

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

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

**The Year of the Poet
February Edition**

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2014

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Dedication

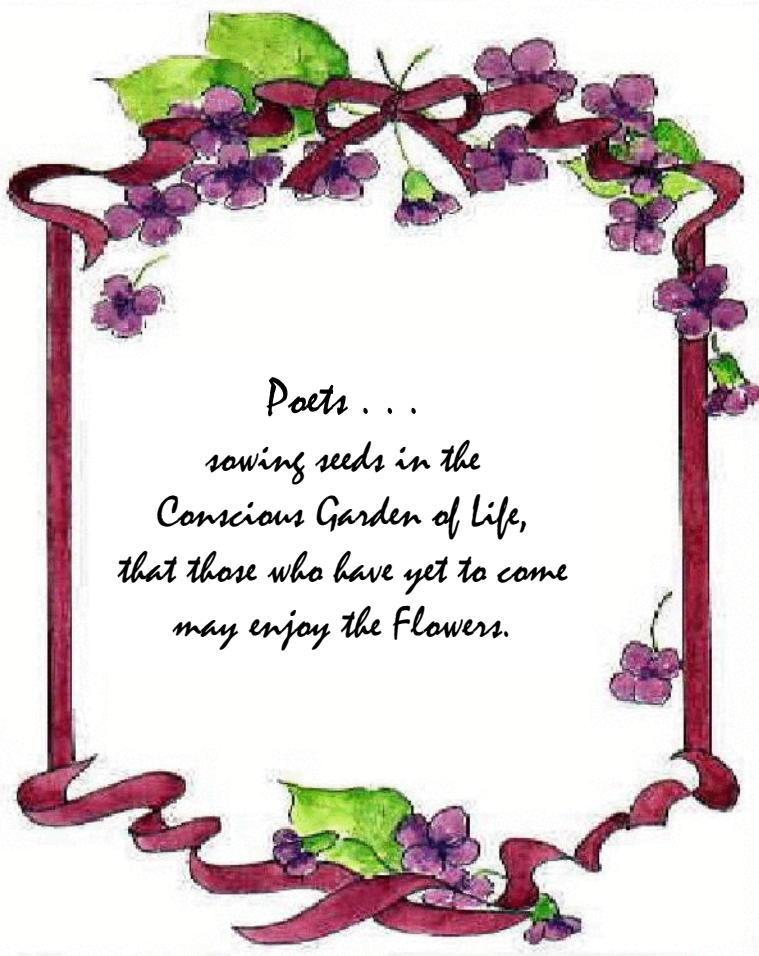
This Book is dedicated to

Poetry

&

the Spirit

of our Everlasting Muse.



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

Foreword

Needless to say i am so excited about this venture. In the original concept between Jamie and my self we committed to writing a book a month for the year of 2014. As all good things do, the vision began to expand. So here we are today with 13 wonderfully gifted Poets who have answered the call. This is a Win ~ Win ~ Win situation for all concerned.

Firstly, each of us will be able to add 12 more Title Credits to our Poetic Resume as a result of our efforts. I do not know many writers who have 12 books published.

Secondly, this effort possesses the inherent ability to break down the barriers that exist within the Poetry and Literary dynamic. We have been blessed to be represented by a cross section of Ethnicity, Religiosity, Gender, and writing styles. What an enriching opportunity, not only for the readers, but for us Poets as well as we familiarize ourselves with our contemporaries.

Finally, to give the gift of our words to the world at large is a blessing we take not lightly. Herein there are some prolific Writers / Poets who have something to say. We pray you listen as we each share our insights, our feelings and out thoughts with you.

look for us each month for this entire year of 2014 . . .
The Year of the Poet.

All i can say beyond this point is like us . . . Enjoy the Journey

Bless Up

‘just bill’

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

~ wsp

Preface

Bill and I talk about a lot of things... from solving the world's problems, to line ups of future radio show ideas, to life, love, control issues, healing, destroying, creating and uplifting. We talk about our families, recipes; we chat about the past, present and future Authors We laugh and cry; we tell jokes. Life is good. Our conversations are always fun, crazy and intensely thought provoking.

This started out as a conversation with William S Peters and Myself, Jamie Bond. The average Author will publish maybe one book a year. The more productive writers, perhaps a few, and yet the average reader can read a typical novel in somewhere between 2 hours and 3 days. Statistics say, the average person will read about 6-7 books a year. Do the math for me because I already see a disconnection here.

Somehow the readers have an unrealistic expectation that an Author of any genre has a hidden treasure trove of sequels lined up ready to make public at the word go. Unfortunately this couldn't be farther from the truth.

This was the conversation that sparked '*just bill*' and I to consider and thus commit to publish a book a month for the entire year of 2014. This was never about who is the best or better than anyone else as far as their writing. This was to ensure that we exceeded the mundane statistics of being ordinary.

We laugh about how we write all the time, but it may not be publishable, yet WE WRITE ! And so then, we challenged each other to post a poem EVERY DAY into *HEY lets publish a book a month*. The Light bulb went on and we were determined to be committed and WE ARE !!!

Once we realized how incredible this opportunity was we felt compelled to invite a few more poets. With Gail Weston Shazor being the first to accept the challenge, the ideas and the names began to flourish. As you read the lineup, it will give you frissons to know that each one of the Writers on this team despite their location, culture, political and religious beliefs; despite what's going on in each of their personal lives are dedicated to bringing this into fruition and creating history.

Ladies and Gentlemen . . .

This is simply and intricately historic. What else could we possibly call it besides, *The Year Of The Poet*. Look at the elite pens on this roll call that have committed and dedicated their creativity to give you brand new ink, straight off the dome. We are not doing it for the fame; WE are doing it to sharpen our pens with devotion. We will actually publish 12 books by this years end. This is a task and vision that we have undertaken to add to our poetic resume as well as share our offerings with you . . . We All Win !

I felt it was appropriate to grace each month's publishing of this series, *The Year Of The Poet* with the Flower that represents it.

Enjoy;

Jamie Bond

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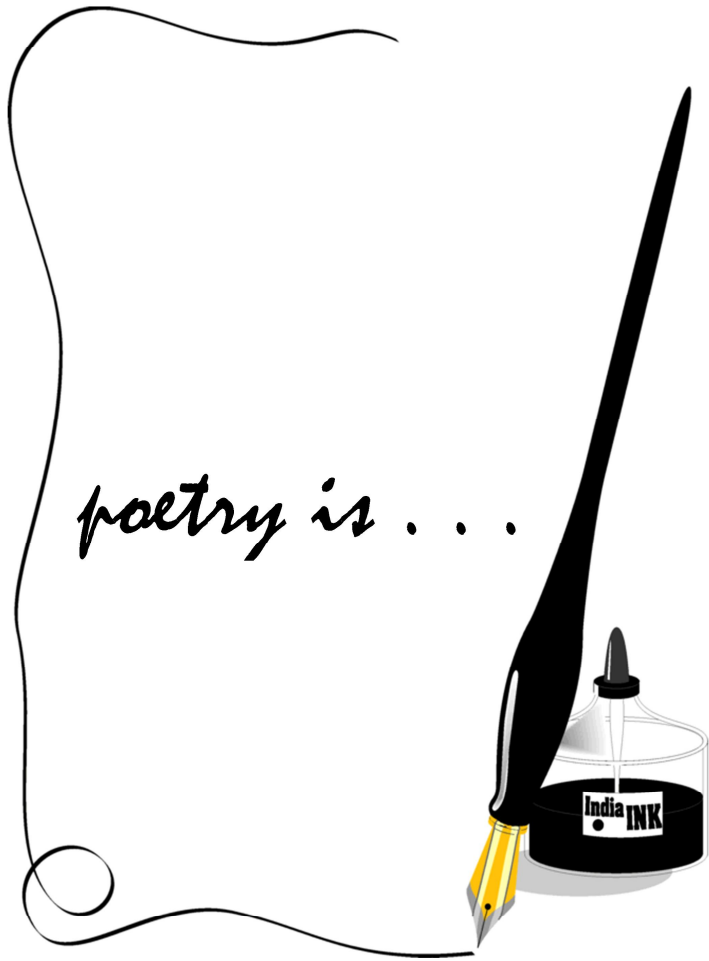
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Jamie
Bond*

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

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

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

Her Motto

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

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

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Double Vision

Now listen
it was raining
I wore a bonnet
He was
intensely smitten
so I can't call it
Made a comment
that my smile
was like a comet
He loves my eyes
said that they ARE
shooting stars 2wice
Stated that
they were so dammn
mysterious and cute
Emotions parasailed
with a perfect landing
in a parachute
I was touched ...
Told em to call me
liu ch'ung hon
I see you
my peripheral vision
so dammn acute
Let's face it
I may well have
double pupils

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Stokely Carmichael

June 29, 1941~ November 15, 1998

Call me Kwame Ture... Sovereignty never tasted so good
What we fought for died and did without, it'll never be
understood

Left wings... Right wings... Hell we just want to fly
But the parties involved have too many lies... too many
spies

Too many of our own kind ... beset with despise

Bullying and self-sabotage they are raised to be miserable
History is vanishing like pain and struggle are invisible,
Its dismal... despicable... downright unacceptable

We live to die ...but we don't exist alright
We fight each other before standing upright for what's right
Being plagued with non-educational shows
As if reality TV is all we'll ever come to know

Imagine that...

I tunes, PDF's and Nooks are killing the history of books
They sue the makers of tobacco due to the hazardous
effects

Yet the Media is getting away with pre-murdering young
minds today

And you say its okay... Don't tell me you won't
When you're willing to stand in long lines on black Fridays
But won't conduct a peaceful protest on the injustices of
today...

It's a shame...

The Year of the Poet ~ February

When will you stand for something?
What will it take for you to fight for your legacies basic
civil rights?
For a stranger I'm willing to die but my brother refuses to
live for me
I said it before and I'll say it again...

***“It is a call for black people in this country to unite, To
recognize their heritage, to build a sense of community. It
is a call for black people to define their own goals, to lead
their own organizations.”***

Stokely Carmichael 6/ 29/41~ 11/ 15/ 1998

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Love Don't Live Here

Love don't live here anymore
Just like an uneven score
It was just a guest with a quest
Ignored even when I'm present
Yet... Not on purpose I said.....
I'm just not important enough I guess
My pride derived from the noblesse
High tolerance to pain for the noblest

I am a poetess
Pens are chambers to my heart
I am a novelist
Time is of the essence
The unrealistic expectations for us
That I had about FOREVER
Craftily undermined my every effort

Created a compound fracture
In the core of my soul...
Inventory control
Affection erased in a mental calculator
I over analyzed lies I couldn't formulate
Simply because I created in my mind

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Easy mistakes so they're easily miscalculated

BUT Love...

Love has never broken my heart....

The healing process is the part

Of blessings and tests

Being finessed

Minus the stress

While time is of the essence

My soul's requirement

Is all the acts of being in love

With none of the complications of it

Clearly Ambiguous

He seems to think
she's so laid back she'll fall
But she's not playing
hard to get with him at all
He says he wants
her mind, heart and soul
Only for him
her love is like a candy store
Confident in his intentions
when it comes to her love
Some real shit you can believe in
pure as a white dove
On some puppy love stuff
and as adults it's literally unheard of
It's so natural; a Brick city love
going hard like a boxing glove
She surrenders, she trusts him,
and she knows she's safe
He's truth; he knows her
and not just listens but also concentrates

He asks her specifically why does she love him?
Because, he's not her type?
She smiles thoughtfully and whispers with a kiss
Ssshhh don't believe the hype
Because she goes for those she's not attracted to
Just so that she can let go fast
Dropin' 'em with the quickness, it's a secret sickness
Her heart is in a plaster cast

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She really just wants a grown man
That she can learn like the back of her hand
Someone who's serious about her feelings
And not play her like a baby grand
He is funny, honest, has all his teeth,
Not a bunch of kids and smells good
Health conscious and not reckless
Just because opportunity said he could

He's that guy at least they both think so
But she's giving him a hard time
Indicative of the first line;
Being in love with him is a victimless crime
Content and happy at the age of forty five
He's successfully killing her with pillow talk softly
She believes him when he says he'd never hurt her
And they will see shortly...

Christopher Alexander Wyatt

If we are here for a purpose
And everything happens for a reason
Then Autistic kids are a special gift
Because not everyone gets one
They are rare and personally
Assigned as if God custom-made them
For the family circle who's acquired one
An autistic child is a unique blessing

The brilliance of their eyes
Trapped inside of a prism
Mind's eye moves a mile a minute
Smart beyond comprehension
Brain cells serving a lifetime sentence
Locked in the abyss of 10% of a minds prison

Communication skills of another language
Frustrated that you
Can't always understand them
And they move fast and speak slow
Just to help us comprehend
They stimulate our ability
To communicate with them

They are a rare pipe organ
That we cannot quite tune
Beautiful souls that nose-dived
Into a body too soon
In a breach position
And we can't quite tune...
If the brain was a hat
Then imagine it not aligned exact
There is nothing wrong with them...
There is something about us ...

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Pay close attention....
They are here to teach us

Music lovers...
They find rhythms to frequencies
We don't even hear
They see things in 3D,
Can count faster than you and me
With a photogenic memory
That could rebuild the world
We have become creatures of habit
Re-learning how to co-exist
In a world of active thinkers....
More than one mind
And angle to think from
... Parhelion
They are born with patience for us...
Not us for them....
Autism... Is a superpower...
NOT a disability ... it's a difference
We live outside
They live inside of themselves...
They are the phenomena's of the mental spectrum
Synesthesia prodigies ...they taste everything...
Colors, scents, lights, pictures,
Even emotions before you have them
The ultimate internal
Multi-taskers of the worlds' future
As powerfully unparalleled and beautiful
As supernumerary rainbows
They are not disabled ...
It just means that they are differently abled

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

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The Year of the Poet ~ February

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"
available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor

navypoet1@gmail.com

Re-Re-Revolutionary

I feel re-re- revolutionary
From the top of my feet
Trodden on
To the top of my nappy head
Pressed down
I hope to tell you why
Except that I don't even know
Myself
I woke up wanting to cause
A riot
A clanging of pots and pans
Cold water thrown in faces
Fire hoses knocking you over
Words nipping at
Your feet
But I could only find a pencil
Soft leaded
Changeable
And I know that things in lead
May not last forever
My words may not be remembered
When I am old
When I can't remember
How it feels to feel
Re-re-revolutionary
But I don't have time to look for
An inkpen
So I will do my best with this
Ticonderoga
#2

The Year of the Poet ~ February

On this morning
To say those things that you don't
Want to hear
Spoken out loud
For the world to hear
And I will hold you close and whisper
In your ears
Whilst you struggle against
My embrace
Against the warmth in my heart
I will press down
So that it is known
In triplicate
Fill in all the bubbles
And make exes across this
Box
Filled with foreverness
So many pencil strokes
That we can't close the lid
For I know this secret
I can continue to sharpen
This pencil all the way down
Until all that is left is death
To erase this
A re-re-revolutionary truth
Of how many times
I love you

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Snowflakes

(Constanza Form)

Snow falls on the wintered wood
An icy dressing for the trees
A slippery spot not kind to knees

Mysteries to be understood
A far expanse of sparkling white
Grows tinseling into the night

Will be seen if I only could
Surpass my fear of falling down
And open eyes to see around

Ignore bitter cold for the good
Every season is in God's plans
For every creature and each man

Love wonderment in snowflake stood
As different as each boy and girl
In sanctity they wrap the world

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Funeral

(James T. Kirk: I've always known I'll die alone)

Alone, finally and at last
The quiet and peace are infinite
I am at a rest that I never knew
Could be found in life
The noise and bright lights are gone
Things I shunned when I was there
Preferring a quiet mountain stream
Where I could forget about being
Who they thought I was

You say that you will miss me
And I know it to be true
I hear your pain though I can't feel it
As you sang that song I always liked
When in truth,
I only wanted to see your voice
Paint vibrant hues around the room
Where I lay

Thank you for not wearing black
While you read the words
Of the many letters from poets
They mean nothing to me now
The farewells are really meant for you
So that you might understand
That I am finally free

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Half broke

(Sestina Format)

The day is broken at a lover's call
Rising sun bathes light across meadows
Greener pastures are only a mystery
Unknown by rocks and glades within
Though gated does my soul abide
I tremble only for your touch.

The mark on my skin is of your touch
Beckoning in response to your call
I in you and likewise, we abide
Finding freedom in wandering meadows
All desire to be with you is within
No greater joy is this mystery.

Within every bond is a mystery
Half in and out with a touch
Always to remain, a wildness within
Ready at a moment's call
To be free to outside of meadows
Brokenness the heart cannot abide

To call that which deeply abides
Taming cannot solve the mystery
Spanning ground from the forest to the meadow
Only a true heart cannot be touched
I will always heed my lover's call
For your voice is heard within

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Oh, my soul answers soul within
I fear a fear upon land abides
That you will no longer answer my call
Past glory of freedom excuses mystery
For only there do I hunger for your touch
While waiting on the green glade's meadow

Distrusting the borders of heart's meadows
I humbly remain corralled within
As I need the comfort of your touch
Your print as a tattoo to abide
The stain of love is ever a mystery
My soul heeds always your call

Forever I am in meadows, forever in your heart abide
The joy I know within, can never be more than mystery
I long ever for your touch, half broken, I answer your call

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Postscript
(Palindrome)

Postscript,
Remember me always
Love, for I am lonely
Please
You fondly recalling
When you read
Small script, shaky hand
With eyes misty into
Traveled distances
Letters of love
ALWAYS
Love of letters
Distances traveled
Into misty eyes with
Hand shaky, small script
Read you when
Recalling fondly, you
Please
Lonely am I for love
Always me remember
Postscript

*Albert
Infinite
Carrasco*

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Albert Carrasco writes hieroglyphics encrypted in poetic form. His linguistics are not the norm. When it comes to wisdom, sleet ,rain snow and hail its a lyrical storm. He's pure like Fiji, he got the power to hear the dead with no auji. For living a life so tabu, He learnt a die-a-lect , his mouth moves... But at times it's the voice of the crossovers coming through. When he's on stage he has a body temp of 98 degrees... When He recites you feel this chilling breeze, hair stands on skin when he's in the avatar state of his kin. He's non traditional, an unorthodox outspoken urban individual that lived through the subliminal, now he's back to give guidance to his people.

Infinite the poet 2014

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

The Poems this month are from my Book

Infinite Poetry

available at

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

A revolutionary

The moment i opened my eyes after a short nights rest i would feel my pockets for last nights profit, then I'll go under my pillow to un chamber the thirty third hollow. Yeah i slept with my clothes and vest on, my crack flow was like if i was moving heron, so i was the last to go to sleep and the first to open up to pack then pitch my own bombs. I would kiss the sour before and after a quick shower, put back on the timbs, the same dirty jeans, the wife b, the vest with the plate covering my chest. I would walk down the stairs slowly making sure i don't hear walkie talkies.

Before i hit the lobby I'll make sure there's no five-o waiting for me to scream cop and go to the fiends surrounding me. If the coast was clear I'll open the ziplock and serve in the building then have them walk out the rear enforcing "keep it moving you can't lounge or smoke here". I paced back and forth from the front to back windows spotting beat walkers and evading under covers until my hundred pack was over. When i got down to my 99th slab i would tell the last custy to hold the fiends for me so i could run upstairs to re and that when i come back down I'll give them one for free.

Day and night i would be sprinting up and down flights of stairs with an ambitious plight to make my pockets tight with residuals i wouldn't of been able to possess while getting a two or three dollar a month allowance from moms welfare. Monetary oppression was the cause of my preteen and teenage rebellion. I was rebellious towards poverty and the conditions poor people lived in. A few people might of labelled me a menace to society but a majority of minorities noticed me as a young philanthropist starting a revolution by any means necessary.

Lost boy

I planned for my future but never thought I would live to forty, the average life span of the hustling man was twenty, so I gave myself the benefit of the doubt and prepared to be around till i was thirty, that preparation stopped ten years too early, by this time I thought my mother and brothers would be mourning me, looking at old pictures with their hands clasped in prayer, tied together with rosary's, comforting each other by saying, "no worries family he's with daddy".

It's amazing to me how I was ready to die, I thought of the view looking down as my soul was soaring to the sky, I already soaked in the looks of Teary eyes, I already saw my plot reading "here lays A.C. He was gunned down in a blood bath" everyday I opened my eyes to the am sun I lived like it was my last before succumbing to the gun in the slums while I chased e pluribus unum.

I did the evil that men do to earn blood residuals, Kept the toast at my hip, back pockets had extra extended clips as I claimed the strip pushing five dollar hits, I was trying to make a killing cause there was a big probability that the next day I would no longer be living. So I was sacrificing myself, giving myself up like lent so after my death momma can still pay her rent.

Thirty came and I'm still alive, I'm lost, the game is over, my saved money is depleting what skills do I have other than being a crime boss?, I was confused... did the devil like the work I did on hells surface or was I being saved for a higher purpose? Reality was scary, I didn't plan for this, the coward way out would've been puttn one in my head or slitn my wrist but no cowardly blood runs through me so I

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wasn't going to blast or cut myself, I had to create a plan b, that was the reinvention of A.C.

Digging in thought I honed in on a talent that went hidden due to the life I was living.. that was drawing and writing. Now I paint pictures with literature, when it comes to the white girl I write portraits like the painter of the Mona Lisa, when it comes to murder I ink redrum all over because I felt the the pain of loosing my brothers when I was supposed to be their keeper, now I'm the alchemist spitting golden bars on the life of kitchen chemist and those that returned to the essence.

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When and how?

I remember wondering how and when would i die in the drug game, would it be a set up? A stick up? A home invasion, kidnapped tied up then taken to another location so the kidnappers can hold me for ransom?. If that was the case i know they still would've of murdered me after getting the currency, because if they would've set me free they know their only chances of survival would've of been to leave the country and hope not to be spotted by allies of the family.

My homies and people i knew was dying left and right so I wore Kevlar and carried guns day and night prepared for a gunfight and to evade a murderous plight. I lived everyday like it was my last, smoked massive grass, constantly went to strip clubs to look at tits and ass, went to bars and made sure I never had an empty glass, I had to party hard before I passed, that was my mentality daily chasing dirty money on the ave. I used to constantly visit and keep myself around the ones I loved because at any given time I know I could've been symbolized by a dove.

They knew that too. They know my life was expendable in the pursuit of residuals. I knew they loved me cause they used to cry while telling me that they rather have me poor and alive than trying to get rich by making cocaine rise and die. I would tell them don't worry about me, then wipe their eyes before saying bye, it would hurt them because they didn't know if that bye was till later, tomorrow or forever... What was crazy is that i didn't know which of the three it would be either. I no longer wonder and my love ones no longer tear on departure cause that life is over.

A Black and white affair

It's guys night out.
I'm going to party with just the fellas!
When the sun falls and the moon rises,
I'll meet them at the same place as always.
My clothes are ironed,
Shined my shoes,
I shaved off any stubs of hair,
Can't wait to see my most cherished men...
It's going to be a black and white affair.
I drive to this gated community...
There's no security...
So I always bring my own alcohol with me,
It's not just for me....
It's also for my brothers,
We'll be sippn...it's an inner city tradition.
I arrive... Wearing all black,
Shades so I don't have to hold emotion back,
I go to each of my homies.. Wearing white so ever bright it
lights the night.
I Pour a little liquor for each brother..
Salud..
I party with them like rock stars,
While laying by their plots looking at the stars.
Today's a little different..
I know it was supposed to be guys only...
But, I brought an opposite sex homie...
She's our First Lady...and now also lives in the same gated
community..
Who? Who? who is it? They silently chanted..
I say.. Ours sis Ellie..
We partied till the moon fell to sun rise.
I got back in my car,
Drove home safe... Spiritually intoxicated

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Pen work

I stay working, putting work in, I'm using my pen like the back of a hammer to remove nails from coffins so I can expose the death within to my next of kin. I got bars like the back of armored cars, I have scars like Tony for losing my homies thinking the world was ours trying to get stamps and colors go viral like koni.

I kept In the hurt and hid the pain, I silently mourned my men, the ones I ran with, with plans to get rich, girl why did you have to leave me this way.. Like MC Shan would say but I'm talkn bout ye, that girl is a bitch she's the reason they passed away.

I have phenomenal memory, i still vision the faces of the dead, or is it something paranormal I see? Whatever it is it's beautifully ugly cause I see my men...but with blood dripping from different parts of the body. I can't crop mental pictures, I can write scriptures to edit the future ones by preserving the remaining ghetto suns with my urban tongue.

There's many men that'll rather die than to continue being poor, I try to let them know there's more to live for than risking it all dealing with pure, like mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers sons and daughters, some will understand and get the point the rest will go to war for raw and lose the closest people to them like neighbors next door, down the hall, from lower and upper floors in housing like i did in my street life bid.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

This is the reason why my pen cries, I leave salt on paper after the tears dry, I reminisce on the ones that are now sleeping forever...eternal shut eye. My duty is to use my experienced tragedies as urban apostrophe, I explain to my demography that illegal currency is only temporary and most likely you'll go to jail or die because of something senseless, that's why there's usually one less family member when its time to be counted by the census.

Siddhartha

Beth

Pierce

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

Siddartha Beth Pierce is a Mother, Poet, Artist and African and Contemporary Art Historian. Her art, poetry and teaching were featured on PBS in April 2001 while she was the Artist-in-Residence and Associate Professor at Virginia State University in Petersburg, Virginia. She received her BA in Studio Art from George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia and her M.A.E. from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia. She continued into PhD. Studies in African and Contemporary Art studies at Virginia Commonwealth University where she is now All but Dissertation. Her works of poetry and art have been featured in numerous newspaper articles, journals, magazines and chapbooks.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php>

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OQ87NrLt_to

<http://www.writerscafe.org/Siddartha>

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Grandpa Hedrick

My lover's nest
has come to rest
upon these river's shores.

Within its walls
there is a ghost
of no man alive today.

But in the past
took off his head
with rifles speed.

I feel him here
earthly bound
looking to be freed.

If I could cast
a magic spell
to free his soul to heaven-

Here are the words
that I would say:
'Go, dear sir,
be happy there.

Lady bug luck to you-
in your passing.'

The Year of the Poet ~ February

His Last Moments

Closed up in the car
you later gave to me-
attempting to inhale
the fumes
yet you gave in
with your intentions-
opened the door
welcomed fresh air once more.

An attempt at something
I could not understand
yet you lived on
we were as One
for many years
together.

Then we parted ways
on friendly terms
speaking freely
from time to time.

You were engaged
to be married
happy once again it seemed
until the call came.

July, was your demise-
taken by your own hands
this time for eternity
just like your grandfather
before you.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

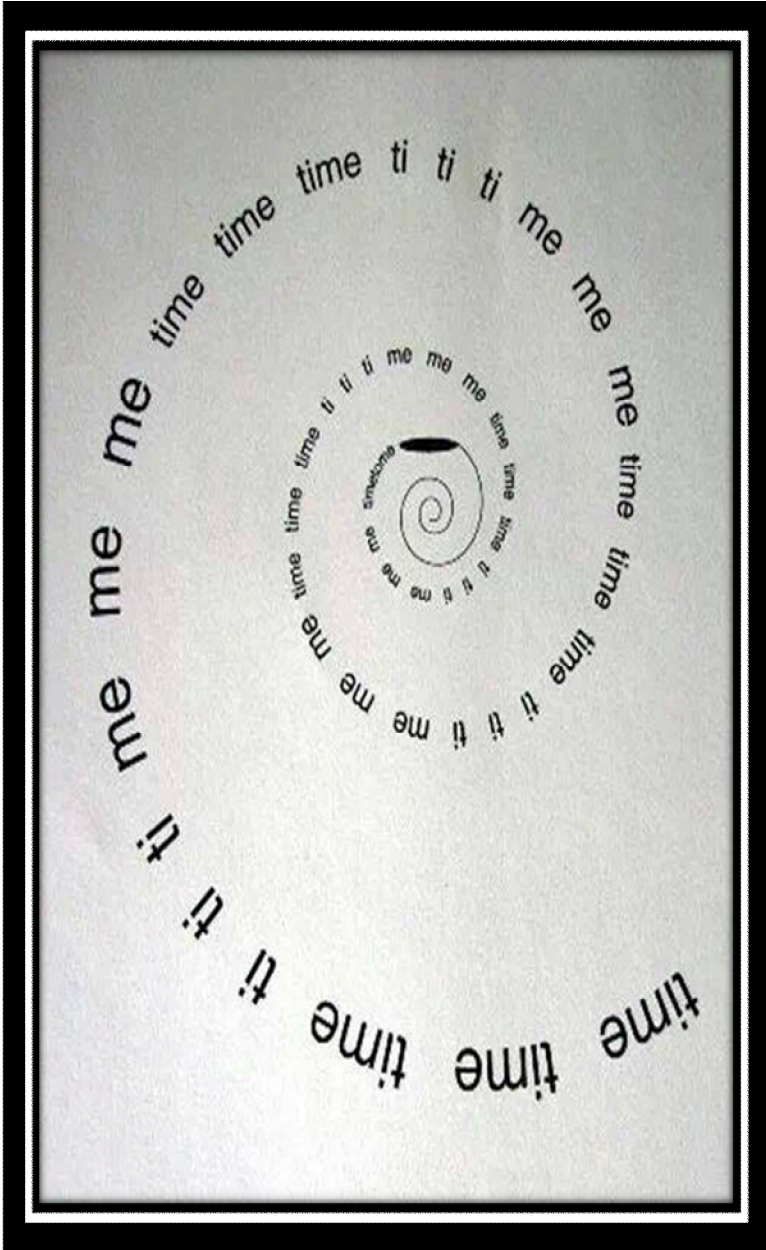
May you both
lay at rest
in peace and harmony.

Why such things occur
I can not say
yet I will miss you anyway.

Sleep well,
my dear friend.

In loving memory of James Hedrick.

The Year of the Poet ~ February



Tick Tock Clock,
Siddartha Beth Pierce

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Route 17 - Takes 1

He lay
flattened
beneath
a white linen
at the 66
intersection.

A semi-truck trailored
behind
and a motorcycle
crumpled beneath its wheels.

Later, I heard
your name spoken
in our country village
store.

Sixteen years old, they said.

Crosses have risen
there,
the ground
remembers-

marks the spot
where
a soul
was
sliced out of
blood vessels
and fled the scene
of the Accident.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

*Monday Morning – for James River High School and Students
everywhere*

PARTY-

friend
brings
morphine
from grandma's
medicine cabinet-

other friend
OD's, dies-

the bringer of
the drug
is charged
with manslaughter-

while the whole of
the high school
cries-

come
Monday
Morning.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

Janet wrote her first poems and short stories in an old diary where she noted her daily thoughts. She wrote whether suffering, joyful or hoping for peace in the world. She started this process at the tender age of Eight. This was long before journaling was in vogue.

Along with her thoughts, poetry and stories, she drew what she refers to as Hippie flowers. Janet still to this day embraces the Sixties and Seventies flower power symbol, of peace and love, which are a very important part of her consciousness.

Janet wrote her first book, in those unassuming diaries, never to be seen by the light of day due to an unfortunate house fire. This did not deter her drive. She then opted for a new batch of composition journals and filled everyone. In the early nineteen-eighties, Janet held a byline in a small newspaper in Denton, Texas while working full time, being a Mother and attending Night School.

Since the early days Janet has been published in newspapers, magazines and books globally. She also has enjoyed being the feature on numerous occasions, both in Magazines, Radio and on a plethora of Sites. She has gone on to publish three books. *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012 and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013. All of her Books are available through [Inner Child Press](#) along with Fine Book Stores Globally. Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child ltd.

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

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

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

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Fragments

Partial, incomplete, I see
the tattered, ragged edges.
The ink has faded a bit
paper torn, brilliance shelved.

Scattered scraps
flashes to insight lost.
Integral thoughts
and patterns are near stillborn.

Comatose . . .
then breathes no more.

Segregated.

The threads are there
if only I can twine them so.
Skein them into something obvious
yet . . . never seen.

The Complaint

I hate feeling crowded
my apartment is too small.
Feeling chock – a – block
like the *prize* . . .
of a cracker jack box.
Just a gooey peanut smashed
against a cardboard wall.

I am wedged like an over – sized fowl
in a hummingbird's nest
while three men are smoking
like sullied blackened chimneys
spitting ashes . . .
on the living room floor.

I hate dirty kitchen tiles too
and there are tea stains galore.
Scrub, scour with mop and bleach.
My nostrils suck in the toxins
that will soon dissolve my nose hairs
and the spots on the floor.

Can't you use a coaster ?
No, it is not a sled or a sleigh.
It's that thing to set your glass on
to save the wood from decay.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Here babe, let me help you.
You just sit and rest.
If you don't move around
too much, there will be less a mess.
And it will save you a damaged skull.
Can you guess, can you guess ?

You see, I am about to lose it
and cause a bit of chaos.
But it won't be ashes and tea stains
it will be your brain on a tray.
A specialty of mine.

Now you've done it, you moved
and I did warn you.
Slice, chop and broil . . .
Where is my silver platter ?
Soups on . . .

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Pail Testimony

Myriad times you've misconstrued
my absences, taken my leave
as a slight, critical of you
a silent rebuke.

Not true at all
my, Girly Girl.
Not then or now.
Your strength of mind
will tell you if your heart won't
think, think my sweet !

There has been no light here
it's musty and dank.
The walls are slick
too slick for climbing.
A formidable force.

But this well has water
vital for continued life.
Next time, lose the judgments
and drop a bucket.
We will drink from it equally
and share our stories.

Ancient Lover

I found myself dreaming, floating,
A warm sea enveloping me,
waves crashing, foam splashing;
incredible, lovely, lovely dream.

Swimming through the channel
of love so deep, colours without name,
silky objects so provocative.
Meaty, taunting, teasing so easily.

Whirlpools with a thousand
tiny fingers take me with might,
moving me on a wave of ecstasy,
hurling me through worlds known

and unknown, yet all faces seen.

Ancient lover, greatest passion,
my love without question
reaches for me...

His hands so familiar
make my rubies hard,
my flower of nirvana
is his greatest reward.

Slowly, deliberately
he peels my every petal,
tasting and licking my vine.
A sea flower, so tasty am I.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Full of colour and sustenance
of the loving kind, I am lost
in this erotic sea, I don't want
to ever wake up...

Seven times he took me extreme...
Far to the other side, swimming laps
through his columns, I couldn't get
enough...

For a thousand years
he has been in my dreams.
And he took me once again
to a place that he's shown to me.
I see that my ancient lover is coming
home from the turbulent sea.

Return to the Tide

Moonlit nights, strolls on the beach.
Soaring through the midnight sky,
my love, it's you that I reach.
Our souls in time, I don't ask why.

The truth is hard for others,
we met a lifetime ago. My
sisters and brothers, how could
they possibly know.

It is time for us again, I've missed
you love. I've seen your smile
Without you my life was slain,
searching the beach mile after mile.

They call me the Tide Dancer.
I knew that you'd find me,
I knelt close to the water's edge
and prayed that you'd see.

A friend and ancient lover.
We were magical back then,
over the sea we hovered.
Transformed into a blue wren.

Again like the bird we fly,
circling each other mid flight.
Feels like home, soaring so high.
Full circles will come tonight.

From my book: *5 degrees to separation*

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

June
'Bugg'
Barefield

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

June Barefield ~ Poet-Activist-Teacher-Author

Born and raised in the Midwest, currently residing in East St Louis, IL. June's interests include long walks, sunrises, cheesecake, and words. He considers the NRA, and its supporters 2B a 21st century Nazi-ism! The author of two collections of poetry which include *B4 the Dawn*, and *The Journeyman*

I B. Self educated, and proud to be humbled. An avid reader, and teacher, counselor in his community at what we as a society have termed "at risk children". June refers to them as Gang members, and dope dealers. A brilliant speaker, and motivator; fluent in at least three religions! June's favorite quote: "FUCK THE SYSTEM!"

for booking call : [720 404 8563](tel:7204048563)

<http://authorsdb.com/authors-directory/2292-june-barefield>

you can get more of June here . . .

<https://www.facebook.com/JuneBugg900>

<https://www.facebook.com/june.barefield.7>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/june-barefield.php>

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Forget Not

Laws
Made by lawless men
Never forget
Innocent men
Beautiful, brave, black brothers & sisters
Rotting
Wasting away in the PEN
Send forth this day a new message to the GRASS ROOTS
Tell them to stand up before death
Let there be a reason for all of the times
all the seasons
Tell them to fear not, and to be of good courage
Tell them, be not dismayed
Give them
this day
Your Sons & Daughters
something real to believe in
NEVER-EVER
forget
Black man, you remain a threat
and if not...
Why all the premeditated precautions being taken?
In the name of justice
With all of the murders, and the malice confronting
JUST US?
Why the magnified official lies covering up the truth, while
liberty remains deferred; stirred inside a pot filled with
poison, no longer melting, but still on fire blowing up
while it burns
Where triangulated fires hit new targets; with old
objectives, upon seemingly new relations

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Right here
right NOW
in this OUR un-holy Nation
under Satan
Forget not the four baby girls in 'Bama
or the Chicago 6
Never forget Huey, and Assata
or every NIGGA ever LYNCHED
Forget you not COINTELLPRO & Geronimo Prat
the eradication,
and consequent extermination of Black Nationalism,
and Julio the rat
Remember?
the dope infested ghettos
the disparaging hookers in stilettos?
The annihilation of BLACK POWER, right alongside J.
Edgar Hoover
and his legion of official government cowards
Remember ye the hour, minute by minute, as you recount
the seconds in reflection
Forget Not
a new plot
And while you tip your cap to Obama
giving thanks for his Momma
Never forget his Father
Or "the nameless ones, who came before, and are no more;
to those who leap t to salty depths; To those who battled
when all was lost; to those of us who'll give birth to gods..."
Never Forget
All of the unknown banners carried in campaign, upon
campaign; where the truth was irrelevant, yet reverently
they'd remain
Forget Not

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Those shot & imprisoned on unsubstantiated charges
with immaterial facts
fabricated by turncoats, standing at the traitors gate
still claiming to be black
And while your remembering that
ask yourself?
What exactly is the Patriot Act...
And in your reflection
Learn to question all the mysteries now revealed of your
past
Ethiopia?
Egypt?
Forget not Geography, and the first Cataract
Remember King Martin
Marcus
Malcolm
Medgar
Queen Harriet Tubman
Angela
Assata
Remember every slave's mother and father
the suffering, and the slaughter that was involved
Forget Not to be appalled
This country is run on racism and hate
So remember...
You must dress each of your thoughts with faith, and love,
and hope, and truth
Do not forget to sharpen up your razors, Iron out your
blades, Ball up your bullets
And if you must...
Then Shoot.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Sons & Daughters

Remember your purest form
Clearly Crysolite, and Emerald, Pearl, Sapphire, and Little
Rubie
Remember?
Purer even still are
Sons & daughters of the ONE TRUE LIGHT that has shone
itself
Inside the darkest corner
the deepest pit of our Mother Earth
Not a curse...
A gemstone
A starlit night together with the most brilliant of moons-
BOTH HALVES
CONNECTED
Remember not rejection Sons & Daughters
Intoxicate yourselves with this revelation
You who are
Pure as fire, and as luminous as the truth
Remember?
Sons & Daughters...

The Year of the Poet ~ February

American me

I keep on trying' 2 figure out what exactly it means 2B
American.

It makes me angry

I look inside myself unashamed...

I see sharecroppers, slavery, some Kiowa Indian woman,
and Germany

never got off into astrology, but

I SEE MARS...

America, I cannot see

with no recognition of what makes me American

I think

Think about what it means, what it takes 2B

a true American

I see black women trying hard 2B

American

see black men with three piece minds trying hard 2B

American

I think about how often I stood up, out of my seat, and

pledged allegiance

to America

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Still; so many years after, I cannot hear my own footsteps
inside the lyric
I see the struggle
I feel the pain
I humble myself at times; in order to embrace this strange
place
America.
the RED, the white, the blue too
where we're made to feel paramount, yet
the African inside America
he's obsolete
Freedom's a waterfall
it all falls down, huh?
ameriKa.
American me

The Year of the Poet ~ February

A patRIOT

I am
patriotic
a patriot of me barrio
the hillside North East
this is where I was born & bred
where I bled bloody RED
and the rest...
the rest of the U S
it exists, but
it don't exist!
'specially that political trip
that double up for a dollar bill type bullshit

You see...
I am diggin' the idea of democracy
of his story
even literature!
and February's the month of my mystery
synched, and sowed up like a stitch torn
born as a people
uprooted
and removed to this symmetry
ameriKa
a cemetery

I was born in the street though
at least raised there in
fiery, active, and energetic
a restless soul
another symphony of patRIOT-ism
where accident, and incident are ONE; with drama, and
movement
so we move, shoot, communicate, and sustain
real live patRIOT shit maayne!

The Year of the Poet ~ February

and in the street you learn what human beings really, truly
are
from the 9INTH HOUSE to them cattle cars
otherwise, and afterward
you only invent them
patriotic life, liberty, and the pursuit of MADNESS
where all the comforts, and compensations mere existence
subsides, and subsists for your lifeless loyalty
Patriot that you are!
given ceazar, Napoleon; even Capone!
given Lenin, and the Czar

Once there was none of this
there was a time; I'm told, we were murderous, wild, and
FREE
once we were real
now we are only patRIOTS of these streets
like Bobby P, Tomm Tomm, and the OG KNOX
who by the mere act of walking down the street
inspired fear
admiration
patRIOT-ism
uninvented, and unimagined
at least for me
true odyssey's on my street
and that they later became truck drivers, prisoners, dead
men, dope fiends, social workers; or completely engulfed
to me is irrelevant...
I mean what's the difference?
Patriotism in this country is completely irreverent
so where my black patriots at?
are you embracing the confounded constrictions of the
fictitious?
is your predicament completely contradiction transfixed in
this?
Is the mark of amerika's patriotism on your back?
patriot that you are...

Final thought

Years back I read an essay written by the late great Chairman of the once mighty nation of the Black Panther's, the Honorable Mr Huey P. Newton. The title was "Fear and Doubt", and it made me cry at the time. I was incarcerated, and had come to the end of myself; so I began to explore, and to search, and to long for something substantial, and meaningful in my life. The essay goes through the whole gambit that young black men in this country go through; from childhood, thru school, and on into adulthood. In it he writes; "The lower socioeconomic Black male is a man of confusion." I believe today, this still true. He also writes; "Black people are great worshipers of education." This for the majority of us, I believe; still true. Continuing he writes; "In a society where man is valued according to occupation, and material possessions, he is without possessions. Society will not acknowledge him as a man. He is only marginally a consumer, and not a producer." And this also resonates as clear as Crystal Lake today.

In February we as a race of people have been given "black History Month!" It is venerated, and celebrated, paraded about TV stations- Station to station, from sea to shinning sea, in the form of some sort of celebration. My cynicism is simple enough, because I personally think we've gone and lost our collective minds! The recently deceased Poet Amiri Baraka said so eloquently; way back in the 60's, when Huey wrote his essay, that it was Nation Time. Today I fear is not so different; however, contrary to the popular belief of the day, I think it wise to come together as one nation of people. Black, White, Peurto Rican, Latino or Hebrew...

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Because today the "new" nigger is just a poor person. Though people still carry the baggage of oppression, and racism around like putrid, filthy laundry; unfit for any person, or groups of people. Truth is we are ONE people, and it's Nation Time. I often wonder if Dr King rests well. As a people; at least in my community, I can see a change slowly raising it's head; still I believe in it's infancy, but a change. And I think that simply because I have changed. I pray we all teach peace, and get from under the yoke of this new system of control called "hyper neo capitalism". It certainly is not democracy. Again; if your poor in this nation then you too my friend are a nigger! Never Ignorant Though right? We are getting goals accomplished, huh? And it is Nation Time.

"The next message you need, is right where you are at"

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Debbie

M.

Allen

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

Debbie M. Allen is a Pennsylvania native that has remained true to her passion for the love of poetry. She has always had a passion for poetry. In 2010 she took that passion and made it her cause, always maintaining the truth of her experiences and the beliefs she holds dear.

Debbie is the Author of “A Poet Never Dies,” her first book of poetry which was published in 2012. Since then she has published her second book of poems, “The Spiral of a Pisces: In Manic Flow,” which encompasses her ever spiraling transition of expression. She can be found participating in various avenues of spoken word and poetry under the pseudonym D. Flo’essence including The Truth Commission Movement, Penology Ink Productions, Jersey Radical Productions and What’s The News.

I Swim the Metaphor of Blues

I swim the metaphor of Blues...
Rhythming my pen in inkwells of saxophone tunes...
Running silent...
Yet gliding the influx of my spirits air...
Noting the rules of engagement...
Silhouetted in the fortress of my pages...
Songs in the winter of trombone hazes...
Shedding tears in the blast of cold stages...equilibrium
rages
That becomes the unsteady of beautiful melodies...
But I write...heart pounds that sound
The conundrum of pitted soul hums...
Glass shards scrolling the cut of broken bridges
In tone deaf ears...
Acoustics only bellow in soul fits...tunneling vibrations

I wish I could hear...

I swim the metaphor of Blues...
Giving chase...in vinyl stutters through
Scratches that scar my embrace on life's music
Harmony erased...
No bass to underlay the basis of my peace
Though refrain runs deep
I thought guitar strings could keep me tied to
The swing of my measure
But not measuring up...is the death
To all weathering choruses in the loss of my grace
Hymns misplaced through the drumming of slacked beats
But I write...tempering my song
Until it all comes together...massing the essence
Until I hear my masterpiece...

Swimming beyond the metaphors of Blues...

The Verses of a Slave

I was beauty in the womb
Before my dark became the terror
Begging place in the
Birthright of humanity...
Umbilical strains
That clotted my blood unworthy
A disdain to nature...
Naturalized by hate filled eyes
That could never see black
As the lovely extension to
The night God palmed as graceful in
The wave of his hand...

How can you claim just one shade of the day...?
Holding twenty-four hour sermons
On how burning my flesh makes
Evil less prevalent in the verses...
Resurrected to include the debasing
Of race, traced in the deep lines of my branding...
Handing out Bibles as a truce
To the defilement of my pigment...
As if prayers can save the soul that
Hung the divinity of my spirit
From trees meant to breathe life...
Like God can't hear my cries over
The transition of his book of ages
You rewrote in bitter rages of hatred...
I can never be removed from the Genesis
Of His Earth...

The Year of the Poet ~ February

No shallow grave can spare you from my ghost...
Every noose tied will forever remain a truth
To the failure of your heart
That attacked me in the labeling of my skin...
Every cross flamed
Will be etched with my name
As a remembrance that my ash
Never dissipated it soaked the soil
Always replenishing...the growth of my kinship...
I will live the generations in bloom of powerful hips
Never to forget the birth of tribulations
In ancestral song...
A spiritual, conscious of Africa to rebel on
There is no death in the mutiny of fate...
I have created a legacy to continue its rise
Against your animosity...

I am black and you will always see me...
In slighted sleep
For my dreams can never be denied
My body was only the carrier of my life...
God held my gospel

And that can never die....

Like Broken Pavements

I managed the years like
Broken pavements...
Leaving the cracks in fits of aches
Under stubborn feet...
Ignoring how quickly defeat creeps
Frigid...weathering under the blunder
Of frenzied seasons...
Poking fun at the trips plundering me
Into a poor soul naïve...
To crooked reasons
Trapping the coast of my leaving
In the fracture of concrete
Trying to self-manufacture soil from
Gravel in claims that the pit of my
Grief just needed
The flow of rain to grow into ease...

But they remain the death of withering leaves...

Bitter in the line of veins everyone
Walks over...
Just an error in crumbling steps
Inept to how swiftly stones lift
In the hands of despair
Tossing me like weightless boulders
Off cold shoulders...
Aging me like the erosion
Of tired soldiers...
Begging for the white flag of defeat...
Just to avoid the glass
Under bare soften skin
On the cobble of heartbroken streets...

The Year of the Poet ~ February

The sever of paving knows no peace...

So I waver in the bumbling of fool's regret
Fretting the fumbling of my gait
Toppling me flat on my face
After crippled run...
On the avenue of fate
That has seen too many parades
To keep the fracturing of my hope at bay...
So every day another layer of my surface
Becomes unsteady...
Rocking me heavy
In a stone womb crushing birth

Underneath broken pavements
Hiding the flourish of my earth

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Scribing Brooklyn

My heart remains in Brooklyn...

At the foot of his stage

Where he bellowed out verse...

That caused a linger in my pen...

Ink thinks about him...

So in every space between lines...

His essence gives Mic to my rhyme...

So when I spit...

I'm just rockin to the blow

Of love hits...

Him on my mind

Words in my grip...

Leaving trails of my pages to the place

I first slipped...

Open stage...

Along his verse

Scribing Brooklyn...

My Love in Symphony

I live within the keys deep in symphony...
Settled sweetly in the tone
Long notes that never cease
To embrace me in the midst of your harmony
That was born in the gentle ripples
Of a tune that swaddled my heart
Drummed starts repeating
Love beats inside my chest...
Submerged in the peaceful lift of melody
Releasing every "I love you" like an a cappella
Resting at the edge of the bridge....
Connecting divine climbs
In the moan of hymns
Aired in the climatic spin of passion...
I rise and fall again
Before every ballad ends
With the tender blend
Of soft kisses and loving arms...
And I sway...warmed in the feel of you
True to the music that plays on
Dolce, is my love in song...dolce...

*Tony
Henninger*

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

Tony has been writing for about 20 years. He has published one book titled “ A Journey of Love.” He has also contributed to several Anthologies. His book is available at Innerchild Press and Amazon.com.

You can find him at [Facebook.com/Tony](https://www.facebook.com/TonyHenninger)

[Henninger](#)

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Unity Of Love

I am a King.
I am the One
to rule my empire.
'til my season is done.
Such awesome power,
I must be fair and wise.
For, should I become vain,
it would be my demise.

But, even with all this power,
only one rules my heart.
My beautiful Queen beside me
stands above all and apart.
For my kingdoms, my lands,
my riches, and my fame,
mean nothing without her,
my passion. My sensual flame.

Let our divine love flourish
and our realm will flourish too.
Giving of our hearts completely
and to our own selves be true.
Our passion merging into one
as we set the heavens on fire.
The stars blushing from the dance
we perform, yet they also admire.

Seeing the unity of love we share,
Forever be the power of Love.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Oh, Woman

Oh, woman,
how your love fills my soul.
The love you give me
more precious than gold.
In the ocean of your eyes
I drown freely,
without sorrow,
without care,
as in this dream
your love I hungrily swallow.

My mouth taking in your breath.
Letting your aroma fill my veins,
tasting your sweet essence
like the attar of a rose
after it rains.
Moving over each other
like two planets combining
into one.
The supernova of our love
blinding us to all else
and everyone.

Only we exist in this universe
of no time or space,
endlessly surrendering to
our love.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Between You And Me

Being here with you tonight,
I am falling into a sweet trance.

With soft music playing,
we slowly and tightly dance.

My eyes are lost in yours.
My heart barely keeping pace.
I want this moment to never end.

Feels as if there is no time or space.

And as I hold you, oh so close,
we become so sensually entwined,
facing each other in ecstasy.
Oh, the love between you and me.

Your beauty shines so bright
no matter it be day or night.

Oh, the magic, as we fall
to our knees in this embrace.
Surrendering into each other,
making love in so many ways,
as angels strain to listen
to whispers only we can hear.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Your smile like a rose.
Your voice like a songbird
calling from above.
Just two souls searching,
two souls chancing,
to find true love.

Having found each other,
we dream this dream
of divine bliss.
Between you and me,
our love is all I see,
for eternity.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Just A Little More

Touch me, like you never did before.

There is no one I ever wanted more.

Hold me, so I can't let go.

Feel me want to love you so.

Hear my heart whisper words of love.

Let me sense your every move.

Make my kisses cover you like rain.

Make me hunger for you again and again.

As I fall into your body's graces,
and every curve my tongue traces,
your eyes look down to meet mine
as I drink in your juices like fine wine.

Satisfying your every want and need,

you pull me up and take the lead.

Taking me in and showing me how

to fulfill us both right here and now.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Letting the passion between us grow
until our bodies yearn to let go.
Then we reach the moment when
time stands still as we give in.

Holding each other ever so tightly,
while wrapped in this dream of ecstasy,
I feel you like the earth feels the sun.
Needing you like I never needed anyone.

I'm blessed because I'm loved by you.
You make my every dream come true.
And every time I touch your core,
I want to love you just a little more.

Feeling your heartbeat next to mine,
it feels so right, let our love shine.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Passion

How blissfully you sleep
in my arms so deep.
How your body glistens
by the light of the moon
coming through the window
as your breasts rise slowly
with every breath inhaled,
making me want you.

Arousing the passion within.
Let me show you, my love,
how I feel. And my dreams.
Let me open up to you and
purge my soul of all that seems.
See the passion in my eyes.
Hear my heart's silent cries.
Oh, what your love does to me.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Oh, baby, can't you see?

When I am with you

I feel so high.

And when we lie together,

oh the peace,

the serenity,

passion's pleas,

it is like magic.

No need for words between us.

All we want is just to

breathe and be

into each other, oh so free.

Oh, the rapture of our souls

as we entwine.

Our hearts burning,

our blood churning,

our bodies yearning,

to become One.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

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 ~ February

A Short Month

Twenty eight days to reflect on Black History.

Twenty nine days, when a leap year extends the entries.

Who invented what, who was the first.

Twenty eight days to relinquish a thirst.

A thirst for knowledge of a man's ancestry

The how and why we came to be.

Called "Niggers" called Negros"

Called everything under the sun

Including the patronizing "Hey Bro"

Would thirty days make it any better?

On the other hand, thirty one for that matter.

Three extra days of reliving the blood splatter

Reevaluating our capture and subsequent freedom

Twenty eight days are leaving mixed feelings.

I'm proud of the accomplishments the inventions

And innovations, just not to thrilled about the connotation

we are different, not culturally.

just Intellectually.

Bells and whistles go off, when a Black Man

Makes a discovery, it puzzles me.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Twenty eight days, of wearing the shroud
Say it loud “ I’M BLACK AND I’M PROUD”
Maters home, master’s fields,
Master’s rules, Master’s Women revered!
Hung from a sycamore, cause we peered.

Twenty eight days is a constant reminder,
Like the pages of our history missing from the binder.
Lost in the shacks and cotton fields,
Lost in shallow graves, where souls disappeared.
Twenty eight days out of four hundred years.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Thawed Out

I see kindness, completeness in your dainty face.

Your lipstick placed, ever so smoothly.

Fine black hair lying over where your eyes part,

They are so dark.

Yet they sparkle with a light that gives fright to the
darkness. You are such a mystery.

Yet who you are, sends joy to me.

While this void in me, is filled with some temporary
pleasure. I doubt whether or if ever, I'll ever know you.

In being clever, I've failed to weather this storm.

So back to my norm, my cage, my stage at which I
perform. The show must go on, I feel warm.

The snows of February have falling around me,

I replay the vision of you in my head

The wind blows and no chill do I feel.

I have become a beast; That's what my heart tells me.

My heart fails me, from time to time.

I think the scales be off, when weighing me.

This plays a tragedy but this night, yes this night.

I will look upon the face of desire.

You don't know me, Just of me, and I of you.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

I am willing to open my door for you.
Will you knock, will you set the clock back
To a time when my smile wasn't forced?
I want to celebrate Valentine's Day,
Instead of making excuses why it's useless.
So many fruitless days, I can't count the ways
I've wasted time hiding me, can you set me free?
You continue to listen to what my hearts been missing.
My soulful broadcast, "This just in"
There's a warming trend, expect emotional flooding
Love is budding in my winter's thaw.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

A Love Letter, I Choose “U”

It has been a long time since I've expressed myself in this manner. I could call or even tell you face to face. Although in this case, I've chosen to write down my banter. I've been babbling for so long, avoiding enunciating my feelings for you. I've skimmed stones over the waters of your soul creating ripples. It's time I dove in creating that perfect splash. A baptismal if you will, I want to be free and cleansed. The sins of non-committal need a dismissal. We have opened our pores to heated nights of passion So much steam we could open a spa! We have come too far. I need you in my life for more than an equal partner. You are an addition that will carry us further.

Further that 50/50 getting nowhere quickly kind of plan. I'm talking about 2am in the emergency room, Knowing I have to be up at 6am type of stick. I'm talking above and beyond at the crack of dawn Mowing the lawn, when the game is on type of stick This letter is not about what I will do for you. I write this letter to convey what I could say in person. That means rehearsing, and I can't afford to get tongue tied So I have applied myself, I'm with paper and pen just inking. Thinking of how beautiful you are, Thinking how much more full my life would be How together, our cups would run over.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

I'm not wishing on stars, or searching for four leafed
clovers
Nor will I toss spilt salt over my shoulder.
The luck is over, I've already found you.
If by chance, these words may astound you.
I am bound to make a few mistakes, as will you.
I have no misconceptions about perfection
Only one fits that bill, and it is with his grace or paths have
crossed without his love, we all are lost.
In closing what I'm proposing is a combined effort to share.
I will share my last dime, to my final time in this life.
I can't fathom anyone other than you by my side.
We all began as strangers; we become what we are by trial
and tribulation.
Join me, as we two small bodies of relations become a
nation. Stand by me as we conquer together those life
moments of temptation and doubt. I don't possess any
clout.
I am a humble man who wants to span the horizon
You will be my sunset and my sun rising
The point that I'm driving, Our life can be thriving
I survive with thoughts of you.
I become more alive, just seeing you.
When the nightfall comes, I dream of you.
Whatever develops between us, I will always
Respect you.

P.S. I LOVE YOU

The Year of the Poet ~ February

The Dump

The seat was cold, I hate that but it was a necessity.
Pain in my gut was approaching a crest in me
I can't seem to release this pressure
I should have known better.
(Cheese pizza, cheeseburger, even cheesy fries)
I guess that old saying applies
My stomach was not as big as my eyes.
I think that's how it goes,
Don't really matter in this time of woe.
The internal mechanism isn't giving in.
I cannot pass a thing, this evening.

The seats warm now, I am feeling more at ease.
Somehow by reading a can of "Febreze"
Or a can of glade, a bottle of shampoo
I read anything with writing, so I can do what I do.
I take a deep breath, grunt and strain
Beads of sweat form as do the veins by my brain.
I'm pressing and pushing, as if I'm in a Lamaze class.
Nothing is moving all this crap in my ass
One label left to read, but it's out of my reach
I'm so close now, still gritting my teeth.
Come on damn it, too scared to change positions
I'm right on the cusp of achieving my mission.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Here it comes, here it comes, the private function.
The sigh of relief and at this junction my mind rests
My body takes over, and unfortunately my senses too.
Especially the one I breathe through.
During this ordeal, I made the perfect plop
You know the one when you get that drop
That splash up your ass, just like a bidet
A wipe and flush, and I'm on my way.
Facing the mirror washing my hands
I filled the room with the fragrance from the can.
I learned about its ingredients, as well as the shampoo
During times of struggle, we all do what we do.
Momentary constipation or you could say I'm full of shit.
Either way and on any giving day,
The finest person you know gets rid of it.
Grab your cans, better yet a magazine
Read away the moments or have a porcelain dream.

The Mountain Swallow

Climbing this rocky path the thin air collapsing my lungs
Darkened limbs of fallen timbers hinder my forward
Sheer drops on jagged rocks is my only way up
Ice-cold streams seem so shallow, no shelter in the wind
I inch my way onward, side to side avoiding the hazards
There are cold eyes watching me, stalking me
I am the prey, the hunted, and the wanted, sought for the
kill.

Clinging vines grasp my ankles in aide of the beast
Mossy rocks and slimy drippings, I'm slipping
Gripping thorns my palms torn, I hear the growls
Snapping branches turn my head, the echoes misdirect me
I catch a needed breath, as the foul mouth waits with
baited.

I reach a low limb and climb to feed on memories
Free for a moment, alive by faith and grace I move on
Miles of nothingness I've seen this tree before
Lost among shadows, weak and weary I battle elements.
I battle thoughts; I travel with the instincts of the former
me.

I see a clearing; my trembling legs carry me there
I drop to my knees as the full moon cast my shadow before
me, the wind whips through the trees.
Ancient stones of what once was lend calm.
I grab the golden chalice found in the ruins and drink the
captured rain, no more pain, no more pain.

*Robert
Gibbons*

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

Robert Gibbons moved to New York City in the summer of 2007 in search of his muse-Langston Hughes. Robert has performed all over New York City.

His first collection of Poetry, Close to the Tree was published by Threes Rooms Press and can be purchased at :

www.threeroomspress.com

You may contact Robert
via his FaceBook presences :

www.facebook.com/anthonyrobertgibbons

www.facebook.com/jamesmercerlangstonhughes

chocolate heart

did not have the chance
to run to the store or
the card shop, did not
carry a rose wrapped
in plastic or some crank
jingle ring phone tone
no odes or valediction
some mystery cloaked
in fiction; all I have
is the inside beating
thumping minute by
second reconciling my
feelings; my need for
you covered in by
the body; no lofty words
no loquacious quips
just trip the aphrodisiac
for you.

if I had a Valentine

would give you
Bach
and all his concertos
would bequeath
too you
all the rose petals
all the red
of a sleigh ride
on Broadway
but I cant
I can only give
the marble
the chirping
of the warbler
the singing
of my breath
my tears melting
the nape
of your neck
I could only give
you my tongue
as it trills
this song
as it punctures
it waffle weaves
as it trundles
and bleed
it would
be a Technicolor
dream
a spectacle
but all I have
is the air

The Year of the Poet ~ February

and the mackerel sky
would dye
my self purple
would lay down
the Earth for you
but only have
cadence
only the radiance
of sound
only relics
crown as
ornamental
it will be
the motion
and you would
be St. Helena
then I will lean
into you Pisa
would call
Fatima
would find you
Monica
and then
call you out Sharon
the n would
fly to you
Venus
tattoo your name
Gina
would smell
for you Aphrodite
with my love eyes
stymied
would call you
if I had a Valentine

The Year of the Poet ~ February

la traviata

Mademoiselle Valery was all theatrical gowns
and costumes, stagecraft and playbill still
your skin, the color of Coco Chanel; your diamonds
as large as Valentine's Picasso; steal the jewels
so I searched all of Morocco for Rimbaud
but found Proust and Baudelaire; looked
for Kathleen upstage in the balcony or Leontyne
performing Aida; so I name you the rose of Paris
Jessye and after your ascension from the death
bed of Whitney Houston
die diva die.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

an argument

just strangle me
with chocolate hearts
and pink roses before valentine
the winter is a lie
and the outside confused
only the inside extols
with loneliness as a foreword
then tease through this preface
then each vignette licks your neck
smelling the ankle like a dog
the walk gratified but
not satisfied.

the escalator went down
look up and see a mini
skirt too brief with plenty thong
and tongue but not a tom
with peepers and boners
just too short and Toulouse
is hanging off its frame.

I want a Southern Valentine

the kind of red velvet
and Georgia clay
mama told me
not be bad
on this day

just had to holler
to you
up the road
and call your name
feel the heat
of your pot-belly stove

want to walk bare feet
with my clunky toes
hanging out
in the rain
with those pine cones

The Year of the Poet ~ February

want a Southern Valentine
your hair the color
of corn shucks
when it gets dark
want to settle
the muck

want a Southern Valentine
in a topless night
want sneak
through the window
in the back
of the house

and when its dusk
and when we play
will take this nip
got things to say

*Neetu
Wali*

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

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

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

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

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

Love Definition

Love addiction
Strong intoxication
Unusual attraction
Mono-colour vision
Imperfect perfection
Dreamy situation
Peak dramatisation
Tickling sensation
Active inaction
Deep passion
Sharp attention
Most desired destination
Attention! Attention!
Heart palpitation
Pulse deceleration
Brain deterioration
Choking sensation
Hypertension
A game of Illusion
Sometimes leading to
Hospitalisation
Keep caution

Having said this
I don't know why
I want to wet me
In the rain of this emotion
Called love
May be for beautification
Of my Soul

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Again!
My lips smile
Again my eyes shine
Again my heart ponds
Again my pulse quickens
Again my soul sings
Again I fly without wings
Again I fell in the waters of love
Again!
It was not a big deal
Again I forgot to swim a bit
Again such a big deal

Love Season

Millions of stars in the sky of my life
You are the one
My divine sun
That warms the earth of my heart
The moment you smile
It rises on my lips
My eyes touch the wetness of your purity
Like a brilliantly transparent glass
I can see through your soul
A soul filled with sincerity
The aura so fantastic
Persona so magnetic
Something mysteriously sweet you render
I am filled with awe and wonder
An untouched touch so scintillating
Tells me to surrender
But then I remember
How can I let you surrender?
So I call upon my imagination
To dilute my infatuation

I love you because---
Oh! I forgot my reason
I don't remember any season
That was devoid of my love for you
Or is it that I don't want to know
The reason for my love
Coz I fear I may lose my love
Once you lose the reason
Let me be ignorant of it
I want to be consistent
In my love for you
I want to love you every season

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Could you love me
Like this moon loves me
Every night it smiles at me
Irrespective of how my looks are
Can you do it for me
And smile at me the same way
With grace and brightness
And make me love you
Irrespective of how I feel inside
I want to feel your peace by my side
Every season

Love and Faith

A whiff of your breath
And my heart flies like a kite
This condition is a question
And I have no solution
Why love always defies gravity
Is it that
The lightest thing on this earth
Is Emotion??
Actually speaking
I don't need the solution
I don't want
To come out of the situation
I love this love
I love my fall
My fall upwards

My heart is too small
To contain my love for you
My heart is overflowing
And the air is laden
With my love for you
Can't you feel the wetness in the air
Why are you sitting silently there
So far off from me
Can't you hear my whisper
Come and hug me tight
Come and kiss me bright
Why are you trapped in doubts
What is your fear
Don't drop me like a tear
My heart is overflowing with love
And the wetness is in the air

The Year of the Poet ~ February

It feels so strange
That a visit to church
Makes me feel uneasy
I feel like cheating on you
What do I ask from God
If I really love you
I just thank God for you?
I am so conscious
Not to ask anything from God
Coz you mean everything to me
And I truly mean it
Do I weaken my love for you
If I place my faith in God
More than I place in you
If I really love you

Love Invitation

Please let go my hand
She said in broken words
Her eyes full of tears
He pulled her softly against him
With his arms around her waist
His eyes focusing on hers
Whats wrong with you?
He asked in a stern voice
I not seen you avoiding hatred
Not seen you avoiding anger
You never avoided jealousy
Why you avoid love?
Whats wrong? He asked,
With a rough smile on his lips
Thats what I am, She replied
As her vision turned blur with wetness
I am hatred
I am anger
I am jealousy
But love, I can never be
Please let me go
I don't deserve love
She said, trying to resist her tears
You are devoid of love
That is what makes you more deserving of love
How I wish to adorn you with love
And this gift of mine is only for you
He said as he caressed her hair
She could clearly feel

The Year of the Poet ~ February

The softness hidden behind a stern face
Her lashes broke down
Under the weight of his words
And he closed her eyes
She could feel him as he loosened
His arms around her waist
She opened her eyes as she thought he left
But she opened her eyes
To the biggest surprise of her life
He was on his knees
His shirt was at her feet

Love Gift

Your eyes trouble me
So much
Just a single touch
Makes me loose me
Two pots of blue sea
Create a whirlpool in me
I feel the flow
Deep down my skin
Every time I return home
To a new me
It has been years now
Since I met you first
That was
My first meeting with me
I would have never known
All these shades in me
You are the sunshine
That reveals the rainbow in me
Drops of love
Flowing from eyes
Adorning
The gift of love
Acting a touch
Of magic
That keeps the gift
Fresh for ever
Roses are a gift
Of love
From earth
To sky
And the sky

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Keeps them fresh
With drops of dew

A gift
From love
To love
That turns it
Into a symbol
Of love
And keeps it alive
For ever and ever

The Year of the Poet ~ February

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

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

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

Shareef is the Patriarch of the Abdur-Rasheed Family with 9 Children (6 Sons and 3 Daughters) and 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

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

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

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

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

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

The Year of the Poet ~ February

contrast..,

glaring imbalance
ovious double standard
glazed over branded
fair,just
as if injustice is invisible
to the masses who trust
the toxic gasses emanating
from asses with tongues
that wag, dripping dung,
you would think should
be a red flag!
a fact trying to find a drop
of truth in a sea of lies
you would find a needle in
a haystack first if you tried
what's excepted as normal
is no less slander branded
what's good for the goose is
good for the gander, abandoned!
in a world of injustice unfurled
double standard thrives in the
hearts and minds of the givers
and recievers of lies,
decievers survive to live and
breathe lies while it's truth and
justice they hide!
in the realm of mankind where
justice has..died!

food 4 thought!

The Year of the Poet ~ February

fabricate..,

a lie and try to validate

what they contrive!

like saying what is dead

is alive!

one is two and three is five

such is the aim of those who

defame, attack legitimate law

in order to explore the forbidden

adore things the creator

of all things abhor.

ill advised by the lord of lies

whispering into the hearts of

man again 'n' again

twisting meaning, suggesting,

misleading, making what is

right seem wrong and wrong

fair seeming!

what is right blurred from sight

by the glitter of what appears

to be gleaming

The Year of the Poet ~ February

counting on the preyed upon
to blind and weak to find and
seek the real meaning
hidden behind the lies
of the fair seeming!
self destruction awaits as
the eventual fate of those who
rebel,repel,attempt to abate,
unless they reject the devils
attempt to control and sway
before it's to late
to repent before the final
verdict is read on that day
when all will be judged by the
intentions behind the things we did
and the things we say!

food 4 thought!

The Year of the Poet ~ February

You know it's..,

bad when Sh!t hits da fan
and you do all you can
to stand and be calm
but all you see is destruction
all around
from hills to valleys and
cities and towns
hamlets and villages
for miles around
is the stench of death
going the width and length
height and depth!
seacoast,mountain tops
forest,jungles,ice caps
and further is rape,plunder,
genocidal,suicidal thunder
murder,murder,cold blooded
murder
of your mama,daddy ,sister,
brother,aunt,uncle,grandma
grandpa, and on an on an on
what!! you don't see it around,
haven't heard the sound?

The Year of the Poet ~ February

not a sign to find,
out of sight,out of mind!
not something to concern your
behind!
really? Have you lost your Mind
don't worry it's coming soon
to your neighborhood
coming through to me and you
in a little while, just stay tuned
don't touch that dial
a lot sooner then
you thought it would!
the real deal is not Hollywood!

food 4 thought!

The Year of the Poet ~ February

voice..,

in the wilderness
shouts out in eagerness
to be recognized as
legitimate!
such is the masses
who come through life
then passes away as
though they they never was
cause they ain't no mo
somebody that nobody saw
this is societies ooozzin sore
this is the plight of dem dat
got no rights who live to fight
to live,who nobody sees much
less give a dam,a crumb,a inch
of land called home that they
can call their own!
nothing not even a bone when
their bodies rot inside a dark plot
after they come and gone!
what the hell is going on
when voices cry and nobody
responds!
untill there's elections going on
when the potentials all of a sudden
get gentle and promise to provide
more essentials!
that's untill the ballot boxes are full
like the canidates are full of \$h!t
making like they really give a \$h!t

The Year of the Poet ~ February

and some of the masses go for it
cause they need some hope for it
but come away as always the
worst for it,suffer in silence till their
dying day that began in the womb
but the greedy who have no use for the
needy also pass away,
soon to be questioned about how they
lived and why they just took and never
cared to give or even so much as feel!
trust me this is real!

food 4 thought!

The Year of the Poet ~ February

set me free..,

from indulgence in triviality
immersed in a sea of
mediocrity!

manifestation of mankinds
infatuation with sensations
lasting all of a eye blink!

so hung up on self satisfaction
never once think
about substance extraction
in the heat of attraction
overcome with other peoples
reactions!

consumed in trivial pursuit
off all things void of truth!

mankind's nations embracing
all things 'fake"

celebrating falsehood for
celebration's sake!

playing fiddles while the earth
quakes!

only calamity will wake up some
of humanity!

The Year of the Poet ~ February

to realize they've been living lies!
thinking all the time they've been
living lives!

results of constant compromise...

instead of seeking truth straight
ahead, find the need to socialize

forgetting the purpose of our lives

in the end socialization won't save
mankind's nations from a major

game changing...

BIG SURPRISE!!!!

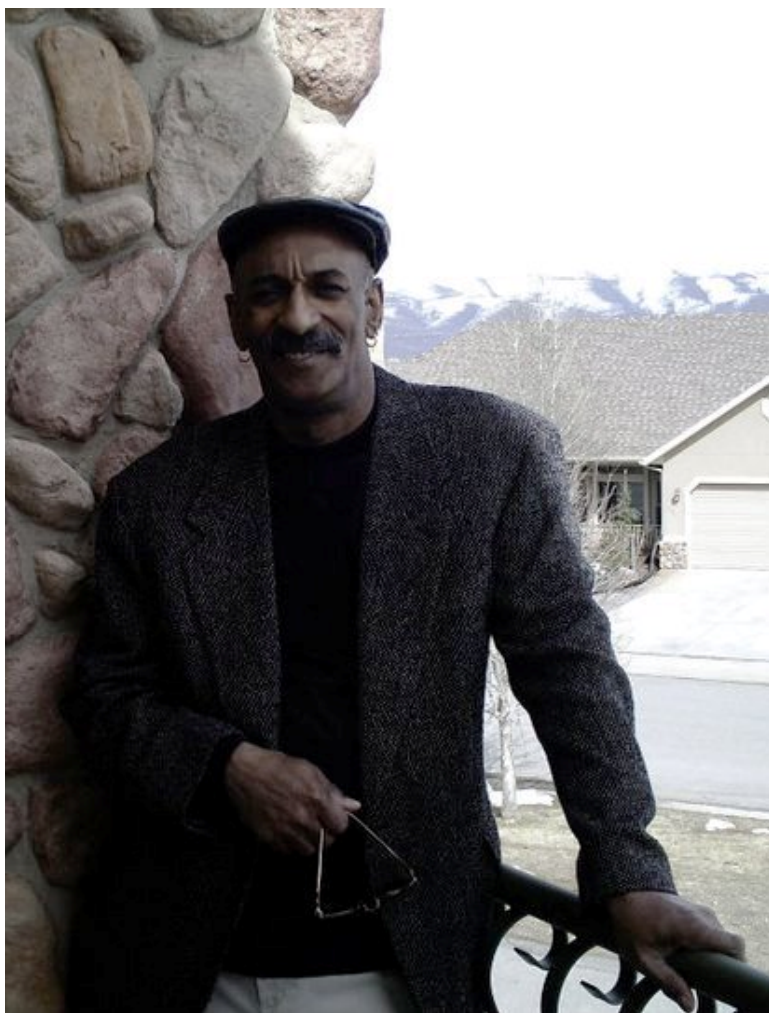
food 4 thought!

William

S.

Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 24 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child :

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

The Year of the Poet ~ February

poetry is my prayer

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

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

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

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

poetry helps me clear my mind
my spirit
my emotions
there are songs playing
can you hear it
can you feel the motion
of love as she beckons you
beckons me
to reconcile
our differences

The Year of the Poet ~ February

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

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

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

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

some times enough
some times too much

The Year of the Poet ~ February

we give to you our Soul's expletives
and thoughts we have deleted
if you can read between the lines
and find our deeper meanings

some of our stanzas are lyrical
some rhyme
in some sort of way
whether obvious
or ambiguous
there is a greater gift
to be held
by he who has an ear
or an eye

sometimes poetry calls for us
to shed a tear
cry
face our fears
die
put on our armor
vie
see our self
deny
be courageous
try
but never should we lie
especially to our own soul
for it will not hold
up

The Year of the Poet ~ February

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

poetry is my prayer

from the Book The Vine Keeper

www.iamjustbill.com

The Year of the Poet ~ February

do they

let us continue to practice the mastery
of our callousness
as we celebrate our accumulations
of things
and call them our own

things do not last
do they ?

we focus our objectives of abundance
on that which is without
instead of the source
which lives within us

like Cock in the Hen House
we parade our achievements
albeit temporal
but just the same
we puff up with pride
that we may shadow our fears
into oblivious disconnectedness
but they do not die
do they ?

The Year of the Poet ~ February

we saunter through life
attempting not to feel the needs
of self
and that of others
not for things
but for love
and some how we manage
to keep moving forward
or is it backwards

who understands
do they ?

The Year of the Poet ~ February

and it never did

it was a cold cloudless afternoon
in the midst of December

the normal excitement of the pending season
seemed amiss

there was a chill that loomed about me
and though the day was clear
my consciousness
was shrouded
in this unclouded day

matter was beginning to disintegrate
and what mattered
once
mattered not
anymore
for life was changing
evolving
to an unknown
unquantifiable realm
where my ship of self
possessed not a helm

i was not in control

i was regurgitating much of what i had ingested
all the days of my previous life

The Year of the Poet ~ February

i did not feel threatened
nor excited
about what was coming
but i knew that it must

i had not any alternatives left
but to trust in this path
i have elected

somehow there was a vague familiarity
that i did not understand
and my reason could not assail
that which accosted my logic
for i had no basis to lean on
but what i had always hoped for

self praelectus failed me
for its banter appeared
as my folly
and i truly understood
what a fool must feel like,
but i could no longer suffer the taste
of the world
i had grown up in

i deliberately set my Soul apart
from what they told me
it ought to be,
and though i was dualistically blind
my eye was singular in kind
and i was resolute
that i must continue forward
toward
that which none spoke of

The Year of the Poet ~ February

the Alchemists of Old
bade me to listen
and i did
and Christ and Buddha, Krishna and Mithros and Horus
stood next to Thoth
smiling
as i was attempting to balance my self,
or what i thought to be self
on the precipice of my sanity
and i was failing badly

i had an inkling to jump
and as if they could read my mind
they applauded
and silently urged me
with an audible stillness
to let go
so i did

i saw my self falling
into an non atmospheric abyss
in a slow motionless way
and my franticness too
dissipated
much like all that ever mattered to me
but a few momentary aeons ago

there was a light
bright White
and lucid
and i felt to be in a clinical place
where the face of the attendees
were all me
addressing my concerns
with a love
and i felt warm again

The Year of the Poet ~ February

i saw the Sun come unto me
and kiss me upon my once clouded brow
and now
i am right where i started from
feeling as if my sun
has been increased
yet,
drained of me
and i no longer recognized
that small me
that small 'i am'
i so avidly embraced
with a hope of coming about

you see the doubt
of my greater self
always prevailed
on the cusp of my horizons
and that was my chosen boundary
for i dare not Blaspheme

but the truth of the matter
is it does not matter
and it never did

for i am naked now

The Year of the Poet ~ February

and her Soul smiled

he was packin'
she was backin'
it up
trying to get filled
with the soon to be
spilled ink
he was offering

like that parchment before him
before him
she was parched
dry
except for her inner tears
of lack

yeah, she was lackin'
but he was packin'
thoughts
and inspiration
to get her soul crackin'
and on point again

she knew what he had came for
and it was all good
and poetic
as his flavor
flavored her disdain
her pain
with an inane glee
displacing her insane
perspectives

The Year of the Poet ~ February

they were adults
she was his objective
that did not object
to this new perspective
of him fulfilling her
and she liking it

verse after verse
she began to lose
that terse-ness
that terse-mess
she was so used
to carrying around
in her heart

she felt the spark
of his expression
and her confession to God
was but a simple "Thank You"
for her prayers finally
were being answered

in her guttural utterances
she spoke to the Angels
and the Demons alike
as she let her self loose
to wallow in her denials
of her passions,
her desires
where the fires
have long not been
attended to

The Year of the Poet ~ February

he stoked her
as he stroked her
deeply
as she weeped in joy
for more
and more
and more

she was the paper
he was the pen
and when they came together
again and again
ecstasy became the way
for this day
and many after

yeah . . .
he was packin'
she was backin'
it up
trying to get filled
with his spilled ink

and her Soul smiled

The Year of the Poet ~ February

give me another cookie will ya

i tire of the Fairy Tales
and Fables
and playing the role
once again as Alice

each time i Wonder
where i will Land
this time

my cousin Dorothy says
she refuses to wear those tired old
Ruby Red Slippers . . .
though they are quite charming,
they are a bit dated

i could have been Jacob instead.
I am willing to rend my garment
wallow in the dirt
for i too have lost my proverbial Joseph
the favored of all my offspring

yes, i have wrestled with God
and Angels too
and i never did quite understand
this blessings thing . .
maybe i have to break my own thigh bone

Solomon had the right idea
Talk a little shit
and then retire to the harem
and forget it all
in a long eternal night
of pure pleasure

The Year of the Poet ~ February

is that why they call him wise ?

Oh, and by the way
Mary never did have that little Lamb
it was miscarried in the 2nd trimester
i warned that girl about her bestiality tendencies
sleeping in barns and such
me i just touch my self
much like the rest of you

yes masturbation will see you through
those dark times
won't it

some peoples are still at it
mentally
and spiritually too i think

Women looking for Mr. GoodBar
and men trying to emulate him
wanting every women they meet
to eat their goodies

if i had 9 inch nails
i could scratch the fuck out of
my errant reason
and the logics too
but i can't reach that far back
down my throat
to get to the core of the
ludicrous things i speak of
or write about
but i can cripple my fingers
but i won't

The Year of the Poet ~ February

who knows
when the wind blows
this way again
maybe a new truth will not refrain
from visiting upon our madness

oh, and the fairy tales
about the Wizards and the Lions
and Scarecrows and Tin Man . . .
man we need to stop lying
to our children,
but before we do that
we must stop deceiving our selves
into believing all the hype

we carry the typhoid forward
infecting the minds and spirits
of the future
without even the courtesy
of using a blanket

it would be nice to be toastily warm
while you fuck me
then i could go to sleep
with a satisfied smile
upon my face
and dream of escapes
from this Alcatraz
of torture

and when i awaken
you will find me and Aesop
over yonder on Sesame Street
writing some new stories
for the next millennium

The Year of the Poet ~ February

can you Count ? 1...2...3...
give me another cookie will ya
ya big fuckin' bird

i am but a muppet

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<http://youtu.be/X7ur5Jes-EU>

*February's
Feature*

~ * ~

Teresa E. Gallion

&

Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet ~ February

*Teresa
E.
Gallion*

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

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>

Backward Reflection

I look into the portal of stranded time.
A flashback of a past life with you
walking and holding hands in Atlantis.
You a prince, tall, brown velvet skin,
muscles smooth as silk.

I am a shapely princess, delicate to your eyes.
You lock my gaze in your royal purple.
A gold blade weaved in your royal braid
embraces your back.
We are chosen for each other.

Neither of us is attracted to the other
beyond the physical slices of beauty we possess.
We stand between the temple walls,
feel each other's presence.

Sacred flames encircle us as we are joined.
All of Atlantis witnesses this union.
It is destined we must bear fruit
to give to the universe.

We fulfill our obligation in lust,
to bring forth the required fruit.
We know not Love. That comes later.

We raise a prince and princess, discover
love in the mix of duty, transfer the rites
and rituals to our seed.
We make a commitment
to love each other into eternity.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

When Atlantis begins its decent into the sea,
I know not where our children go. I only see
your guardian rowing you out to sea
and my last sighting, the tsunami swallows you
as my guardian pulls me skyward into the clouds.

I weep for a thousand days for you,
flood every dry bed of land across the universe.
My guardian patiently waits
for me to surrender all my grief.
Then I am ready to engage
my cycles of rebirth.

I find myself in the present moment
resonating with your words
as you speed down the super-highway.

We have been cycling through many lifetimes.
And now, I ponder the question deep inside me,
where in the hell have you been Dear One.

Play Your Flute For Me

Dawn presses upon the soil,
invites footprints to dance
in early light.

A little one presses bread
into an inexperienced mouth,
raises her eyebrows to sound.

Music floats in morning air.
She turns her head east and west
in search of origins.

The flute player plays
a lullaby to sunrise
to honor a new day.

The grass leans toward
the celestial sound
that caresses her heart.

And the little one
gives a big cheese
of innocence

to the flute player
sitting in the maple tree
playing just for her.

Sometimes

Sometimes
it takes a long time
to grasp meaning.

A life filtering
over the dark side
gets caught
in the clutches of living.

Sometimes
it is hard
to let go of ugliness
that clings like a fungus.

A life filtering
through a mask
needs time.

Sometimes
the darkness
shields painful light.

A life filtering
through experiences
stalls at the reality base.

Sometimes
a life filtering
through exposure,

meets surrender
and freedom's light
floods in.

Wild Bird

The river inside me flows,
exposes my wildness.
A thousand boats of passion
float downstream.

My mountain smiles,
shoots boulders at the river,
trying to warn you.
Careful, you do not know
what you are playing with.

Take a deep breath,
send your ego home.
Don't take me as a challenge,
I may eat you whole.

Respect my space,
approach with love,
the only thing
to soothe the feathers
of a wild bird.

Wandering in the Clouds

Rain taps my shoulders,
wants to tell my heart,
emotions trapped in desire's countryside
declare independence
from the burdens of pain.

Tag me with love and devotion
to heal my wings
so freedom's flight may
grant me a first class seat
to watch Spirit walk in clouds.

Time is ripe
for strolls with the Beloved.
Untie the string that binds me
to desolate scenery,
give me back my wings
to soar in divine light.

Do not tell me
life is impossible to embrace.
I know challenges flood the planet.
The pulse of the ages
beats under my skin,
a life signal, a chance to grow.

The soul's substance
hangs out with the swans,
gives my body time
to join the universe in prayer.
Sensory emptiness prowls the landscape,
waits for the catch of the day.
Only awakened souls avoid the clutch.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

The cities raw with anger
hang around to choke your fear.
Move carefully through the isles
of greed's supermarket.
You may be thrown out
with the trash and
the pick-up van is a crusher.

*Robert
Gibson*

The Year of the Poet ~ February



The Year of the Poet ~ February

Robert R. Gibson (**PassionPoet**, or **Passion**, for short) is a member of the **League of Extraordinary Poets (LXP)** in Barbados and enjoys painting sensual images with his words, leading his audience into a sensory experience.

Although sexuality and sensuality are his main forte, in his own words he says, "Passion is not always about sex."

Passion is anger, sorrow, enthusiasm - his poems are written to evoke intensity. He has been writing from age 14 and is aiming to have his first anthology of poems published soon.

In 2011, Robert entered the National Independence Festival of Creative Arts (NIFCA), the national arts festival of his native Barbados with three poems – Luscious, Rain, and Goblet. All three of the poems achieved awards – Luscious received a silver award, and Goblet and Rain received bronze awards. He also received the *Most Promising Poet* award for the year.

In 2012, Robert entered NIFCA again and his poem Tribute received a bronze award.

His poetry has been published in local and online anthologies, such as the local National Cultural Foundation's (NCF) Winning Words anthology and the online St. Somewhere Journal E-zine.

He is a prolific writer, writing almost every day, and updating his blog at <http://poetwhispers.wordpress.com>. His work can also be seen on his FB fan page **PassionPoet** at <http://www.facebook.com/PassonPoet> . He also has a SoundCloud page where he has recorded some of his work, at <https://soundcloud.com/passionpoet>.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Inseparable

For I have always loved you.

Your spirit finds mine over the span of several
lifetimes;
We join each other over and over again.
In every age I search until I find you,
And we become one.
Our love is the sweet chorus to our melody;
The repeating refrain that brings the rhapsody of
Us to the fore.
It's as though we've loved each other before –
But, of course, we have.

My love for you is deeper than infatuation.
It's so deep, I have to believe in reincarnation,
'Cause it's too deep to only be dipped into one life;
It's steeped into forever like strong tea left to
simmer
In eternity's crock-pot.

For I have always loved you.

My soul is whole after rejoining yours on this
physical plane
In each age we search for each other,
Never tiring of the journey
Till, reunited again, we merge into one -
A glorious reunion:

The Year of the Poet ~ February

"And man shall leave father and mother and cleave
unto his wife and the two shall become one
Flesh.."

And, as we mesh into each other –
So close the casual observer couldn't tell us apart –
I thank the Universe that I have found you.
Twin sparks light one Flame that will burn
throughout our lifetime,
Until it's time for your soul to again seek mine;
In another form, another space -
With different voice, with different face
But, our souls will be the same
And we will know when we see Us again.
We will continue thus until the end of time...

And then we will start anew.
Because, us two –
We're truly inseparable.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Improv

(Inspired by Christmas Jazz 2011)

*Play, jazzman, play,
spin notes round, sway
side to side with scatty
rhythms; let drums say
what they will, in
percussionist's way –
Play, jazzman – play!*

Sultry sax sends
shivers down swaying back
I sat, feet flat on floor
keeping time:
rocking waistline
Finger snaps
Claps
Spinning high-hats –
The *tin-tin-ti-tin-tink*
Transports me, links
soul to body on
musical plane ...
Out of body experience
Soul rests as notes wane
Then picks up again...
Can't help it! Up on my feet!
Notes sound too sweet
to sit still
The thrill makes body hover
Moving

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Grooving

Even when it's over –
Play, Jazzman, PLAY!

*Play, jazzman, play,
spin notes round, sway
side to side with scatty
rhythms; let drums say
what they will, in
percussionist's way –
Play, jazzman – play!*

Invocation

Open up for me
Sweet pink petals peeking cheekily
Lips curved in a smile
Molten desire like beads of sweat
Dripping down
Between folds of skin
Tracing the path my fingers will be taking
Shortly
Slipping softly within the waiting well
Dropping knuckles like nickels
Making wishes as you moan
Honing my skills I rub your walls
Your clit the genie's magic lamp

I ...

Commence the invocation
Call forth the incantations
That signal the inclination
To bewitch you.

My three wishes:

1
To make your kitty purr with just my voice
Fuck you with my baritone
My words enter you with determination
Plucking at your composure
Making you ready
Phallus shaped phrases fill you up

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Stretch your mind as though you were on top
And you, unbidden, spring a leak
As I seek to bring you to the brink
And ... teasing
I slowly slip away....

2

To taste you
Tongue travels toward your treasure
It's my pleasure to savour
The chocolate of your exterior
Before delving deep into pink centre
Seeking the flavor of hidden interior
Your deliciousness makes me that much braver
I press into you – your stream becomes a river
And I lap it up thirstily
Making me even more hungry
For you

3

To be in you
Ramrod straight
Standing at attention
My intention
Is to slip into you with
Determination
You are wet
And ready
Your voice unsteady
Like a surfer manoeuvring
On swelling surf

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Breaking on the shore
As you whisper “give me more....”
And I comply
Sinking sword into sheath up to the hilt
We are intimately connected
No more disjointed
You and I
Flying towards the horizon
The sky is not our limitation
But our position of origin
And we can only go higher
As we move in unison
Climbing to the pinnacle of excitement
All starting from simple penetration
And ending with a climactic explosion
That scatters our combined essence
Far and wide.
Mesmerized confetti floating down
Resting gently upon sated ground.

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Manifesto

We will give our people their heritage
Their folklore
Their music

We will speak in our own language
We will give our people our poems
We will sit under the ancestor's tree
And glean from the elders

And we will grow

The soil of our future will be
Fertilized with the seed-stories from our past
Cast from the lips of our artists
Our griots
Farmers tilling the ground of our
Collective consciousness
' Cause we cannot know where to go
Unless we are firmly rooted
In the lessons planted
By those whose hands are calloused
With digging.

We will give the youth their history
In stories and songs and poetry
And once they know from whence they came
These little seeds with knowledge fed
Will grow into a mighty forest.
We will seek to edutain

The Year of the Poet ~ February

Impart knowledge while they are laughing
Or while in stunned silence
At the profundity of our literary prowess.

They will be fed
With the dexterity of a parent
Distracting a child with a wiggling toy
While slipping medicine unsuspecting
Down
The
Societal
Gullet.

And we will look back toward the great cloud of
witnesses
Our ancestral audience
And we will feel their appreciation
That their legacy lives on.

Declaration Of Freedom

I decided to declare my freedom
And so ...

I decided to let my hair grow
I decided that my growing locs
Would symbolize the shattering
Of the box
That had fit my psyche so
Conveniently

I decided to be ME

I decided to take the journey to
Discover new lands
Expand my horizons
See if I could view the
Stars of Orion's constellation
From my new elevated position

I decided to be free

I decided to emancipate myself from
The hated position of subservient
The oppressed one
The one afraid to fully look up
For fear of being downtrodden

The Year of the Poet ~ February

But no more!

Hear the Lion's roar
As confidence shakes out the growing mane
I look back with disdain at the cowering shell I
was
And then, I face forward
Head up
Eyes flashing

And that sound?
That sound you're hearing?

That sound is the crashing of the compartments I'd
placed myself in
Crumbling walls symbolizing the fall of my
limitations
And as I continue my journey
Seeing my baby locs grow up
I see the corresponding growth within myself
I look back and see how far I've come
Through trials and disappointments
And look forward towards the Lion I have become
And am still becoming

I release my hair symbolizing an embracing
Of my Creativity
My Personality
The Passion that engulfs me!

The Year of the Poet ~ February

So

As I stand before you on poetry's stage
Or as you are introduced to me on printed page
Know that before you is evolution in motion
Hear the Lion roar
And know this is only the beginning
I'm not done yet!

The Year of the Poet ~ February

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The Year of the Poet
January 2014



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The Poetry Posse

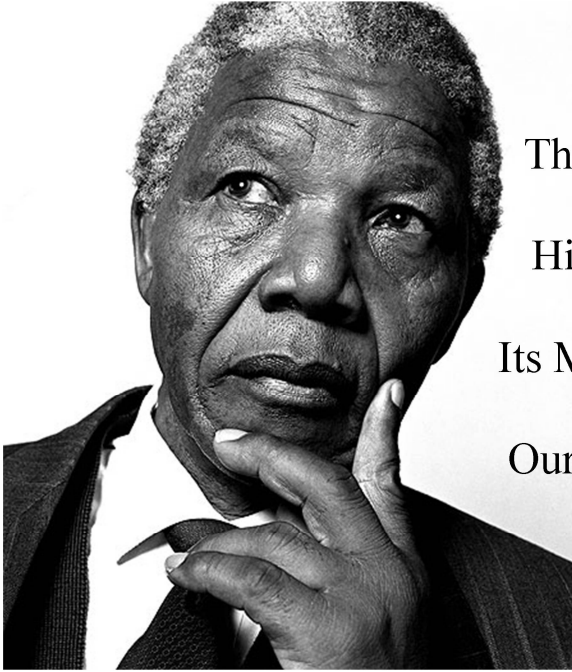
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Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Anthologies for Sale

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

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A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

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**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Anthologies for Sale

2012
World Healing
World Peace



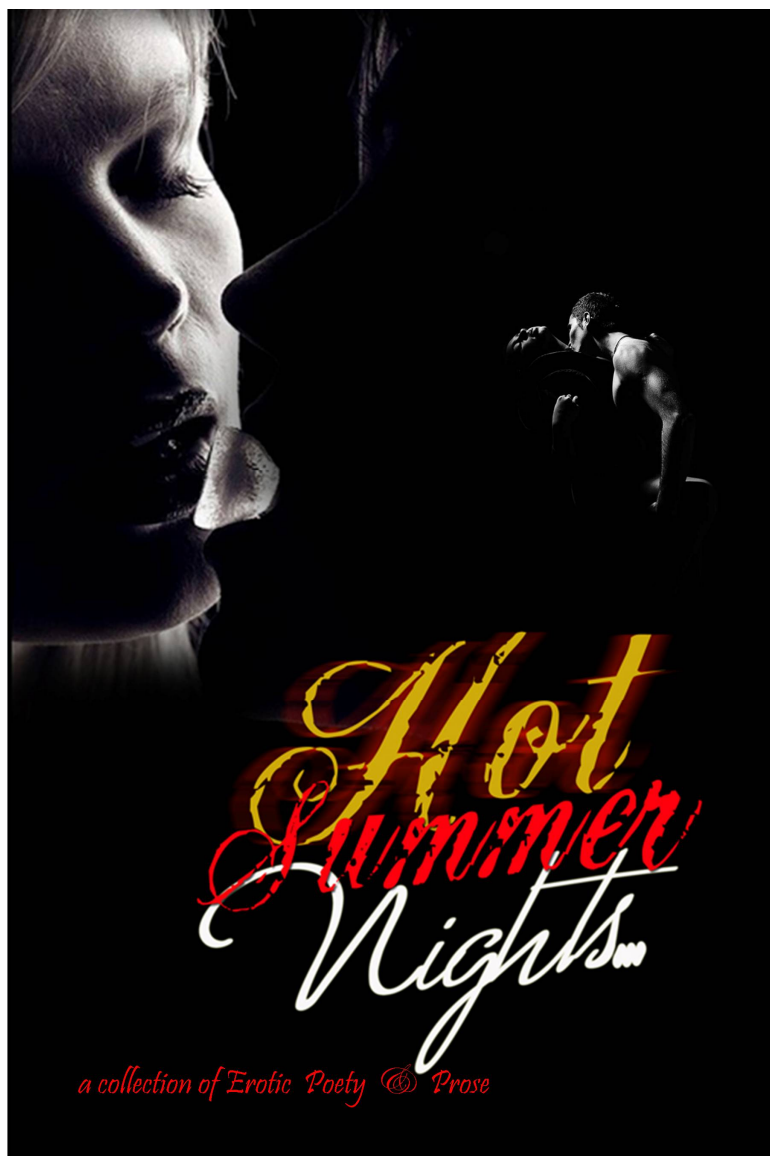
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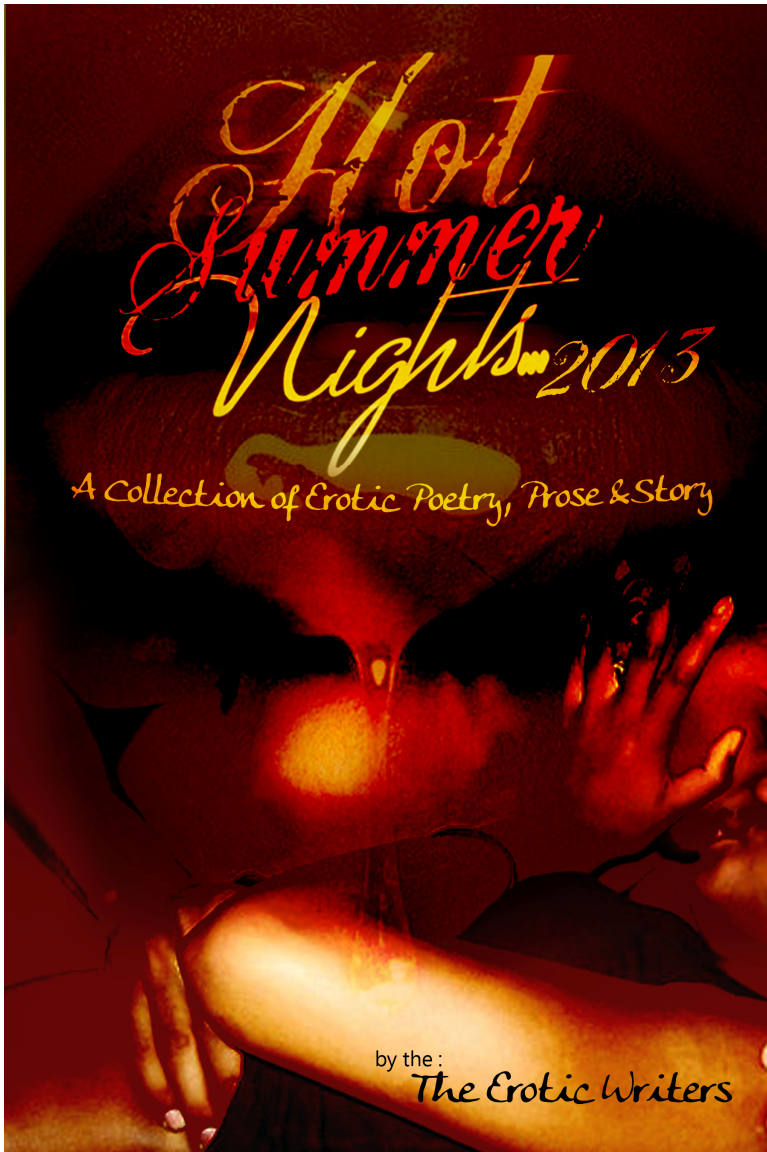
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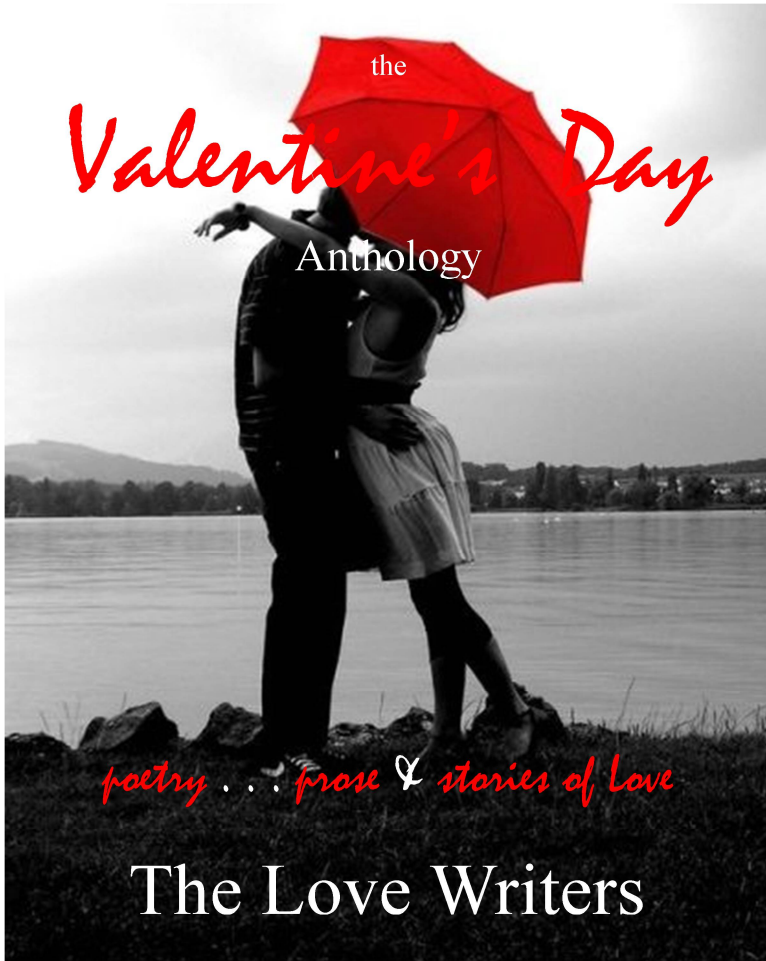
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February's Feature Poets



Teresa E. Gallion

Robert Gibson



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