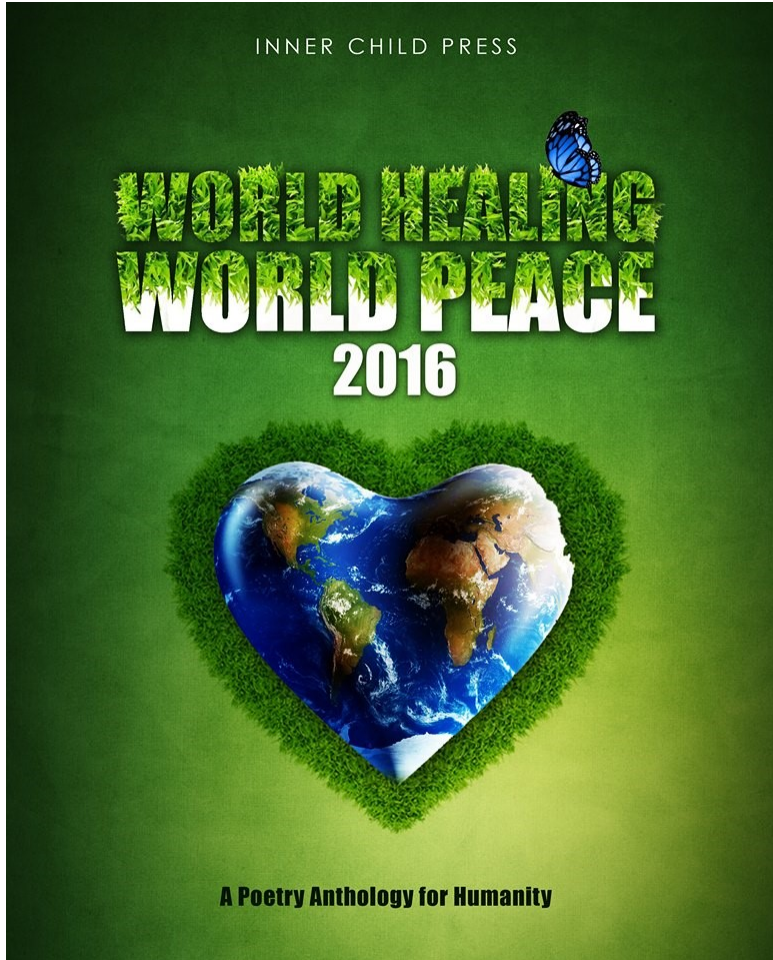
# World Healing World Peace



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



*Now Available*



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

This Anthological Publication  
is underwritten solely by

## *Inner Child Press*

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

*Inner Child Press*

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



~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



## August 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Anita  
Dash



Irena  
Jovanovic



Malgorzata  
Goluda

