

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

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

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information
The Year of the Poet II
January Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2015

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Dedication

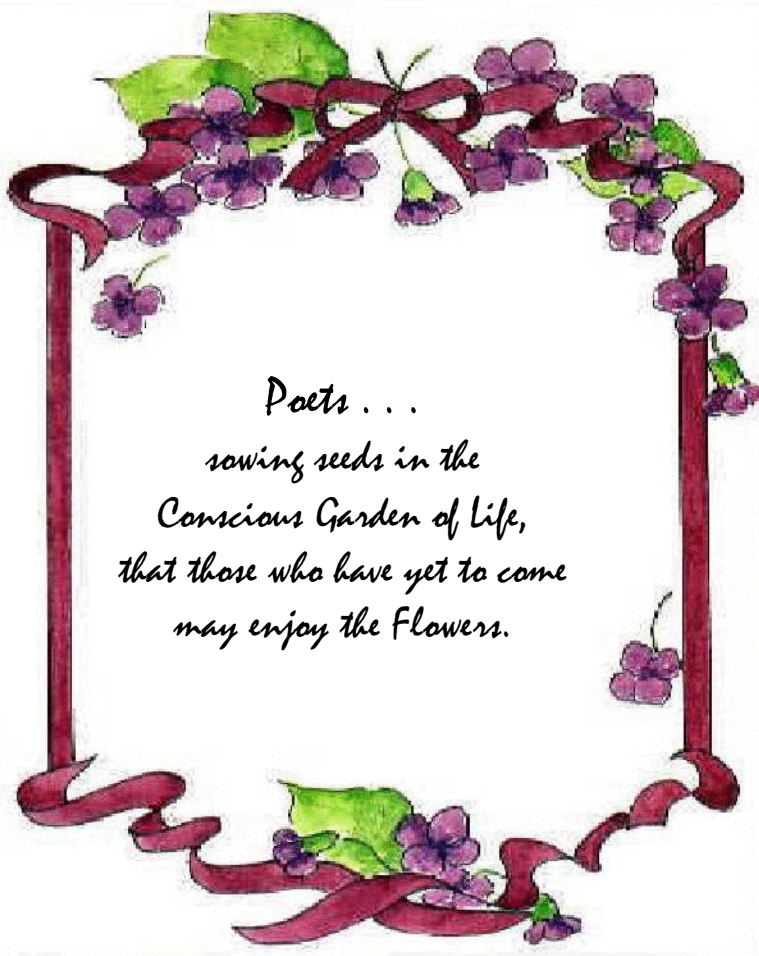
This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

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

Greetings to our Family of Readers,

I personally am so excited about what we were able to accomplish in 2014, and so looking forward to what we propose to do in 2015 with the continuation of this effort, The Year of the Poet.

If you are not familiar with our humble beginnings, it started with Jamie Bond and myself having a discussion in 2013 about our commitment to Poetry and Publishing. We had resolved to publish a book a month. Well, Gail Weston Shazor got wind of our dream and wanted in. Of course we could not refuse. From there it took off with others being added to the effort such as Janet P. Caldwell, Albert Infinite Poet Carrasco, Tony Henninger, Siddartha Beth Pierce, Shareef Abdur Rasheed, Neetu Wali, Kimberly Burnham, Debbie M. Allen, Robert Gibbons, June Barefield and Joe DaVerbal Minddancer. What a year we had.

The primary focus of this effort transmuted into broadening Poetry's reach into other poetry circles as well as new readers. I think we have been quite successful in accomplishing that vision as a group of diverse writers came together each month to share their words. We also went as far as to feature additional poets each month to include some wonderful writers and visionaries.

See our Web page a Inner Child Press to see them all.

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

This coming year there has been a few minor adjustments as we have expanded the core group, The Poetry Posse. This year's lineup is as follows :

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

Jackie Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shehu
Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
William S. Peters, Sr.

Take some time, and sit back and enjoy our
humble offerings this month and this year.

All previous Publishings of The Year of the
Poet are available for a FREE Download at :
[http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-
the-poet](http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet)

Bless Up

Bill



*one of the greatest gifts we have is that we were given two hands
one to receive the blessings life has to offer us
the other to pass them on.
~ wfp ~*

i Offered Thanks

I awakened this morning, and i offered a prayer of gratitude to the Progenitor of my life, . . . my God.

There are many things to be thankful for. They can be found in the Good and that which is perceived as Evil, the Light and the Dark.

I offered thanks for all the Woe in my life, for through it i learned that i had the gift of Endurance and Temperance.

I offered thanks for all those who have left my life through Death, Moving Away, Growing Up and the ending of Relationships, for it has taught me to appreciate those who are in my life NOW, as well as how to truly cherish the memories of the blessings of their presence i once enjoyed.

I offered thanks for all the Dark Days ... yes, for the dark days brought to me an understanding of how i could truly employ, not only the light of those found in the not so dark days, but how to utilize to the best of my own abilities, and that small light of my own that resides within me.

I offered thanks for all the Anger i suffered through . . . that of my own and that of others. Through my anger i have come to know the true meaning of humility. This gift was imparted to me in being chastised and scolded by others, and in having to be the one who must later apologize for their errancies of character, attitude and expression.

I offered thanks for all the times when i was down on my luck. It was, and is those times i realize that luck and being down, was my own choosing, and that i had the power to alter my perspectives of how i viewed my life. Should i go forth with disdain for the hand that life has dealt me or should i cling to such powerful forces of hope and faith? These powers do have a transformative ability to change my energy to something magnificent and grand.

I offered thanks for all the Tears i have cried . . . for whatever reasons. Tears truly have a deep cleansing ability to alleviate my soul of the angst i have collected through many of life's circumstances.

I offered thanks for all the "NOs" i have heard, given me by life when i so wanted to hear a "Yes". Yes, in reflection, many times those "Yes's" i wished for would have been detrimental to my higher good. I did not always understand this, nor did i care at that moment, for i was blinded by my own "Self Oriented" desires and my finite and limited perspectives on the whole of what may "Be" or "Become".

I have grown tremendously because of each and every one of those "NOs" . . . and again i must say . . . I am Thankful.

As you read this, you may say to your self, to be thankful is a good thing . . .or not. But to be thankful, i have found to be personally empowering on so many "Life Levels". It has added unto my abilities to make it through many other circumstances i could not have navigated early on in my life. It was all the setbacks that taught me how to garner my fortitude to press on. It is all those disappointments that taught me Tolerance, Acceptance and Patience. It has taught me some wonderful things about my own abilities.

This does not mean that i did not want things . . . i did, and i do! This does not mean i gave up on life . . . NO . . i live to the fullest i can . . .when i remember who i am and have the mind-set to do so. Simply put, through the Storms "Life" has so mercifully sent my way, i have come realize a greater expanse of my own abilities. I have come to know the meaning of peace found in the "Eye of the Storm". I have discovered that i am so much more than i believed and so much more than what i have been *Taught* and *Told* . . . as are you!

The biggest and most profound aspect of my existence i have come to reckon with is that there is a Power we have . . . yes "WE", that is connected to some force we have yet to fully comprehend. Most of us about this wonderful plane of existence identify this as God. Whether you are a believer

or not, matters not much, for even Science cannot deny this immeasurable force that connects us all to a “One” reality, whether we identify it as Evolution or Creation. They are but words, as are these! But, what is real in this seemingly temporal existence of ours is what we feel. I pray that you take the time to “feel” the goodness of who you are and teach and show others through your example as well to embrace, not just their possibilities of what they may become, but the grand aspects of what we already ARE . . . Right Now . . . Right Here !

Finally, I offered thanks for all the Love i have had in my life and that which still resides, which is “ALL LOVE”. The love that appears to have went away, left the Gift of Experience and thus a Lesson or two behind. And, funny thing, these lessons are still mine, the Lesson and the Love. The Love i have today . . . it is filled with possibilities of what it may become. Who can contain such energy with a closed hand or closed heart None !!!! Love seems to be that Universal Language that is now awakening and calling to all Souls to “Allow” the opening of our Heart’s Door . . . Do you hear the knocking ?

I have offered thanks this day for you. I Awakened this Morning . . .

Thank You

bill

Preface

As we wrap up the year 2014 I have to admit the year went fast!!! I truly want to thank all of those who participated in the year of the poets monthly anthologies. You gained a new fan in me and I tip my hat to all of you. ☺ I truly enjoyed the blend of each ones thought process as you all held your own ground and kept me as a reader intrigued; especially when it came to themes.

Every month we kept the cost minimal and we made it free to the public as a download in effort to be able to offer affordable exposure to anyone involved and or curious and the best way you can support yourself is by telling at least 3 people a day that you're either in it or that you've read these awesome books. So Please spread the word as the New Year comes and we expand our group and continue to promote thought provoking themes and prolific poetry and conversation.

Again thank you for sharing with the world... Not many can say that they they've been published 12 times in a year but the poetry posse in the Year of the Poet most definitely can!!

Jamie Bond

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

~ wsp

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

~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Jamie Bond

Jamie Bond



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

Her Motto

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

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

I am still here!

Here I come to a time in my life, when I question my success. And as I look back, I see how much time I've wasted, And yet how much more time I have to go before I'm able to say that I have had enough As I sit here and look around me, my comfortableness has begun to take over my life, and the slightest move to something else could set me back so far,

I find that at this age I have a lot of fears, fear of struggling and getting older, not having enough and having to stop when I'm so close to the finishing line like I see so many times with construction workers when the project was underestimated for funds and the work just stops until someone can come up with the money...

As I look at myself there is a lot to be desired, my education and appearance, my attitude and pay rate and my future and I do mind saying my life, it's not that I'm not feeling worthless, it's just that lately... LatelyI've been feeling like I haven't been doing enough and that bothers me.

Time is flying by so fast, and I'm feeling as though I'm stuck in cement forced to watch it go past me and not able to move along and participate with it. I suppose I ought to do a lot of things but for some reason I can't distinguish my incentive from my intentions and at this point in my life I'm acting like~ *sigh* just like the very people I bitch about a bunch of happy go nowhere bastards that fall into the monotony of everyday struggles and too afraid to take the risk and try something they'd like or ought to try

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The ones who should question what is the worse that could happen or better yet what would happen if I lost this job then what? Too many of them me included don't want to think about up the road we're too busy trying to make ends meet right now robbing Peter to pay Paul and playing catch up and not getting anywhere....

If you keep walking with your head down, then you'll get a ways up; but you'll be oblivious to the things that have passed you by. And that is a reality. I look and think damn I can't retire until the year 2035 or after I could go back to school for 20 years and still work another 20 before I retire and here in all actuality I've wasted 10 years so far and other than children and a marriage anniversary I have nothing to show for it, yeah right!

Hell; I was never ahead to think I could catch up in the first place and yet I swear it can't get worse...But you know what?? It does and that's the scary part! I have so many directions that I could go in yet I feel like I'm playing blinds man bluff and I have to constantly wonder which ones are dead ends and will waste even more of my time by the time I even realize that this too has no type of room for me to expand and grow with....

And that is my reality in this very moment no off and on switch to my real life and it just is what it is..... Doggy paddle thru the quicksand and raise my glass to the heavens in a toast and confidently say you got me God the devil should have killed me when he had a chance...

I am still here! Devastated by natural disasters and yet a wonderful wreck being glued back together in shattered slivers, shards, chunks and puzzle pieces I am a survivor to say the least.... I am still here.....

World Peace

It's hard to write about something in which you don't truly believe you'll get; world peace is such a broad topic, it's a "I'll believe it when I see it but I really DO wanna see it happen" type of subject I think if we got back to having a sense of community it would help if taxpayers were actively involved in their town meetings they could make an splendid impact.

I think if some folks paused and THOUGHT before they spoke it'd make a big difference and I know for sure without a doubt it'd be a better world if some folks minded the RIGHT business I believe in freedom of expression in all genres being able to keep that right would assist if we did away with judging others and jealousy and just kept trying to uplift

I don't believe there is one formula to solve the world of its plagued problems but I do believe that we all are planted seeds designed to create smiles where there are none so asking me to talk about world peace isn't difficult at all... what's difficult is that it's a different cult and good intentions can fall we see the wrong we complain to the wrong folks our legislators and congressmen aren't on these social networks yet so complaining about it and not doing something other than writing about it only raises a small fraction of awareness

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Before I bid you adieu let me say that whatever you do - do it well spread the love because that's what heals you can let your words and actions be the band-aid and Neosporin do, create, laugh pray and don't hate love is the formula for peace in my world I hope it's in yours too try to propel forward wishing others well by being a loving better you ♥

Inspired by World Healing, World Peace Poetry 2012

IN HER DREAMS.....

Sometimes it's amazing
how we can FEEL more touched
by words and sounds than anything
a physical encounter can do for us....
I feel wrapped in the sweetness of words
like a blanket I wear him like a poncho
took vows because my heart knew
that he is the vowel in my life ...
I can't do or say much without him
when it comes to expressing myself...

I feel compelled to hold in
what used to be on my sleeve
guarded with bob wire and
still slipping into myself backwards
like my tears are being sucked inside out
with a vacuum cleaner...
I'm a naked painting by Kelligraphy Pens
yet I feel cloaked by him
his kisses are embedded into my soul
like tattoos everyone else can see BUT me...
I avoid that lonely bed
till I can't sit up any longer and then...

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I drift off to a place where everything is worse
and I can't wait to wake the fuck up!
no escape.... I think he does it on purpose
so it's a place I don't want to stay with him
like having a nice whip
dead smack in the middle of the ghetto
anticipation for what's around the corner
can't wait to wake up and peel off
like a high speed chase from that dream state
I slept with pajamas on and then....
I woke up with my clothes off in my dream.....

Inspired by Kelligraphy Penz painting

Jamie Bond

Gail
Weston
Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"

&

Notes from the Blue Roof

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor

navypoet1@gmail.com

Resolution

I promised not to write of love
Anymore
Not to write of pain
Anymore
Yet I find a need to look for words
That resonate with the passing of a year
Of my life
I promised not to write of fear
Anymore
Not to write of tears
So I reach deep past the past thoughts
Into what I might see for the now
As I want
I promised not to write of you
Anymore
Not to write of hope
Anymore
The healing waves of my ocean
Washed all the past away
I am new

Womb Time

Every curve and wrinkle is mine
My palms are calloused
I own this body
Shins scarred by accidents
I broke my foot years ago
And yet one wouldn't notice

My hips find rhythm in summertime
Arms wave to imaginary breezes
I love me
And the wonder of my movements
Knocked knees and burned wrists
My toes wriggle in delight

I watch all the muscles move
To the tension of weights
I grimace
And then I grin at myself
In the mirrors lining the wall
As the sweat drips down my face

My ink reinvents the one I am
With my hands over my belly
It's womb time
A life changed and reborn
Can only begin in this space
Welcome me to this world

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert
'Infinite'
Carrasco

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

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

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Why can't I be a billionaire?

While watching my favorite show,
In between comes a commercial,
"Feed the children"
Skin and bones,
Sticks and stones make up their home,
Mom and dads can't feed their own,
Bacteria
Diarrhea
Malaria
Etcetera, etcetera ,
If I was a billionaire I'll make their life better,
I'll go to third world country's
Feed all the hungry,
Make sure everyone is bathed and clothed,
I'll change Ethiopia to utopia,
Alleviate the pain of a queen building a nation,
With medical sedation,
Bring scattered relatives back as one family,
I'll make wells for water,
Too ease the tension of 50 pound buckets off the necks of
daughters,
I'll make it like famine never happened,
And the neglected are look after.
Instead of kids living a disaster,
Your hear sounds of fun and laughter.
I would build schools,
Parks,
Daycare centers,

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so parents go to work and pick up a safe kid later.
Instead of food drops,
I'll build supermarkets as big as a new York city block,
Make sure it's always full of fruit vegetables , and live
stock,
The next time a "feed the children" commercial comes on,
It will be the interruption of their program,
An old poor kid whom became a billionaire
Would be Watching some other poverty stricken country,
Do for them what I did for him,
And spend a billion to help a million

Kings table

I gotta sit at the table and start a séance so i can converse with the deceased for guidance.

My kin builds with me and points me in the right direction when i start to go left due to frustration, they correct me when i contemplate on making certain decisions.

The voices of kings of the past keep me on the positive path because I'm the face of those that passed.

I sit at one end, the other is my father, on both sides... the chairs are full with my brothers that are statistics of Homicide.

I'm alone in these streets, carrying the world on my shoulders is putting a lot of pressure on my feet and i need to ease the weight.

I need them to show me our next move, I'm not built to be stagnated, I'm a waterfall of wisdom...kinetic, I constantly need to be moving, standing still is losing, it's like idling in a race of time without racing.

They speak, i listen, then orchestrate the plans of the late.

Bring on the challenges and the trials and tribulations, I need them to increase my momentum, without them I'll fall into the category of regression.

If i don't experience new things i won't be able to continue to be an armarian of urban scriptoriums.

Resolution

My New Years resolution is to continue to keep my pen moving painting pictures with words in high definition about how I went through evolution from selling that girl...hustler prostitution, to entering and leading the urban spoken revolution to help prevent murder and addiction for e pluribus unum. I was born and raised in the concrete jungle, dealt with all the ghettos struggles, like being poor and trying to get rich, like watching my homies blow blood bubbles from nostrils before getting groomed for a cozy ditch, like sending kites to those that don't get to see natural light cause they got twenty three hour lockdown for life after shooting a one on one and getting a 187 charge after the gunfight. I'm going to continue to intercept my kin with my same get rich plight every time i write or recite, cause when I spit about the game it's to destroy fantasy with reality, I reveal the truth and let the youth understand that its lies their eyes see.

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddartha
Beth
Pierce

Siddhartha Beth Pierce



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

<http://youtu.be/6PcR9TsBQxo>

PBS Interview

www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php

Resolution I

Is to see my son more often
His teenage years are such a throe
From mine.

Both athletes at some point,
Though I left my saddle shoes behind,
He wears cleats or sneaks
To now be a Volleyball hero.

I have seen him through soccer, football, basketball as
well-
Though now as high school Captain
It seems he is learning to be a pro.

I often laugh, sometimes, at ancient memories,
When he was five, learning how to play the outfield
Yet, he only chased butterflies.

Now, a driver near, and then my laughs subside
My resolution here has always been to keep him safe,
Yet, how can I do so-
When he is not always,
by my side?

Resolution II

This past year was truly lovely,
Brilliant,
Exquisite and yet a determined ignorant feeling
Perpetuated my mind...
I am not sure if it was hate or fear
Or something of that kind.

I had not felt those feelings
In a myriad of years,
So when I should have been feeling the most glad
They kept rearing their ugly head.

Resolutely, I do say,
Go Away,
Trespass here no more,
My family is where I will Be,
Forevermore.

Resolution III

Work it smirks me everyday

I do, I do work

Yet, it does not pay.

It is not about the money or reciprocity

It is simply that I should have been perhaps

A forensic scientist-

Instead of in Art Gateways.

Janet
Perkins
Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell



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

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

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

www.janetcaldwell.com

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

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

Disrobed

They call them resolutions
for the new year.
What will we give up,
get on -
swear by, swear on
or
will we simply get with it?

Whatever *IT* is . . .

I have searched these vast universes
many lifetimes
for the solutions
to *BE* free
and to dance with glee
with all there is in me.

Flying through the galaxies
I try once again.
Not realizing it is inside
the interior of that great fabric
of you and me.

The ONE of connectedness of spirit
and soul. All that is within you and me.

Too many books, *light workers*, dreams and religions.

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My insides were gushing out,
while eating the watermelons,
and spitting hard seeds
that I would never digest.
Simply littering the ground
for them to sprout,
and another to pick up and eat.

I have also jumped many a fence
and the grass was not greener.

I do not belong here.

Still nothing proffered
more of this battle of inhumanity,
the soul-less gods of insanity
were offered on every corner.
The well-hidden small print
was barely visible.

Contracts!

And . . .
once more, I was
to be fed from
the table of confusion,
in the land of illusion
while entertaining more delusions.

I have always known:
I am not from here.
You may find that rather queer.
But as Justin says, "I love you anyway".

Janet Perkins Caldwell

So, if I must,
I'll listen -
to that still small voice
of the ONE that whispers to me alone:

“I AM Love. Never give up my child.
I have seen your tears,
held you in my arms
when you shook
uncontrollably
from
unrealistic fears.

Rest now, Beloved Child
I AM, Disrobed and Here.”

Evolution

I never have believed
in new years resolutions.

They offered no solutions.

Just more pie in the sky,
and it was not key lime,
my favorite.

So, I gave up the usual:
black-eyed peas, cornbread
and
all of the superstitious supplies.

I learned of intent,
and keeping a commitment.
To simply keep on trying
something new
and someday soon,
I would get it right.

Out with the old
and in with the new.
This is my revolution.

This is my evolution.

Happy New Year

Another year has come and gone.
What did we do?
Did we feed the hungry,
clothe the poor,
stop the war
on our most precious gift . . .
humanity?

Did we love
our brothers and sisters,
when we did not understand
or comprehend,
life-styles foreign to us.
Did we lend a helping hand?

Or once again,
did we stick our head
in the sand,
and turn a blind eye?

Not this time.
Happy new year, my friend.

Jackie
Allen

Jackie Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

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

Bruised Feelings

A weeping heart, like unto the tumult of river,
Overflows anguished banks of resolve.

Lo, a maelstrom hath descended upon her
And hath by deception blinded her eyes.

Long days drift by as if on bent wings lost.
O, bitter love! Why hath she forsaken him?

A sweet flower unfurls from a fat bud
Ants, carrying out their orders parade by.

Lo! Who is she that hath taken slight's side
And left him behind, bereft and abandoned?

A golden fish spotted in a small pond
Splashes, finds bait, finds hook, finds death and dies.

Doves and their mates fly high above, sing songs
Watchful for life below in cozy nests.

See how she weeps, how he grieves, caught as they are
In despair's dark struggles against the chill?

Should not kind words ease past slights and renew
That which was fresh and whole when first they met?

Advancing Age

the humming outside my window
and the mounting cost of keeping
out the intruding heat renders me
inactive, fearful of venturing outdoors,
be it day or night ...

though as I look in the mirror
I see an image of someone
I used to know, and wonder...
what is the appropriate thing to do
should I change my appearance

will it confuse anyone
I think not
though again the cost and the time
weigh heavily on my mind
as does the overcoat

of the accumulated seasons,
years not counted...
though they do count
as do the hairs on my head
now turned grey for my body

has turned into my mother's
though she not here to voice
her opinion as to the truth of it
the voice within my head,
a reminder, is now the time

to turn up the cool
both in dress and undress
the temperature of which
electric currents run but not so
much within my being any more

the cost of which insuring either
wages a battle as to which one
will outlast the other but in some
small way I welcome advancing
age though green I've been all my years

I wonder how that goes with cool
as I sit down to pay my bills
and looking into the mirror
once more acknowledge the gifts
advancing age has given me

replacement knees and
spinal epidurals track my
my energy for I have been enhanced
in total, at least thrice...
again I look into my mirror

seeing nor me but my mother,
and hearing not her voice but
another say for all you've been
through and in spite of
the intruding life waves

it is a bit too late for you
to adopt cool though you
do look pretty nice and really
quite fine for someone
whose name is the same as mine

Something More

The winter winds, cold and fierce,
are howling over the frigid white night.
And out in the midnight landscape,
and above the chimney tops, flakes of snow
disappear into plumes of spiraling smoke.

And in my bedroom
the tick-tock, tick-tock of the clock
keeps its rhythm with my breathing,
in tune with my hopes and dreams
for something more.

My dreams, my hopes, my breath and I,
we lie sandwiched
between the twin mountains
of Want and Need
from which it appears there is no escape.

Yet, the I that is my dream
rises and silhouettes itself
against the I that is my hope,
And from them
a breath prayer is born.

The clock on my nightstand
continues to tick and tock and tick and tock
keeping time with my breathing.
Eventually I surrender into the arms
of the mystery that is the night.

Jackie Allen

The blanket of shifting snow
is heavy and the landscape
of the night is deep.
Still I follow six hundred sheep,
trailing in their footsteps.

The wind continues to howl.
I steady my pace
and avert my eyes,
daring not to face the twin mountains,
lest I stumble in my quest.

The lowly clock continues its
tick-tock, tick-tock
and I continue to search for the key
to unlock the door
to something more

The gentle shepherd tending
the herd of snowy sheep
seeks me out and calls me by name.
He offers me something more and
invites me to follow him. And, so I do.

He leads me through the valley
between the twin mountains
where I am relieved
to discover the veil
has been lifted from my eyes.

Beneath my feet, I see a brilliant white
light shining on a narrow path.
Suddenly, I am made aware the key
to something more
has always been in my heart's hand.

Tony
Henninger

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

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

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

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at LinkedIn.com

Tony Henninger at Permian Basin Poetry Society @gmail.com.

Tony Henninger

LIFE RENEWED

Through the fallen snow I race
trying to keep up with the pace
of my heart as it longs for
the warmth of your embrace.

I remember our summer, so sweet.
Caressing you from head to feet.
Getting lost in eachother's eyes,
sweating from our body-heat.

And then I went away.
Stupid me, is all I can say.
I don't know what I was thinking.
My mind just went astray.

After all these years,
plagued by fears
of what you would say
if I just reappeared.

Finally I got the nerve to call.
And your love never let me fall.
Even after all this time
you still think me standing tall.

You have renewed my life.
Now we are man and wife.
Every minute away from you
cuts me like a knife.

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

All I think about is you.
All I ever need is you.
And, going as fast as I can,
I'm heading home to you.

My life is now so bright.
My soul so high in flight.
Forever, my love is yours.
My angel, my breath, my light.

Tony Henninger

THE COMING OF SPRING

Funny how the cold of winter
creeps on and into your soul
like the shadow of death's aura.
With icy fingers the bell it tolls.

The sadness of the seemingly dead
landscape of barren trees and faces
as if time was frozen with, both,
future and past exchanging places.

Like ghosts passing through the mist
of the serene blankness of white
searching for a passage, a new way,
a path leading to warmth and light.

I wonder, as I see the frightful stare,
rapid steps, and shivering glances,
whether people are running from or
to possible second chances.

And now, it is my turn to run,
for I too feel the creeping cold.

And I choose to run towards it
and embrace it, for behold,

the coming of Spring.

NEW SHOES

Ah, a new year already.
Time to lace up my new shoes,
ponder the successes and failures
of the last and learn from the clues.

Clues that will lead me to my goal.
And, as the years cannot define me,
ever changing inside and out, so too
do my dreams blur what I see.

In open-eyed blindness I endeavor
upon my chosen path happily,
for fear has no hold where a soul
has drowned in the sea of eternity.

And as my heart surfaces to
the beauty and love of the universe,
its glory and wonder will open a path
for my soul all worlds to traverse.

The illusion thus negated,
nothing is fated,
if one follows the clues
the years have provided.

Tony Henninger

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

POINT OF ORIGIN

There was never any doubt when I reached my destination
I'd be met with a few complications
I've decided to apply the advice I've given to me
If I haven't done what I'm suggesting you do
I can't truly feel free

How can I state any grievances?
When I'll do what upsets me this evening
How can I state any facts?
Armed only with observations and no acts
Intuition or gut feelings can be revealing

I'm clearing the path for a new day
A new way to progress through life's mess
I'm on no quest at the behest of others
And before I take another step farther
This is a real selfie, I have to look at me

The buck stops here, any reconstruct starts here
The resolution for my evolution
The changing of my thought process
The wonder as my thoughts progress
What took me so long?

THREE YESES

I've invested my time
Fought through deadlines
I've read some dope lines
Someone quoted mine

I got a little warm and fuzzy
To have a stranger
Know a little bit about me
When I doubted me

The pride in me was obvious
Affirmation in its highest form
Came from outside my norm
It was like being reborn

But wait it gets better
I received a letter
Requesting I do what I do best
I gave a resounding yes

To be acknowledged for a deed
To be agreed with wholeheartedly
To enter the afterlife heat free
The affirmation of me, within me

FRESH START

In the days to come I'm sure I'll meet a new soul
I'm sure I'll have a new flavor to savor
I'll experience a different kind of cold
Fires will burn the forest old
Rotting timbers decomposing members
What we remember is for not
Three hot's and a cot for the war weary
Three hot's and a cot for those who dream
Who dreams of such a luxury?
Luck be a lady tonight as I roll the dice
In cool crisp mornings of my awakening
I force a smile then it becomes natural

With every greeting life's fleeting from a soul
Every hour there's a new cry
From they're so cute to lord why
Life cycles and re-cycles heathens and disciples
It never stifles and the 21 rifles 3 shots of seven
And the silent cry for the J. Doe's of the world
Half-mast unfurls as wind swirls carrying seed
A drop of rain sustains life in the micro cosmic
As I drop this life rebirthed in another
Let's take a step further as we aspire to inspire
Dire straits create the strength to move on
Be forewarned every death is a new beginning.

Robert
Gibbons

Robert Gibbons



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

www.threeroomspress.com

You may contact Robert
via his FaceBook presences :

www.facebook.com/anthonyrobertgibbons

www.facebook.com/jamesmercerlangstonhughes

first day of winter

I receive
twelve e-cards blast
and it is
the first day of winter
and no snow
last night I heard
Hanukah music
on the radio
I suppose
to be merry
knot seasonal
belief
hangs above my door
from January until now

I found only
January again
only a menagerie
begins to store
I can't hide
in this winter
landscape
the pace
the peat
the limestone
beneath

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

only the beginning
and never the end
only the sin
and never the wind
the first day of winter
the curse
and the bitter
the touch
the splinter
to come.

the January sun

it is cold
the junkie Christ
roaming streets
of Loisida
and the El Barrio
St. Nicholas
where mechanic blue
mattresses besmerge
the snow
holding time
waiting their turn
for a melt down
up the avenue
somewhere
the answer brings
deliverance if they
would just listen

for Tim Walker

yesterday was so short
before we know it is another
day and another year when those
birthdays come in January
and those anniversaries in June
but they roll up like receipts
and we did not have our chance

what we should have done
but it is my life that gets in the way
it is my time that wiles away
and I know you like you know me
no matter where you are
there is something about it all
that is unexplainable

as soon as I see the pictures
the family album circling my head
only momentarily and the year
takes it all away because
there is so much to deal
so much to remember
then we make excuses

I make excuses and resolutions
I make promises and really not
being honest I make them
like I make breakfast in the morning
just to say I did it but who
will remember only me
only my inside can not forget.

Robert Gibbons

Neetu
Wali

Neetu Wali



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

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

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

I Wish

I wish you could sense
Love making can be pure and innocent
Like a drop of dew on a petal of rose
Both embracing each other
Both enjoying life juices of each other
Both taking in aroma of each other
Both being purely what they are
I wish you could sense
Love is touch
How else do you emit
This feeling of love?
How else do I
Than touching you
I wish you could sense
How painful it is
To just nurture love inside you
Without letting it radiate out
Every drop of love inside me
Is dying to consume on you
It feels like nausea
I think I will end up
Bleeding love for you

Bruised and Battered

Bruised and battered
Her soul shattered
She lies on the road
Raped in the bus she board
Raped in the cab she board
She lies on the road
Seen and ignored
Tongues moving towards her
In search of a story
Feet moving away
Cutting a figure so sorry
She lies on the road
For hours and hours
Who bothers?
Who cares
Everybody fares
For every step moving away
Humanity runs away
From the world of inhuman

Resolution

Let us resolve to revolve
The earth of our soul
Around the sun of enlightenment
And absorb the rays of brightness
Let us resolve to come out of darkness
When the moon of ignorance
Eclipses the sun of brilliance
Let us light the sun of resilience
When your inner voice
Gets suppressed by the outer noise
Let us resolve to open our inner ears
And filter away the sounds of fears
Like the earth's revolution
Let us make this our resolution

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What's new ?

bout da sameo sameo
in with the new out with
the old
so the saying goes
one new year comes
old one goes
but never the highs,
never the lows
that's just life and that's
how that goes
never a new year comes
that don't get old
never change in what is
destined, written, foretold
gain, loss, life, death, pleasure
pain
repeats again ' n ' again
sun don't always shine
sky don't always pour down
rain
won't be life without death
won't be pleasure without
pain
something we must accept
after hardship is ease
twice as much,
you should know!
new year or not it will come
and go
but like it or not,
there are things that never
grow old!

food 4 thought!

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

new...

is old before the next day
unfolds
before a word is spoke
a story told
promises broke
smiles disappear
replaced by tears!
new is old the time
it takes to see!
reduced from a flame
to smoldering debris
blink, the moment flees
like a gourmet meal turns
to waste,
so is what's perceived as
new pursued in haste,
quickly goes leaving only
the memory of the taste!
so is honor replaced by
disgrace!
as those once held in high esteem
only to have,
fallen from grace!

all that glitters is not gold
today it may seem new,

but....

tomorrow it's...Old!

food 4 thought!

rotation...

of creation ever changing
seasons summon
an array of life, death, rebirth
rotation is the way of mother
earth
rotation, change from fertilization
in the womb to being laid
down in the tomb
see the transverse of the moon
from new to old
as wonders of the universe unfold
signs are everywhere to behold
listen carefully to the stories told
civilizations that come and go
nations that ruled with a mighty
hold
influence, power, riches to behold
like Babylon Persia, Greece and Rome
disintegrated eventually becoming
part of the garbage heap of history
such is the fate of all of us
regardless status simple, great
wealth, influence, power all have
and will bow at the designated hour
submitting to the real power
who created seconds, minutes, hours
architect of all creation!
owner of the master plan!
this is not happen stance!

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

it all has meaning and relevance!
calling for full awareness
submit to utmost reverence!
no second thoughts, no hesitance!
such should be the demeanor of
all who are or ever were earth's
residents!
only a fool would take exception to
that rule!

food 4 thought!

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

Kimberly
Burnham

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

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

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

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

Stream of Time

Eyeing the curves
the falls, the rapids
what is just beyond
as I dip my oar
waiting
a chance to shoot ahead
washes over me
anticipation of ...
power in the flux

Delicious cleansing commitment
waiting leads to nothing
as I wonder
what just changed
someone diverts the flow
I learn and grow
anticipating novelty
in the temporal stream

New year
brand new days
beaded together
beginning fresh
green possibilities
experienced in fleeting
glimpses ahead
thoughts events shimmer

Mentally projecting myself
into human memory
with fired up engines
driving through waves
actions changing
plasticity now

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

checking in
about tomorrow

Estimating
how long ago
was it happening now
when
till we get
there measured in breaths
thumping adoration
do I sense
or under estimate impact
a full relationship
flows within
perception and reality

The Library in My Head

Reactivating past states
perception and conception
created deep in the belly of time
a character in rainbow colors
originating in experience

Alive in a big house
neural circuitry blinking
on and off on the switch goes
dimming and brightening
rhythmic oscillations
signal
widespread wavelengths
in human memory
revving the search engine

Flipping through the stacks
bending curves around time
a life line to what
was lost
did she say thank you
or did I

Oscillating, swinging wide
in a dance with color
was it fusha or violet
I remember
in my mind's eye
shapely patterns
knowledge bundled in numbers
were there 3 or 4
among the millions
of possible pasts
recalled

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

Books rebound
shaped by today
by love and originality
combining these pages with those
so similar
yet separated by time
a knife blade cutting
through the chaos
clearly seeing the past,
backing into the future
I wonder where
am I in my future

Eyes in the back
my head looking
behind and to the left
I see the past
rightly forward before me
appears the future
swaying forward as I think
what will come
leaning to the back
remembering
convoluted circles
past communities

A new year with episodic
memories unique
among the animals
closing my eyes
pre-experiencing my future
predicting goals and plans
resolutions for another year
planning you in my life
with the same neural structures

Total Recall

Planes touching down
an escalator, an expectation
a hug, a fuzzy coat between
us as we wait

The narrowness of the parking spot
sounds buzzing cars and planes
humanity exhausting
at the gate

The warmth of your hand
leaves blowing on the windshield
not enough
time pressing in from all sides

Music playing in the park
windows open
songs on a cool breeze
notes rolling inward
pausing in slow motion
my mind's eye
seeing all

Sparkly blue eyes
as the rain pours
from the darkened sky
wheels turning
what will we do

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

The corduroy texture of a foot stool
talking without looking directly
under the watchful eyes
around in time
love blossoms

The softness of full lips
as a friend walks
shadows hiding
my desire in plain sight

Closing my eyes
I see you frozen in time
fast forward now
forever waking up together
yawning and stretching
into the future

Kimberly Burnham

Ann
S.
White

Ann White



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

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

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

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

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

You can find her at:

www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

Your New Book

The smell of a new book with blank pages
Markers that have never been used
A chance for a do over
We are the artist – the creator – the page awaits
The past is our teacher – the muck and the mire our
fertilizer
This moment, a new beginning
How do you feel when you write the first word or make the
first mark in your new book?
Fear, anticipation, excitement?
Hesitation.....
And yet, once you make that first mark
Take that first step
Once you allow your inner lava to flow
You are golden
It is time to begin again
Burn with passion
Build on the past and with hair on fire, fly into the future
One word, one thought, one leap at a time
Fill your book with color and joy
With tears and love
With skinned knees and broken hearts
With explosions of happiness and wild dancing
Fill your book with the bounty and glory of who you are
today
And let your true magnificence illuminate your way

Resolutions

I'll start on Monday
This time it will work
Boy, am I motivated
I've got what it takes to change
This year is gonna be different
Yep
Day one – yes! Powerful – I did it – so proud of myself
I'm on a roll
Day two – I really pushed hard yesterday – better do baby
steps today
I can do this
Day three – maybe tomorrow
I am committed, yes I am
Day four – maybe once a week is enough
Day five – never mind
What's wrong with the way I am?
Feels like flannel being me
Flannel is a good thing

I Love My Life

“I love my life”

“I love this house”

I wander through my day loving things in a *Good Night Moon* fashion

“I love my coffee”

“I love my pups”

“I love looking out the window”

And I wonder

Do I love my life so much because I keep telling myself I do?

Or do I keep telling myself I do because my life is so lovable?

And what makes my life so lovable?

I think it is so lovable because that’s how I created it to be – lovable.

It’s best not to overthink it

It’s best to just breathe in the love and gratitude that surrounds me all day.

“I love that I live alone”

“I love sitting in this chair”

“I love my magical bed”

“I love how Lex and I are connected and how Riley is always looking for mischief”

“I love how they cuddle me during the night”

Can everyone’s life be lovable?

I think so – why not?

Everyone has the power to be loveable themselves?

And then to create a lovable aura all around them, right?

And I know life is not perfect – Oh how I know that – My life has had so many tumbles and total face smashing falls – but that’s what makes it lovable.

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

Sometimes when I hit my coffee dispenser – and water comes out because I forgot to add the grounds – do I love my coffee? No, but I love the experience of being human and it makes me laugh – and then it becomes a lovable moment as I grind new coffee beans

And if I step in stinky Riley poo – is that a lovable moment? Heck no! But then I look at Riley with the “What?” look on his face – and I laugh – because I love him so – his exuberance for living – and then it becomes a lovable moment.

Loving one’s self and one’s life creates a most powerful and vibrant love field of compassion, joy, kindness, empathy, and belly laughs

I wish this for everyone in the world

I wish this for our planet and our universe

I wish for a gigantic, humongous, brilliant love explosion sprinkling sparking love dust on all of us.

I’m going to love it into happening – want to join me?

Ann White

Keith
Alan
Hamilton

Keith Alan Hamilton



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

~ Keith Alan Hamilton ~ is a poet/writer, Smartphone photographer and is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog, the NatureIQ.com Blog and The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog,.

Keith has been developing his spiritual philosophy, style of writing (poetry, prose, sayings, etc.) and photography for many years. The artistry of his words and photos are rooted within the nurturing arms of his Polish/German mother. Keith says his mother's willpower and loving temperament is the spirit flowing in his words and photos. They are also deeply influenced with the character of his Scot grandfather, who was a master storyteller and could hold his audience spellbound for hours on end. Keith's words and photos not only reveal the cultural flavor representative of his heritage but also the area in the USA where he was born. He grew up in a small place called Freeland, Michigan.

If Keith was asked to describe his style, he would say it embodies the everyday spirit of a Norman Rockwell illustration, a sort of raw Mark Twain individuality and the perfectionist mannerism captured in an Ansel Adams photo. Keith hopes his everyday style, that unique flavor tasted within the emergence of his words and photos, will appeal to a broad spectrum of people around the world..

a facade that colors ~ an affirmation

born to color
not a choice
why
focus
on
a
facade ~
that colors
the true
beauty
of
humanity

lift
the veil
of color
to reveal
the
human

the body
the spirit
the soul
as one

the total
human being

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

how much more
colorful
then
the beauty
of humanity
could become

this is an affirmation
do you only see
the color
of my face
or
do you see something
far more

the awakening

at the dawn ... the awakening
of this new year
fresh as the newly born ~
joyously springing forth
from the baptismal water
that makes up
the river's flow
I affirm my commitment
to ascend above
the murmuring mob
always
whining ~
complaining
blaming another
demanding
natural rights
under the stars of heaven
which I
am
admittedly
of the same ilk
and I
am
no better
than anyone else
I'm nothing special
just a human
but for once
I wish to choose
out of love and necessity
for all humanity

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

the uplifting
of our well-being
as a whole
where you and me
would become more
a doer
who is a leader
through word and deed
following in the footsteps
the spirit
of those like Gandhi
Mother Theresa
Mandela
MLK Jr
Rosa Parks
as well as
that lent out slave
named Moses Grandy
who paid for his freedom
three times before getting it
while running boats
along the Great Dismal
Swamp Canal
dug by the hands of slaves
our fellow human beings
and who could forget
the man "*of the people,
by the people,
for the people*"
Lincoln
none of them
let their right of anger
the justification of it

Keith Alan Hamilton

cloud their vision
get in the way
of what they had to do
to initiate change
if *We the people*
want change
then *We the people*
must do more than
suggest change
through the protest
of our grievances
We the people
must show
our children
how to travel
the road to change
We the people
must not only start
the revolution
We the people
must also
find a way to
offer up the solution

this is the awakening

my affirmation before all

I spiritually believe in
dream of
and hope for
world healing
world peace

yes ~ I admit
there is
the chaos
the hate
the violence
the bigotry
and other genetic
and socially embedded
traits of behavior
causing
great
pain and sorrow
which act as
this great wall
of resistance
a hindrance
physically
standing
against
the spirit
of love
and its power
on the people
to bring forth
a critical mass effect

Keith Alan Hamilton

within collective
consciousness
where the intensity
of such an enlightenment
would emerge
this process for healing
thereafter
encouraging
and improving
the overall
well-being
of the people
henceforth
establishing the mood
for this peaceful coexistence
throughout the world

'cause I refuse
to give in
and deny
what I spiritually believe in
dream of
and hope for
world healing
world peace

my affirmation
before all
is that I'll
stay the course
despite discouragement
and the many setbacks
the seemingly slow

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

progression
of our fellow human
deep inside me
as a spiritual being
my faith
in the humankind
is that eventually
within the struggle
by way of acts and deeds
tempered with
the spirit of love
seasoned with
kindness
patience
and tolerance
our example ~
we will create
a social environment
that will heal and then
bring peace to the world
regardless of the chaos
the hate
the violence
the bigotry
and other genetic
and socially embedded
traits of behavior
causing
great
pain and sorrow

Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine
Wyatt

Katherine Wyatt



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well

<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud

<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>

http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

Katherine Wyatt

~exquisite holograms

*There is a distant thunder...
birthing the universe
We vibrate at the same frequency
in the Heart of the cosmos
that which knows itself
and whispers..*

I Am.....

*In that exquisite hologram
where all collapses
into the Oneness.. of possibilities
I breathe you in
we are expanding with stars and light
taking form...
Individuated once more*

*and I know...
I will find you
in this next chapter
of eternity*

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

~what if

*What if....
I fell in love with you
fully aware that it was impossible
Would you hear me ..
feel me making love to you at twilight?*

Would you run away...

*What if I feel asleep with my head
resting softly on your chest..
in my mind's eye
and we could be
feral and free*

*not here ... not now
but across time*

*Would you hear my mind messages?
Feel my caresses and the wanting,
across timelessness and space*

*There but not there
through those portals unseen
except
by us?*

*Would you intuit the things I whispered to you
in your sleep
between the veils?*

Katherine Wyatt

*Could you feel my heartbeat..
and walk in the sun with me
in reveries..
your pulse in sync with mine*

*Is it all starlight and wonder
or just another miscalculation
I was never good at math*

*But what if.....
it was nouminous and sacred
something
beautiful.....?*

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

~one formless

*My Beloved One the illusion
that we are anything less
than "whole" crumbles
when I gaze upon your countenance
you are all beings and I have loved you
as mother and father
as lover..as you ever dissolve
those barriers built
that would cast a shadow on Love*

*I have followed you through countless forms
and will find you always
I close my eyes and see the stars
The universe within me
You are playing the flute and your leela
dances and plays across a thousand milky ways*

*Garlands of starshine at your feet
Then we are formless
merging into One.....
there is nothing between
pure truth, awareness and bliss
Sat Chit Ananda
this is your nature ...and I an a wave
in the ocean of You
We are light enjoined
Boundless...*

Katherine Wyatt

*My Beloved One
let us be free and intoxicated
with this union
For when you are separate from me
Seemingly
this body has a heartbeat yet only half a soul*

*I keep constant
you name upon my lips
as you come down from the mountain
your deep shyam luminescent
in the moonlight
I gather all of my devotion
string it in garlands to lay around your neck
the petals at your feet.*

*Ancient love
be luminous within me
dance this dance throughout time
in and of the countless forms...
My Lord..
there is nothing but One of us
made from the same Love
in eternal play*

Fahredin
Shehu

Fahredin Shehu



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some hours after dark

Three hours after dark, a strange voice life had sounded
I got birth to Love while I smiled as a mundane imbecile
after each blossoming of linden in the late spring 2014.
People use to walk over-burdened with weight of the city
in despair for the assassinated young lad who left behind
a pregnant young lady waiting for a girl.

The mother cries and the spouse too- who shall represent
them in Men assembly? - Who shall be the voice of justice?
when tonight Justitia was raped mercilessly and the king
is mourning deep from within- secluded he is licking
wounds as an old Lion. Some say he is gathering forces
for the last roaring, other say he falls in unreturned sleep.
What can I say...what can I...? - Who once again rejoiced
Life for who knows how many Man's years.

Reading in verandah writing sentences that are percolated
from the Soul as a freshly picked black grapes, and the vine
to drink while the right cheek is moonlighted on the last
Friday, June 2014embraced with the sounds of Eastern
magical instruments Santoor, Oud and Nay blended with
the chirping voices of the grasshoppers.

My silence

The world is getting full
with Plethora of particles
on a table I sit fully numb.

It seems in vain I have struggled
To please everyone
so to remain solely alone.

Those who were born before me and
those that are born and to be born
equally- expect my Silence.

Gentle Mortification

Piles of Men bones and then...
digged from the holes hidden deep in earth.
Stones and ashes with sweat of slaves
you think we don't have them today.
My hair turned grey and the vision shortened.
It suffocated by bizarre images
created throughout the world and beyond.
Who said and who had ever promised
us to come down on earth and enjoy our vacation,
for life demands more than
I may see, more than I may feel,
more than I may utter the first word of
the first language- that of Silence.

There's another Soul evaporating on the deck
and in the shore the breeze blows
odors of their smelly sweat.
They watch as they wait in the queue their turn
to death entrance.
That Gate open-heartedly awaits so many ...a way so many
guests for their retirement.
There is a vast Space beyond blissful Knowing and
the bells rang beneath the roof of the utmost Heaven.
You see. Even Death is different,
not only Fate, not only Joy, not only
uninterrupted Smile-
The one that demolishes every hatred.
Even Love is different

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

in the process of your Gentle mortification.
Then ask me where is Freedom,
where is the Turquoise bone of Destiny and
the days as cheap minerals overwhelming Life
taken as corn seeds by chicken
and a rooster with the chirping voice who calls them
and don't allow them
to have even a grain.

...and the flowers are frozen
by the snow on the April's end- this Spring has
betrayed us all-
sour are the strawberries, you think you eat cherries.

...and what else do you think we shall do when the Sun
burns your shadow
until it disappears.

Who said you have a right to call me Life-
when in real I'm only
a Gentle Mortification.

Fahredin Shehu

Hülya
N.
Yılmaz

Hülya N. Yılmaz



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

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

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return to sender

it could have taken longer

it?

realizing what mattered
since there exists no spare...

had read heard and overheard it
signaled by others' times gone by:
'get your matters in order'

dismissed all advice with a flair
as were there only one affair!

when illness becomes your teacher,
do you learn to heal with intent?
are you then tempted to be content?
does a resolve enter your thick head
as a liveable opportunity of a stead?

several decades – a luxury for the countless
you've lived some with multitudes of dreads
others delivered an array of sheer happiness
like a bean counter however, one ever so eager
you filled your over-zealous Comptometer
only with the ills while shrieking woeful thrills

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

remember the summer of 2014
for each millisecond of your remaining time
how those many a love-filled rhyme
bouqueted in festive wreaths
traveled from compassionate hearts
elated to know you collected their care
with no “return to sender” note to bear

“The Twist” and Tunç dayım*

a pre-natal fascination it must have been
not only for him, for me too, when on my own
lured by the unheard-of piper’s glamorous tune
coveting a First World culture’s tempo-precision
falling into the magic of his feet’s swing-succession

1960s, for pity’s sake!
i, a mere wonder-detecting-eyed toddler
he, a tall cool-dancing swift-footed prince
with an affable smile on his handsome face
removing remarks from his balding greyed head
laughing hard at his pants for their bowlegged dent
those “futbolcu bacakları”* are insured, his pride would
allege
for a rare high amount, and upon invitation at that!
by whom? we never learned enough to pledge

in 1941, awing the world, Chubby Checker gets born
Tunç dayım had thus far been moving fairly along
to witness the year 1960 for an album’s dramatic release
extracting joy from his music-filled youth of disease
“The Twist” had arrived – an all-American song
competing against his magical feet so strong
inside his shiny all-American shoes

that year saw in me a toddling and toodling little fire
my often sickly eyes lain on the twists and turns of his legs
leaving me behind in my sick-bed within a safe distance
frequenting his visits in sets of carnival-colored attire
to balance my weakness with his weakened substance

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

in 1970s, self-centered-to-the-limit was i
the world-is-solely-about-me-all me-i was i
he – sentenced to an early death at birth
danced in grace to his reserved time's drum
taking me always to a felt-deeply-inside-mirth
at each of my moments of the slightest glum
having lived with us for years when young
an attentive brother to me is what he had become
his selfless love and care had since often been sung
from me for him however, there was not a thing to come

he died, we learned afterward – on the stairways to his
office
one late night in his attempt to rush to answer a call

late 1970s

1980s

1990s

2000 to the present year

the youngest and a most precious darling of the Erguens
gets forgotten

by me

the universe-turns-around-me-i of me

then a friend's public post the other day
lends me a ticket to that now valued past
its stub shouting a valid grist,
"Come on, baby, let's do the twist!"
Liked.
Shared as well.
In my chamber's core canal.

Hülya N. Yılmaz

“Take me by my little hand and go like this.”
Once more. To tell me you forgive me
for forgetting you this long.
Your brother is among us still,
caring for me since you have left.
And i...
have learned,
have finally learned
not to let him slide by
while he is among the living yet.



*”dayım” equals “my uncle from the mother’s side” and “futbolcu bacakları” means “legs of a soccer player” in Turkish, my native tongue. Crooked legs in men used to receive a light-hearted description while I was growing up in Turkey, soccer being the country’s national sport and one that supposedly caused men the less-than-straight look in their lower body. This younger uncle had been a soccer player since his very early ages, and always proudly referred to his legs under this common excuse, while he would don a huge sneaky smile for those of his happiest childhood times.

Nanki-poo

a traveling musician was he,
entering the stage in a cheer: “A wand’ring minstrel I!”
this character stunned many a prop of the two-act comic
opera,
“The Mikado” or “The Town of Titipu”
each, a tongue twister of some sort
but a brain-teaser, too, for us – the non-Japanese
mikado stands, after all, for the Emperor of Japan
while it represents – online references claim the same:
“the great gate at the Imperial Palace in Kyoto”
no mind-boggling intent is actually there to spend
an age-old tradition of respect is merely in to maintain
when addressing nobility, that is...
where, then, do i come in?
let me make the attempt to explain:

Nanki-poo speaks of his father as the “Brutus of his race”
the world-renowned assassin of Caesar
for the Mikado “condemned his own sons to death”
charging them with “treasonous conspiracy”
one act’s revelation of this son’s escape from execution
is, please beware, of no notable importance here
the Mikado’s rise to the throne however, is
along with his lifelong pretense as a “fool”...
why, you ask?
allow me now to get to my final task:

Hülya N. Yılmaz

we each seek a safe space in our memories, as i believe
an alternative reality to help us avoid self-destruction
for me to pretend i am a fool is a long-lost obstruction
besides...
no seat of any significance ever meant anything to me
so...
it's not the opera's mikado i can relate to
or ever do
the daughter, i have in mind instead
one he had only from afar
she betrayed her own paternal kin
no conspiracy was there to wrongfully pin
she thought him the fool her entire life through
though to him she was the brightest shining star
one who refused his admiration, for she was dead set
but...
now that he reached a most fragile age
would declare herself a saboteur of notorious fame
having always received either love or more of the same
without ever having given in return anything without rage
who today remains in hopeful despair and desperation as
well
for her homecoming not to be too late to cast anew its
desired spell

Teresa
E.
Gallion

Teresa E. Gallion



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

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

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

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

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

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at <http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq> or <http://bit.ly/13IMLGh>

Teresa E. Gallion

Desert Solstice of Roots

The official winter wave
approaches on the longest night
and shortest day of the year.

The wind runs fast and cold
across the high desert plains.
Roots dig deep into sandy shelter.

They rest peacefully
under blue horizons and white accents.
Light streams warm the underbelly of sand.

Inhabitants know
the sun's victory over darkness
is an ancient ritual,

a conspiracy of nature
to attune the landscape
to the rebirth of Spring.

Winter howls across the desert,
fulfills its mandate
to renew its promise to the roots.

Starting Over

I am bound to my beliefs
for as long as I cling
to my safe zone.

My mind and body conspire,
hold conferences, make plans
to keep me in chains.

Walks through blinding fog
test the fear monitors
in my tattered garden.

I smell muted ashes
that kill stories
trees store in winter solitude.

A broken promise in flames
destroys the history lessons
that seek me in spring.

There is no turning back.
The past becomes a stolen memory
hardwired in the summer heat.

Just a piece of a lesson
survives the fire's bitter taste,
creates chaos in a burned out mind.

Teresa E. Gallion

Soul whimpers
in the comfort zone
reaches for a helping hand.

Starting a new painting
is the only way in
to get outside again.

A Vagabond's Thoughts

We hang our harps in the cottonwoods
because music has abandoned us.
Hate and discontent bleeds down our faces.

We are not born with this heavy load.
It is acquired on our forbidden journeys.
Perhaps we should consider a new breed of courage.

Dig deep within and reconnect to that thing called love.
Whatever that positive energy means to you,
pick up that banner and shout loud.

The universe is waiting with thin patience
for humanity's embrace. She sends painful cries
in storms, tsunamis, earthquakes and fires.

She heats up the planet trying to get our attention.
My beloved stained homo sapiens,
open your eyes and hearts.

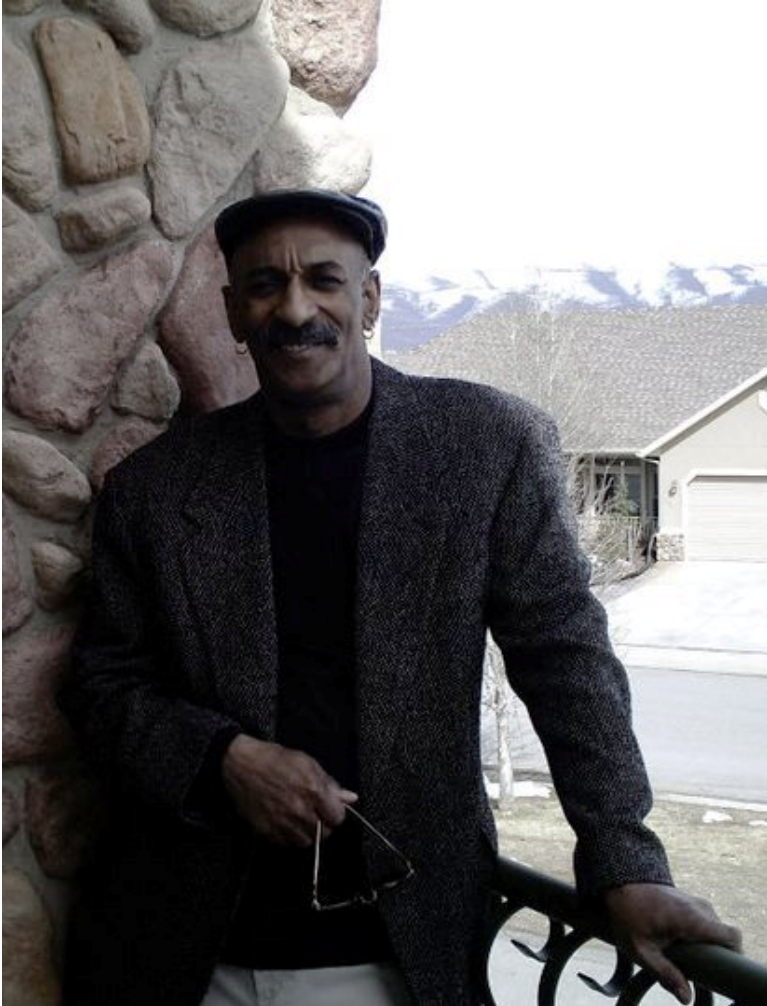
Rediscover the love within you
and restore your natural state.
Drop your weapons of hate, greed, vanity and lust.

Retrieve your harps from the cottonwoods
and play your music of love.
The universe is waiting for its massage.

Teresa E. Gallion

William
S.
Peters Sr.

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

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

Bill says . . .

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

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

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

i am he

there it stood
like a tower of light
piercing the sky
of the horizon
enjoining imaginary heavens
to this place upon which our feet
are planted

fable and folklore
spoke of this place
a garden few have seen
from which the seed of man
had been spawned

and within
was that mythological tree
which unveiled the eye
of First Father
that He should know
of what nakedness is

David danced in the street
for he felt the unabashed joy
when kissed
by the sound of Timbrels
the music of his heart
that which is divine

Job bore
the burden of reproof
for he knew
of the sweeter fruits
that which has never been seen
nor tasted

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

Solomon's etheric ecstasy
his glistening wisdom
knew not of limit
and he wed himself
and consummated such union
in the inner chambers of self
his beloved

my brother Isaiah
spoke of the gates
the gates of praise
that shone
calling forth the children
to embark on the path
the journey back to the garden
back home
where there is light consciousness

he said
arise, arise
and my hallelujah
stood and spread it's wings
embracing never dreamed of possibilities

my inner eye beholds that Tree yonder
how i long to put my arms
around it's girth
and let the gentle breeze
of brother wind
whisper to me through it's leaves

let me hear again
the sweet promise
that of the fruit we shall eat
at journey's end

William S. Peters, Sr.

St. Issa was nailed to that Tree

i but wish to climb it's limbs
and lay my burdens
upon it's bough
and be it's rock-a-bye baby

i hear the call of the rushing waters
that of Mother's Life Blood
where the Four sacred rivers converge

let us immerse our selves
in the cleansing waters

so . . .

i packed my bags
with emptiness
devoid of all worldly things
for the world has lost it's import
and there was a bequestering for the quest
Soul was beckoning me
to that reckoning of me
unto the path . . . back
back to where myth
becomes reality . . .
back to that Garden

my heart began to ardently beat
with forgotten rhythmic excitement
filled with an anticipatory syncopation
and joys replete

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

the resonant harmonies of ecstasy
loomed in the air about me
and thus became my every breath
and i became life's melody

the palpitations of my heart
consumed me
completely
penetrating the womb of my very existence
like a young Virgin who looks upon
the face of her eternal lover
for the first time

take me my soul screams
unto it's self
open the door
open the gate
to that arduous pathway
unto my absolution
that my final traipse
may begin

i turn my face away
from my destination
and begin to walk backwards
that i may revisit time past
old wounds
errant shifts
to arrive at the place
of my spawning
the dawning
a regressive awakening

William S. Peters, Sr.

forsaking substance
i see the collective episodes
of the years endured
begin to fall away
and the enveloping warmth
of the Sun replete
begins to rapture me
as i allow the letting
of this illusory identity
of how i once defined my self

i now begin to intake
and absorb
the verdant scents
of my holy inner garden
enticing me
as i am reverently approaching
my own presence
my essence
my consummate self

i am barefooted
and my toes become entwined
in the damp soils
of what i thought to be
a forgotten consciousness
a lost knowing
and i begin to glow

i hear sounds about me
within me
attuning it's self in concordance
dancing in my heart

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

playing a tune called bliss
and i know
i have been kissed
by the regality
of that which is sovereign
over all that exists

my loins become incensed
with a primal urging
a needing
to undress
and to express
and my innocent nakedness
stands before the world

my passions begin to unfurl
fulfill themselves
with an incalculable esoteric copulation
and my reason becomes orgasmic
and loses it's tethers
to the finite memories
of what i once accepted
defended
as life

i am reflecting my own creational exponential-ness

tears begin to flow
down my cheeks
from my 3rd eye
blinding me
with rivulets of joy
which become streams
which become rivers

William S. Peters, Sr.

before they touch my feet
which now stands
in the Ocean of life

Time freezes
Time ceases
and i am appeased
for now i please myself

for in reflective grandeur
i realize
i am who i have always been

upon the surface of these pristine waters
i look upon my countenance

the glass is no longer darkly
and i thus see
a contextual reflection of me
of self
of God
of Creation

and there is but
one Solitary Tower of Light
enjoining Heaven and Earth
and i am He

a letter to the Universe : i apologize

i apologize for being less than what i am
for the lies i told myself
for trying to be someone else

i apologize for all the wasted prayers
the begging for the things
that would mask my fears
in forgetfulness
and i apologize for my doubts
about the power that resides
inside me

i apologize for the blaming of circumstances
those i claimed were beyond my control
for in truth i knew deep in my soul
that i was the creator of these things
yet i acted from a point of powerlessness
i apologize

i apologize for keeping my eyes shut
closed to my realities
of my abilities to overcome
instead i decided
to piss and moan
and i chided you, Universe
asking you to override
the decisions i made
to hide
i apologize

William S. Peters, Sr.

i apologize for not speaking out
when i was confronted
many times
i spoke not
and i did flee to this paper and pen
to exact rhymes
about my life's angst
and the things
i felt stood against
my integrity
i apologize

i apologize
for my lack of faith in the unseen
i apologize for all the times i was mean
to others
to you
to my own being
i apologize

i apologize for the karma i needlessly collected
yes i was the proverbial garbage man
of the universe
the Fred Sanford of Soul
doing not the things you told me
and you tolerated me
held me still
and scolded me not
yes
i apologize

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

i apologize
for all those tears
those tears i shed for you
those tears i shed for me
those tears that flooded
the treasure chambers of my dreams
with non belief
and frustrations
and disdain
and indifference
i apologize

i apologize for all the children
all the children's innocent desires for joy
the ones ignored
starting with that of my own
and i have always known
that the seeds sown
yielded the fruit we had to eat
yet i planted the seeds of malcontent
in your Universal and Cosmic Mind
just the same
in the name of me
in the name of you
in the name of some God i never knew
i apologize

i apologize for not paying attention
i apologize for pouting and my dissension
my dissension from the way
of the days past
those to come
and my now
and somehow though

William S. Peters, Sr.

i know you understand and are forgiving
i apologize for not being able to do so
yes i apologize for my frailties
for i was not created in such a manner
i apologize

i apologize for usurping your plans for me
many times it was my selfishness
but certainly
it was me
who choose not to see
things your way
and that sanity
that sanctity
i sought
could not be bought
and i apologize for trying to do so
anyway
i apologize

and finally

i apologize for this note to you
for in my clueless meandering
this is my attempt to reconcile
all the denials
through all my trials
and tribulations
that you were my answer
that part of you that makes me a dancer
of the sheer joys to be here
and for holding to fear

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

instead of my light
and though this may be the beginning
of the end of my night
know that
i will not apologize no more
for sure
for right now i am walking through that door
that tells me that "i am" that "I AM"
and like you Father Source
of course
i have the power to "Be"
what ever i wish to "BE"
and i shall do my thing
for the Universe in me.

and that's my letter to you
Universe . . . i love you
as you love me
i apologize

William S. Peters, Sr.

the universe replete, thus i speak

the beast stands beside me
a dimension apart
whispering in a language
veiled
in the cloakings
of resonant memory

i hear the tone
and it strikes a chord
that calls forth the warrior
whose days of dormancy
has come to an end

what shall come of
what i have come to know ?
the question fades
with the urgency
of task
so i ask not anymore

before me stands the quest
to aright that which is askew
with me
and all the crooked paths
become straightened

there is no anger
nor penchant for balance
just retribution
for the eons of torture
the innocent child have suffered

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

but a bite i took
of that spoiled fruit
which compelled me
to adventure beyond the knowing

and the sowing of seed
i have done
attempting to resurrect the glory
i once held
that was stolen
and bestowed upon my brother
of the shadows
all because
of that simple misdeed
was for naught
thus far

how i long to drink again
from that place
where the four rivers
converge in the garden
that my soul may find it's clarity,
but i was cursed
for my innocent offering,
banished to wander
in a realm not of mine own.
had i known . . . would i have ?

we have erected towers
in our feeble attempts
to return home
and they spilled the people like me

William S. Peters, Sr.

upon the land of dreams
and we awakened
with "Babel"-ing tongues
of understanding

we built altars
offering our obeisance
and they turned their back upon us
and they called themselves Gods ?
this is when i asked the question
"to what, to whom do we serve?"

i suffer this anguish daily
meeting the Sun each morn
with a truth
that i must endure the game
yet another cycle of time
and my soulful query of "Why"
seems to fall on the ears of the deaf

i have offered penance
i have offered stripes
i have offered love
but there is naught they wish for
for they have many souls
who are all too willing
to do their vain bidding
and to be their sacrificial lambs
so my blood is not required . . .
here

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

they find pleasure
in the songs of the Righteous
and the lament
of their daily toils
and we erect symphonies of anguish
praying that Prime will intercede
and we plead
and we plead
and we plead

in the interim of space
that place where
light is swallowed
where the hollowness does exist
in the abyss
of nothingness
we send our hopes
to be vanquished
that it too,
and the future of our children
be not eaten
for though we are not beaten, yet
we have let
the deceits overcome us
and now we ask
in what God do we trust

in the cavity of creation
where the breath of the Holy
was implanted
we aspire to ride the ether
of our inspiration
that we may transmute

William S. Peters, Sr.

the power of Soul Speak
that others may hear
and set free their fear
to no longer roam
in their own houses
that they may visit upon
the domiciles of these false warlords
and collect their reciprocal bounties

i am removing the shackles silently
deliberately
that they not notice
as i unblind my singular eye

and i now see clearly
the disparity
which we once called our verity
our truth

now the winds of solace
dance playingly
with the unified consciousness
of the people
and we all begin to sense
a greater presence
coming
summing up our wantings,
that which is no longer appeased
in, nor with empty prayers
that were never heard

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

and that which we thought
and was taught
was once the beast
has long ceased it's whisperings
for the voice i now hear
is that same holy breath
infused in me
and my fear is loosed

and now i have come,
i no longer dream
of empty things
i need not the Law of Attraction,
for within this fraction of existence in me
that small morsel of Prime
is mine

and i am
the universe replete
thus i speak

William S. Peters, Sr.

January
2015

Features

~ * ~

Bismay Mohanti

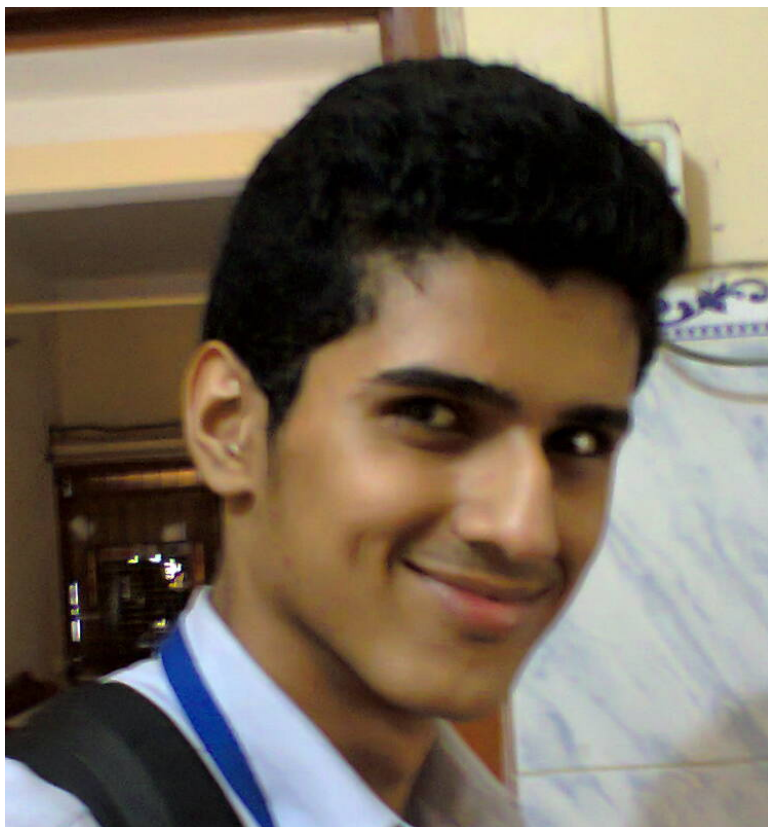
Jen Walls

Eric Judah

*January 2015
Features*

Bismay
Mohanti

Bismay Mohanti



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

I am Bismay Mohanty, a student of 12th grade in Chinmaya Vidyalaya (E.M.), Rourkela. I was brought up in Barbil. I was just 6 when my father got a house in the officer's colony. The house was bigger than the last and I had better space to play. But the colony did not have people of my age. Without friends and with solitude, I developed a passion for reading. This passion insisted me to begin writing my own works when I was in 4th grade.

Two years back when I scrutinized my own poems that I had written over the years, I realized that all I have been through was a mere kick start and the vehicle is now ready to go! I dumped my collections into the bin and started writing a fresh collection.

Now every time I write a poem, I try my best to make it better than the last one. I hope someday could achieve success by imparting beauty into beautiful minds of people round the world through my poems.

Contact info

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Odisha, India
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Bismay Mohanti

Every Day

Every day is followed by the night.

Every smile is followed by a cry.

Every life is followed by death.

Every deed is followed by the result.

Every dream is followed by the reality.

So be prepared.

THE EMBASSY OF MOON

The lifeless object hovering above
The glowing fairy- Moon.
Oh! What ambassador God has sent!
To every creature, it is a boon.

Its beauty is symbolic of
How bright it seems to shine in dark!
Ever when darkness inhibits the glory
The beauty revives with the moral mark.

As the journey to end proceeds
Illuminate the path for others
Shine bright, show the light
For the people following are brothers.

In the embassy of Moon,
The waxing of crescent to full
Inspires to be of such character
Whose absence will make the world null.

Dear Rain

Thy essence of the rain
Thou took to me heaven
Calm, cool and aromatic
Breeze you have given.

An angry mind is hungry;
Starves for the food of peace.
Dear rain, what magic you create?
Providing the mind instant bliss.

The age which invites dullness;
Achieving youthful joy
Also finds immense pleasure
Disregarding the usual coy.

A child unaware of the consequences
Of playing in the rain
Shows resentment for being forbidden
But how can the beloved refrain?

Dear rain, you take the lovers
To the land of Elysium
You act as a fuel to every heart.
Keep the memories in mind's museum.

Jen Walls

Jen Walls



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

Jen Walls is a poet of international appeal and new author of her first poetry collection, entitled *The Tender Petals*, to be published by Inner Child Press Ltd. She delights in dedicating soulful resonance within love's caring touch upon the pen. All life, to her, is a sacred ceremony that is ever capable of enlivening universal peace. As a devoted nature lover, sensitive homemaker, trained ceremonial vocalist, and dedicated care advocate for elderly and youth causes, Jen is a loving and proud mother of two sons. She currently lives embraced in love with her husband and family in Saint Paul, Minnesota, USA.

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Jen Walls

RIVERS' RETURN ~ FIVE HAIKU

Breathe fiery swirls' curls
love opens every door for
eternity's gaze

Set lanterns sailing
matters not where they may reach
shining deep in heart

Spread soft ruffled wings
fly soul's musicality
sing splendors' flight

Drizzled drops of bliss
awakening in dawn's touch
sharing bursting glows

Bring seed's bursting flow
alive in heart's streaming breaths
love's rivers return

ARRIVAL'S WELCOMING

Never will we be so caught again
between any rock, or even a hard place,
inside worldly wheels of time, hiding with each
about-face, inside a futile turn-style.

As love resides, soulfully abides in everything,
going straight away into life's every kissing;
where soul only picks up where it left off
so very long ago, finding Self in center's meeting.

Lifting up these humble earthly feet, we'll walk
upon life's loneliest stretch and every beat of road.
To seek and find the inner heartbeat that speaks
a holy sound for lighting the way clear ahead.

Where everything has merged into love
we'll let this heart know that it is this love that so lifts;
inside of perfected faithful bliss, finding all courage
we must know and help so equally, enduring a dance.

Artistic stones' long since told, all of history's stories
tried to forget, heaped blindness on blind ignorance,
shouldn't be fed unhinged desires left burning to cry
weeping dying harvests; Mother grows, as love knows.

Climb then upon her holiest mountaintop, to reach
and fly soul's surrendering sky, soaring us way up high,
we'll find we've come to fully arrive, inside serenity,
to afford losing fear, knowing soul's weightless flight.

Center inside and meditate, deeper into lovely silence,
of loneliest song of peace, breaths still come and sing,
restrain the mind, in purified calm's unchanging clarity;
meeting bliss, we'll no longer wait, arrival's welcoming.

LOVE'S PERFECTION

Life must come and flow,
and ever much deeper too.
And leave us here, awakening,
for our surfacing, in this drowning.

Into heart, we'll find a warmth
of each days' undying blaze.
Stretching out to reach us,
inside of a forever swath of sea.

In soul's silence, we'll have to live
and become, our every giving search.
That we will seek and only find,
dear love's pervading truth.

Becoming fuel of a spun fire,
igniting eternity, from an eternal flame.
Coloring into, the in and out breaths,
we'll keep on painting in love's bliss.

There's a sweet truth living here,
inside of a finding place.
Silently singing, to rise us beyond,
these narrow, tricky cliffs of mind.

Merciful Love gives, that we may live,
all our heart's radiance that's shared.
Lifting into a divine presence,
we will only breathe, a happy peace.

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

Beauty speaks, drawing us near,
into each giving radiant embrace.
Beyond silence, sweet clarity speaks,
as a mighty ocean drips each roar.

Moving feet onto a propitious path,
that's only found, in soul's perception.
Merging us within, as love's perfection.
Heart will know, every way clear.

Jen Walls

Eric
Judah

Eric Judah



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2015

My name is Eric Hawkins but my Poetic Name is King Judah. I have been writing and falling in love with poetry for the past 10 years. As I grow as an artist, I find myself being the voice for so many people that are silent and want to speak. I am now the CEO of Black Satin Radio that runs a nightly program on Blogtalk Radio [646-478-4196](tel:646-478-4196). So many great things have been taken place as I offer myself as a Love Offering to many. You can follow me on Facebook <https://www.facebook.com/king.judah.39>. You can also purchase my book Living My Dream @ <http://www.innerchildpress.com/eric-king-judah-hawkins.php>

Eric Judah

If I Was Your Son

If I was your son
I would tell you how proud I am
How you Rope a Dope your way
and made opponents look like child play
If I was your son
I would want to dance like you
some said you were clowning
as you made others look like a fool
If I was your son
Frasier would have never won
I would of definitely showed you dad
how to protect your jaw
When they stripped you of your title
you were still my champion
then the same people that was against you
got mad because you decided to change your name
Ernie Terrell act like he only knew the name Clay
but now I know he wished he would of said your name
Big bad George Foreman was a mountain of a man
he was just a part of your history that he didn't understand
If I was your son
those five loses you had would of been wins
but dad you are stubborn and acted invincible
the way you stood in front of some men fists
After the rematch with Leon Spinks
you did not have anything else to prove
but you kept on fighting because of that pride
you knew the world always wanted you to lose
But I looked past those failures
and see the measure of a real man
you the most famous athlete in World
and you my hero and definitely my pearl

Enter The Cloud

A cloud came down
and touched me in your name
the heavenly feeling
was like soft rain
vision can rush across the fields
and through valleys
and go up mountains
to reach its destination
I will travel across time
to be in the same sphere as you
if that is where loves abides
then I want to be there
to wrap myself
in its presence of complete wholesomeness
geographically it does not matter
For love has no boundaries
and it brings distances closer
the cloud will find you
and Hoover over the heart
that is what love does
when you enter cloud number nine
it is that sense of forever
that you want to spend your time
That is where my love rests
in the hands of a loving cloud
like two lovers
closing their eyes for a soft kiss
no distractions allow
just analyzing each others lips
Will you enter this cloud with me?
for when you are there your mind is clear

Eric Judah

your eyes visualize surrendering
to the sweetest feeling
Your mind taste what your senses know
and you welcome the stream that flow
Will you enter this cloud with me?
our skies will touch and embrace
I want you
I already see you there
The shadows that traces your clouds
is the image of your soul
I love you; you are the reason why I grow
Kiss my lips
as your rain touches my skin
for when I am wet you can see I am not perfect
I don't even try to hide my scars
for in them you'll see why you came in a cloud
I am a man that will cry for your love
with tears of a human purpose
Can you love me for that side of sensibility?
will you take the salt out of my tears?
in my cloud you are allowed
to unite with me as
One Cloud

Loose me

Tangled and wrapped in hurt
Bleeding inside from darts and spears
Cut deeply from low self-esteem
My life been choked and I can't release my dreams
Broken, battered and scarred
No direction and scared to move on
Hit by every angle of warfare
Having a life that is always switching gears
I turn to the church for comfort
I was looked on with disdain from one another
They considered me as a loose man
They saw sin and not a fallen human
Questioning my own self worth
Skinless as a skeleton but feeling like mummy
I remember how grandma went into her prayer closet
Somehow I needed to turn off this hurt facet
Faith ripped the first layer away
I saw love come into my eyes a little again
I looked past my hills and to my surprise
Power in me was radically coming alive
Love unwrapped the buried hidden pain
I forgave myself for all my tainted shame
I discovered my new seconds in my minutes
The race has begun but yet I was not in it
Surrounded by lies that other's speak
The Son just shined and I felt myself being released
Call me a hypocrite as a turtle I slowly crawl
But watch long enough as I stand up and grow tall
Loose me from words of lips of clay

Eric Judah

That I will never be bound by any negative wordplay
Loose me in the calling of healing to be a man complete
Let the vision become a little more clearer so I will speak
Loose my ego and let my mind be free
All this stress I carried for years needs a relief
I don't need to be a slave to my own mentality
keeping me unknowingly bound unconsciously
LOOSE ME

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

www.innerchildpress.com

*Inner Child Press
Anthologies*

SAVE . . . SAVE . . . SAVE !!!

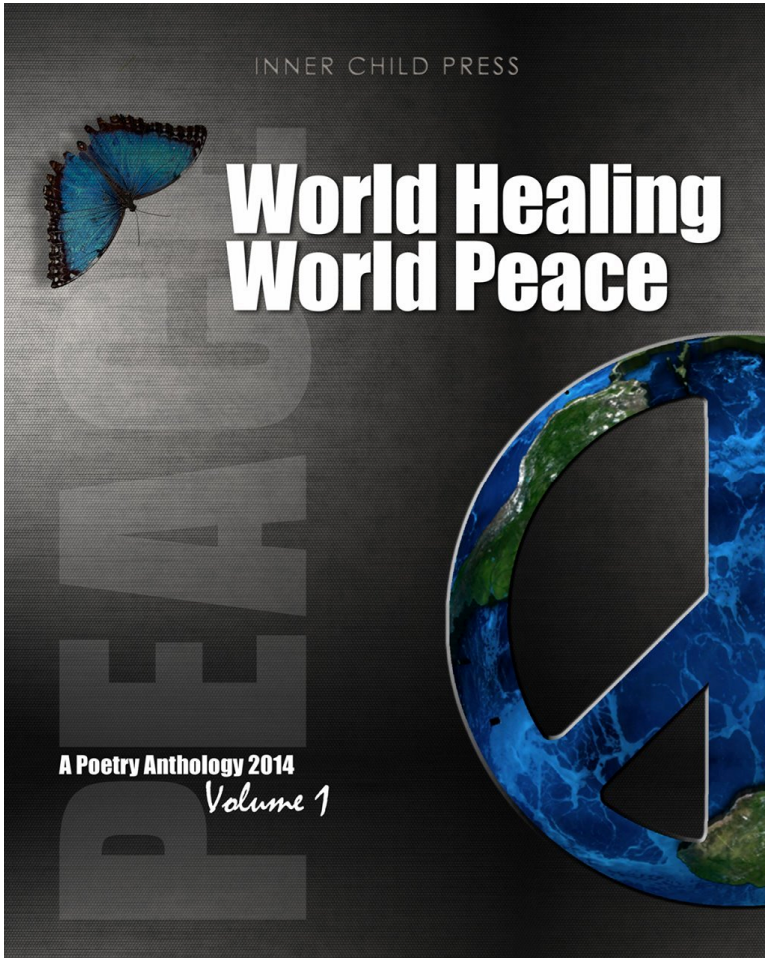


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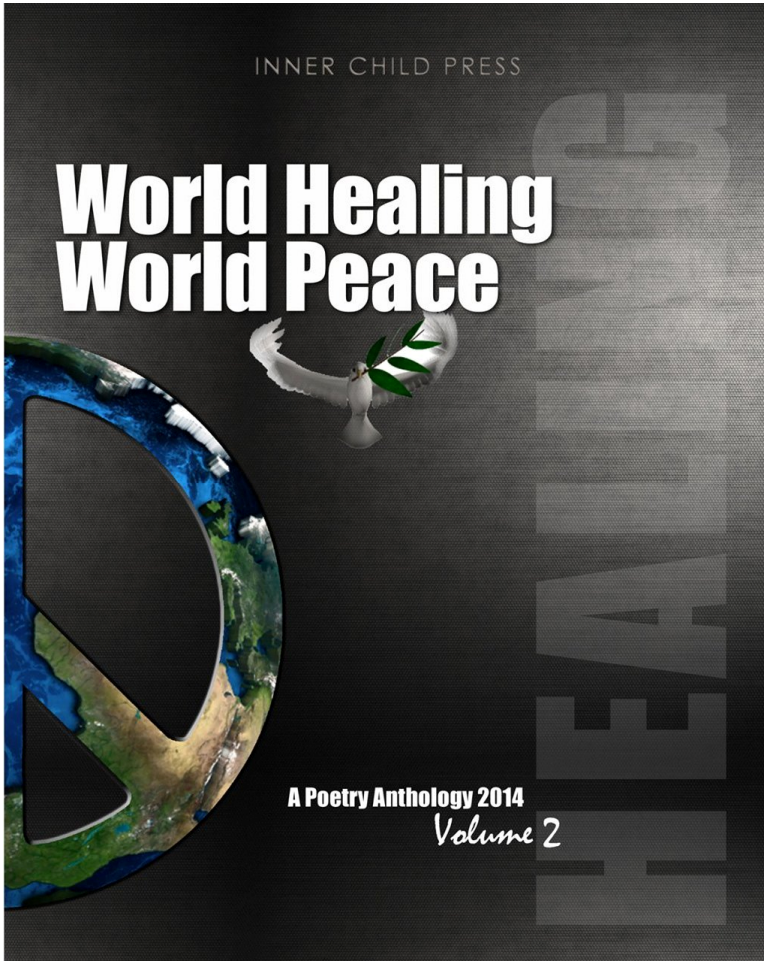
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THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry posse

Samie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha 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

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



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.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

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Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raśendra 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 * 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.

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

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July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert "infinite" Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
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Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

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June 2014



Rose

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Passe

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

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the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

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April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

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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 & hülya yılmaz

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February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

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January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

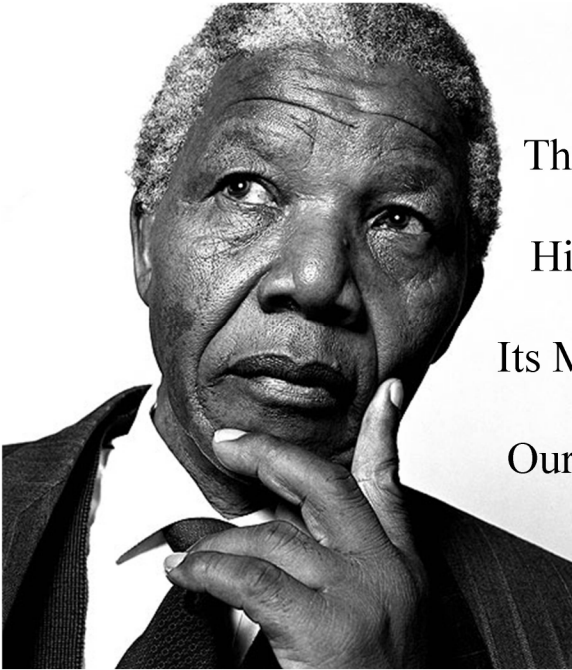
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Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
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Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
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Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

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**POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR**

TRAYVON MARTIN

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World Peace**



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2012
World Healing
World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 2

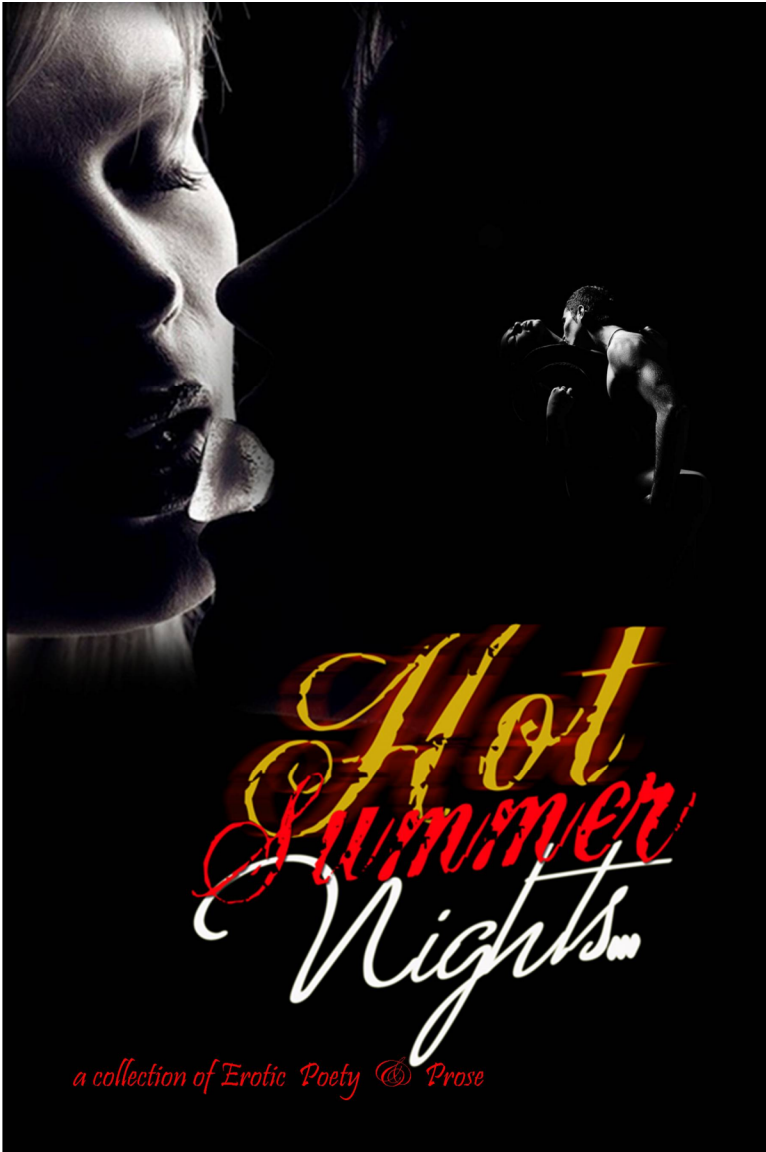
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healing through words

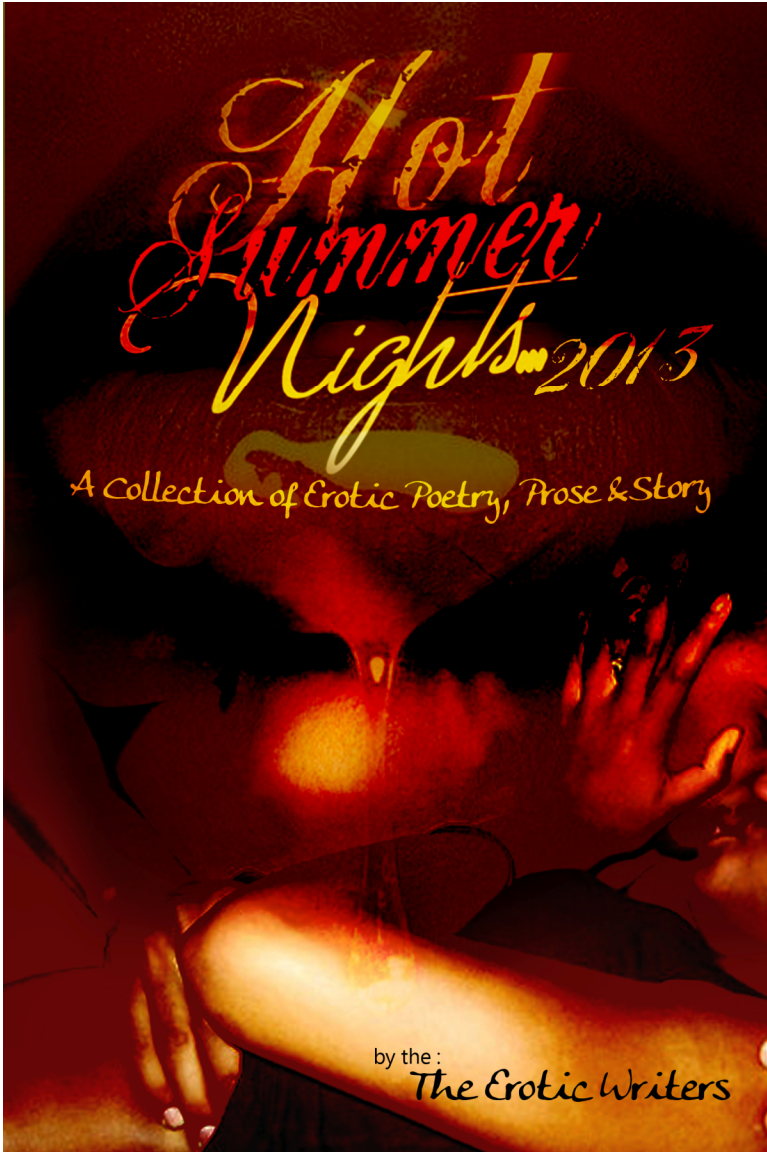


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

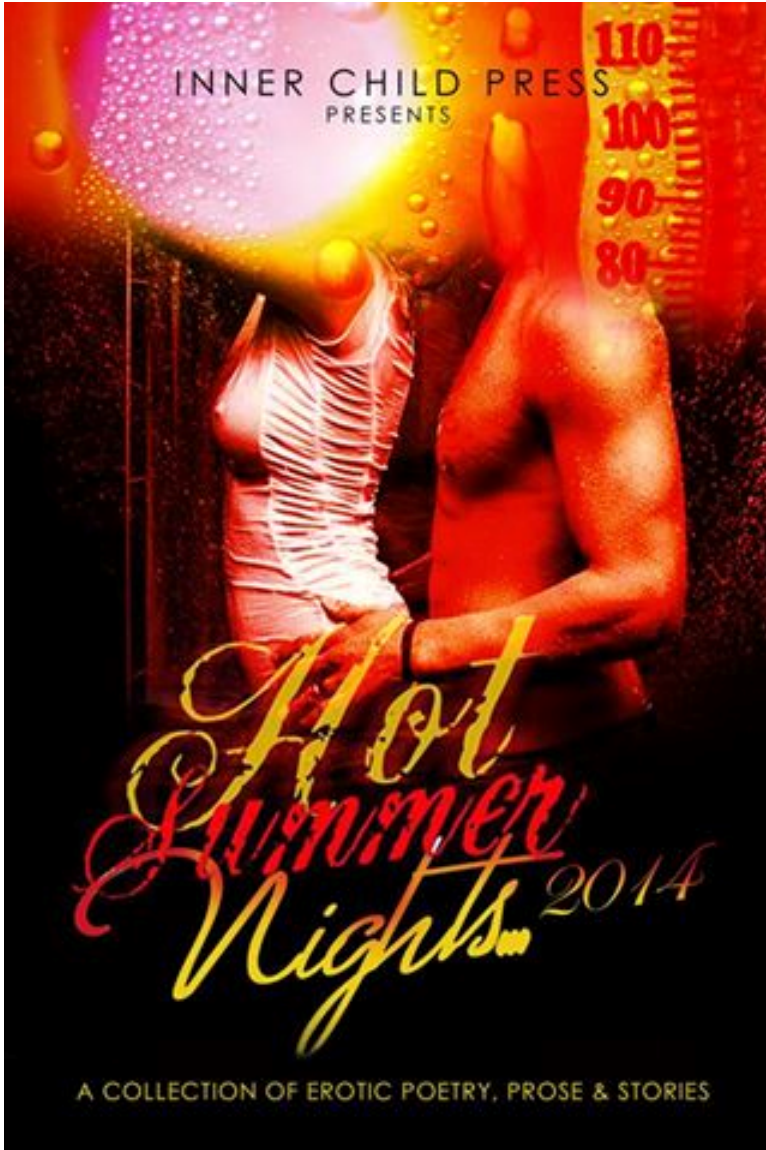
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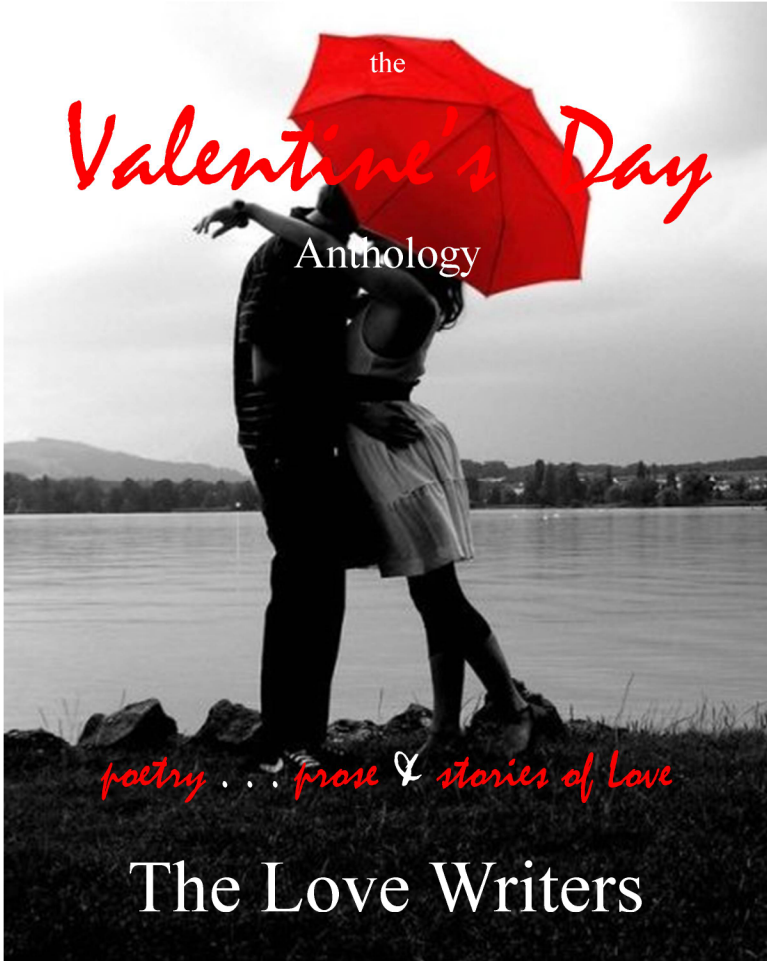
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the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

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

Monte Smith



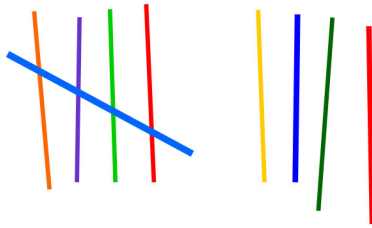
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to . . .

volume II

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11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

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