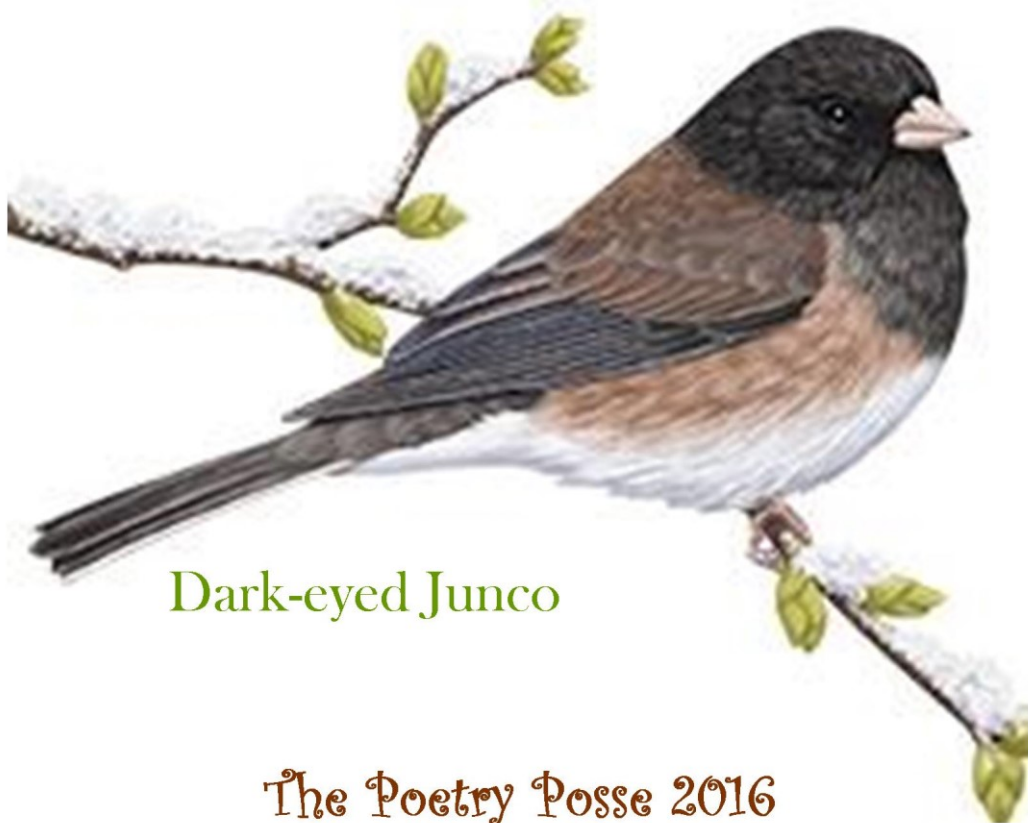


The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The
Year
of the
Poet III

January 2016

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pass 2016

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

Hulya N. Yilmaz

Kimberly Burnham

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General Information
The Year of the Poet III
January Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2016

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

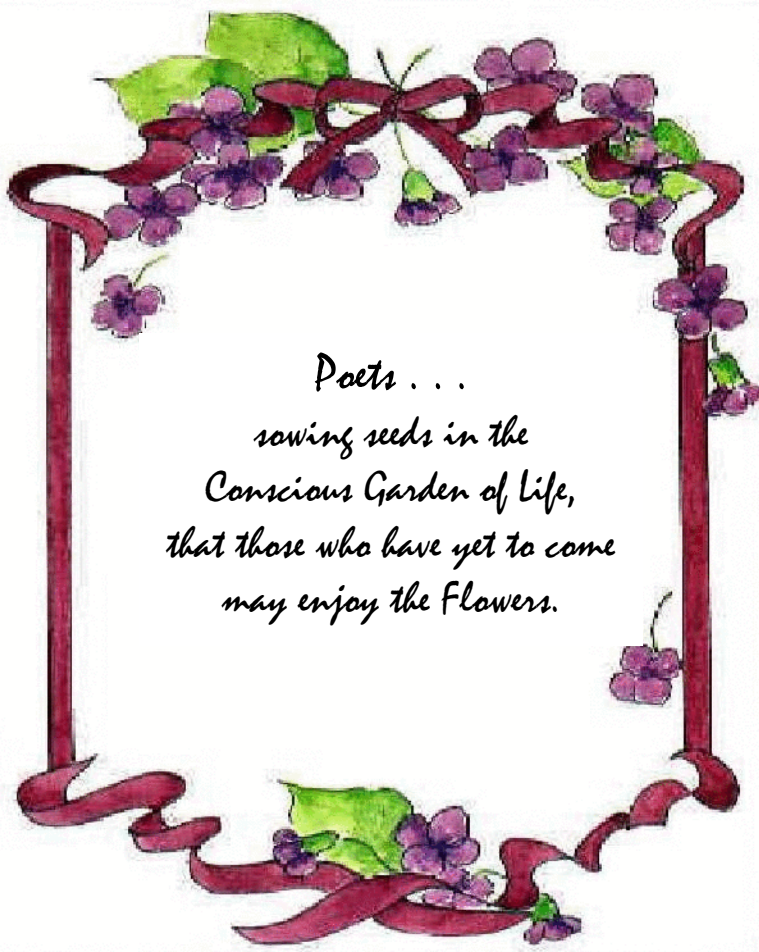
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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

Foreword

The year of the poet gladly brings you the first edition of twelve issues for the year 2016. We as a unified posse of poets formed from all walks of life get together and bring the new year in with a punch. January. New beginnings new challenges, new experiences. We will touch subject matters from A to Z lyrically and eloquently as each and every one of us ink out our souls to bring the world a pleasurable read, So follow us as we illustrate our "mind art".

The Poetry Posse 2016.

Albert ‘Infinite’ Carrasco

Preface

Greetings to all,

Here we are. This is our inaugural issue for the year of 2016. We are quite pleased with ourselves, for we feel this has been a great accomplishment for Poets, Poetry and Readers on a global basis. Over the past 2 years we have been honored to feature so very talented and gifted poets who represent a variety of countries all over the world . . . and the quest continues.

We are very excited about this year, for we are expecting our words, our verse to have a profound effect on you, our readers. As usual we are represented by a diverse choir of Poetic voices who are singing their beauty for all who would hear or read.

We will continue making the issues of 2016 available as a FREE Download that you may enjoy the words we offer without obligation. This year and 2014 & 2015 are still available in print for a nominal cost should you desire to actually hold a book as some of us do.

For Free Downloads :

www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet

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

Stay Blessed

Bill

PS

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

Coming April 2016

For more Information go to :

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Also

The Poetry Posse will be publishing
a Love Anthology for
Valentine's Day

Don't miss it !

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

~ wsp

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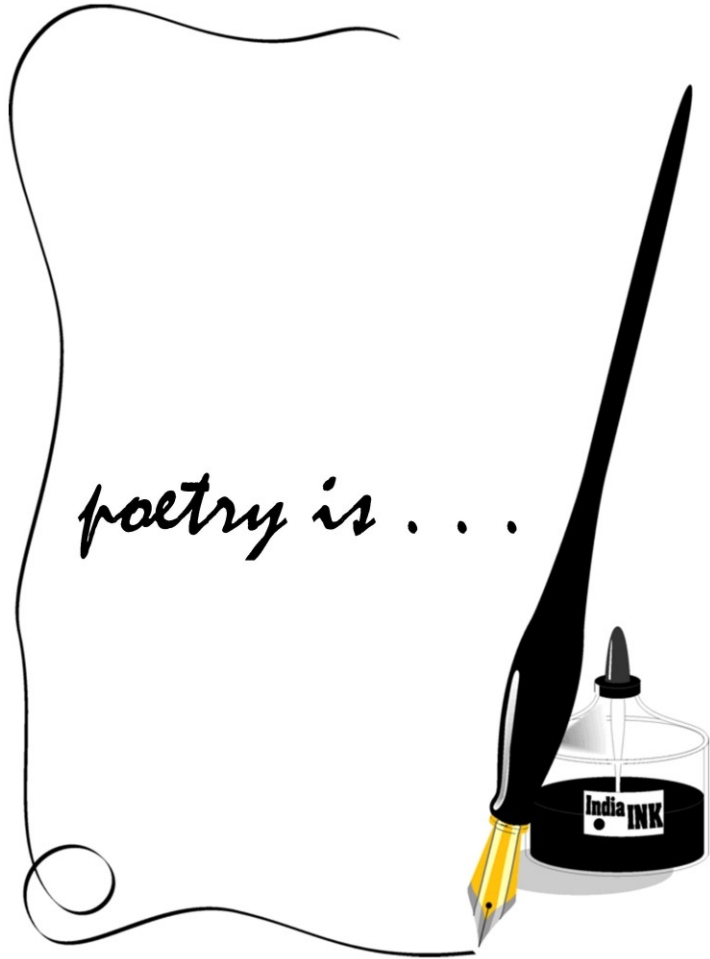
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchancing magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



The
Year
of the
Poet III

January 2016

The Poetry Posse

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor
www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor
navypoet1@gmail.com

Vibrato

Music transforms the tune
Coursing through my closed lids
As I nod and rock against the beat
I believe that the colorful tune
Can be seen in the middle
Of my belly because
That is where I feel it
Under spread finger span
I reach for your hand
So that you can feel it too
The warmth of your palms
Slow down the melody
From a fast jazz to a lengthy blues
Light refracts through my body
And anyone looking can see
The blood moving across the strings
From neck to bridge
The keys turned to tunes
I hide myself in that clef
Less I become staccato
Wild and free of the strains
That keep time in check and
Outside of the bounds of the capo
A clearer tune, more pleasing note
Pure as love through glass
And when the sun hits your smile
My hums become a tune built for newness

Rispetto

When tilting at the windmills in someone's life
Make sure your services are welcomed as aid
A misplaced well meaning can cause them more strife
With the weight of your words cutting like a blade

Tis better to examine your own hot mess
And fully prepare a self list to confess
To live by example may help to ensure
Far less complications for you to endure

The MC

(A Matter of Convenience)

In so much as you need
A Companion
In this New Year
And I am in need
Of Dinner Partner
Or so I have been warned...
On the days that I
Do not want to dine alone
And you prefer human company
I offer this solution...
I will bring chocolate chip cookies
To snack on
At the foot of your bed
While we fix ourselves
Into the discourse of Life

*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

To contact her: www.janetcaldwell.com

The Cultivated Ones

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

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

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

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

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

Thank You Lord

Thank you, lord
for delivering me.
Thank you, lord
for the scale-less eyes
that brought on sight
once again . . .
life unto life
has caused me to see.
Eying the beauty
all around you
all around me
infinitely . . .
I see.
I see the people
no longer just passers by
but family . . .
the trees . . .
with life giving oxygen
in gratitude, I breathe.
The grass laid tenderly
as a soft carpet
under bare toes and feet
your creativity is all around me.
Thank you lord
for the within vision
of this Oneness energy
the I Am
is you
is me
and I . . .
Thank you, Lord.

Never Grow Up

The freedom of wonder
and the sheer joy that I see
in the eyes of my grandchildren,
while playing outside
always make me smile
and warms my heart tremendously.
Now, that child-like wonder is contagious too!
Soon, I am laughing unabashedly
as I watch them
jump up and down,
losing diapers
and scraping knees
while running all around.
I too, must join in the fun
with unrestrained glee.
Keenly we watch
as the butterfly dances,
then stops on a flower
for a refreshing of sorts.
While observing something
that I cannot smell or see.
I have a feeling my grandchildren
are in on this secret of freedom.
Ever curious and always teaching,
my granddaughter whispers gently to me.
“Granny, never grow up, stay and play with me.”

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

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

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

Self Discovery

*Looking inside
Looking outside*

*Where else to find
What inhabits the mind
Of those whose actions*

*Manipulate
Abrogate
One's mental keep.*

*And, when one seeks
To hide what's inside*

*While guarding sense of pride
Reality will reveal its find
In the details of self's own mind*

*Whose rhetoric it is that is most uplifting
Whose rhetoric it is that is most disturbing.*

Time for a New Beginning

*There once was a man who lived on the street,
always at the same corner, working hard at begging.
He appeared well nourished, that he had enough to eat.*

*I drove past him on my way to work each day,
always lifting up a prayer, wondering how it was
that he had ended up in this sad way.*

*Another day, it was early, the sun had yet to come up,
I was surprised that he was not at his same spot
for I had planned on putting something in his cup.*

*With time to spare, I thought to stop and get a bite
to eat...at a fast food place. I had cash with which to pay
and enough to spare, when I spied a strange sight.*

*I sat eating at a table, my view to the glass door.
I saw a well dressed man, with a knapsack in his hand,
exiting from a shiny new sedan; that I could not ignore.*

*He passed in front me, me trying not to stare, I thought
I recognized him, he now eating his meal. I averted my
eyes, embarrassed, hoping not to have been caught.*

*He left, then returned, and was a sight to be seen,
now dressed in old dirty clothes. Had I not been there
I never would have believed it, thinking it only a dream.*

*With face smeared with dirt, dressed in smelly rags, his
hair*

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

*unkempt, minus a cap, he sat down on the sidewalk holding
a sign, asking for money, for somebody to care.*

*I couldn't help myself, as I saw him sitting on his knapsack
packed with his earlier expensive attire, and wondered how
a man could sacrifice his pride and put on such an act.*

*Daring to ask, he replied, "All the world's a scam, and
besides
I'm doing the best that I can. Its easier to sit here and beg.
That's how I make the payments on my new sedan."*

~ * ~

Note: *Although poetic license has been taken, inspiration
for this poem came by way of the one who witnessed the
incident and then shared it with me.. The poem's first
person Voice belongs to that eye witness.*

A Light Within the Darkness

Coal dusted, coal wasted, he was a heroic and noble man.

*A promise, a gift, given without thought of recompense
A smile, a kiss, a tentative tear, a hug held most tightly
To the weary chest, lest weakness be somehow interpreted.
His was a language of cloistered times, known to a few,
Like light within heart of sacrifice,
weighted as pitch-dark.*

Before the morning light, with all his might, he labored.

*O drunken orb, the full moon illuminated the roof, but not
Between the cracks nor inside the mine, yet it kept secrets.
When homeward bound he came, heavy, yet silent as mute
Night, where inside his heart his music sang from its fame;
Some songs, hymns of praise,
all with unconditional love.*

As if fueled by need, his light burned both day and night.

*O, bounty of his love, his humble house brightly aglow,
To know him was to know his life's essence, and, though
Extinguished now, of an age, his incandescence still glows;
Witness the light of all those for whom his labors
paved the way; they reflect, now,
the image of his passion for life.*

His luminance infused all that dwelt within his embrace.

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Albert
Carrasco

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Thankful for Change

I changed myself no one helped me, no one me forced me, I decided to go cold turkey and walk from under the drug facade to face reality. I was addicted to fast cash, believe me I had the monkey while detoxing from street life money, I fought the temptation cause I didn't like nouns controlling me... suppliers, (person) spots, (places) substance, (things) etc. for years I gained gained gained, then loss loss loss, so when I reflect on the decades I stood in the game things really remained the same from a pitcher to a boss, from a kid to a thirty year old man I was still lost. All I needed was time to find myself, realize the power I have and understand my worth. I backed my mental PC up to an earlier time, basically before I was running blind dealing with that Broadway, before I was living fast with that ye, like a hayabusa white lining on high-ways, I took it back to my days of love letters, rhyming journals, my first passion before hell happened... wordplay, now writing scribes to open eyes is my forte. I changed to make change, not e pluribus unum, evolution, I'm shedding light like the hottest and brightest star in our solar system, I think faster than the earth's rotations, so I suck you in with the gravitational pull from the revolution of my ball point pen, my ink will have you hydroplaning on written wisdom, from criminal minded AC to infinite the poet.. I'm a new person. I know my style is not the norm, the ones that could write reality like me I mourn, I want all the ghettos to hear me, I'm thinking about renting one of those cars with mounted bullhorns used to advertise politicians in the slums to recite poetry.

New Beginnings

A few years ago life was bad,
through the years things got better,
my plan is to make this year even greater.
I have three hundred sixty five days to do so,
I'm setting goals and achieving them,
whether it's career related,
family oriented or doing more shows,
I am going to carp diem.
I hope 2016 is prepared for me,
everyday is going to be remembered as I add to my-story as
the griot of poverty,
the poet of tranquility and the fire versifier of urban
poetry.
From January first to December thirty first
the lemniscate will achieve to be a world renowned
laureate.
Fame is not what I seek,
it's undivided attention from everyone when I speak.

New Years Resolution

My New Years resolution is to bring as much knowledge as i can to the table on the effects of drugs, the ghetto American dream fable. The street life will never end, it's a traditional way of life to many not a trend. What's needed is more voices like mine to change minds. I was caught up in the passed down system of failure by my forefathers and all that led to was incarceration, murder, mourning mothers, widows wives, bastard sons and lost daughters... A repetitive curriculum in the slums when some are living in or close to living in squalor. Shedding light on the darkness is a must, if I don't do so bodies will continue to rot in jail and others will return to ashes when's the guns bust. I was spared to experience it all and to teach those experiences to all.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

FIRST SUNRISE

She awoke from the darkness seeing in a new light
Years of trying to fit in a shape that wasn't hers
She untied the corset where her soul was forced in
That action gave her a feeling of calm
Every day she felt a little more relaxed
Morning coffee shared with conversation
A new day begins
Time spent on worry now go toward goals
Insecurities turn into confidence
Caution is never thrown to the wind

Capturing a glimpse of tomorrow
Her pillows remain fresh and crisp
A new set of hours she cannot wait for
No one notices the rain
Gently she strokes her hair into a new twist
Evidence something is freeing her spirit
Softly the door closes behind her

Running into to smiles
Everybody has one today
Void is her wrinkled brow and crows foot eyes
Elevated head and shoulders back
A glancing man likes what he sees
Love oh love where were you yesterday
Evening falls and her lover calls
Dawn comes quickly for the open heart

A NEW RESPONSIBILITY

She carries life without a father
He's gone off to kill another's
Another lonely mother

She carries life unknowing
Not happy that she's showing
She plans to stop its growing

She's picking out colors for a room
Grandma's busy at her loom
He's buying cigars as the happy groom

It's hard to choose between life and death
Save her own or end her baby's breath
The sound of code blue from the desk

He's working three jobs now
The future's from the sweat off his brow
His son's going to college some how

She's put down her club dress
She put out her last cigarette
She'll not destroy how she's been blessed

New life has a way of changing ones heart
The responsibility alone gives one a jumpstart
Caring for another is life's most crucial part

THREE LOVES LATER

I found you in the same place I found them
You've overflowed the void and drowned them
I skimmed the waters and pulled you out
Your surface tension kept you afloat
You stormed my castle despite the moat

What powers do you possess?
When quite honestly you're less beautiful
Yet I'd rather be seen arm and arm with you
Were you prophecy written years ago?
Are we our destiny or are you a test for me

Skin deep is what you are
Losing sleep is what you are
And no one holds a candle to you
You came seeking advice
I gave you a different spice

You flavor my words so they burn the tongue
I have to communicate in gestures
Dealing with you the jury is still out
And now have been sequestered
What forces do you channel?

Three loves later and you complement me
Three weeks is no time compared to my history
It appears to be a connection needing welding
Others lacked the flux to help us flow together
You have become my forever

*Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed*

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

plots ' n ' plans...

hang around like pots ' n ' pans
doing all they can to mislead man
fooling fools, ignorance rules
they say " let's go and tell more lies
today. You know dem believe what
we say if we keep repeating it
everyday.
why we can control the flow what
we want dem to know
while twisting facts, stab truth in the
back,
dem consumed with hate based on
myths ' n ' fear
piss in dem ear
tell 'em what dem want to hear "
ignorance is bliss my dear
they lionize the criminal, vilify
righteousness
utilize subliminal try to frighten us
telling ya what's wrong is right for us
easy as going through butter with a
hot knife
is.,
stealing hearts ' n ' minds like a thief
in the night
left believing what their feeling instead
of facts proven right
bet if you come correct be ready to fight
because plots ' n ' plans doing all they
can to mislead man
all day.all night

food4thought = education

slipping into...

next episode..
time test explodes future
earthly abodes featured
grateful or ungrateful creatures
was past a teacher?
does time past fast?
did they learn from the past?
tic toc a another year bout to
drop
call it new if you want to but it's
still really 'ol ' stuff
cause the crew from the past
is still cast
regardless, firework blast,
gathering of miserable beings
passing for parties
looking to future with minds and
hearts in the past
how long does the gig last?
long enough to heave up, piss out
past gas and tic toc clock strikes
twelve
and guess what ya'll still dwell in
earth's version of hell
chronological advancement didn't
renew nothing but the blues
of course as usual we can choose
to snooze, watch corporate news
which bully pulpit you choose
to attain more of the same
as it did the year before the new
one changed names

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

change ain't never without pain
and the pain of mankind remains
deeeep rich bloodstained
one group with narrow scope
with instilled distain, indifference
to that other group " what's it name? "
we think we got it going on
while mother earth's getting bombed
\$#!+ on where criminal liar rulers
live on to pawn what the creator gave
you when you was born
freedom, free from harm?
ooooh yaa!
Happy New Year!

food4thought = education

the fix..,

is on it never was off
the fix is in never was out
fruition of agendas what it's
about
in effort to vilify, marginalize,
demonize, ostracize certain
people's, groups, tribes
the people who are entrusted
with the reigns of power
to govern, protect the health,
welfare of the people they are
commissioned, duly sworn a duty
have abdicated, abated principles,
moral obligations, responsibilities
and continuously lie to you and me
and the sheeple say " baa " and
ladee daa
dem demonize and lionize
never believe your lying eyez
information compromised
dem pull the card say
" highly classified "
when pressed to oblige
and the sheeple say " baa " and
ladee daa
they will someday truly bare their
real fruits rotted from rotten roots
use your minds peoples think

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

there's a reason the air stinks
call it toxic treason
but all things have their season
and die
including lies!

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

Start Where You Are

Points on a connected circle
start where you are
moving forward
everyday
a new turn
fresh perspectives dancing
dawning into the light
waking from sleep
creativity blossoms
solutions rise out of the mist
as you see the circle
opportunities born anew
each day

Community Circles

So many circles
embrace me
gently include you
wrapping us together

Safety in circles
communities
alive with possibilities
shared challenges

Joy bursts
from within
love's envelope
cradles all of us

Ring On

One special ring encircling
a finger manifests
worlds of love and joy
life together surrounded

For some this circle
a sign
powerful signet
symbolic of who I am
here in the world
an alma mater graduated
belonging
in a secret society

Circular designs
connecting generations
a ring is passed
lovingly
generation to generation

A ring of beauty
crafted with skill
artisans dedicated
bringing exquisiteness
to life

Ann

L.

White

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

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

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

You can find her at:

www.ItsACluckingGood.Life

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

January

January tastes like possibility
She smells like hope
Take a handful of January and let the disappointments of
the past sift through your fingers.
She announces herself with rockets' red glare lighting up
the sky
The ball drops and we start anew
January is bold, marching on to the calendar of life
She proudly declares her power and her presence
Yet she turns mercurial
Emotions bounce as if on a trampoline
I will, I can, I thought I could,
maybe, never mind, perhaps next year
Hope may turn helpless, or not
Days get longer, hearts get stronger, or not
She's a frosty gal that can melt your heart, or freeze it
Like Janus, she is a gatekeeper – opening doors and closing
them
Looking back but propelling forward
She is the bridge between the lights and magic of the winter
solstice
And the wonder and romance of Valentine's day.
Open your world and welcome her in, if you dare.

New Beginnings

What's the difference between today and tomorrow?
Between December 31 and January 1?
Why do diets start on Monday?
And resolutions and life changes on the first of the year?
What would happen if we made a life change in June?
Or started a diet on Thursday?
Would the result be the same or different?
Most of us love do-overs and why not?
Blank tablets, empty sketch pads, absolutions and
resolutions
New shoes, no blues, resolve and commitment
I love do-overs and new beginnings too
The dawn of every day gives us this gift, you know
A fresh canvas on which to create
An opportunity to create your life as a work of art
Today...tonight...now...why wait...each moment is new
Each breath is now

World Beat

Who planted the seeds of hatred?
How heavy is the weight of greed?
Hearts blackened –anger brewing, bubbling in the cauldron
of evil
We are one world – one glorious world of tastes, texture
and tradition
One pulsing world of music, art, dancing, and tapestry
Yet we let greed define us – rape us – plunder our goodness
Hate divide us – damage us – kill our innocence
Greed produces toxins real and emotional
Franken crops, dead bees, tortured animals
And we watch
Open season on killing children with assault rifles
And we pray
Demagogues lie and cheat
And many cheer
How heavy is the weight of hatred?
Who planted the seeds of greed?
Have the hate mongers ever felt love?
Have the hawks of war ever felt compassion?
Have the corporate greed gods ever thought about a world
for their children?
'Tis a new year with the same old story
Could this be the year we rewrite the script?
Could this be the year love stretches its wings?
Could this be the year we say “no” to killing innocents,
abusing animals, destroying our world?
It could be...
If...
If you, yes you
Stood up and said “no more”
“Not on my watch”

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

“This planet – this world – this earth – is my home”

“This person is my brother or sister”

“This child needs my protection”

“This animal will live and be loved”

“This veteran will be safe and no more of our children will
be sent to war”

“This homeless person will have a home”

“This refugee will have a country”

“These crops will not be poisoned”

“This earth will not be fracked”

“One planet, one home, one people....erase the boundaries,
burn the flags of divisiveness...

We are citizens of the earth”

Feel the world beat...dance to it...create it...celebrate it.

Dance over the fields of corruption - sing louder than greed
- love stronger than hate.

Imagine

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Keith

Alan

Hamilton

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Keith is a Social Activist Artist, Author, Publisher, Editor, Mystic Philosopher, the creator of the book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die ! – the Images with Words Series: on the Road with ~Keith Alan Hamilton~ and the Muse Series. Keith writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography.

Keith is also an exhibited social activist artist. His Slavery in America Image with Words Collection ~ Virginia Edition is currently being shown at The Urban Individualist Artist Collective Gallery at Art Works in Richmond, VA. Keith is a fervent promoter of not only artists, but social activist artists. At The Hamilton Gallery – Online he not only features a social activist artist's work free of charge, he writes reviews for them and for some, he has written the Foreword for their book.

Keith's websites:

www.keithalanhamilton.com

www.natureiq.com

www.thehamiltongalleryonline.com

I'm a contributor

another year begins
to say what I got to say
whether perceived as valuable
or not by others
I stepped up to the plate
if I strike out
I will try again
and again
failure ain't the problem
compliance
to what's unacceptable
now that's not acceptable
not an option
in my reality
I walk on
without fear
hesitation
or regret. ...

I'm a contributor
to the outcome of life

peace out

I fully support Hillary Clinton

can you hear in the current
political movement
that
resurgent
murmur
more prevalent
in days gone by
within the disposition
of human existence
dormant viral
traits of
human behavior
just thirsting for
its former prominence
and once again
become this inhibitor
to the intelligently progressive
human process
toward
a societal environment
and ideology
that fully supports
the inalienable rights
a part of THE LAWS OF NATURE
~ that freedom of choice
prosperity
justice
and equality for all
THE HUMAN RACE
is not a lofty goal
for We the people
to achieve
its progression
should be a basis of fear

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

and should be suppressed
that it is not a Godly virtue
to support the development
of all
colors of ~
skin
sex
gender
nationality
ethnicity
culture or belief

in the year 2016
Donald Trump's
political ideology
and vision
is a digression
and not befitting of
ALL THE HUMAN RACE
as our race
intelligently progresses
through the annals of time

'cause of such
it is my resolve
in the year 2016
to fully support Hillary Clinton
for President of the United States of America

Donald Trump...
in my vision of America
I show you no disrespect
I just don't believe the way you do

This poem is dedicated to Amy Siskind and Amy King for
trying to make the world a better place. Yes I have noticed.
Peace Out Humanity !

~ peace out humanity ~

~ peace out humanity ~

a fruitless sentiment
ineffectual communication
if planted with a seed
barren of
the right kind
and amount of
direct action

he is my friend and mentor
part of
the reason
why I've turned up
the dial for the heat of ~
the societal stove
as a social activist
performance artist
I use this kind of ~
direct action art
to create a body metaphor
while participating in an event
like a marathon
I artistically wear
black running clothes with a hood
a symbolism for bringing back
the light
out of ~
the darkness
hidden social ills
that plague THE HUMAN RACE
to be aired out
and confronted through

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

the healing process of
dialogue
that will lead humanity
to a healthy
and peaceful coexistence

~ peace out humanity ~

a fruitless sentiment
ineffectual communication
if planted with a seed
barren of
the right kind
and amount of
direct action

this mentor and friend
of ~
mine
has shown
the world and to me
his propensity towards peace
not violence
he took part in orchestrating
a variation to direct action
the pouring of ~
blood
like the biblical sacrifice
on draft records
in the late sixties
he went to jail
for this public casting in stone
as if a reenactment
the once again etching of ~
one of ~
the ten commandments
“thou shall not kill”

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

an ideological purpose
communicated in a way
to bring this
punctuation mark
attention to
that humane cause
called PEACE
I've stayed at his home
went to the local flea market
where he ~ his better half
and fellow comrades
engage the people
with their social activist
type of ~
message
I have discussed at length
with him
about the methodology of ~
direct action
at times as pointed
as an arrow shot to the heart
the pros and cons of ~
its ability
to effectively communicate
to the people
as far as
the way to obtain
world healing
a kind of ~
direct act
that communicates
a healing dialogue
among We the people
that would
eventually
create an environment
that leads to world peace

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

and where sometimes
the type of ~
direct action used
could receive more attention
thus distracting away
.... obscuring
the message
being communicated
for the cause

~ peace out humanity ~

a fruitless sentiment
ineffectual communication
if planted with a seed
barren of
the right kind
and amount of

he helped critique
and wrote an endorsement
for the first book in my series
Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive,
Not Die !
a spiritual
poetic ~ prose essay
through the eyes of ~
a mystic
about seeing the value of ~
proactively working together
to improve
the overall well-being of ~
humanity
a community stew type of ~
direct action
a proactively humane

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

social process
taken on
communicated appropriately
and advanced
by We the people
ALL of ~
THE HUMAN RACE
as one race
no matter
the color of ~
skin
sex
gender
nationality
ethnicity
culture or belief
a diversity of
ingredients
tasty enough for all
filled with the right kind of
nutrients
that nutritiously stirs
a dialogue for healing
within human
collective consciousness
a paradigm shift of ~
enlightenment
that through a process of
intelligent progression
future generations of
THE HUMAN RACE
become the creators of ~
World Healing
where such a direct action
effectively communicated
will spiritually lead
a healed humankind

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

to a loving coexistence of ~
World Peace

~ peace out humanity ~

a fruitless sentiment
ineffectual communication
if planted with a seed
barren of
the right kind
and amount of
direct action

he is my friend and mentor
social/peace activist David Eberhardt

Hrishakesh
Padhye

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

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

- Hrishikesh

Crossroads of Temptation

Relationships I make,
Expectations I cave....

Inside the chamber of my convenience,
Culture is what I want to cage....

In the Landscape of my heart,
Seeds of emotions I sow.....

Amidst the grassland of freedom,
Weed of Possession is what I grow....

Presuming only comfort as outcome
My tree of greed I consistently water....

Underneath the shadows of insecurities,
My materialistic needs I subsequently shelter...

In the serene lake of satisfaction,
I throw the pebbles of uncertainty....

Ripples of my urges
Thence ruin all happiness and tranquility....

Peace is hence, subjected to cremation,
Whenever I stand on the Crossroads of Temptation...

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Dirge

Dedicated to Orphans

Fallen divinity

Crying in agony

Vanity has shrouded life in humiliation

Inertia of harmony shredded by thralldom

Innocence is lonely

Deep inside the castle of masquerades

Sun of blissful smiles is shunned

by the ominous eclipse of tormented hearts

Dreams shattered Enthusiasm wounded

Darkness prevailing

Senses cold

Tears frozen Light dying

Voices crippled

Silence singing its poignant story

Silence singing this dirge of dark desolation..

Birth of A Poem

Walking through the woods
Of sagacious mind's forest
With the growing greenery
Of thoughts waiting
For a creative morning to come
Like the two rivers
When ink and thinking mix in together
With the Sun of passion utterly radiant
Adorning this unique blend
When fusion of the two takes place
In the canopy of silence
Takes place the genesis
Of an epic work of Poetic Art...

Fahredin

Shehu

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hills of snow

have luckily covered
all dirt man has created
while I project tiny violets
and became confused with the smell.

in this delirium
I don't know what to say
and what to feel exactly.

we became enemies
without any right purpose.

So much lack of love
I haven't seen in my last 6000 years

The wine yards

Became naked
November winds
took all leaves away
grape syrup is prepared
for the guests and some meat
and sausages prepared
to host the winter
cabbage is pickled
some scones and cheese
for the guest
that we miss.

I fear we must buy
more candles
my dear
TV is frightening us
Again and again
there are wars everywhere
while we wonder
which is the Abode of Love

Christmas Past

Our brothers and sisters
have celebrated Christmas
Gypsies in our town collect
dried wood from the forest nearby
and are silent
until Sun enters
in the constellation of Ram

Smell of baked bread
evaporates and of pumpkin
on the live-coat

I hear the sounds of heavy hammer
of the last blacksmith in town
who produces pans for pastry
and the triangle holders
Yes and some candleholders too

And I bought some amphora pottery
from the late Serbian crafts man
and the last in town indeed
for our wine
to become
intoxicated in I n love
eternally

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

Links:

www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com

www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

get it?

schlepping my carry-on through the campus
have been a nomad since 2013
asbestos removal downsizing of offices
acs for the linguists' computer labs
dreaded that old assigned space
tired of the point a to b trek
in a hurry impatient
four classes left 'til the break
four 24 hours for the move
four

self-checked with heavy bleeding
first a small heart attack
blood poisoning next
a rushed surgery
cardiac arrest
off with the pumping fast
dead
all in all a mere four days
four

the now and the here

your life links existed in multitudes
people food the sea the needy
the nuclear as well as extended family
moments were exquisite morsels to you
each to be devoured
under the watch of lifted brows
eyeballs enlarged in awe

like home-grown olives freshly oiled
mouth watering
waltzing voice
heavy-boned hands hugging them all
acting 5 at 80
suffering all along under what you had due

mother
aunt
younger brother
younger sister
daughter a fresh first-time mom

cancer
kept striking with no relent

on its destructive path anew
this time cutting you in three slices

prostate? of course!
but a male with breast cancer?
a rarity
a highly qualified case study

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

then
its settlement in your tonsils

oceans away my heart's eyes were fixed on you
while you remained in need of my spirit
only i knew your alienation in your adopted land
the language barrier an impassable gate
prejudices stereotypes belittling acts

yet you surpassed the crippling demands of despair
looked even death in its face time and again
in full disregard to the downpours of ills and ailments

then there was i
your niece
shying away from the tiniest fraction of them
fearing to try to live for living's sake
unable to sift the wonderful through the bad
often too angry too devastated just too sad

until one routine afternoon
took me to the verge of the hopeful
where i finally traced the footprints of your soul
passing on your very own
choice and courage to live

fragile

please handle with care
this way up
do not bend
keep it on the alee
dropping
misplacing
are strictly forbidden
it doesn't grow on trees
there is no refund either
no rebates
no returns
no exchanges
no replacement parts
no warranty

breath

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Teresa

L.

Gallion

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

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

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

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

Space Between the Silence

The space between the silence
calls me home each day
to humble contemplation.

Over the portal entry, a sign reads:
"negative baggage, no entry".
My negative baggage is suspended.

I walk on new ground
unafraid of the unknowns
that roll pass me.

The dust on my shoes
glitter like diamonds.
The light surrounding me glows
with the blue light of Spirit.

I walk in sacred space.
Divine Spirit enfolds me
with the pure love of God flowing
in the space between the silence.

Thank You Note to the Universe

Passion's blooms light of my life
when I stand on a mountaintop
and scan the collage before me.

No words come to translate
the magnificence of a landscape
that draws me to humble reflection.

I bow down on bended knees
to kiss the earth that allows
a seeker to stand here.

The swell of gratitude from my heart
floats in the wind, sends thank you notes
to the east, west, north and south.

The wind smiles through
a happy face, gives me a kiss,
accepts the gratitude of a respectful soul.

Sacred Sunrise

Sunrise approaches my desert home,
calls my soul to sit and contemplate
the light that covers sand and sky.

A palette of natural wonder
no painting or photo matches in splendor.
Today is special as a winter sky
rides on the distant horizon.

I want to dance with the rising light
in thanksgiving for another day
to reflect on joys and sorrows,
embrace them as sacred meditations.

This breath that flows from me
knows the sacredness of light.
I carry it in my dream bank,

ride into the New Year armed and ready
to face new challenges
on the road to my journey home.

Demetrios
Trifiat's

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

I Do Not Care

Oh life!

I do not care

How many times you kill my dreams,

For new ones will be born

With the morning sun's first rays.

Don't Just Murmur!

What?

Are we going to enter
The ill-fated whirlpool of unintelligible madness,
And let calamitous folly anchor
Its obscure ships of destruction
In our harmonious hearts?

Or,
Are we going to follow
The discerning star of glowing reason,
And allow lustrous wisdom institute
Its simmering dominion
In our tormented minds?

Are we going to constantly give
Fortified shelter to detrimental fears,
And permit fatal pessimism
Establish its depressing presence
In our serene lives?

Or,
Are we going to evict detrimental dread
From our excruciating consciousness,
And relinquish vivifying optimism
To enact its invigorating message
All over our agonizing planet?

Are we going to stand apathetically still
In front of virtue's constant devastation
And grant - a tenebrous vice - permission
To grow its abominable fruit of injustice
In our loving society?

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Or,
Are we going to become vigorously implicated
In rectitude's resurrection
By putting up a gallant fight
For the condemnation of dreary crime
In our fearful world?

Are we going to let fading belief
Steadily degenerate our blazing ethics
And permit sinister infamy
Build its damnable empire of anarchy
In our mystic souls?

Or,
Are we going to work with ever-expanding zeal
To revive glittering morality
By sanctioning compassion and regenerate
Kind-heartedness and order
In our caliginous society?

Are we going to sacrifice the illustrious truth
On the wicked altar of self-interest
And endure the venomous lie, undisturbed,
To flourish in the midst of us?

Or,
Are we going to courageously strive
Against catastrophic falsehood
By allowing rapturous veracity thrive
And blossom within us?

Are we going to remain
Helpless preys of mischievous hatred,
And grand carnivorous war the permit
To destroy and devour
Life on eternal earth?

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Or,
Are we going to transform ourselves
 To charitable giants
And give birth to everlasting peace
 And ever-enduring love
For every fellow living being?

If your choice is the latter, my loving friend,
 Then, don't just murmur but roar!

Doing Good

“Tired I am”,
You told me the other day, my friend,
“For many good deeds I have been doing for so long,
For which I haven’t received any recognition. Why?”

Here is my reply to you, gentle friend of mine,
Written with the tenderness
Your kind heart has come to know so well.

Tell me:
Does the sun care to be appreciated
For the affection with which it embraces the earth
Or for the caresses its rays dispense so abundantly
To each mountaintop?

Does the cloud request a reward for the weight
It carries in its bosom
Or for the drops of rain that so kindly
Bestow onto the arid ground?

Does the earth seek payment from the seed
When it’s planted into its soil
Or for the fruits the trees distribute so bigheartedly,
To appease a multitude of rebellious stomachs?

Does the bee demand compensation
For pollinating the flowers
Or for producing its divine honey
That even the immortals enjoy so much?

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Does the wind ever insist on any fee
When it whispers through the leaves
Or for transmitting the murmur of brooks
And the melody of singing birds?

Shouldn't we, my loving friend, be inspired
By nature's unselfish examples,
And share our soul's wealth,
Expecting nothing in return
From our fellow humans?

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Alan

W.

Lankowski

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx

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

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

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

Accept Me As I Am

I never meant to take you for granted,
Because you're the best I've found,
I truly cherish every moment,
Of the times you are around.

But now and then we say and do,
Things we don't intend,
My actions were just misconstrued,
I never meant to offend.

We all regret from time to time,
Things we do and say,
I just wish I could turn back time,
And take your pain away.

You mean so much more to me,
Than my actions can ever show,
I would never intentionally hurt you,
This I want you to know.

Sometimes we hurt the ones we love most,
But that never was my plan,
I just hope you can forgive me,
And accept me as I am.

Let Me Be The One

When life hands you so much sorrow and pain,
And takes so much with little to gain,
You're like a train that somehow left the track,
Can we ever get the good times back?

Do you recall when the world was so new?
And there seemed no limit to what we could do,
Harking back to those simpler times,
Of children's books and nursery rhymes.

Can you remember those simple joys?
Childhood dreams and children's toys,
How did we ever lose our way?
Can we ever get back to that day?

Yet somehow those dreams all have faded,
Have we really become that jaded?
The only cure for lost love is a love that's new,
The only love that matters is a love that's true.

And here we are, two souls destined to meet,
Why should we ever accept defeat?
For us our lives have just begun,
We can do this together, let me be the one.

The Letter

I poured out every thought upon the page,
Filling it up with all the rage and anger,
That you have instilled inside me.
My pen literally quivered,
As I held it in my sweaty hand,
Yet the words flowed swiftly,
As venomous as any snake,
And almost as deadly.
As I poured the last of the wine into my glass,
I reviewed my handiwork.
Three pages of anger.
Three pages of hurt.
An expression of all you've done to me,
As best as I possibly could.
I carefully folded the letter,
And stuffed it in the envelope.
And with quivering pen,
I wrote out your address.
It was late, and I'd post it in the morning.
I went off to bed that night.
The next day I spent quietly around the house.
It was cold outside,
And it was warm by the fire.
In the afternoon,
I opened another bottle of wine.
I sat pensively for some time,
Just watching the flames dance
Upon the logs in the fireplace.
Amidst the crackling of the timbers,
I picked up the envelope.
I stare down at your name upon it.
I take another sip of wine,
And remove the letter.

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

As I begin to read it again,
I am reminded of everything you've ever done.
All the hurt you've caused,
To myself and my family,
Comes back again over three pages.
My blood starts to boil again,
And my palms start to sweat.
There is a damp thumbprint on the page,
And the edges of the letter are damp and frayed,
From holding it tightly in my hands.
I lean back in my chair.
I know I am not ready to forgive.
I don't know that I ever will be.
And God knows I will never forget.
In fact, I hope you rot in Hell,
And if I could deliver you there myself,
Lord knows, I would.
But, I can never stoop to your level.
I can never stoop to your level.
I sit for some time just watching the fire.
In a while, I pick up the letter,
And walk over to the fireplace.
I toss it upon the flames.
I sit back down and sip my wine.
And as I watch the letter burn,
The sparks crackling,
And the black soot fall upon the logs,
I know I can never stoop to your level,
But, there's a part of me that says to myself,
"God, I wish that letter were you."

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Anna
Jakubczak
vel
Ratty Adalan

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

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

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

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

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Rose of Jerycho

1.

Tell me why you cause that your life
becomes like a desert full of stones.
Why are you crying from the pain
instead of to shake down sand?
My sandy boy,
your tears never will fertilize the new way.

Chorus

Don't be afraid.
Do you remember that meeting,
She was little ruffle,
pretended that withered.
Pure Jerycho
carrying burden of the mask.

2.

Why do you fear for every step,
Being stronger than desert crystals.
My sandy boy
take your hat and listen
into the voice of Levant behind the horizon
that whispers about (un)known.

Chorus

Don't be afraid.
Do you remember that meeting,
She was little tousled,
feigned lovesick.
Pure Jerycho
carrying burden of mask.

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

3.

Even if doesn't rain,
find it in yourself.

Feel, how the old land crumbles underfoot.

Like Pure Jerycho... x2

Follow with the voice of Levant...

Chorus

Dont be afraid... (...)

Letters to S.

I didn't write to you for a long time.
Postoffice is striking of eternity,
and e-mail is like fast food
sopping by fat
without feelings.

Tell me, how are you?
What about Dan?
Are you still growing orchids?
Maybe did you cut your hair?
You always complained - *they are so long.*

Please, don't ask me, *how you feel?*
You already have in a drawer,
which is full of paper-routin of my letters.

Insatiable

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

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

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

They are We
lost in
our uncontrollable desires

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

William

J.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site
www.iamjustbill.com

Same Song

i watch my Sons become me
as my Father has sat and quietly watched
as i became as he is.

i am amusingly observing
my Daughters become their Mother

my Sisters are my Mother
and my Brothers and i are the same
. . . in most respects and aspects

my grandchildren are becoming
that of my Daughters
and soon my Sons

though the appearance may be askew,
the appearance is the same

same heart,
same soul,
same processes of thought,
why even some of the habits
are but faint reflections
of that of my Grandparents

others have noticed too
and commented . . .
“you are just like . . .”

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

there was a time
i rebuked this sentiment,
but in time,
time has taught me well . . .
that though the appearance may be askew,
the appearance is the same

the Song does not change,
it is the same Melody
seeking Harmony
in a world of darkness
where clarity
can only be found
in the composition

the orchestration is beautiful
when we follow the lead
of our great Conductor . . .
everyone plays their part . . .

it is the same song,
the same breath,
the same thought,
the same heart,
the same soul

The truth of love has no variances . . .
it is the Same Song !

The Music of Creation is always playing . . . listen.

Procreation is but a recreation of the Soul of Self !

Here's to Life

inspired by the Song "Here's to Life" as sung by Shirley Horn

<http://youtu.be/QOj1JryGj8A>

we stop along the end road
to pause and reflect
the many flowers we have picked
along the way

the time for wonder
what we have missed
has no importance
for we are too busy cherishing
that which we did feel,
that which we do hold on to.

Here's to Life

there are the children
and the early years
when we fell in love

there are the dreams we shared,
those that visited upon us
and those that knew us
and now still do,
but none can soil this shine of mine

i have looked to the Stars with you
hand and hand
and shared many a dream
desire
wants
visions

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

hopes
and i still feel their warmth

Here's to Life

there in my heart
the joys still resides
and i can not help but smile
for i am filled
with humble gratitudes
for the road behind,
the road ahead

Here's to Life
Here's to Love
Here's to You

moving on

i don't know where i am going
sometimes i move fast
sometimes slowly

is this all but a dream
where we remain in a stasis
seeking out new beginnings
found at the endings
moment by moment

what is the purpose of it all ?
where do all the spirits go
when their mission is satisfied
ratified,
and what is the ultimate destination

at times it would seem
much like a circus
that stays in my town
with merry-go-rounds
and clowns abound
to be found
where ever i look,
even if it is
in the mirrors
of my Past, Present and Future,
whatever that may be

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

i pretend to see,
but all that i look at
is perspectives conjured
from a seemingly nothingness
filled with messes
of my own and others doing
and doings

life at times
can be frustrating
and depressive
as we examine our regressive
self

has anything really changed
other than the projected colors
of the illusion ?

i am moving on

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January
2016
Features



Lana Joseph
Atom Cyrus Rush
Christena Williams

The Year of the Poet III ~ January 2016

Lana
Joseph

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016

Ms. Joseph is a prolific writer/Poetess who magnificently and eloquently captures her readers and audiences' innerspirit through her creative works. She challenges thought processes and ideologies tackling untruths of many diversified contents; to bring forth realities and truth in many areas of her collective works of art. Ms. Joseph's work of literary art is supple and poised. Yet, her creativity is ferocious and wisdoms are fierce.

Lana is a retired classroom English/ELA, Social Studies and Theatre Arts teacher. Her primary passions are theatre, writing and working with children. LJ has written more than 9 plays (all of them were produced), dozens of short stories, hundreds of poems and many other literary works of art. Lana has been writing most of her life. Yet, has only shared her literary scribes for approximately seven years.

According to LJ, she was deeply inspired and influenced by her beloved late mother. To date, her mother is the reason why she continues to share her creative gifts with the world. Also, Lana is inspired by the artistic gift of all prolific creative spirits that God has connected her with. She feels completely honored and humbled by the support and inspiration from her special close friends; whom she also considers her extended family.

Raven's Love Letter

ferociously I fasted
subjugatedly I released
blissfully I am saddened
reverently I am disrespected
comfortably I am discomforted

Empathy felt from souls blood
shed by lead from inhumane spirits
as bullets blast
decades of discourse regarding human life
such saddened souls shooting sifted shells
ammo targeted for those melanoid kings, princes, queens
and princesses

those malicious ones continue to lash out like kneading
tasteless dough
choosing to have no regard for human lives
leaving ebony bodies concrete cold
lying numb
loaded with accelerated slugs
and jubilant corpses lie like skeleton frames displayed for
Halloween spectators

Empathy felt from ancestry souls slayed
by antagonist expeditiously discharging artillery
As I peer out into the world from my view
all I can do is pray for those transitioned divine souls
their families and friends too
also, I pray for all of us
I yearn for the day when human beings will unite
under our Creator
One Nation under God...
For Liberty and Justice for ALL

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Truth Speaks...

Judgment Day will come for everyone
the Corrupt will have their day for sure

until then...

How many more young and old black men and women
must perish
by those who dwell behind the veil of righteousness?

ferociously I fasted
subjugatedly I released
blissfully I am saddened
reverently I am disrespected
comfortably I am discomforted

PS. You are beautiful Kings, Queens, Princes and
Princesses; spread your wings and fly...
morning, day and night; stand victoriously in His bold
light.

I Love You Everyone!
Please stay safe!

Blue Sliding Doors

Past pains leave ghost shadows lingering to plague the strong
admitting that I could no longer be strong was not an option...
I had my share of feeding egos all day long

At the head of the line, eager to welcome another vision...
there I was waiting to wear the crimson veil of another story
even then... I continued to give God the glory...

At what point does one stop spoon feeding the dead?
I always believed that soul busters only defecated on the willing... and I was not
Can a soul ever grow tired of eating lies filled with lead?

What possible gain can one achieve by staining arteries
with colorful dye?
Do they not realize that we too have seen the Matrix... and
choose to say NO to the Bull shyt?
I've been through Blue Sliding Doors and I came through
by truths eye

Those ghost shadows spilled blue black blood over me
I chose clarity over strength... for I had been strong for way
to long... no longer
that's when I knelt down on bended knees and cried out
master please

I was slipping to that place between dead and undead...
clarity is a good thing
I broke through the blue... my veins bled red again

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No longer did I need to house the enemy in my blind
bosom

I needed no more dead caucuses trying to steal what does
not belong to them
my angelic sacred inner voice... god within... reminded me
that I am His
and He is Alpha and Omega... those who show disdain is
not my beginning nor end

because I chose Him... and the inner god me... the war is
already a Win
because I chose to Exit the Blue Sliding Doors... I chose
Victory

I waved good-bye to my past... there's no need to look back
there's no need to always be strong to survive when you
have Him

Why?

Because all I need to do is keep stating Facts and tell the
truth!

~And So what! This is my life!

F@ck it to those who cannot understand me...
because they are too busy brewing negativity

Now It's cool... because I'm through
I said bye-bye to blue sliding doors.

LET GO

Past pain,
and poisonous words of disdain,
no longer plague me.

I survived the hellish treatment,
of evil trying to claim my soul.

I was awoken with new purpose,
and the opportunity to learn to let go.

Holding on...
was my way of keeping hope;
but, my eyes were shut
and my mind was closed.

I tasted the shattered fairy-tale,
that kept my life bound and choked;
while evil's disguise drew blood,
sonorously unprovoked.

Then, my chalice overflowed.
Clarity brought me out of despair,
and into the shadows of light.

Because of God's grace and mercy,
the whispering winds of His energy,
gave breaths of love for life's flight.

No longer did I carry a broken spirit,
no longer did I bleed fear.

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016

He held my heart in His hands,
and removed my invisible shield.

As my eyes were opening again,
everything became crystal clear;
the essence of my soul was His.

And

finally

I

Let Go.

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016

Atom

Cyrus

Rush

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016

Atom Rush has been writing and performing poetry for over twenty years. He is the author of two chapter books of poetry *Obscene: Letters to Moe* (1994) and *Trench Madness* (1999), both published by Sunflower Press. He has been published in several poetry journals including *At the Edge* magazine, *The Mercurial*, and *The Nadaphaliak*. Atom Rush has been performing his words live with music for the last fifteen years. He co-founded the coffeehouse *Brown Water* on Rider University, where he studied English Writing and Literature.

In 1999 he met musician Benoir while performing with the *Film Arts Revolution (FAR)* at *Wetlands NYC*, an experimental group that blended music and film. Atom Rush became interested in combining different art forms and continues today experimenting with poetry, music, film and art. He began performing in numerous places on the east coast including New York venues like *The Knitting Factory*, *Izzy Bar*, *Makor*, *Two Boots* and *Joe's Pub*. In Connecticut , *Gasball Festival*, *Hat City Ale House* and *Tuxedo Junction*

In 2015 Atom formed a spoken word tribe, *The atom Family* featuring *Brian MacCarry* on trumpet and *Jon Chapman* on guitar and pushing the boundaries of jazz poetry blues with improvised shows at *ABC no Rio* in New York City and *Billy Beans Café* and *A Common Ground* of Danbury CT.

Select poetry can be viewed online@
<https://atomsdontmatter.wordpress.com/2014/06/>

Select poetry with music can be heard@
<https://soundcloud.com/atom-rush>

Sober

Sober at midnight
with a half empty bottle of wine in hand
looking out of a window
at the vast dimensions of land
with my falling and rising eyes
full of pain and pleasure.
My body trapped in this smoke filled room
the scent of strawberry incense
covering the sweet perfume of marijuana
being smoked by the dramatic burnt out poets
in the corner of the dark coffeehouse.

Whispers in the night, as a man with a shaved head
stands fully erect, with a blank stare,
fire coming out of his mouth and eyes,
screaming his lyrics of social stability
and his broken poetry of the superior Aryan race.
A small regiment cheers him on
as many others fall silent, laughing to themselves,
and my mind wanders unaware of this place
out into the deserted countryside.

Through the farmhouses and barnyards,
through the haystacks and manure fields,
running with the windmills
air fast on my shoulder
invisible in the grass plains,
hiding in this shadow of a field
exposing my paper wings
and their false hope
to reveal the whispering voices
of tall endless forgotten trees in the distance

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016

Through the curving streams
and deep winding forest with its confusing paths,
running into empty staircases of hills and cliffs
where Roark lay silent and naked
cherishing the earth with a vision of himself,
and I look at my reflection in the murky swamps
hoping I am not alone...

Through the skies so blue and endless,
impossible to be clouded
with any other existence
but our own passion
Through the distant pools
made from eternal rains
made from the commotion
and motion of ocean,
an earth trembling with fear
Through open windows and tinted windshields,
this vision of obscure figures
hidden beyond our own immortal reigns
Through the air crisp and fresh,
tickling our flesh with sensation and rebirth,
calming our minds with patience and mirth,
and making us sleep
through all the thunder,
blinding us with flashes
of brilliance parading
in the dark outlines
of our own reflections.
I am not alone.

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016

Sober at midnight
no escape into the intoxication of nature,
the coffeehouse now bare
except for a few stranded vagabonds
drinking coffee and mumbling to themselves,
a girl sits on the stage,
a dark and hidden figure
speaking soft poetry that makes me sleep,
and my clutched hand will not release this empty bottle.

Secluded Beach

Willows whisper in the shade
of the absent moon
blackness becomes a beacon
to creatures of love and lust.

A candle melts lopsided
still glowing still glowing
bleakly.

Where the light vanishes into shadow
where the tide draws back into the ocean
where we leave particles
that the water forgets to sift .

With pain,
we hold regret
shattered antique pictures
of bashing bearded souls
eroding the shore with verse
venturing to speak when all else is quiet .

This beach of uncertainty
where Whitman meets his lover for a swim
where rosaries fall and drown in its undertow
where solitude creeps up on me
leaves me dissident.
Where poems strip the fruitful tree
and meet as piles of leaves
wet and deserted.

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Ah, but is Art so perfect?
Why must we demand the reader take notice?
To lie alone on a dark plain
reciting these words
to a throbbing earth
with more heart
then the creatures have to hear,
such distant cries and howls
fading in the west.

Very Little Sun

These days, things
accumulate like weather
moments will freeze
in slow train motion
the flash rivers we endure.

These days, things
when you see hear listen
if you're vacant
to a smoked death
trapped, antique attic
a worn circuit.

This daze
has very little sun
the insincerity
of timely sun rays
flattened by the trees.

These days, things
have no meaning just memory
devoted to wandering
exhausted in wondering
the path you remember
or need to discover.

These days, things
are seen with much disguise
seasons forget one another
we see the acceleration
of erosion in every
fall and rise
or need to realize.

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016

This daze
has very little sun
the insincerity
of timely sun rays
flattened by the trees.

These days, things
dissolve seized remnants
dreams will sleep
in edged disturbance
rotating haze in inferior machine
the mindless voice we disband.

These days, things
when you feel, know
the reasons
in uncontrollable sadness
mechanical world
a torn devotion.

This daze
has very little sun
the insincerity
of timely sun rays
flattened by the trees.

*Christena
Williams*

The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ January 2016

Jamaican Christena AV Williams is an aspiring historian, however she is a renowned poet and Author of Pearls among Stones.

She dabbles in philosophy and history. Christena began Writing at age ten, and ten years later published her first Collection of poetry. This eventually earned her one of the most prestigious awards ever given to youths in Jamaica, The Prime Ministers National Youth Awards for excellence in Arts and Culture. Christena is a phenomenal gift and feels she is destined and determined to share her words with the hearts of humanity. She is committed to write for the hopeless and share Wisdom from which God speaks through her, while spilling Ink on paper.

Christena hopes to inspire other individuals especially her Generation to believe and achieve their dreams. She hopes One day to have her own publishing company. One of her greatest visions is for Jamaica and Jamaicans to return to place of paradise. The poet greatest Inspiration is her Mother. Her Father left her when she was One year old as she reflects on her Mother a strong black woman of whom she loves and emulates worked very hard that she may know the importance of perseverance, love, dedication, Hard work and that dreams are not impossible however Possible to attain.

Web links-

www.facebook.com/worldclasspoet

www.youtube.com/watch?v=FsJZfVggiWU

Beauty pageants

There are no rules for my kind

They are no criteria we must satisfy

Our beauty is undefined by mystic eyes

What is our prize it is the element of surprise

There can never be identical by personality

We have no similar body mass or size

What I like is so different from you

I like pink and you like blue

Of course, we are not oblige

To enter such a false parade

Unique we are and what each possess

No one else can be comparing.

I am a Woman

No doubt that I am a woman
Yes, woman, it is in the way I speak
To my interaction,
Biological identification reinforced by socialization.
I am a woman
So strong in mind and action of whom there is no limitation
To what I can achieve
The capabilities to work in home and beyond and still be a
woman
A woman; eccentric, dimensional and versatile
Why is that you attempt suffocation and indoctrinations of
old
Traditions with no positive intentions
My purpose ordained by God is not to be interfered
Is it that my inner strength as you are scared and frightened?
Is it I being a woman of versatility
Mother, sister, daughter, grandmother, lawyer and all in
one
Have you flustered?
I have ambition to do so much and more
Do not get me wrong
A woman can do whatever she wishes
However, a woman should never abandon her
responsibilities
A woman should remain true to herself
I send greetings to a true empress
I tell them to contest traditions and ideologies
Of false indoctrinations and perceptions about women
We are here to break down that barrier and embrace being a
woman.

Why do I offend you?

Ladies say they do not like how I dress
They say whom am I trying to impress
They do not like my raggy hair
Wear it in cornrows and one
Wear baggy jeans
Why do I offend you?
They do not like my portrayal
They say my swagger not feminine
They concern about my cute rude boy look
I got them up in the nights crazy
They logics as to why a cute boy approaches me
He brightens up my dark street
Drives them insane when he takes me off my feet
Makes me feel like a true empress
They do not understand why I should be adore
What about me gets men draw dropping
Ladies it is I
My smile
Laughter
Scream
Personality
The ability to transcend me beyond clothing lines
They yearn to search me, as I am a teaser
The hidden secret of my curves
This mystery puzzles their desires
It rides their egos
Challenges their sexual vision
They desire to possess me like the
Sexy car

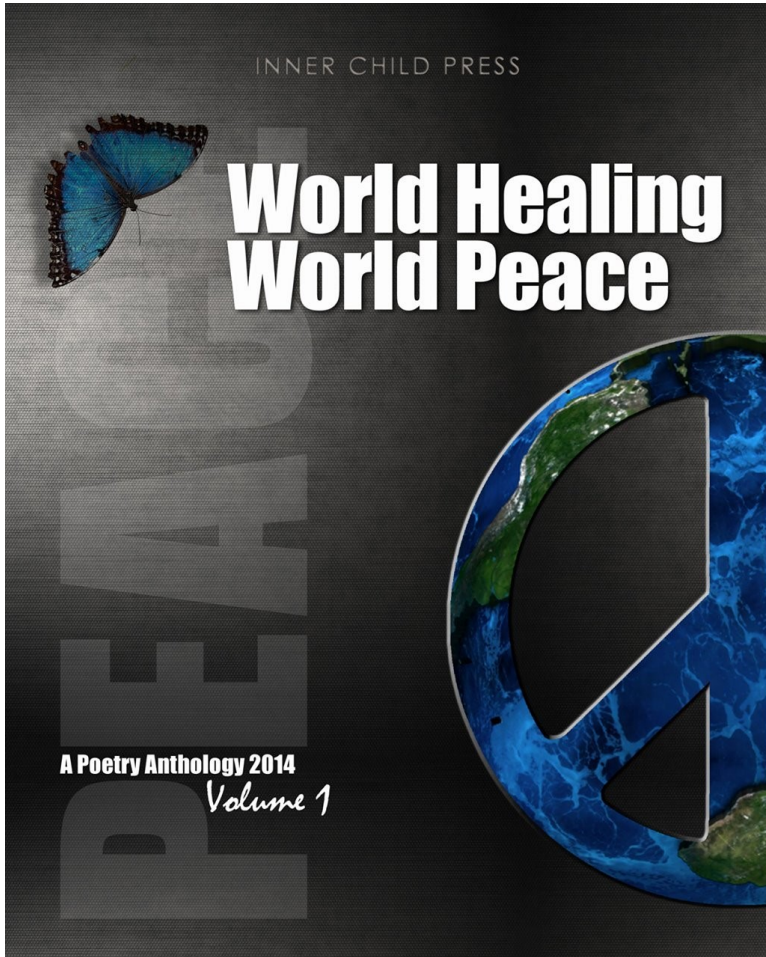
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They want to love me not by virtue of clothes
But by my heart, mind, soul and body
Why anything about me should offends you
I am a woman
Yes woman who is confident in self
So much that I am not fearful to be different
Not afraid to wear sexy in an unusual style
I can wear any swagger and make it stick
That is just me
I am bold
I am black and I am hot
It was never for you to be attracted to me
However, why I offend you?

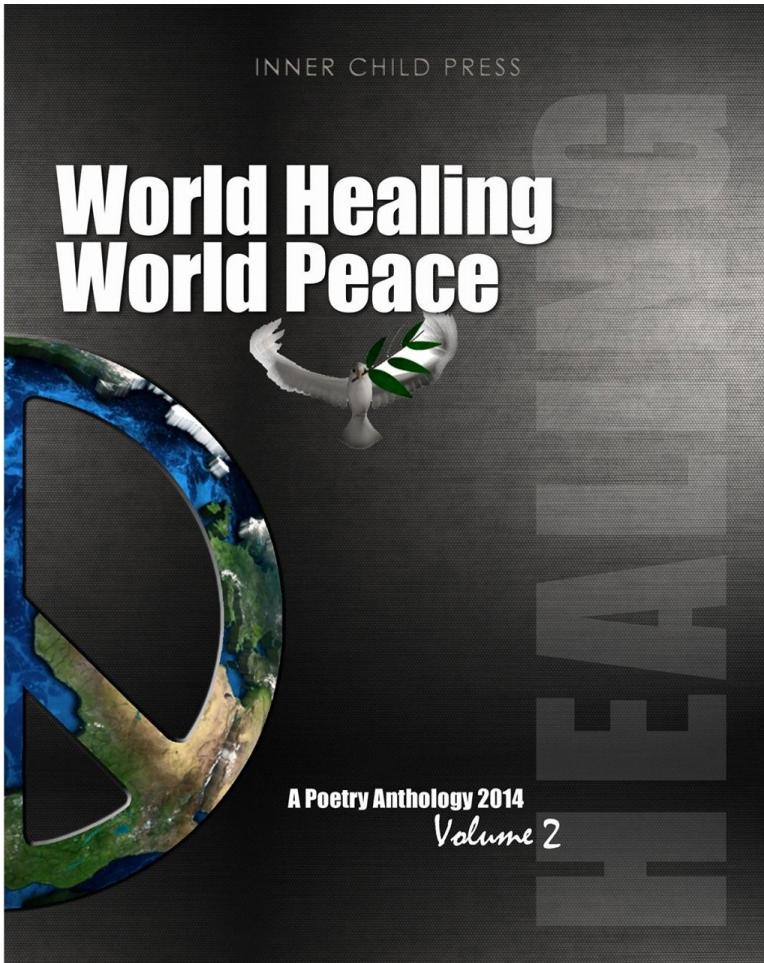
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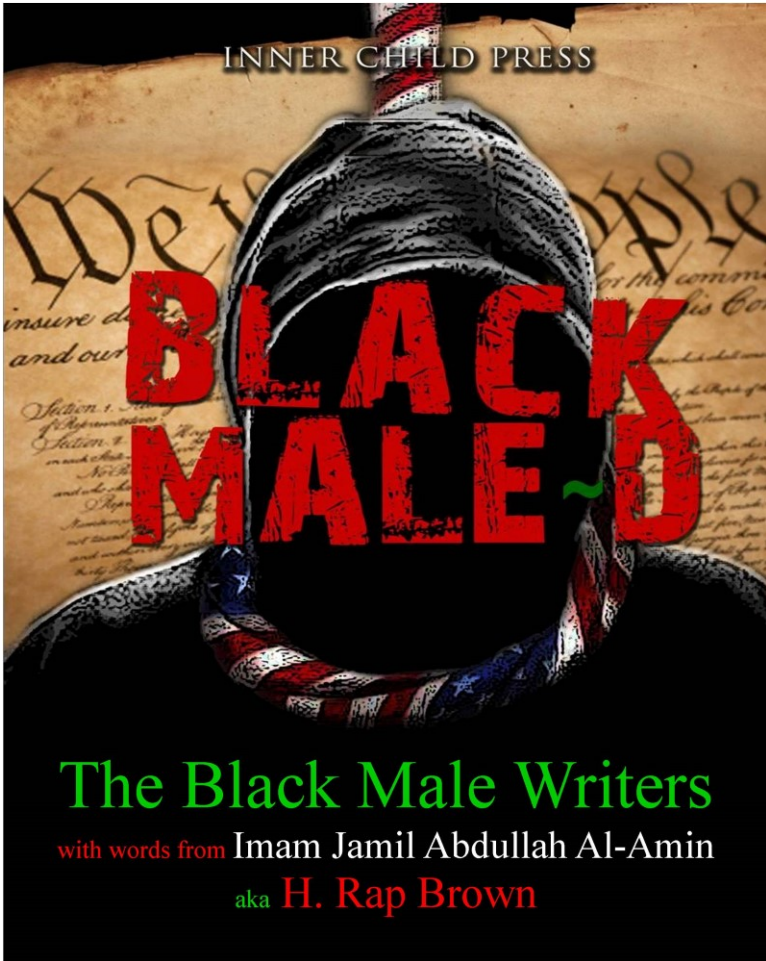
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Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

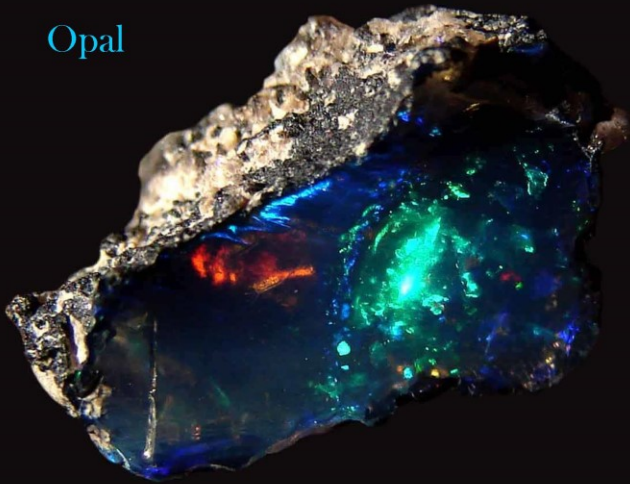
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

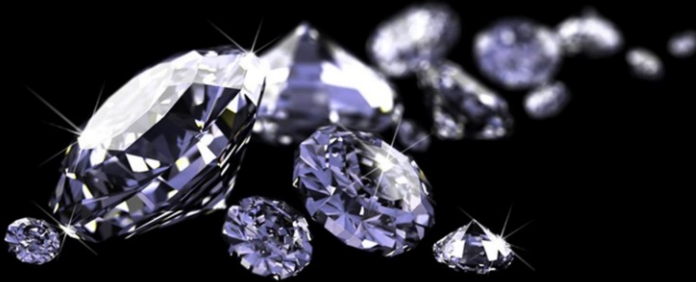
The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passé

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus
Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Passe

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hulya yilmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

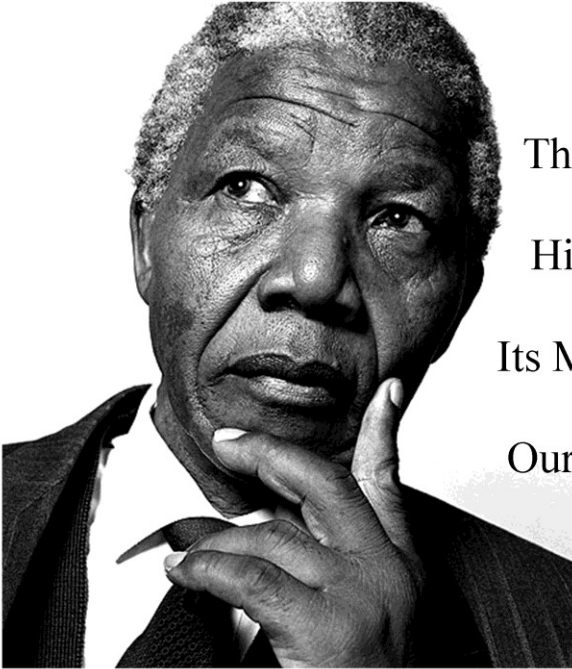
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Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

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A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

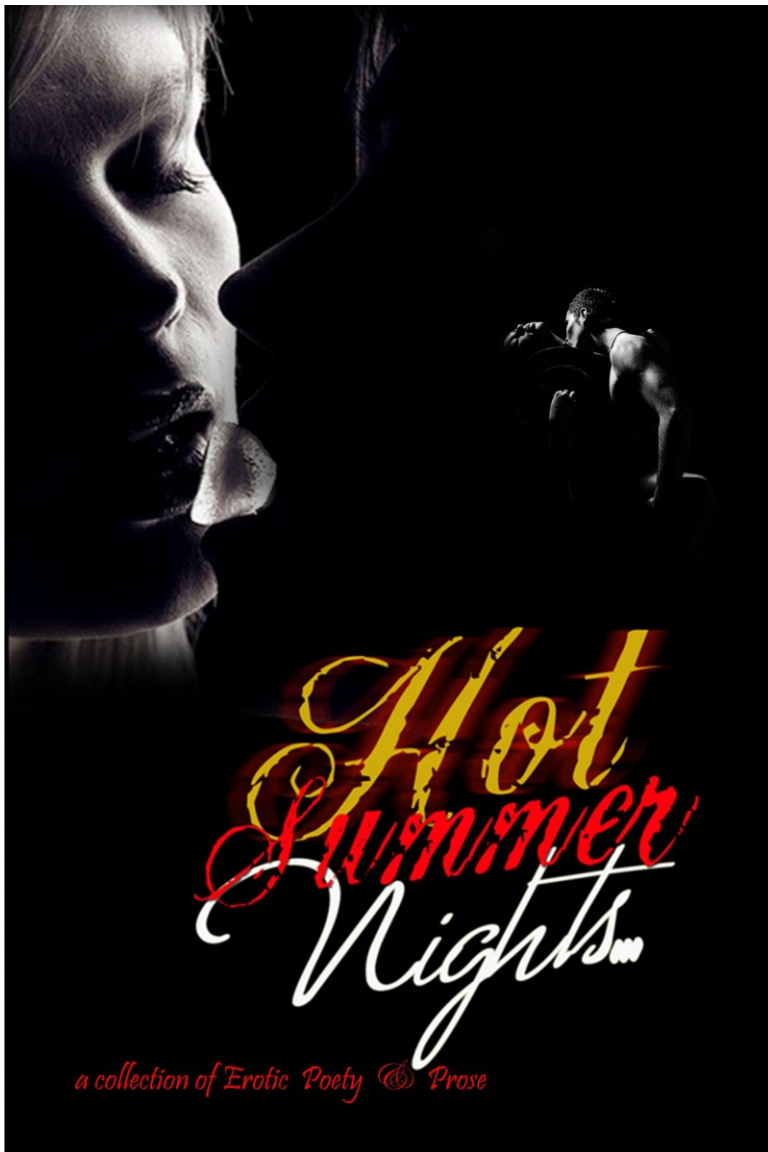
Volume 2

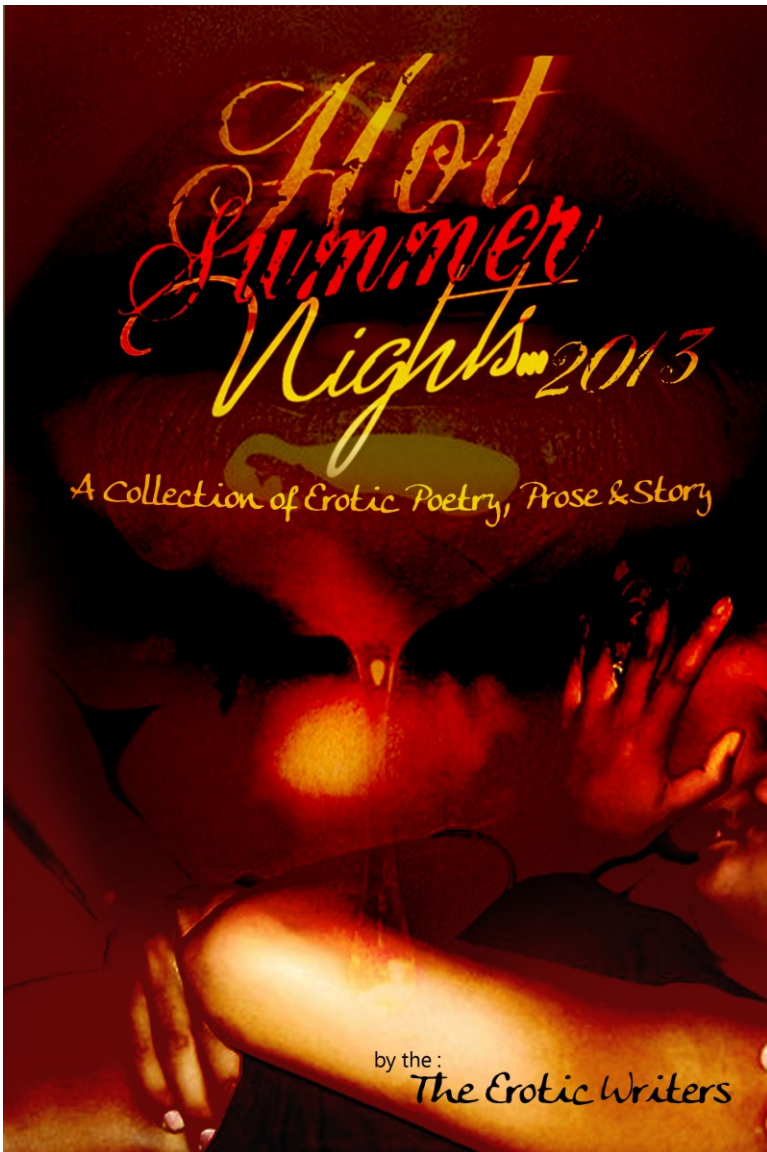
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healing through words



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



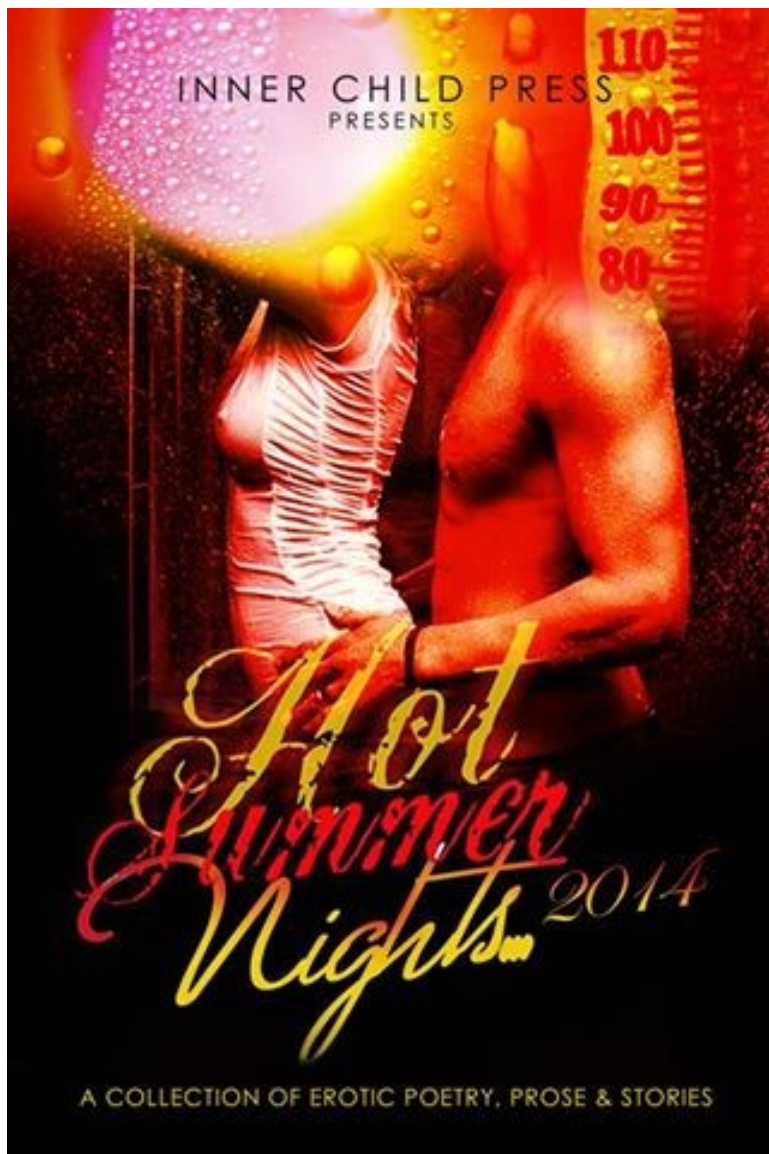


*Hot
Summer
Nights 2013*

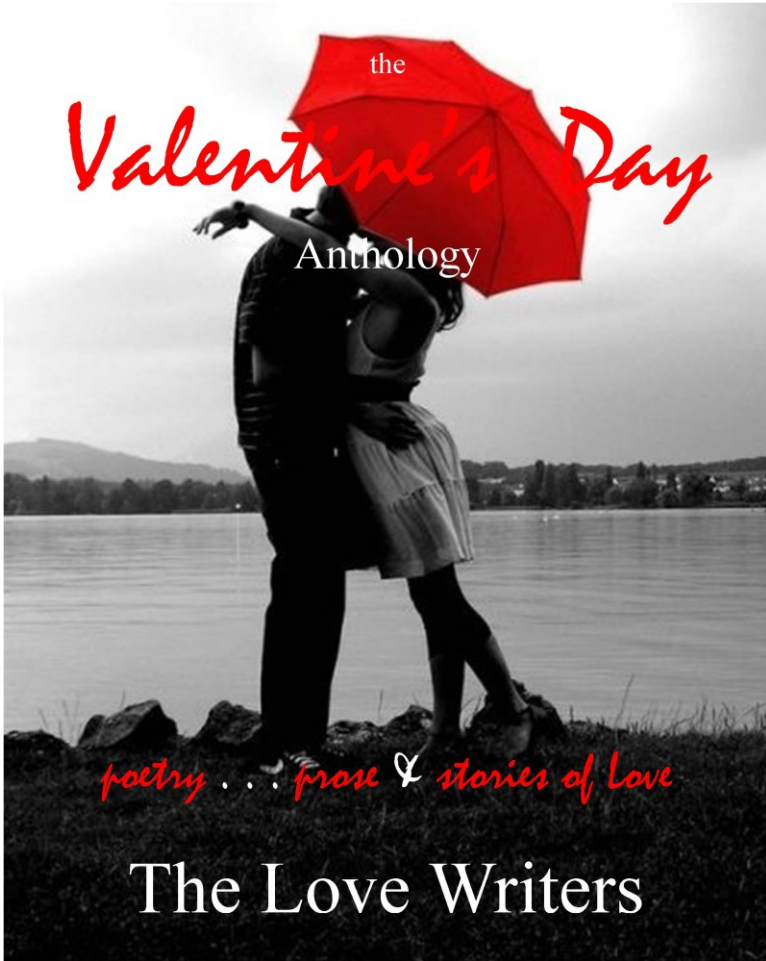
A Collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Story

by the:
The Erotic Writers

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want my

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to . . .

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

Monte Smith

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

Monte Smith



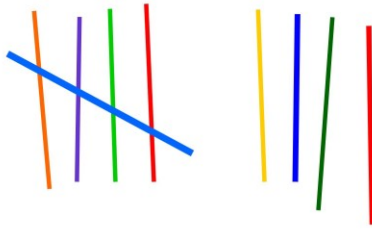
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to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse 2016



January 2016 ~ Featured Poets



**Lana
Joseph**



**Atom
Cyrus
Rush**



**Christena
Williams**



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