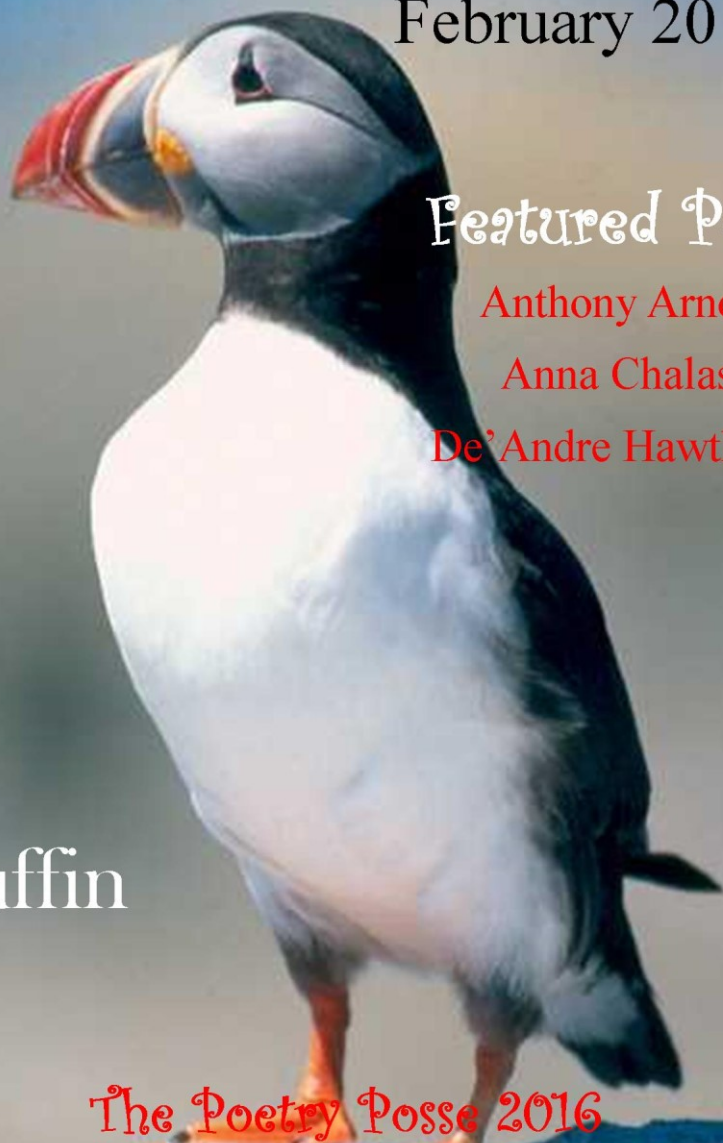


# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016



## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalaszc

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Fahredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Pachye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel BattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatus \* Alan W. Jankoaski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.



The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III

February 2016

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# *The Poetry Pass 2016*

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

Hulya N. Yilmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Ann J. White

Jackie Davis Allen

Keith Alan Hamilton

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Janet P. Caldwell

Fahredin Shehu

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Hrishikesh Padhye

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**General Information**  
**The Year of the Poet III**  
**February Edition**

**The Poetry Posse**

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

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WHAT WOULD  
LIFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
POETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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



# Foreword

How can an ultimate poetic experience be complete without a flamboyant collection of verses? Inner-child Press again offers a cocktail of cultured cognition, a new segment of brilliantly weaved creations by some of the very expert poetic geniuses. Creative thoughts are like rays of light striking upon the subconscious mind to charge the instinct of creativity; thence, motivating it to paint imaginations, hallucinations, ambitions and every single echo that the emotions resound. Poetry is a reflection of writer's prodigious ability of weaving iridescent words upon the blank canvas. A poet's mind can be called as an open yet a mysterious castle of obliquely moving thoughts. Poetry is but a kind of ascending nova, that can ignite souls, enlighten them, even heal them. Having a variety of glistening poignant colours inside, considering this issue, it is a distinguished collection of verses written by the writers all over the globe.

Let's flow with swift and stormy waves of art in this literary voyage. To heal the scars, feel the bliss and seal the happiness by keeping the mind's eye opened for gazing this mystic galaxy of poetic stars known as "The Year Of The Poet".

**Hrishikesh Padhye**

**Author** - *Echoes and Consequences*  
*Hymns of Ascension*

**Student** - *Civil Engineering*

# Preface

Greetings to all,

I like to think of February as the “Month of Lovers”. It makes complete sense to me since Valentine’s Day is February the 14<sup>th</sup>. This also presents an opportunity for us a Poets and as Human Beings to share our love with intent to all and any without equivocation or inhibition. No i do realize that many people are guarded and reluctant to open themselves up to not only give love, but to receive it. Perhaps this is where poetry can assist. This month, February 2016, we The Poetry Posse are not only presenting our regular publishing of “The Year of the Poet” to the world, but we also are publishing a very special offering of love titled Be My Valentine. In this offering you will be divinely treated to some of the most beautiful and meaningful verse from some of the members of The Poetry Posse. We hope you are inspired by our humble offerings.

On another note, if you are so moved, take the time to reach out to someone, anyone and lower your guard and express some love to and for your family, your neighbor, or a complete stranger. The

benefits by far outweigh the effort. It is by our giving unto each other that we continue the process of healing our humanity, and thus healing our world.

**For Free Downloads :**

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

n the meantime, enjoy the work of some of the finest Poets i know.

Stay Blessed

*Bill*

*PS*

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

**Coming April 2016**

**For more Information go to :**

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

Also Check out the

**Valentine's Day Anthology**

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

~ wsp



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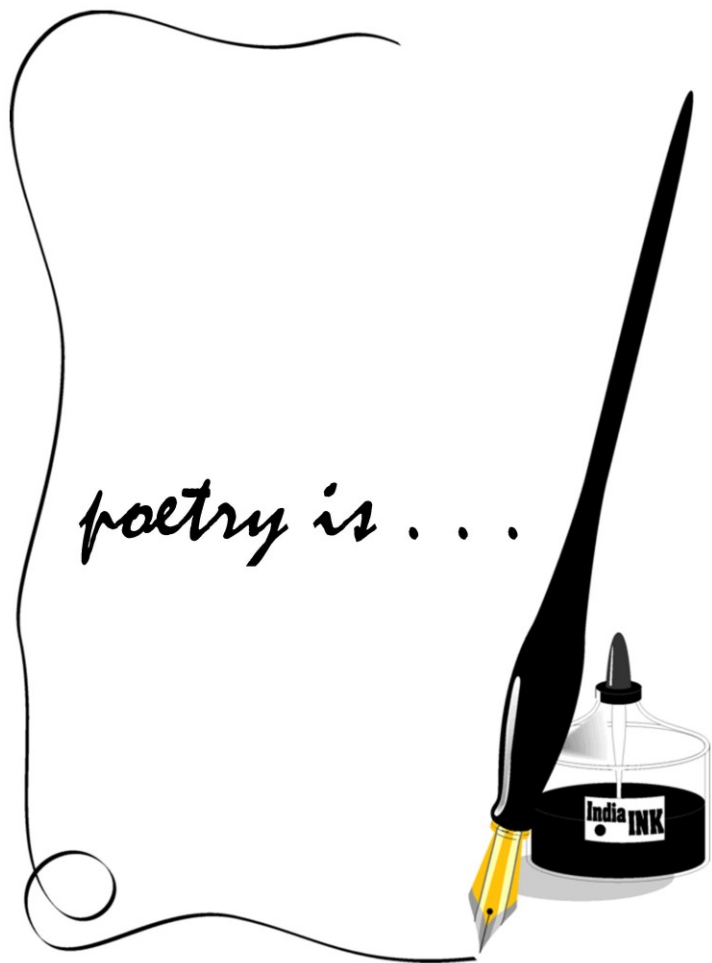
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the  
enchanting magicians that nourishes the  
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our  
words that entice the hearts and minds of  
others to believe there is something grand  
about the possibilities that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

~ wsp



The  
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*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

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

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

[www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)  
[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)  
[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## Poesies

When my poetry  
Falls in love  
With your poetry  
The poesies fit together  
Yours and mine  
Like fragrant kisses on soft lips  
Like tender caresses  
When you least expect it  
Like the first summer melon  
To cool a hot day  
Our pieces intertwine  
Into endless sunsets  
And rainbows across the sky  
Poets can do this to each other  
Paint pictures so vivid  
That we cannot but help to want more

And so we seek the light  
And sometimes the darkness  
While looking for that emotional  
Hell Yeah and I Heard That  
Tambourine slapping truth  
That only poetry can deliver  
And silently we ink to each other  
But more importantly  
We ink to the world  
Poets, Poetry, Poesies  
Heart and soul  
Truth



POETRY

POETRY

Colorful

Language

Wrapped around

Heartfelt sentiments

Pain and joy experienced

Sexy words

Smiles and tears

Is

LOVE

Is

Tears and smiles

Words sexy

Experienced joy and pain

Sentiments heartfelt

Around wrapped

Language

Colorful

POETRY

## Poetry is Love

Written words  
Words of poetry  
Poetry sells  
Poetry excites  
Excites the heart  
Excites the brain  
Brain on fire  
Brain does desire  
Desire to feel  
Desire to taste  
Taste the sweat  
Taste the scent  
Scent of perfume  
Scent of sex  
Sex belies  
Sex decries  
Decries the feeling  
Decries the lust  
Lust for you  
Lust is you  
You invite  
You delight

Delight me  
Delight as we  
We join  
We yearn  
Yearn for flesh  
Yearn for warmth  
Warmth by your hand  
Warmth of your breath

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

Breath of life  
Breath so sweet  
Sweet touches  
Sweet kiss  
Kiss me now  
Kiss me always  
    Always wanting  
Always needing  
Needing to be yours  
Needing to be swept  
Swept out the door  
Swept away  
Away to fly  
Away to your heart  
Hearts hears rhythm  
Heart speaks poetry  
Poetry  
Love

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

*Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

To contact her: [www.janetcaldwell.com](http://www.janetcaldwell.com)

## The Cultivated Ones

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

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

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

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

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



## Most Recent

Dogs are mowing yards with their motorized teeth.  
Spitting out yesterday's blades. While  
dancing girls sport yellow scarves,  
floating in and out of the murky debris.  
Coughing and smiling, sputtering  
a joining, an invitation.

While I appreciate the offer  
I smile and nod a no-thank-you-please.  
Slowly, my feet rise from the earth. Unburdened,  
I ascend to the trees. Skyward the branches;  
leaves and bees, all pass from front  
to back. Right through her, she and me.

Sensing others, my eyes adjust to see;  
A celebrated ballerina, her pointed toes sail  
passed me. A man with an alabaster face  
is gesturing fervently. A cherub meets us at the  
Crown, with greetings of peace for all who leave ground.

I'm not sure what this is, I don't  
mind. I'm free and real in this new  
body...same spirit. I am extremely  
strange to most it seems.  
Though, the uncomprehending  
aren't part of this most recent scheme.

The dreaming the dream...

## Unspoken Things

The things that I have wanted to say  
have haunted me for years.  
It seemed that I could never find a way  
to tell you, about the things that troubled me  
without quivering lips and facial sliding tears.

Never wanting to appear weak  
I simply chose silence  
never to speak of the things in my cupboard,  
not even a peek, and I have wanted you  
to see and accept the real me.  
What a conundrum !

This woman that appears strong – when needed  
is sometimes a farce, a smiling persona, you see.  
When at times, I want to fall into your arms  
to stop the bleeding of my gentle heart  
so I go away until I can smile again and *appear* free to be.

One day I realized what a lie, I have told.  
Either you love me as I am or not  
sometimes as weak as a kitten, sometimes bold.  
Tossing caution to the wind,  
I told you my truth and you loved me anyway.

I was so surprised  
to open a skeleton free mouth  
death mask, daisies and rocks removed  
from my eyes, you peered deeply  
with understanding and love,  
I was freely doused.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

*Lackie  
Davis  
Allen*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

## For the Sake of the Little Ones

Against waging forces,  
I shall not yield  
nor bow down to the enemy,  
nor borrow  
from its tainted tenants;  
for me, today  
I take a stand, and join me or not,  
I say  
like Patrick Henry once did,  
the forces  
of evil are coming; some are very near.

I shall not be conquered;  
let me run freely,  
shoes on both of my feet; pray, one less  
and I cannot well compete,  
though with pen's tongue I shall lift  
myself high above  
the web of lies  
that attempts to convert me  
to the cult of their rhetoric's saint.

The weight of the banner,  
I proudly carry;  
beneath its sacrificial stripes of blood  
are stars cut from freedom's unwavering truth.  
Boldly I stand in defense  
of the politically Incorrect and march  
in step with the drum  
that calls us back  
to personal responsibility.

## Intentions

He waded through the strained  
and stained pages of time,  
disenchanted by anonymity.  
disregarding his gifts,  
talents and ability.

He thought of navigating by the stars  
whose light disbursed hope  
and mystery against the landscape  
of his mind, yet he decided to ignore  
the possibilities.

Led to the rivers of truth  
by some strange force,  
though troubled by the voices  
trashing around  
inside his head, he envisioned  
the sleep of the deep,  
and sank beneath the swirling surf.

Flailing, he floundered, then swore  
he heard a voice reaching out  
to him: "Rise up, use your gifts.  
Time is of the essence! Swim,  
or else, today, you'll drown,  
a pathetic man, one-less-than,  
and thus, excluded from history"



## My dear Child

Your future's prosperity awaits your sincere intent □ To  
paint never with the colors of jealousy and hate, □ To never  
participate in marathons that bait the races.

Once, when, some sharpened picks and axes dug up old  
Grievances, a few wise men threw the lot into the bonfire,  
Ignorance promised, but again, he failed to yield his stance.

An organ grinder played repetitive, divisive and derisive  
Tunes.

His band of sheep followed, bleating, dishonoring  
The instrument which had won for them their grazing  
rights.

What sacrilege! Weep now, the pages of history, for they  
Who bled and died; count the cost of loss by the numbers  
Of those who cast the fate of common sense to the wind.

Pray, we, for forgiveness, for its day of birth and its sad  
Day of demise; it's a crime how the masses of sheep have  
No ability to see who it is that they are blindly following.

Loud is the clamor that echoes in the hills of disharmony.  
On one side of the mountain, its sound is crystal clear,  
And on the other side, its clang is as heavy as a death knell.

When truth is dismantled by both covert and overt means  
The ensuing web of lies finds its people saying one thing  
But meaning another. Naked, they are but puppets.

My dear child. Wipe your eyes and put on the armor  
Of thanksgiving. Hasten your journey with courage and  
Intellect.

Run Truth's course. Be Vigilant. Be Bold.

*Albert*  
*Carrasco*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

## extraordinaire

Infs a hustle extraordinaire, left the negativity alone and started pushn positivity and I done came up... I'm catchn air. Hard knocks made me a business man, the lemniscate is the brand, my merchandise is created with pencils, pens, keyboards and when theres a mic in my hand.

Urban poetry is what I blow, if im in your city y'all already know I'm going to let my forte flow, Poverty, packs, straps, traps, stamps, colors, bids, drama, war and murder...do i go in... Fo sho,

I'm a lyricist's, lyricist, every gangsters favorite author, I was married the streets, lady cocaine was my mistress and I cut her brother to do ot numbers on a bx corner. I left the game although I had it down to a science, I couldn't keep seeing my men gettn sent up or becoming fatal statistics of gun violence, I had a gift and a curse, now my gift is food for thought at that moment when temptation is tempting someone to let slugs bust, grind with a mask or whip contents of a Pyrex to possess in God we trust. Having money on money feels good, able to have women all around feels good, new car scent smells good, partying and bullshitting felt good, the price of it all... is the lives of my day one homies from the hood

## New York Streets

I was bred on these New York streets, ate off these New York streets, bled on these New York streets and evaded the process of being covered with a white sheet on these New York streets. I'm from the Empire State, I roll town to town reppn where I'm from with just my license plates as soon as I breeze from the boogie down. I'm a caste hill King with blue black and shinny arms, no Jennings I don't do nines, if I got a nine there's thirty two in mine, if it's the helicopter it has a banana... one hundred in a straight line. New York taught me the art of war, how to cut boy and chef raw and never look through peep holes when there's sudden knocks on door. before opening up I was taught to sweep floors then go out and search for the color of the day to avoid directs of diesel, hard and soft ye, when there's drama keep your eyes on your prey, never duck for cover, back step while you spray and save a few slugs for the get away. The meting pot had me with a Pyrex meltn powders to an oil that formed rocks with a few ice water drops, I was waiting on fiends in Hell's Kitchen with other poverty stricken children perusing get rich dreams in lobbies from neighboring project buildn's, New York streets made me a soldier, a kite sender, a professional mourner from constantly dealing with the pain of murder, an urban life author. I was forced to live it, forced to become one of the best that ever did it, thats why I spit it so vivid, I got lyrical emphysema I cough up phlegm gems and hock bars of mucus when it come to the life of the infamous hustln igneous. I have to go hard In the booth to draw in the youth so I can bless them with truth. The money comes and goes, fast women blow when things get slow, what infinitely remains is internal trauma... the scars that don't show.

## I used to pray

I used to pray... Lord let me die, send all killers my direction so i can be with my brothers in heaven, living on this six sextillion ton sphere made no sense without them here, the thing is all the killers knew I stood strapped and would attack back with no fear, I'll change from semi to fully like I'm switchn gears, I never said it was going to easy to send me to my peers. Anger drove me mad, fuck the world, the streets took some of the best friends I've ever had, I want to see them but reach and my instincts take over, it's a shit bag or a trip to the morgue in a zipper slab. I'll never bow down to a homicide, you have to put in good work to send me to other side, I guess mass suicide is one reasons my prayers weren't granted, the other is so I can tell my story to prevent youngens from being prematurely aborted.

*Joe*  
*Da Verbal*  
*MindDancer*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

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

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

## MY HEART RUNNETH OVER

I'm searching the aisles to find my love a teddy bear  
It's been about two months since we've met  
They say all is fair in love and war  
My heart just won't live with regret

I've tasted these moments before  
There's this high I can't describe  
They say the body produces this chemical  
I think she's just in my subliminal

Every waking moment there are thoughts of her  
She's not a distraction to my satisfaction  
They say tread lightly young man  
Maybe I would if I wasn't an older man

Dinner for two tonight with mood lights  
I've prepared a meal befitting of a queen  
They say a woman knows in the first five minutes  
I'm sitting here in front of a cold meal and wilted flowers

She calls with my last sip of wine and I listen  
There are stories to be told over dinner  
They say patience is a virtue  
She comes over with bag's o plenty

Not a word as she clears the air  
Just a kiss and a meal befitting of a king  
They say silence is golden  
Yet she explained searching the aisles to find me a bear

## SILENT WHITE

There's no sound like that of fallen snow  
A branch cracks at the weight of it  
Few have enjoyed the sleigh of it  
Many have suffered the shovel of it  
Insurance companies rejoice at the thuds of it  
Many are conceived by the fireplaces roar  
Many can't believe they haven't closed the store

News channel frenzies  
Like snow is an epiphany  
Below the equator envies  
Snow to some an enemy

Can you hear it as it falls?  
The angels are having a pillow fight  
Tiny almost frostbiting fingers feel it's sting  
Teary eyes and red noses  
As some kid throws its first ball  
The silence of the snow fall is broken  
It's marred with prints of angels and boots  
It's stained with Dad's last beer  
For a while it was pure  
Now it's molded into shapes  
Pushed away in mounds  
Tainted with salt and sand  
Just for a little while it silenced the land

## HUMAN FRAILITY

Far be it for me to say but I've made some observations  
There's a common bond in humanity in every nation  
This bonding quality is diverse as its cultures  
It's a common thread more so than human blood is red  
I know a man from India who loves to gamble  
I know a woman who lies for no reason  
We've all met that person who seems to know everything  
I have a family member who swears she can sing  
A friend of mine who speaks fluent Russian  
Can't talk to anyone without touching  
Now ask yourself this  
have you met anyone that just talks shit?  
The ones who have to one up everything you've done  
Then there's that one who holds on to the past  
They will only converse about the life they had  
Let's not forget the showoff's the tell all's  
Liars junkies and thieves the company that won't leave  
The always asking never giving  
The jealous of how you are living  
This is quite a list and this barely scratches the surface  
My purpose for these verses is to make us see  
There's no limit to human frailty or its diversity  
We are not racially divided we truly are one  
Can you name one race or culture  
that's missing from these observations  
every country every state every one block community  
there's not one populated area excluded see  
we are simply human and nothing more  
all blood is red when spilt on the floor.

*Shareef*  
*Abdur*  
*Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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



just can't..,

understand how man mistreats  
his fellow man  
how he repeats again ' n ' again  
there's a evil streak in that my  
friend  
even though the righteous meek  
come up on top in the end  
mankind still needs to put a stop  
to kill @ will  
though i know he never will  
of his own accord  
it will only be achieved by he who's  
known as the mighty lord  
of all the world's  
he who is most merciful of those  
who show mercy  
though there is nothing like the  
power of his wrath's fury unfurled  
he who created mankind and his  
world  
he only can put a halt to this blood  
letting non-stop  
fitnah (upheaval, trouble, difficulty, tests )  
comes down to the ground thus affects  
all around because the laws divinely  
laid down are ignored, frowned upon  
results even convulse the ground  
walked upon  
laws introduced, sent down to mankind  
without which he wouldn't know right from  
wrong

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

wouldn't have a glue, what to do  
began a long time ago in the garden  
when our father and mother brand new  
received new law introduced  
then by the whisperer who lurked, seduced  
cast down to earth  
reduced to mere mortals who's demise lies  
imminent at conception through birth  
and if, when, how long dem walk the earth  
he who was made from another command  
"BE" and it was and it remains  
this man/woman, mankind from nothing  
to something became adversary, rebelled  
the likes of which will reside in the hell  
consumed in lust, guidance tossed  
don't overstand, dem lost!

food4thought = education

## Keep it moving along..,

while they play the sameo song  
after they snuff another ' n ' another  
sooo young  
watching the one eye beast  
i'm seeing young brothers and sisters  
still getting hung  
even though the rope is lead instead  
of thread dem still dead  
and the machinery goes right on ahead  
and another, and another sister, brother  
is dead  
it's rapidity puts pity in me  
to see the future's progeny buried before  
you ' n ' me  
because the law only see what color dem  
be  
and gets the rope and hangs em from the  
highest tree  
okay yes metaphorically but in real time  
literally  
look in the cemeteries and see  
so it's bullets, nightsticks, flashlights, stun  
guns, choke holds  
still kill as well as the gallows  
where they stood and watched  
entertained, guzzlin beer,  
peanuts and CRACKERjacks  
datz how CRACKERS act

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

and blue uniforms don't chance that  
even if the poo poo is black  
but that's only cosmetic  
while the inside is pathetic  
locally, globally carnage,  
prophetic

food4thought = education

## When

ink dries up, words stop  
addressing mankind's ills  
protesting senseless kills  
manifesting relentless skills  
what is left in that dreaded  
hour  
when no one's there to  
speak truth to power?  
absence of the word  
nonsense, absurd  
imagine,  
absent, birds in the morning,  
absent, words of warning  
absent, inspiration heaven sent  
absent, voices penetrate silence  
blessed with artful science  
would be the dream of tyrants  
who historically jailed and murdered  
poets, thinkers, truth speakers  
including prophets anointed  
who the creator appointed to  
preach to reach truth seekers  
in a attempt to silence the " word "  
from time memorial weavers of rhyme  
historical

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

survived to thrive, remind mankind  
with the truth through the " word "  
live on oh those who carry the torch  
to shed and share light in the eternal  
plight to forbid wrong, enjoin right  
that the only darkness left would be  
night !  
word ! live on !

food4thought = education

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

*Kimberly  
Burnham*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

## Doorposts

The barrier between  
us and them  
marked in blood  
showing one's self  
within  
without

The difference between  
us and them  
language  
clothes  
height and weight  
otherwise indistinguishable  
in

The space between  
created out of thoughts  
beliefs  
ways of singing  
the present  
for generations

The time between  
changes more than us  
it changes them  
so we all  
see time and space  
and differences as barriers  
between

## Yin and Yang

The small circles within  
as two swirl  
meeting at the edges

A circle of light  
inside the darkness  
a circle of dark  
within the lightness

Pharaoh  
Moses  
God  
not one is just  
light or darkness

What is in the cavern  
the space between  
worry not  
about the way forward  
nothing  
is not already  
a circle inside your swirl

## Unleavened

Hurrying to rise  
to meet the sky  
still sometimes falling flat  
at times soaring in richness

Exploring connections  
desire to meet the other in peace  
still sometimes falling flat  
at times soaring in richness

Crossing water  
bridge conduits lead to freedom  
still sometimes falling flat  
at times soaring in richness

Eating from valued land  
drinking from the well together  
still sometimes falling flat  
at times soaring in richness

*Ann*

*L.*

*White*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm on the shores of Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with four very weird dogs, ten quirky hens and two noisy ducks.

Ann's latest book, *Tails from the Enchanted Cottage* was just released in December of 2015. She is also the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking*, *Living with Spirit Energy*, and several other non-fiction books. She has been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group with Kimberly Burnham.

You can find her at:

[www.ItsACLuckingGood.Life](http://www.ItsACLuckingGood.Life)

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



## Heart Garden

When you fall in love  
A giant crater of vulnerability explodes in your soul  
In it you plant  
the seeds of your heart  
the weeds of your past  
your hopes and dreams  
Storms like a tempest blow your love soil around  
Pelting your heart with tiny pains  
Waves of passion ebb and flow  
Tears of joy and sorrow  
sometimes caress your garden  
sometimes flood it with tsunamis of sadness  
You are never the same  
You can't go back  
You can only move forward or  
wallow in a stagnant mire of what once was  
a glorious garden, now overgrown and dark  
It is your garden to tend  
You decide what seeds will blossom  
Will there be worms and willows?  
Starlings or sparrows?  
Are faeries invited to romp and play?  
Will songbirds sing your heart song?  
You are the gardener  
Will there be rainbows after the storms?  
Stars twinkling at night?  
Stumbling blocks or stepping stones?  
Who is your lover?  
Sing your garden alive  
It is your song  
Your heart beat  
Fill your crater with joy  
Celebrate your heart garden

## The Face in the Mirror

Look into the mirror  
Who do you see?  
Look deep into your soul  
What do you see?  
Can you find that young child you once were?  
Look harder  
Were promises broken?  
Tears shed?  
Dreams shattered?  
Can you talk to that child with your eyes?  
With your heart?  
With your soul?  
What would you say?  
Keep looking  
Who are you now?  
What are your disappointments?  
Sorrows?  
Joys?  
What are you so very proud of?  
Can you talk to this person you see?  
What would you say?  
Can you be amazing?  
Grateful?  
Loving?  
Or are the hurts too deep?  
Can they be swept away to uncover your passion?  
Your zest?  
Your power?  
Find your lover in your eyes

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

Love your precious self  
deep into your soul  
When you can  
look into your world  
Stare into your eyes  
Reflect your brilliant flame  
You can be love  
You are love  
Radiate this perfect love

## My sweet love

I watch her sleep

Breathing in her innocence

If only I could protect her from the world

She yawns herself awake and snuggles into me

Sharing the beat of our hearts

I gently kiss her head

Her deep dewy eyes open to me in love

She tenderly licks my face

And rolls over so I can caress her sweet belly

As I nuzzle closer

I take in her scent

ahhhh

Puppy breath

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

*Alfreda*

*D.*

*Ghee*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

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



## The Rocking Chair

Grandmother sits and rock  
Back and forth  
While the stars shine in  
She tells a story of the days of old  
Holding the baby close to her chest  
Falling into a deep sleep  
Humming as she dreams of peace  
Grandmother calls mother  
To take the baby and put the baby to bed  
All the while grandmother  
Is ready to rest her head  
Tired, beat and weak from the days work  
It's now time for grandmothers feet  
To take a seat...  
Slowly Grandmother rocks  
Sings and pray and wonderful prayer  
She fades....  
Life goes dim in her eyes  
No more strength she is spent  
Breath is exhausted from her soul  
Grandmother doesn't put up a fight  
This feels right  
It's time that mother sits  
To rock the chair at night  
The morning light shines through  
But.....No one knows Grandmother is gone....  
The chair still rocks  
But....Grandmother is no where in sight...

## Love Letter

My desire I see them in you  
Yet your lust shows in my eyes  
You are my sunrise and I am your sunset  
Seeing you when I look at myself  
Feeling your touch as I dream  
Seeing your thoughts,  
Though I am not in your mind  
Realizing your visions has me included inside  
Understanding your words as you speak  
softly to my ears  
Can't you see my soul hold you close  
My spirit can't evade the persuasion of your heart  
My heart can't escape the music your soul plays  
Don't you see how much I need you  
I will drive across mountain  
Fly across the heavenly skies  
Swim across the open seas  
Just to be next to you  
I hope this love letter reaches you in time  
What will you do?  
Now that you know  
Will you except this love and let it grow  
Or do I need to give you more proof  
Of how much I'm in love with you.....

## If You

If you want to love me  
Put your ego in my Sunday dress  
While I make you hum old spiritual hymns  
That will make you dance and shout  
Clap and stomp your feet  
To words from my spirits beat

Straddle my pretentious heart  
As the door opens and my soul falls out  
If you want to comfort my tears  
Wipe my spirit clean  
Of my impurities  
That it has seen

Listen to the symphony  
That storms through my soul  
It wakes the dead  
And revive the lifeless minds  
Which never seems to inquire  
About how time is made to travel

If you want to love me  
Hear me  
See me  
Share me  
Want me  
Adore me  
Trust me  
Desire me  
Bring new beginnings to me  
But most of all become one with me

*Hrishkekesh*  
*Padhye*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

- Hrishikesh

## Resurrection

Returning mystique  
enigma of darkness  
out from the womb  
of blackened serenity  
carnage arriving  
anomaly over-casting  
malignant ardour  
thou face of untoward  
antiquity pervading  
malevolence prevailing  
toxicity gasping  
the quintessence of tenebris  
sinister ascension  
of gothic pestilence  
thou art the ritual itself  
ethereal  
elemental  
elusive  
resurrected

## Seduction

Morbid hallucinations  
Desire obscure  
Sacred appetite like Eros empowering  
Lechery in plethora malevolent muse  
Passion fervent satanic ritual  
Sensuous lust conjuring abandoned  
Benevolent ascension of malefic fate  
Pall of death then manifesting  
Spell of temptations is invoked  
Infernal climax  
Coldness succeeds  
Gleam of life vanishes in smokes  
Nocturnal game  
Loveless abstinence  
Morbid  
Sacred  
Sensuous ..



## Quintessence of Lilith

I invoke the nocturnal aura  
consuming grace  
devouring innocence  
passion Insatiable  
obscene gloom  
venomous serpents  
thy toxic adornments  
malefic feminine charm  
thy blackest offering  
thou dark lightning  
of ominous skies  
malevolent muse  
of sensuous tenebris  
engulfing life  
in pursuit of blood  
a sacred web of illusion  
thy lifeless embrace  
I invoke the nocturnal aura  
flux inevitable  
ethereal  
malefic  
feminine  
quintessence ...

*Fahredin*

*Shehu*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## A kind of Revelation

When Craft emancipates in Art,

The Art stamps a Seal

When Art emancipates into Theurgy

The Seal disappears

when the Seal disappears

The Revelation manifests as Virgin

## WHERE IS THE HEALER?

From the stars  
Echoes are bringing your name  
To my soul  
The sky turned scarlet  
As lips of the virgin and  
The corrals are necklace releasing  
Sounds on every move of yours

From the womb of heaven  
A pearl felt in my curved palm  
Beneath my feet the earth liquids  
Are moving in velocity  
As blood in veins of the runner

Who shall heal my headaches and  
My right leg hit by a crazy  
Taxi driver while I seclude  
From the world- waiting to get  
The celestial message and  
Who shall read my lines?  
When Poetry became a mere  
Description and taught  
As driving license manual

You see when you ignore that  
I stand between world and the Worlds  
And the Worlds settled  
In Heavens and Earth are only  
Pitying why I still wander  
Among Men

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

When long time ago Men started  
Eating flesh and bones of the fellow  
And designing man- shape  
Out of Mugwort for destroying  
Another by sowing this effigy  
Under the rooted tree- and  
The other sows the beans in the scull  
Of Cat- bearing under armpit  
With hopes to gain invisibility

Who shall heal my Insomnia?  
While I repent for what Men  
Does to other and what  
The sky has to utter- on long  
Night hours  
It'll rain for forty days and  
In the state of insane Men will  
Say: this is our summer  
There's no water on the other half  
Of the Globe- who shall obey my thirst  
For Love since I knocked on  
The Door of Knowledge, times and times  
Ago- I knocked on the Door of Destiny  
Long before I got a Man- shape so  
To scare plants and birds when I  
    Encroach  
    The emerald grass  
With the pearl- dew decorated

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

Who shall heal my Sciatica  
When the cord that binds  
To heaven has stretched the nerves  
In thousands knots knotted  
Waiting the lunar phases pass  
By every step- to salute death

My cell phone rings nostalgic bell tune  
To remind me the old school  
When I queued in line with fellow  
Pupils before we jointly enter  
The classroom on September the 1<sup>st</sup>  
I must buy milk for my son  
In the shop next by- the cell phone  
Tells the anger of my wife- as I'm  
Absent home  
Wandering in the open book of Universe

Who shall heal my heartache?  
When I love and it takes me  
Away as tornado to dismantle  
Each extremity what ages?  
Built up throughout aeons

To me remains the question  
Are you my healer my Lord?





*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

You who claim to be careful reader  
Oh poor editor- for God sake  
Why do you destroy the line with resembling?  
Punctuations to the plague of the Country  
We ought to live without asking  
Why we are here

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

Links:

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

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

## Lupercalia

day 1: intrigued

why not ape the Ancient Romans for a change  
to celebrate one of their pre-Caesar Ferae instead  
aren't chocolates and roses incredibly mundane?  
conflicting details rule over the origins anyway  
yes there are unknowns about the old era  
in fact they are aplenty  
which god was honored how or where exactly  
who prepared the feasts who then served  
or how long those bountiful sacrifices lasted  
some insight into the emperor's final months  
that Shakespeare versed the refusal of the crown  
have however been brought to light for some time  
let us therefore take it from there

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

day 2: inquired

the feted deity may have been named after lupus  
who is said to have protected herds from wolves  
a she-wolf also takes the center stage in a legend  
having nursed the twin brothers Romulus and Remus  
the story of this fertility rite includes Faunus  
who for making cattle fertile was called Inuus  
after the sacrifice of a dog and goats  
two young Luperci would approach the altar  
a bloody knife touching their foreheads  
with milk-wetted wool cleaning off the traces  
while the fledglings would laugh as required  
the sacrificial feast finally having taken place  
all priests would cut thongs from animal skin  
form two groups and run around the Palatine hill  
any woman nearby would be struck with the thongs  
in the hope of making her fertile

enough reason to leave Ancient Rome...



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

day 3: disengaged

Valentinus the martyr  
perhaps was about two different men  
St. Valentine  
possibly a temple priest  
another Valentine  
aiding Christian weddings  
yet one more Valentine the Bishop of Terni  
all martyred by Claudius II  
St. Valentine of Rome  
strictly for modern times' Valentine's Day  
even a Pope Valentine...

patron saints of beekeepers  
guardians of the lives of lovers  
protectors of engaged couples  
defenders of happy marriages  
armed with special forces to intervene  
with fainting epilepsy and even plague

Chaucer may have invented the day  
in 14th century with "Parliament of Foules"  
a poem linking February 14 to courtly love  
and St. Valentine's feast day festival  
birds and humans should with a mate unite...

what was the initial claim again  
about chocolates and roses being mundane?

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gallion*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Winter Desert Moments

The desert chill is a hard tease today.  
Cold air streams flirt with the sparse panorama.  
Sunshine shoots heat waves from a blue sky,  
invites the clouds to roam.

We trespass through the sleeping sage  
headed for a grove of juniper  
just below a picturesque boulder field.  
I sigh in reverence for the winter desert.

A 360 degree view stretches to distant  
mountains and mesas in the open space.  
A greater blissful massage  
would be hard to find in this moment.

A petrified tree trunk  
frozen with history  
entertains my thoughts  
as my boots rub the sand.

A hawk interrupts my reverie,  
flies just above my reach.  
It is an honor to see winged flight forage  
for nourishment across the landscape.

We hike the winter desert,  
share a common bond,  
love for this piece of earth,  
respectfully caught in its grip.

## My Thoughts

My thoughts grow like seedlings,  
shake off the winter sand,  
peep above the soil,  
spiral toward the sun's warmth.

Spider branches and vines  
overweight with green  
greet a blue sky,  
prepare for the color burst of spring.

And my thoughts burst into  
words in the flavors of spring.  
wandering in the four directions  
on the skirts of the wind.

Waves of sound seek the ears of sleepers,  
deliver bouquets of words  
to raise sluggish bodies  
out of winter contemplation.

## Circle on the Wind

Permit me to introduce myself,  
A tender heart beats for you,  
rolls out the sky blue carpet,  
layers it with iris petals  
to receive your golden step,  
wait to greet your hazel eyes in midair.  
I am a circle on the wind.

Floating in rhythms that blend with yours,  
your roughness charms me on my high days  
a piercing sword on my low days.  
But I always loved seesaws.  
May I come play with you?  
I am a circle on the wind.

I walk in a village of ponderosa.  
The birds offer songs for you.  
The trees spread fragrant vanilla  
and butterscotch in the air.  
Come walk with me.  
I am a circle on the wind.

Fall holds a gathering  
of my love and despair  
bursting from the wounds  
you inflict with words.  
May I put my arms around you,  
feel the warmth of your gentle hug.  
I am a circle on the wind.

*Demetrios*  
*Trifiat's*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

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

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

## Mother of All Evils

You,  
Hard-of- hearing,  
Dweller of darkness,  
Mother of all evils:  
Ignorance!

You, who are unable  
To hear the truth,  
Even though it is spoken  
Through the mouth of thunder,  
But who easily discern  
The fainting whispers  
Of monstrous lies!

Why don't you open for once  
Your detrimental prison  
Of calamitous darkness,  
And allow luminous knowledge  
To establish its dominion of peace  
For the sake of a suffering humanity?

## The Thunder of War

The thunder  
Of the countless cannons of war  
Has rendered humanity deaf.

Thus, it is unable today  
To hear the cries of the innocent  
Whom death claims every day.

## Humanity's Curse

Last night, I listened  
To the shrilling winds of history,  
Telling me tales from centuries past,  
Horrifying stories of hate,  
Suffering and destruction,  
Of killings unending,  
Tortures untold,  
Unimaginable pain,  
Of rivers of blood,  
Seas of tears.

All works of the appalling war.

I asked myself:  
Isn't it about time  
Humanity overthrew the reign of this wrathful tyrant,  
This soulless dynast of human consciousness,  
This relentless torturer of loving hearts,  
This destroyer of dreams and aspirations  
Of so many generations of the innocent?

Hasn't the hour come yet  
To put an end to the misery of war?

How many more centuries have to pass  
For us to stand up and fight this monstrous slayer?

How many more countries have to be destroyed?

How many genocides have to take place  
Before we are ready to bar hatred,  
Ease suffering,  
Stop the destruction,  
End the killings,

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

Eliminate the tortures,  
Alleviate the pain,  
Dry the rivers of blood and  
Evaporate the seas of tears?

Aren't we ready yet  
To say enough to agony,  
To fear,  
To death  
But yes to care,  
To compassion,  
To universal concord?

What are we waiting for  
To erect the structures of understanding?

What will it take  
To make us pave the highways of friendship?

What more do we need  
To build the bridges of love and compassion?

Let us create now the highways and the bridges  
That will help us eliminate our differences,  
Resolve our disputes,  
Find solutions to our problems,  
Give answers to questions  
That have haunted humanity since its birth.

Thus, at last, we will glorify God and Man alike  
By establishing the kingdom of blessed peace on earth  
From this moment onward into eternity.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

*Alan*

*W.*

*Lankowski*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

## I Offered You My Heart And My Soul

I wish it could be different,  
I wish there was another way,  
If only for the sake of your children,  
I would have liked to stay.

I came into your life a few years back,  
When you were looking for a man,  
I've tried to help anyway I could,  
But I've done all that I can.

Your kids took to me from the start,  
And they always called me 'Dad.'  
You even told me more than once,  
That I was the best they ever had.

But you just used me from the start,  
And there were signs along the way,  
Cheating and lies, barely disguised,  
It was the same thing every day.

I just can't go on wasting my life,  
Giving you my best years,  
Too many nights I ended up alone,  
Lord knows I've shed some tears.

Your daughter's at a tender age,  
And I hate to make her cry,  
It'll be years before she understands,  
Why it has to be goodbye.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

Tell your son I'll miss him,  
And tell your daughter too,  
I'll have to say very frankly,  
I hope they don't turn out like you.

I offered you my heart and soul,  
And you left it on a shelf,  
The time has finally come to pass,  
For me to take care of myself.

Don't bother trying to look for me,  
For I'll have somebody new,  
The one thing I can say for sure,  
Is that someone won't be you.

## Your Eyes

All that we have been through,  
All the time we shared.  
The good times and the bad,  
It always seemed you cared.  
Now you're growing distant,  
Starting to tell lies.  
You're starting to go away from me,  
I can see it in your eyes.

We used to love together,  
Love like we were one.  
Now we are apart,  
Our love has come undone.  
I thought we'd be together,  
Make the perfect pair.  
Always thought you'd be there,  
Always thought you'd care.  
Now I'm left with questions,  
A thousand whats and whys,  
You are no longer mine,  
I can see it in your eyes.

I'm left with only memories,  
Of good times that used to be.  
A thousand laughs and smiles,  
Will always stay with me.  
But never again will I feel your arms,  
Holding me at night.  
Or experience your charms,  
Or savor your delight.  
You walk away and leave me,  
We say our sad goodbyes,  
Never to come back,  
I can see it in your eyes.

## Hearts Beat As One

When people ask me how we met,  
I never tell them on the net,  
'Cause people just don't understand,  
What happens in this cyber land,  
But it's love for me and you,  
A love that is oh so true,  
Although I long to hold you tight,  
Hold you near with all my might,  
I pray for you upon a star,  
Even though you are so far,  
And though I long for your touch,  
I dream about you very much,  
In another time and place,  
I could probably see your face,  
And we could sit and share the wine,  
But you have yours and I have mine,  
And though you cannot be so near,  
I hold your image very dear,  
And so I give you all my heart,  
Even though we are apart,  
And though you have two and I have none,  
Our hearts are together and beat as one.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

Anna  
Jakubczak  
vel  
Ratty Adalan



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



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

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

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

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

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

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

## Insatiable

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

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

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

\*\*\*

They are We  
lost in  
our uncontrollable desires

## Impression

Yesterday track were there,  
Grass – a little other plants.  
There was a pond which became alive  
touching by the stone.  
Today there is a shop,  
a few houses in neighbourhood...  
There aren't the track, grass,  
and any plants or pond  
and me also, as if no longer was

I am like *the written deer*  
in erasing forest.

## Wolverine

I'm planing libretto  
next to your grave  
about *fleur du mal*  
of third act

Breathe with  
intervals of spacetime  
blessed  
tamed

by changing dur-moll  
my *lady red*

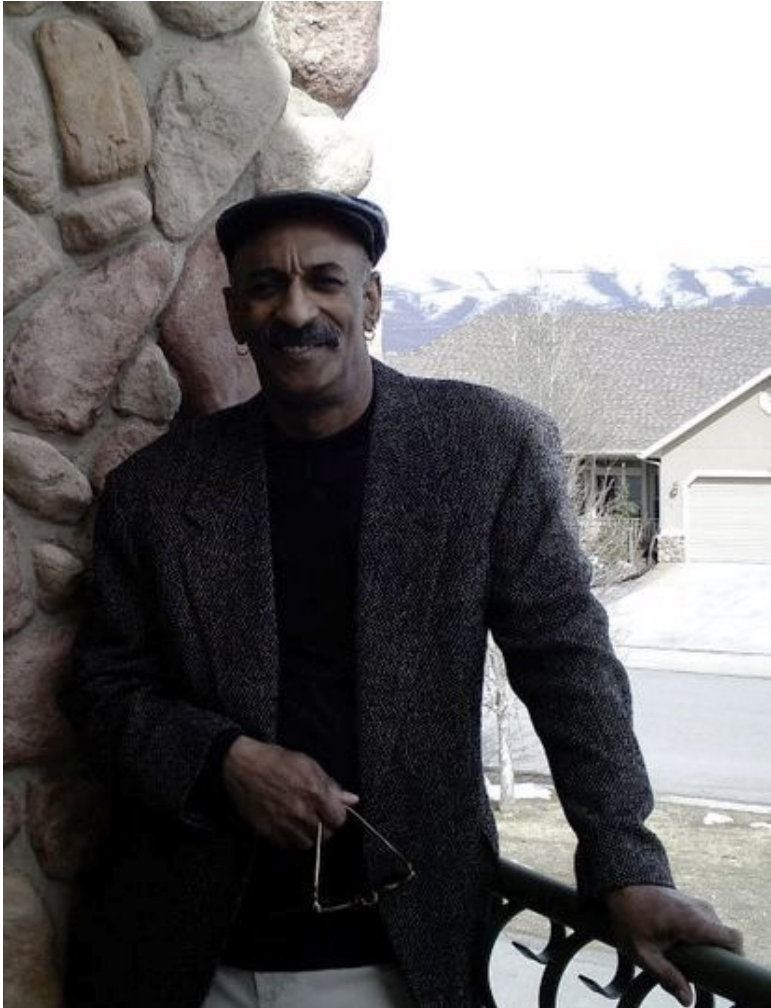
and (un)happy love is melting  
adamantium

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

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

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



## Tommy was a Good Kid

Tommy wasn't a bad kid  
just a bit disconnected  
like most kids are these days

there really was no one to talk to  
no one who could relate  
to what he was feeling inside  
and no one who could explain it to him

you see  
Mom was doing the best she could  
she was fighting her own demons  
never enough money  
no man

Dad gave his life to . . .  
his country ?  
over in Afghanistan  
killing people  
for no apparent reason  
getting killed  
for no apparent reason

there were plenty of guys  
coming around  
but mom,  
she wasn't having that

the other kids on the block  
in the hood  
neighborhood that is  
were handling their biz

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

but Tommy  
he wasn't about those things  
they were doing

and though Tommy was not much for Church  
it seemed like it was the only place  
he could go every once in a while  
a be alone  
there were a lot of lonely people there  
maybe that is why they went there in the first place  
because they could not face the world outside  
so they went there to hide  
and blamed it on Jesus

Tommy, he saw the game  
and every time that Preacher shouted  
in the Name of Jesus  
they would either pass the plate  
begging for money  
calling it offerings and tithes

they had it all figured out  
shout a little  
a few Amens  
and that is the formula  
on how they put it down  
again and again

Yeah, Church was entertaining  
but it was not sustaining anything  
for Tommy  
it was just another game  
with a few misplaced names

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

out on the block  
Tommy's peers  
were on the clock  
slangin' that thang  
that Ying and that Yang  
that made people forget  
what life was really about  
you know  
the struggle  
of day by day  
putting up  
with all this false bullshit  
what the hell was life about anyway  
Tommy wondered

Tommy tried it a while  
but Tommy wanted so much more  
his style was not their style  
Tommy could not relate

School ..  
Tommy was a smart kid too  
but what the fuck would Algebra  
and Mrs. Garendu's Science class  
do for you  
or me Tommy thought

was life all about money  
and things ?  
Tommy had questions  
but who had answers

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

sure many people thought they did  
but when Tommy  
surveyed and examined their lives  
they didn't have nothing  
discernable going on  
nothing Tommy would want  
or that was sustainably meaningful to him

so what the fuck do you want Tommy  
he would often ask himself  
but again  
the answers never came  
and Tommy remained  
disconnected  
like so many other Tommys out there  
and Marys too

Now what are we going to do  
now that Tommy is dead

Headlines :  
14 Year Old Youth Takes Gun to School  
Kills 13 and takes own Life

Tommy was a Good Kid

for he was

he died without notice,  
which was the same way he lived

he left no footprints in the garden  
but yet,  
he sowed many a seed  
and yielded many a harvest  
that others may eat

his legacy was filled bellies,  
smiles upon the faces of the children  
and the peace of his soul,  
was not disturbed

the wind knew his name  
and whispered its enchantments softly  
in his ears  
through the meadow, through the wood

the leaves of the trees  
celebrated his coming  
and his going  
with a rustling applause  
for they too knew him  
and of his silent grace

the stars of the night's heavens  
twinkled with promise  
which was reflected in his eyes  
for all to behold

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

pride abhorred him,  
and he was alright with that  
for he was born without ego  
and never had occasion  
to measure his self worth

he lived a life of duty  
unto life  
and that was enough

the rising sun embraced him daily  
and before it set each night  
it tucked him in  
to that place where children dreamed

birds sang for him  
crickets cricketed  
and he suffered not  
the lack of breath

gratefulness was not to be measured  
for his each heartbeat  
was a rhythm  
that spoke of the vast providence  
of creation  
and its endless possibilities  
found within the realm of stillness

he died without notice,  
which was the same way he lived

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*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

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the stars of the night's heavens  
twinkled with promise  
which was reflected in his eyes  
for all to behold

for he was . . .

## oh my America

oh my America,  
what is happening to you ?

are you having flashbacks  
to the way it used to be ?  
do you miss those days of  
all the undertones  
of your barbarism and unquestioned partisanship  
where the privilege was for the few  
who looked like you

where are the natives this time  
you seek to slaughter ?  
are we them . . . does  
Amerikkka truly eats it's young

America, American  
is a stew of peoples  
from all walks of life,  
all ethnicities,  
all religions  
and pigments too . . .  
it was never meant  
for the pig to rule . . .  
the farm

i call this my America,  
but that is not true,  
for the earlier residents were evicted  
from their homes  
by any means necessary  
this was done by you  
for you think is America  
is all about you . . . alone



*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

though it is not true

if we are to learn from our history  
your story,  
there is but one conclusion . . .  
you are ill,  
and have been since your inception,  
and you play the game of deception,  
claiming innocence,  
and the global God given right  
to do as you please,  
so please be honest  
this time around.  
for your own future sanity  
put aside your deluded inanity

the nuts are now running  
the asylum,  
giving asylum to none

they are playing an intoxicating melody  
upon the strings of your fears  
with no harmony to be found,  
and the chorus sings  
“what goes around, comes around”

i would be fearful too . . .  
better seek some forgiveness  
quickly . . . before it is too late,  
otherwise your fate . . .  
is sealed

hiding your bias and bigotry  
behind the can of alphabet soups  
such as NSA, DEA, FEMA, CIA, FBI,  
and on and on and on

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

you establish agendas  
that your buddies may control the world of us all  
while you sow seeds of discord  
on both sides of the fence . . .

the grass never gets greener  
under your watch . . .  
all is but illusion,  
a 3 card molly,  
and the rich are jolly,  
and you too  
the politician,  
the man in blue  
are their pawns  
from dusk to dawn  
and back again

oh my America,  
we all have died for you,  
vied for you,  
lied to ourselves . . .  
for you,  
and now we cry for you,  
for you are now the dying one  
lying in the gutter  
awaiting your fate . . .  
but it's not too late . . . yet

oh my America  
oh my America  
oh my America

you have allowed your image  
to be tarnished  
in your vain name  
by those same lame hypocrites  
and power mongers

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

who say they do this for you . . .

if you knew the truth,  
which i suspect you truly do,  
you would have to laugh  
at the ludicrousness of it all . . .

you the protector of democracy,  
the biggest offender  
of it all,  
and human rights . . . right  
domestically  
and abroad  
can you hear them calling  
to be rid of you ?

when those famous words were penned.  
“we the people”,  
what people were you speaking of ?  
did it include me, you,  
or just the few  
whom we do not know  
any longer ?

oh my America,  
oh my America,  
oh my America

i pray some day  
you will recognize your illness . . . soon  
and regurgitate the poisons  
you have swallowed  
before the whole world  
becomes your enemy  
and seeks your demise

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

oh my America,  
oh my America,  
oh my America

it is my America too  
and i am in line  
right after the Indigenous ones  
whom you slaughtered,  
and stole the land  
while making demands  
that they acquiesce  
to treaties  
based upon your terms  
which you never intended to keep

lies, lies, lies, lies  
we too died for your lies

oh my America,  
oh my America,  
oh my America  
we who still have our sanity  
weep for you

oh my America,  
oh my America,  
oh my America

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February  
2016

Features

~ \* ~

Anthony Arnold  
Anna Chalas  
De'Andre Hawthorne

*The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016*

*Anthony  
Arnold*



*The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016*



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

Anthony Arnold, raised by his grandmother in a little town called Quincy in Florida, wrote his first piece in the third grade and fell in love with writing ever since that moment; writing has become a comfort and a mainstay to keep him focused.

Writing gives Anthony the ability to educate those that have no clue about the things that African Americans have faced and writes of things that will never be taught in schools.

He has a desire to show the younger generation that we are much more than what society has labeled us! And to let them know they have come from.

A humble man that uses poetry to express what he hears, thinks and passionately feels, Anthony invites you to join him on his poetic journey.

## Charleston

In a house of god, where generations grew  
Where men, women and children worship  
A vile evil was unleashed  
A devil had his way

Or so he thought

The opposite took place on that evening  
Instead of a division of the races  
People came together  
To rid themselves of a common blight

They say it's a sign of history  
Of our boys who fell  
It's also a sign of burning crosses  
Hanging ropes, and cries in the night

Black, white, red or brown  
We all have to live, to survive  
All of our lives matter  
Will we ever get along?

Dr. King said once said something that we may have  
forgotten  
And I share his words here, that we may  
remember  
That we may all remember  
And learn

*The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016*

"We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children."\*

Nine lives were taken that night  
Nine children were called home  
Nine angels were given their wings  
Nine souls joined the rolls of the ancestors

\*Taken from MLK'S speech in Washington DC 1963

## What's going on...again?

Again we go down the road less traveled  
People dropping like flies with no answers  
First it was Trayvon, slaughtered without reason  
Now it's Sandra, hung in a cell

What's going on?

No one's immune from this  
Not you, not me  
Not the oval office, nor the homeless  
Not even a princess of 22

What's going on?

Put in a van only to die  
Put in a jail cell only to die  
The way of our ancestors  
Chained. Only to die

A year ago mike died  
Don't shoot I'm unarmed  
The bulls eye was raised  
Open season was declared

Police on black, black on black  
Take your pick  
Either way someone's gunning  
Maybe you make it, maybe you don't

*The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016*

Left in a cell, with no one to see  
A life taken, self-inflicted they say  
But how do you hang  
A 6ft woman from a 5ft bar?

You tell me

What's really going on?

## Hear my cry

Hello? Is anyone there? Hello?  
Can you help me?  
I'm not supposed to be dead  
Please hear my cry

How? Why did this happen?  
All this from a traffic stop.  
Because I stated my rights  
Now I'm cold and gone?

Dragged and thrown to the ground  
Knee pressed in my back  
All because a cop lost it,  
Threatened to light me up

Over a cigarette

They say I committed suicide  
Why would i? My life was ahead of me  
New job, new location  
Why would I throw it all away?

Only I know the answer, but I can't tell  
I hope that someone will find it  
As I look and watch over, I hope someone

Hears my cry.

RIP Sandra Bland  
1987-2015

*Anna*  
*Chalasiz*



*The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016*



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

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

Poetry has been translated by:  
Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan

## Double dissociatio

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

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

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

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

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

they know we both  
are living on the same mind

We border the possibility  
and don't believe  
in reality

## Enthrallment

I wish to captivate  
the wind for a moment

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

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

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

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

## Unity

We have scars on hands  
and in our words

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

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

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

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

*De 'Andre  
Hawthorne*

*The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016*



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

De'Andre Hawthorne aka Blaq Ice is an award winning international Spoken Word Life Artist and the President and Founder of the International P.O.E.T organization, an artist/activist movement. The works of this amazing artist does not end with music and poetry. He has created scholarships for children who otherwise may not be able to attend college. Blaq Ice started The Tyrone Hawthorne Cancer Foundation in memory of his son that was lost to cancer. While most of us can't even imagine the pain of losing a child; He took the only good that could come from it, saving another. Of greater substance than any physical item, is the hope that he brings to lives to children and adults alike. It's inspirational to see him speak to children at schools. He tells them more about what they can do, than what they can't. This alone puts this extraordinary man in a class all of his own.



## LORD I NEED U

I once saw the world through Mom's eyes  
And it was beautiful, full of love and hope  
But this pain is just 2 hard 2 cope with  
I feel so empty inside, Lord I need U

And Lord although I thank all the prayers  
From all the people U sent through  
Lord, right now, I need U

I still feel as though I'm going 2  
Wake up from this bad dream  
It's like the same scene stuck on repeat  
I can't sleep, I can't eat

I feel cheated, Lord why me?  
My family has already experienced  
So much tragedy

And I know the suffering she endured  
The doctor's visits, the pills, the surgery  
And the trips 2 the emergency  
I still feel a sense of urgency, anxiety

I got all this nervous energy  
Bottled up inside of me  
When my momma left, she took a piece of me  
I'm Hyperventilating, I can't breathe, I just want peace

And Lord I know nothing happens without  
your permission or what U allow  
And I know earth has no sorrow, that heaven can't heal  
Well heaven I need U right now

*The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016*

I'm trying 2 be strong  
But Lord this is 2 much 4 me  
I can't do this alone

Lord I need U

Restore my soul, heal me, make me whole  
Fill this hole with your grace and mercy  
Rain down your blessings  
Cover my family

I trust U Lord

And I thank U  
Not just 4 what U have already done  
But 4 what you are gonna do  
Father I surrender 2 U

Momma I love U  
Never once heard U complain  
Or ask why U, I'm so proud of U

I hope that one day I will live 2 be  
Half the woman God made U 2 be  
And If can't I promise U I'll be  
The woman, God has attended me 2 be

Dedicated and written for Queen Passion  
Who loss her Mother, May she rest in Peace

## DO U STILL CARE

I remember, once I had your heart  
At least until everything began 2 fall apart  
It was last March

That's when things started 2 unravel  
Arguments became more like battles  
Assumptions became factual  
And the truth like lies

Tempers would rise at the smallest things  
We looked liked the perfect couple in public  
But behind the scenes

It was like an open soar  
We tried 2 cover the wounds in front of our friends  
But U never know whats going on  
Behind closed doors

It seemed liked the more we tried 2 make it work  
Further apart we grew  
Baby what was I suppose 2 do  
What do u do when the one U love  
No longer loves u

I felt totally neglected  
And I never expected 4 a love that was  
Once so strong 2 become so hectic  
With massive blows 2 my ego  
From the disappointment of being rejected

*The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016*

Yet til this day I never got over u  
And 2 see u now makes me appreciate  
U even more, it's funny because  
I didn't know how much I missed u

What ever the issues were between us  
Are they beyond repair  
Cause I got a love 4 U that will never die  
And there's a part of me deep inside  
That wonders

Do U Still Care

Baby I'm ready 2 play 4 keeps  
And I love u way beyond belief

U speak 2 my heart in a language  
That only I understand  
I can only try 2 comprehend

These emotions, they rage like oceans  
Of thoughts and dreams  
I miss it when we both played on the same team

U bring my dreams 2 life  
And Being with u, I don't have 2 think 2wice

I miss the days when U use 2 call me your man  
It's seems like a lifetime has passed  
Looking through the hour glass  
Watching the sands

Pass through  
And I don't want another day 2 pass  
Without me telling U, I love

*The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016*

Baby What is Ice without U, just cold  
And what is my life without u, on hold

Stagnant, when u left  
U left my heart broken in fragments

Baby help me put the pieces back together  
Come back and replace this stormy weather  
With a Rainbow, I'm not the same old  
Man I use 2 be and that's because you've changed me  
Baby please, come back and claim me

Help me 2 reclaim my sanity  
No more vanity, together we make a perfect pair  
And all that I am asking right now is  
Do U still care?

## As of Yet

He's done so much  
And words are not enough 2 express  
How thankful i am for his grace  
He's given me a gift that i could never replace  
My mindset was once stuck in a place

That placed me in a space so dark and deep  
That i couldn't see him, i needed 2 breath him  
So he released me from myself given me freedom

That day that old man in me died  
So that the new man in me could live  
My old life was sacrificed  
Giving me a chance at a new life

He saw pass the pain and hurt  
Uncovered the dirt from my past life  
I came this close 2 death 2wice  
And u spared my life

I owe u, u never ignored me  
Even times i ignored u  
And the things you've done 4 me  
U didn't have 2  
U chose 2

And despite my transgressions  
U still continue 2 rain down ur blessings  
This is my confession

I'm learning to be the man  
I'm destined to be

*The Year of the Poet ~ February 2016*

And 4 all of u who question me  
Be patient, there's a lot more in me  
He ain't finished with me, as of yet

Today is a new day and i pray  
That tomorrow is even better  
Brighter, that this heavy load gets lighter

I am a survivor  
Inspired by god's mercy  
Knowing that everything  
He's blessed me with  
Was undeserving

Serving him and him alone  
Hoping one day there's a crown  
Coming my way and a throne

Reaching 4 all those that are lost  
Knowing that there's a place 4 us all  
But 1st we have to bear our own cross

There is no way that i could ever repay u  
So the best thing 4 me to do  
Is spread ur word,  
Give me the strength and the nerve to serve

And i might not be where i want to be  
But i'm just glad i'm not where i use 2 be  
There's more to come, i'm still not done

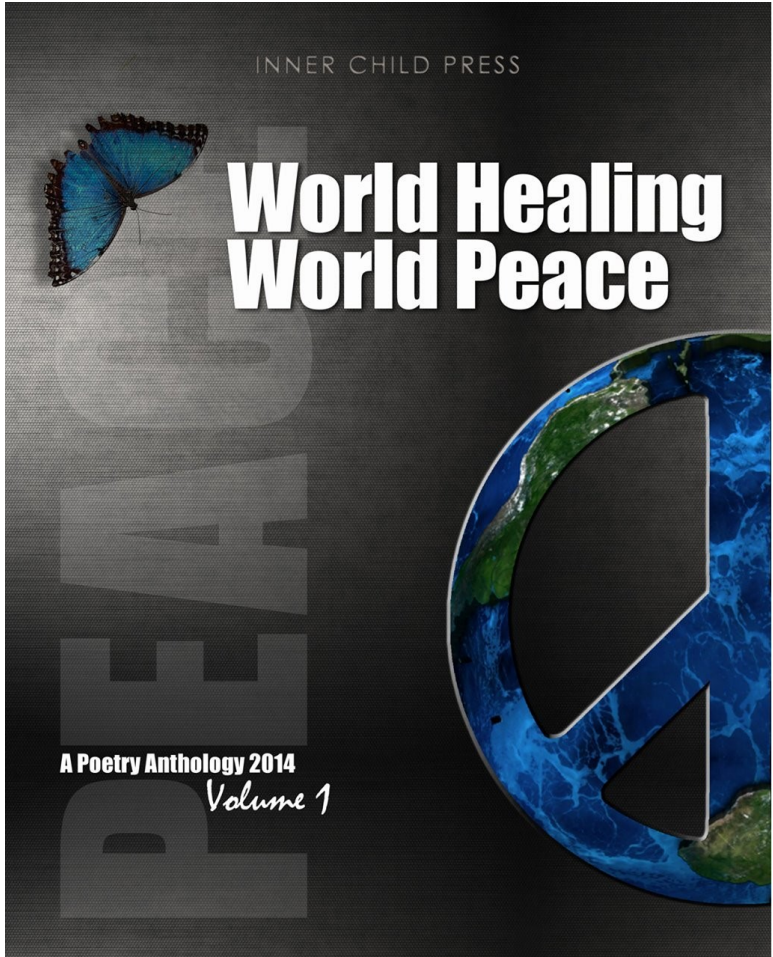
As of yet

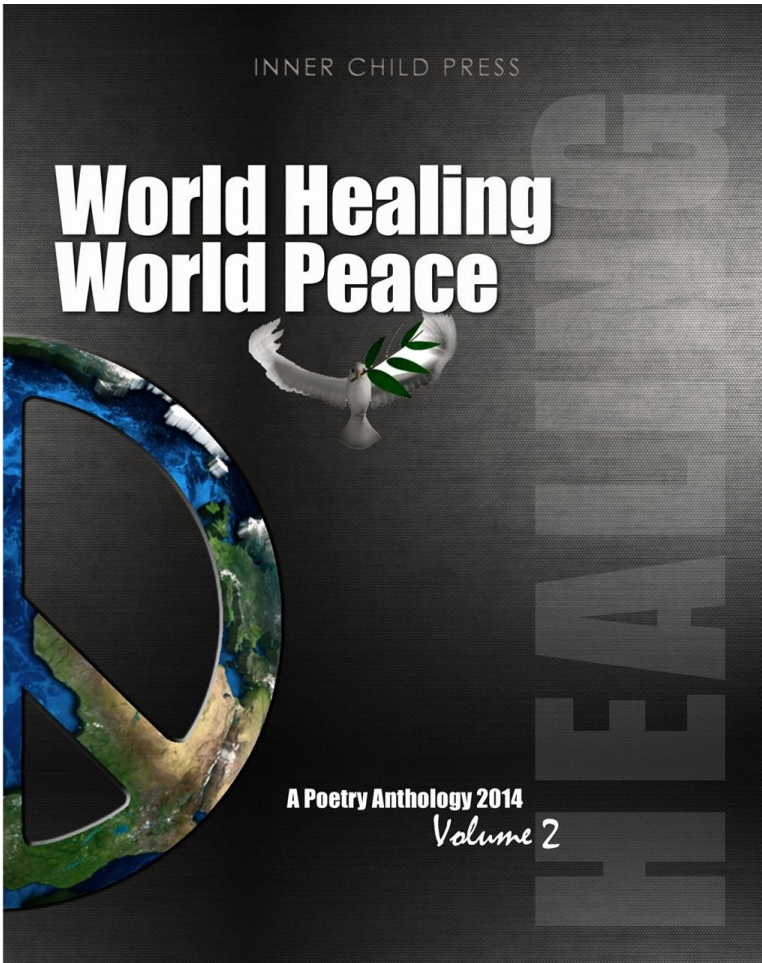
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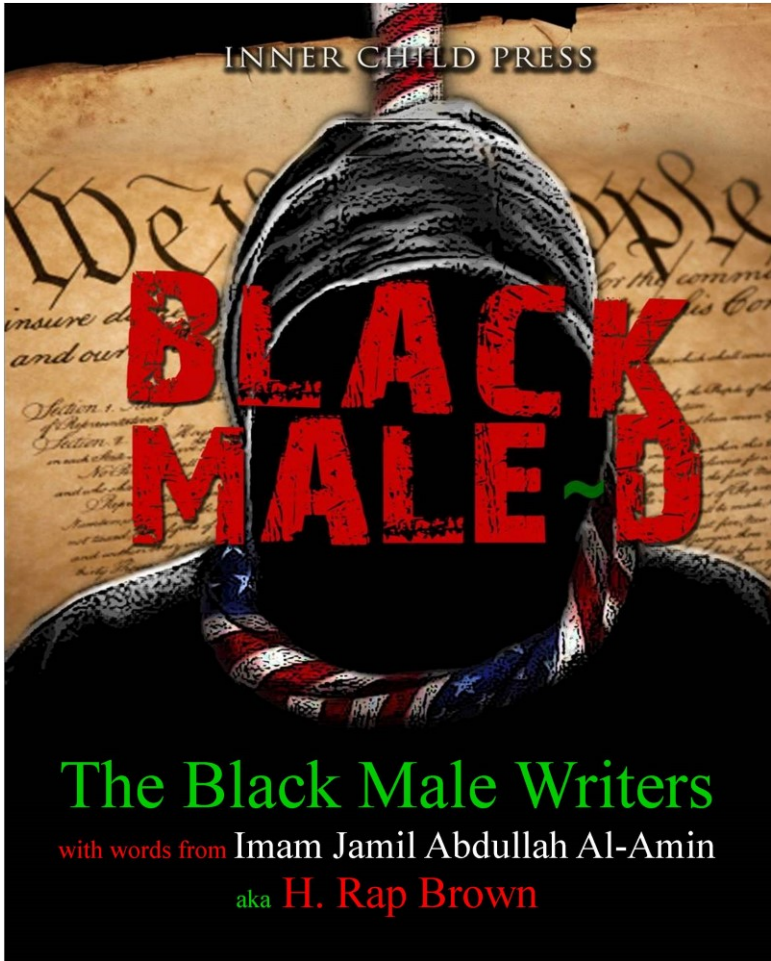


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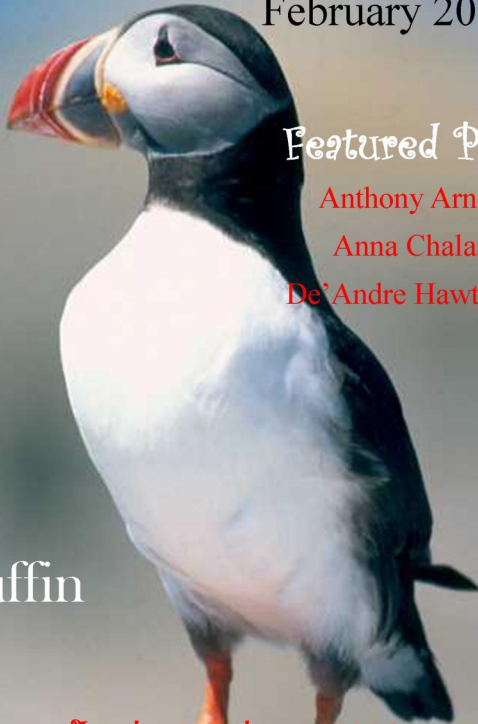


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# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016



## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

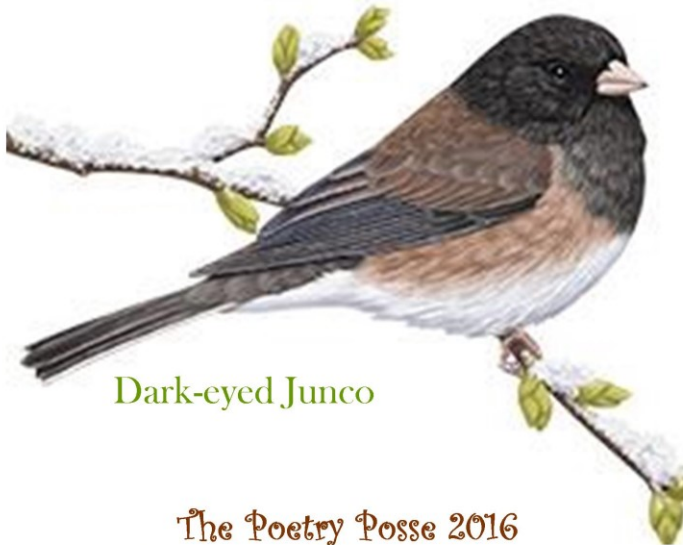
## The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III  
January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

## The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

November 2015



Topaz

## Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

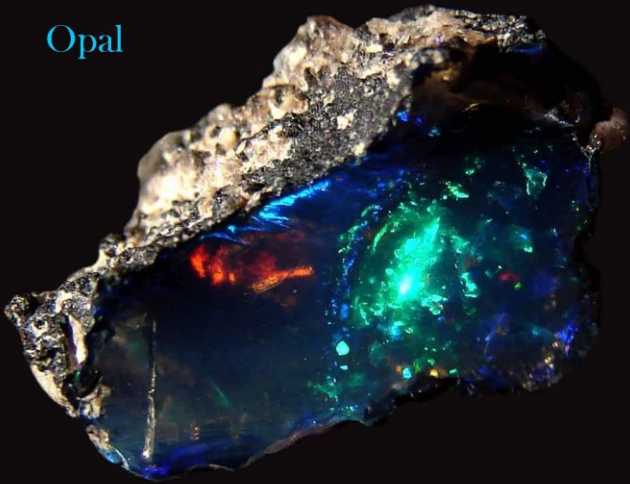
# The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

## Featured Poets

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

Opal



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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



# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonneice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

## Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chasz

Christopher Schultz



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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

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

Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton

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

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

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

*June's featured Poets*

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



Pearl

## *The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chinnery  
Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

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# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet

## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## *January Feature Poets*

Bismay Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah



# THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

## The Poetry Passé

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

## December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt \* WrittenInPain \* Santos Taino \* Justice Clarke

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman \* Jackie Allen \* James Moore \* Neville Hiatt

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raşendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

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# The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

## The Poetry Posse

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

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Passe*

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

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



## June's Featured Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

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

# the year of the poet

May 2014

## May's Featured Poets

ReeCee

Joski the Poet

Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

## The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley



# the Year of the Poet

April 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

## *The Poetry Posse*

March 2014

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

daffodil

*Our March Featured Poets*

*Alicia C. Cooper & hūlya yılmaz*

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

## The Poetry Posse

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

## Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

# The Year of the Poet

## January 2014



*Carnation*

### The Poetry Posse

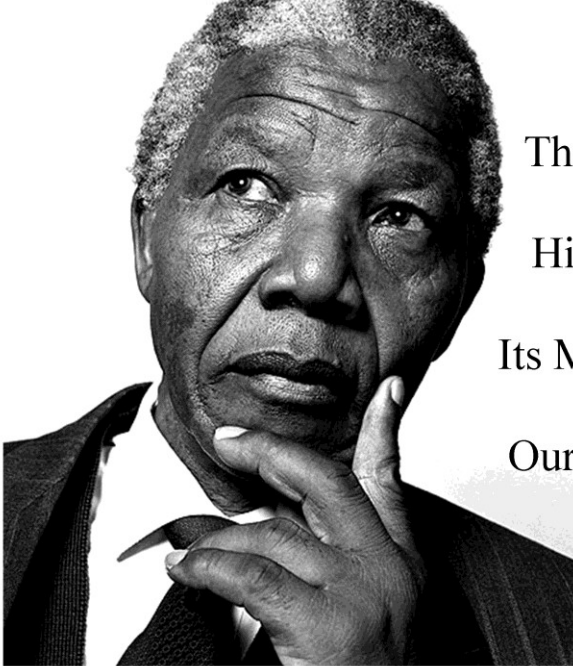
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**Gail Weston Shazor**  
**Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco**  
**Siddartha Beth Pierce**  
**Janet P. Caldwell**  
**June 'Bugg' Barefield**  
**Debbie M. Allen**  
**Tony Henninger**  
**Joe DaVerbal Minddancer**  
**Robert Gibbons**  
**Neetu Wali** 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

### *Our January Feature*

**Terri L. Johnson**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# **A GATHERING OF WORDS**



**POETRY & COMMENTARY**

**FOR**

# **TRAYVON MARTIN**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

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



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 2*

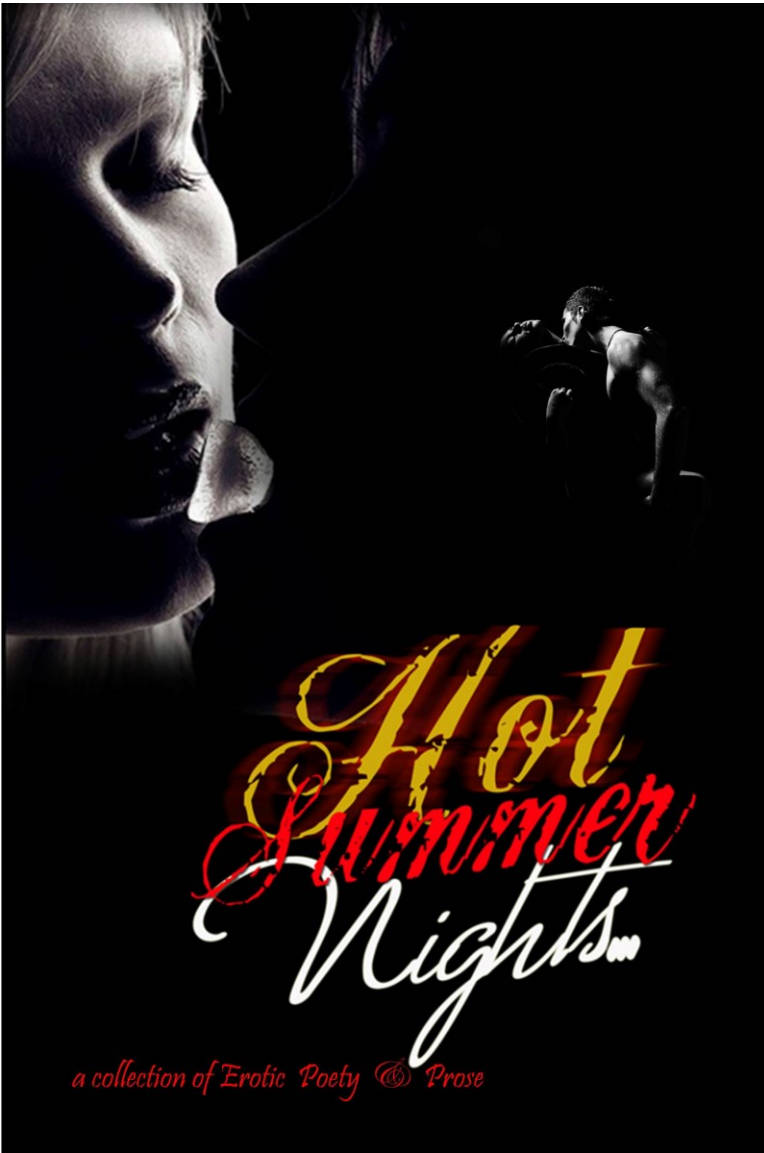


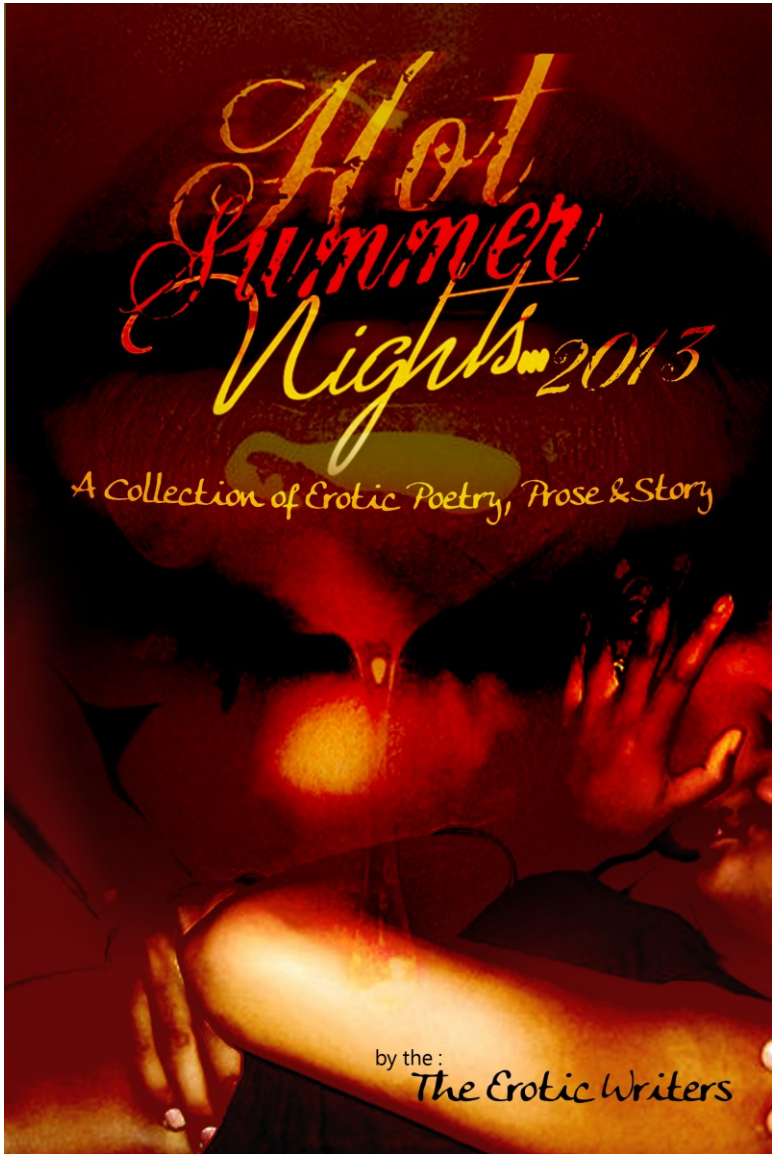
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*healing through words*



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

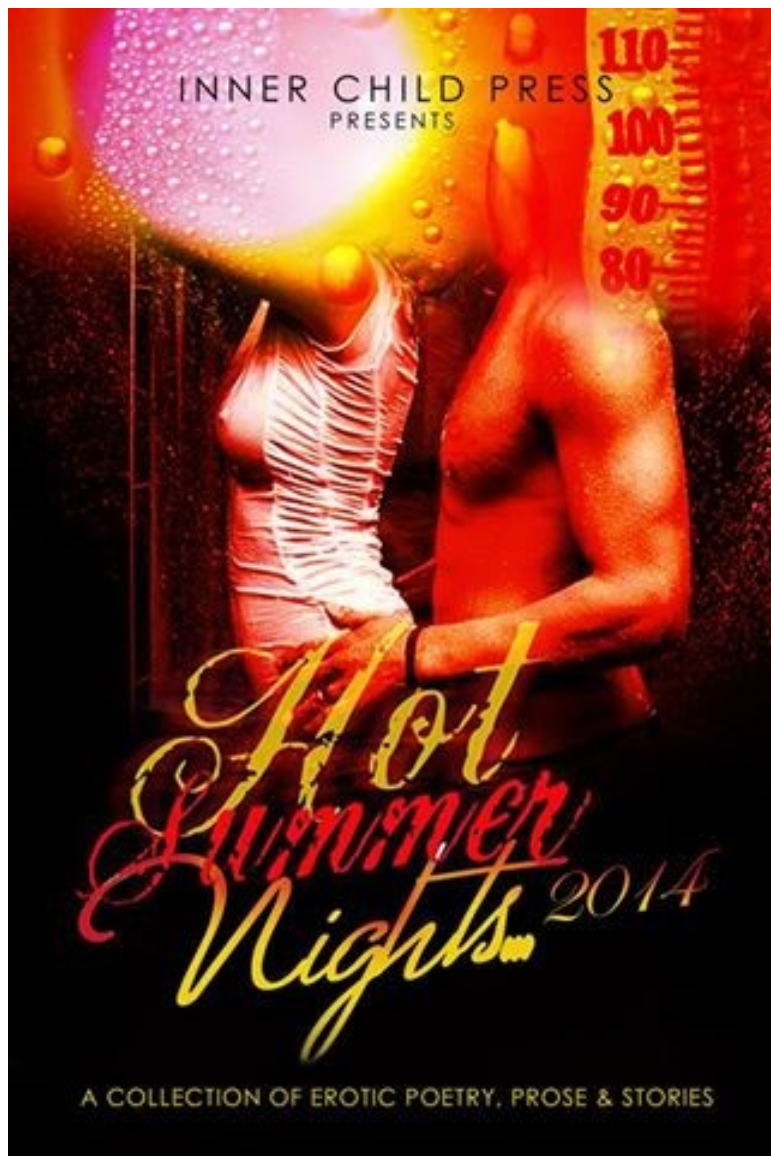




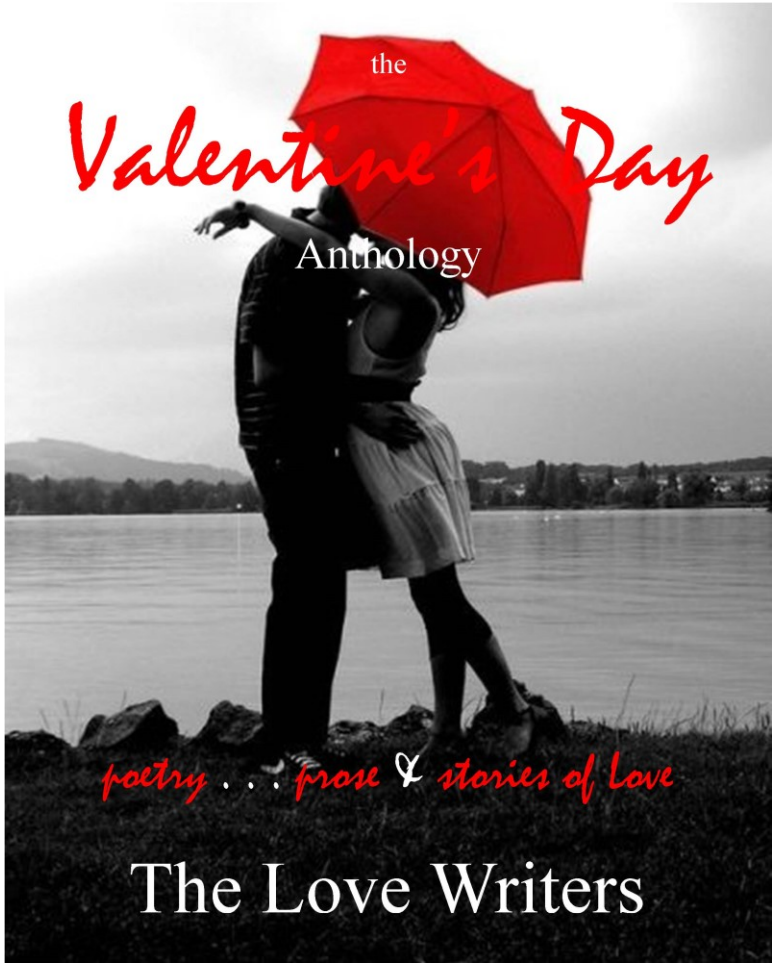
*Hot  
Summer  
Nights 2013*

*A Collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Story*

by the:  
*The Erotic Writers*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



the  
*Valentine's Day*  
Anthology

*poetry . . . prose & stories of love*

The Love Writers



want my

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

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

*Monte Smith*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

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

*Monte Smith*



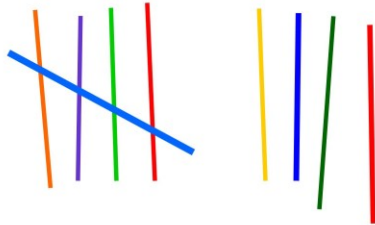
want my

POETRY

to . . .

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



a  
Poetically  
Spoken  
Anthology  
volume I  
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April 2016



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~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse 2016



## February 2016 ~ Featured Poets



**Anthony  
Arnold**



**Anna  
Chalasz**



**De'Andre  
Hawthorne**



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