

The Year of the Poet V

January 2018

Featured Poets

Iyad Shamasnah

Yasmeen Hamzeh

Ali Abdolrezaei

Aksum



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Tezmin Ition Tsai
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan
Alicja Maria Kuberska * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet IV January 2018 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2018

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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

to effectuate change!



*In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and the Light appeared
and I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

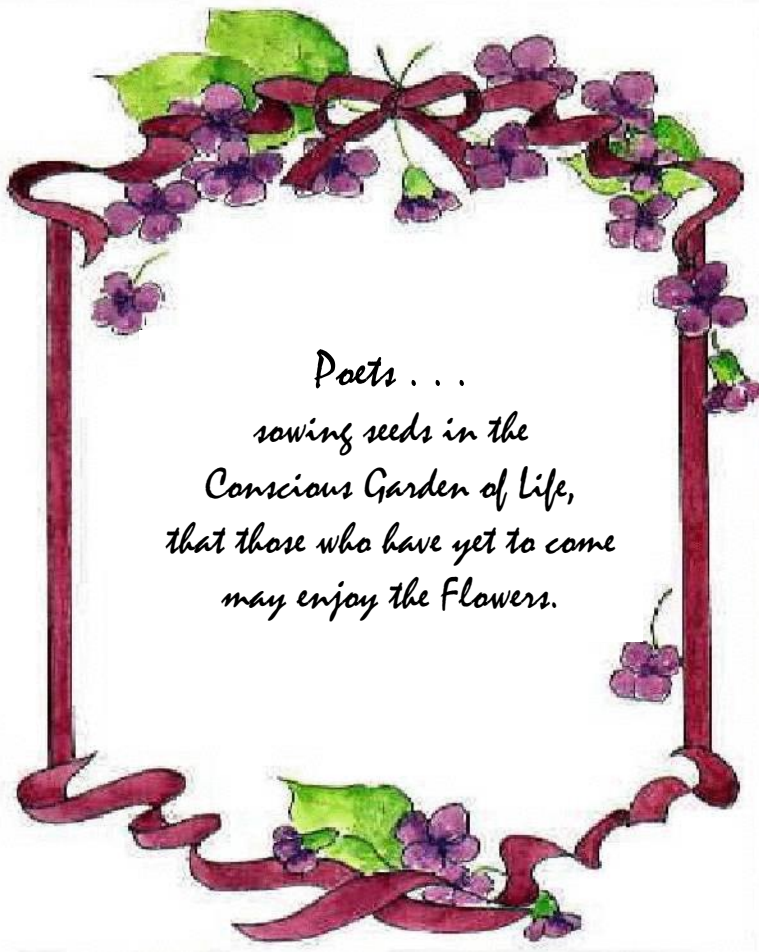
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

Foreword

Salaøm is the word for peace in Ge'ez, the ancient written language of the Aksum people who are the focus of this New Year's volume of *The Year of The Poet*. The Aksum may be unfamiliar to many readers and poets, yet they are one of the great civilizations begun so brightly, a counterpoint to the Greek and Roman worlds of the 1st century C.E. The Aksum forged a trading link between the Mediterranean and the Asiatic spheres. Aksum's rise to power began with international relationships and shifts in trade.

They are a now a "lost" civilization whose descendents are African Christians, Jews, and Muslims. It is an age old story of a people who couldn't get along with their neighbors, were overrun, and pushed out into isolation. This shift set in motion the decline of their civilization.

Before the common era the Aksum Queen of Sheba is said to have birthed a Solomonic dynasty that ruled Ethiopia into the modern era. In the 4th Century C.E., King Ezana declared Aksum an Orthodox Christian state and tried to find peace with the neighboring Arabs and the Jews from Aksum's Beta Israel who read scriptures and prayers in Ge'ez. And for a time, *salaøm* walked beside *shalom*. These ancient Semitic people are

the ancestors of some modern Ethiopians who moved to Israel in the 1970's.

Evidence of Aksum's greatness stands even today in the heart of ancient Ethiopia: monolithic obelisks, giant stelae, royal tombs, and ancient castles—proof of a powerful African state wedged between the Eastern Roman Empire and Persia. They commanded the ivory trade with Sudan and their fleets controlled much of the Red Sea trade. They probably thought they would always be great.

But the people couldn't find peace—*salaom*, *salaam*, *shalom*—in the neighborhood, couldn't find a way to co-exist and so around the 10th Century C.E. they ceased to exist—forgotten. A thousand years have passed and what have we learned of peace, international exchange and fair trade?

The poets of Inner Child Press and the Poetry Posse seek to share in poetic words our lives, our glories, and challenges, always looking for a way to learn and contribute to a peaceful coexistence with our neighbors so that we can continue to thrive alongside all who walk this earth today.

Kimberly Burnham. Ph.D.

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Am I excited ? That is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone entering our fifth year of publication, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast readership.

In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by theming our offerings after cultures of past and present. In each month's volume you will have the

opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you our readership.

In closing, we would like to thank you for being an integral part of our amazing journey.

Enjoy our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

Building Cultural Bridges

Bless Up

From our house to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse
Inner Child Press

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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The Year of the Poet**

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

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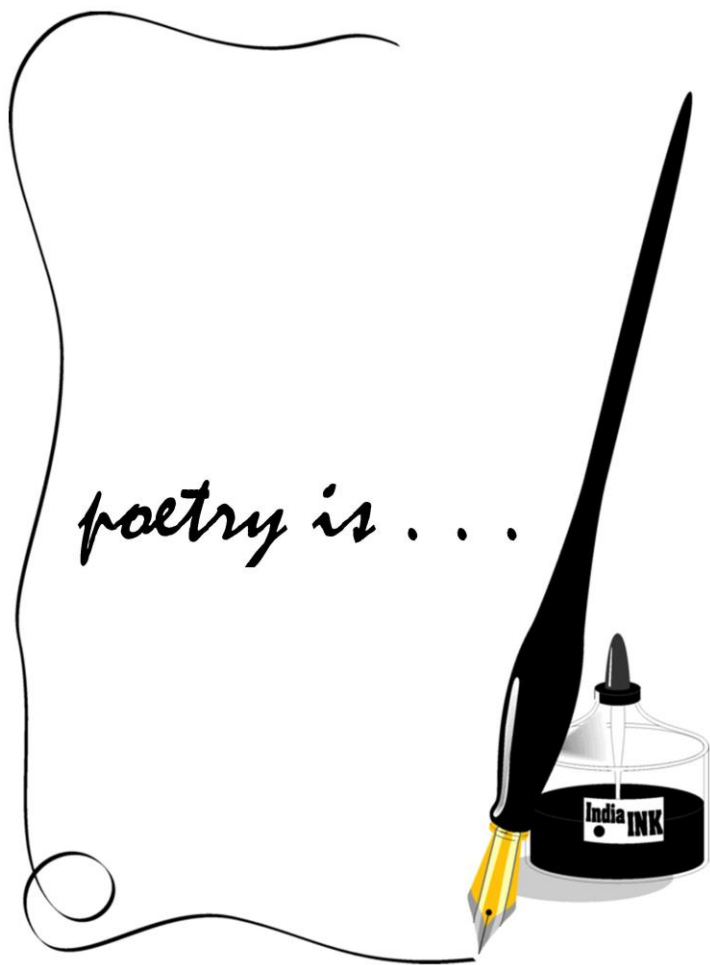
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp





Aksum

History

Origins

Largely on the basis of Carlo Conti Rossini's theories and prolific work on Ethiopian history, Aksum was previously thought to have been founded by Sabaeans, who spoke a language from the Semitic branch of the Afro-Asiatic family. Evidence suggests that Semitic-speaking Aksumites and semiticized Agaw peoples, who originally spoke other Afro-Asiatic languages from the family's Cushitic branch, had already established an independent civilisation in the territory before the arrival of the Sabaeans.



An Axumite jar spout

Scholars like Stuart Munro-Hay thus point to the existence of an older D'mt or Da'amot kingdom, which flourished in the area between the 10th and 5th centuries BC, prior to the proposed Sabaean migration of the 4th or 5th century BC. They also cite evidence indicating that the Sabaean settlers resided in the region for little more than a few decades.^[8] Furthermore, Ge'ez, the ancient Semitic language of Eritrea

and Ethiopia, is now known to have not derived from Sabaeans, and there is evidence of an Ethiopian Semitic-speaking presence in Eritrea and Ethiopia at least as early as 2000 BC.

Sabaeans influence is now thought to have been minor, limited to a few localities, and disappearing after a few decades or a century, perhaps representing a trading or military colony in some sort of symbiosis or military alliance with the civilization of D'mt or some proto-Aksumite state.^[8] Kitchen et al. (2009) argue that the Ethiosemitic languages were brought to the Ethiopian and Eritrean plateau from the Arabian peninsula around 2850 years ago, an introduction that Ehret (1988) suggests was associated with the establishment of some of the first local complex societies. This position is not widely supported by the academic community.

Over 95% of Aksum remains unexplored beneath the modern city and its surrounding area.

Empire



Axumite Menhir in Balaw Kalaw (Metera) near Senafe

The Kingdom of Aksum was a trading empire centered in Eritrea and northern Ethiopia. It existed from approximately 100–940 AD, growing from the proto-Aksumite Iron Age period c. 4th century BC to achieve prominence by the 1st century AD.

According to the *Book of Aksum*, Aksum's first capital, Mazaber, was built by Itiyopis, son of Cush. The capital was later moved to Aksum in northern Ethiopia. The Kingdom used the name "Ethiopia" as early as the 4th century.

The Empire of Aksum at its height at times extended across most of present-day Eritrea, Ethiopia, Somalia, Djibouti, Sudan, Egypt, Yemen and Saudi Arabia. The capital city of the empire was Aksum, now in northern Ethiopia. Today a smaller community, the city of Aksum was once a bustling metropolis, cultural and economic center. Two hills and two streams lie on the east and west expanses of the city; perhaps providing the initial impetus for settling this area. Along the hills and plain outside the city, the Aksumites had cemeteries with elaborate grave stones called stelae, or obelisks. Other important cities included Yeha, Hawulti-Melazo, Matara, Adulis, and Qohaito, the last three of which are now in Eritrea. By the reign of Endubis in the late 3rd century, it had begun minting its own currency and was named by Mani as one of the four great powers of his time along with Persia, Rome, and China. The Aksumite Kingdom adopted Christianity as its state religion in 325 or 328 under King Ezana, and was the first state ever to use the image of the cross on its coins.

Around 520, the King Kaleb sent an expedition to Yemen against the Jewish Himyarite King Dhu Nuwas, who was persecuting the Christian/Aksumite community in his kingdom. Dhu Nuwas was deposed and killed and Kaleb appointed a Christian Himyarite, Sumuafa Ashawa (Esimiphaios), as his viceroy. However, around 525 this viceroy was deposed by the Aksumite general Abreha with

support of Ethiopians who had settled in Yemen, and withheld tribute to Kaleb. When Kaleb sent another expedition against Abreha this force defected, killing their commander, and joining Abreha. Another expedition sent against them was defeated, leaving Yemen under Abreha's rule, where he continued to promote the Christian faith until his death, not long after which Yemen was conquered by the Persians. According to Munro-Hay these wars may have been Aksum's swan-song as a great power, with an overall weakening of Aksumite authority and over-expenditure in money and manpower. According to Ethiopian traditions, Kaleb eventually abdicated and retired to a monastery. It is also possible that Ethiopia was affected by the Plague of Justinian around this time.



The Ezana Stone records negus Ezana's conversion to Christianity and his subjugation of various neighboring peoples, including Meroë.

Aksum remained a strong, though weakened, empire and trading power until the rise of Islam in the 7th century.

However, unlike the relations between the Islamic powers and Christian Europe, Aksum (see Sahama), which provided shelter to Muhammad's early followers around 615, was on good terms with its Islamic neighbors. Nevertheless, as early as 640, Umar ibn al-Khattāb sent a naval expedition against Adulis under Alkama bin Mujazziz, but it was eventually defeated. Aksumite naval power also declined throughout the period, though in 702 Aksumite pirates were able to invade the Hejaz and occupy Jeddah. In retaliation, however, Sulayman ibn Abd al-Malik was able to take the Dahlak Archipelago from Aksum, which became Muslim from that point on, though it later recovered in the 9th century and became a vassal to the Emperor of Ethiopia.

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

A Wreckless Life

Even I and I
Will rise from these tears you shed
To continue on my journey
It is said that when you become real
When you finally become someone's treasure
That's when your corners become ragged
And your seams begin to unravel from living
It is here in this place
It is here under this sun
Under you my sons and daughters
That I have completed this circle
In becoming the most precious treasure of your life
And with so much life moving
I move to abundancy as I always have
You and you have need of me
I give with a cheerful heart
So that you may find faith and inspiration
Within your selves
Within your true self
And thus, my legacy continues

Not So Simple

My hands have become yours
When we join them
I am forced to reconsider
Why they have been empty
For so long, yours and mine
And maybe it was for the waiting
A learning of who we really are
Although I sometimes slide back
Into thinking that I am free
Of entanglements that cannot be managed
And then the morning brings you
To reset my heart into the longing
That spits electric blues
Across a marooned skiff
The dawn mists shimmers
Into the sweet droplets that form
Behind bended knee
It is in this moment that
The sounds of brand newness
Permeates the ether
And I am bound to you, only
Even in my busy moments
I marvel at the memories
That became veils around
The tips of our fingers
Intertwined
As you rest your pulse
Against the one as
I look for something to stand on
That will bring me

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To the level that I can place
My heartbeat beside yours
So it is when you lean down
To meet me
That I know I matter to you
That I am seen for who I am
And that is okay with you
I marvel at our hands
And the threaded opportunities
The balance of chances sway
To this moment
And my hands become yours
When your palm meets mine

Song of Solomon

3:1-3

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?

Why did you hide from me
I beseeched you earnestly
In city streets and
Lanes paved wide
Across heaven's horizons
I sought your face
My soul longed for you
Every watchman watched
But none could help me
Find you who I desired
Above the touch of strangers
That I will always shun
By night I dreamed
Of your sweet voice
Calling out to me
Calling me from evensong
In the quietest hour
Twixt now and then
Though in all faith
I prayed without ceasing
I fasted on my knees
I called you by name
But you answered not
Your essence still lingers

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Around every memory
Those that keep count
Of us who are alone
Cannot erase the stain of tears
As there is no grace
Sufficient to make an art
Of being one forbidden love

Dear Death

you gifted to me life
as in your purpose
the space was allowed
and we relearned to love each other
with our words and our words
we wrapped our tired hearts
around the other's mouths
and flooded the world with our goodness
we did not expect you
although we should have
for you are the culmination
of the wearing out of the body
and the residual of dreams linger
at the edges of every morning
and we don't say it enough
we push and tug against you
because we want so much more
but the trick of this life is this
intentional grace
that sometimes fail
in the falling and telling of every moment
as we turn our faces to the sun
to eat the nourishment
that each new day brings or
we lie still so that our legacy
will nourish those we have left
with the sweetness of memories
i do not fear you, dear death
i am only apprehensive about

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not finishing all that i think i need to
and in that worry i send forth good
so when this life is over
i want someone in a faraway land
to bask in my given love
and i will tiredly lie in your arms

*Alicja
Maria
Kuberska*

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland. In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: “The Glass Reality”. Her second volume “Analysis of Feelings”, was published in 2012. The third collection “Moments” was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - “Virtual roses” and volume of poems “On the border of dream”. Next year her volume entitled “Girl in the Mirror” was published in the UK and “Love me” , “ (Not)my poem” in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled “The Other Side of the Screen”.

In 2016 she edited two volumes: “Taste of Love” (USA), “Thief of Dreams” (Poland) and international anthology entitled “ Love is like Air” (USA). In 2017 she published volume entitled “View from the window” (Poland). She also edits series of anthologies entitled “Metaphor of Contemporary” (Poland)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, the USA, the UK, Albania, Belgium, Chile, Spain, Israel, Canada, India, Italy, Uzbekistan, Czech Republic, South Korea and Australia. She was a featured poet of New Mirage Journal (USA) in the summer of 2011.

Alicja Kuberska is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors’ board of Soflay Literature Foundation.

Rainy sonata

Sudden gusts of wind
Tap rhythmically upon the window
Raindrops jangle on the glass.
Downpour composes a sonata.

It records transparent notes
On the invisible staves.
Single sounds join together
to create the thundering chords.

Cold drops vibrate in music,
Antarctic glaciers crumble,
hot springs geysers steam,
river flow down rhythm Allegro

Water, as the Eternal Wanderer,
will never know peace.
It will continue roaming
between steam and ice.

Yesterday it was the ocean.
Today it is the lake.
Tomorrow it will be a tear

Conversion

It is a pity that I cannot buy a new soul.
In supermarkets, there are no special offers
- New Soul! On sale!

The old one is dysfunctional.

It is much easier to have a simple vision of the world.
Keep your feet on the ground and don't have dreams.

Being greedy protects the heart.
Life has a physical dimension. Ideals hurt.

Gain a prominent place in the rat race,
Dispose of sentiments, tears.

My soul is able to forgive.
It cannot learn to trust again.

It says it does not enter the same river twice.
Unreasonable? Perhaps. -

It does not listen to reason.
It pulls away from people

Spring over the lake

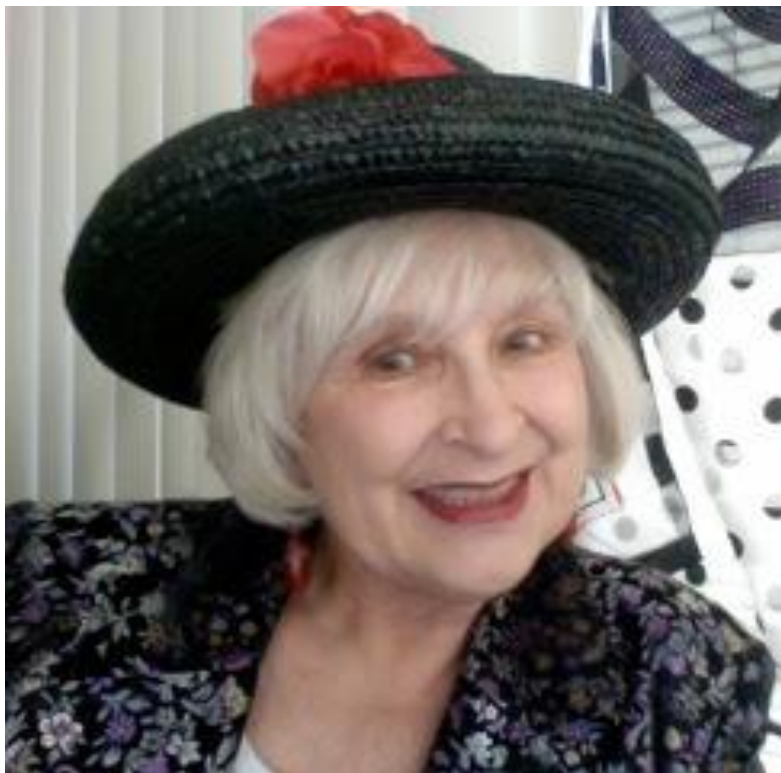
The sun strokes the black furrows
of ploughed fields with warmer and longer rays
The soil bulges with greenness and fecundity
Spring flows from the depths of the lake
and releases it from a dream of winter white
The ice flows shutters, opening to water.
The willows lean over the plate of the lake.
They comb and braid their hair with the wind.
The trees look at the world mirrored in water.
The wild geese come from far away
The long calipers on the sky pave the way
to their nests hidden in the reeds
Buds open up and first flowers bloom.
The waves of the lake hum a song about new life,
The mystery of rebirth begins

Lackie

Davis

Allen

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The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. 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 and graduate from college. Her siblings, in their own right, are accomplished, though she is the only one, to date, that has discovered the gift of writing.

Graduating from Radford University, with a Bachelors of Science degree in Early Education, she taught in both public and private schools. For over a decade she taught private art classes to children both in her home and at a local Art and Framing Shop where she also sold her original soft sculptured Victorian dolls and original christening gowns.

She resides in northern Virginia with her husband, taking much needed get-aways to their mountain home near the Blue Ridge Mountains, a place that evokes memories of days spent growing up in the Appalachian Mountains.

A lover of hats, she has worn many. Following 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, always, with books, seeking to learn more.

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art*, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jackie-davis-allen.php>
jackiedavisallen.com

A Christmas Tree's Lament

Once I grew in lonely meadow far
Waiting for maturity to grow my youth
Until, one day I was chosen to be the one

Severed, bundled up and tied
And tossed into
The back of a pickup truck

Now deposited amongst the others
I wait again, enduring the comments
No one likes to hear: too tall, too fat

Too skinny, not tall enough
Until I hear,
That's the one

As I am nourished and adorned
My brilliance fills the darkened corners
With raiment both old and new

Recalling treasured memories past
Welcoming the new, I now stand proudly
Accepting all compliments

The anticipated day arrives
Either midnight or sunrise
As the focus shines more brightly

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At what's beneath, ripped and torn
Shouts of joy and looks forlorn
I am reminded that I am about to die

My arms how they droop
Like branches they swoop down by my side
As needles prick and glide

To where anticipated joys no longer reside
My time is over, my sap is spent
Now I await recycling's intent

I rise from lonely meadow, elevated
Above all the others, thrilled
To have been chosen, selected

As the best of all, but now I am
Once again, undressed and tied up, returning
To the earth in the back of a pickup truck

Rendering Homage to Aksum

O ancient Aksum, I weep for the little history
Of yours that we have at our disposal,
And for the dearth of artifacts unearthed.

I understand you once were ruled by wealthy kings.

And yet you converted to Christianity.
Did others hold onto to their Jewish beliefs,
And others to the Islamic faith?

Gold and silver, fragrant spices, sea shells, and ivory:
These you traded with the Greeks, Egyptians, Romans,
And with those dwelling in India and Persia.

Your coinage was mined from silver and gold.

Symbols of grain marked your early coins and following
Your conversion, the symbol of the cross. Some of what
We know of your culture comes from these coins.

In the 7th century, O Aksum, you began your decline.

Your weather, the land, and later, devastating floods
Depleted your soil. Your crops failed to thrive. And,
The cultures in the region began to trade with others.

And so, today we see you, O Aksum, as a rural land.

You reside in northern Ethiopia where pilgrimages
Are made to experience the land where Christianity
Was first introduced to sub-Saharan Africa.

A 1700 year old obelisk remains as a mute witness.

Reflection

The day is silent and quiet as is the white sheet of ice.
The streets are paved with a glaze; some weary souls
Just now returning home from yesterday's work.

An inch and a half, or less, brought the entire area
To its knees. Literally speaking, not poetically,
Cars were bumper to bumper, some roads closed.

Today schools are closed or open on two hour delay;
It is as if we are all waiting for the blizzard's onslaught
The weather-man predicts it is definitely coming our way.

My better half left this morning at half past four, the better
To get to work in DC ahead of traffic. And yet the usual
Hogs, dweebs who create hazards for one and all,

Late or early, it matters not, choose to take
Not only their own lives in their hands, but also
Those of others in selfish efforts to save a minute.

As for me and my house, we await the coming
Storm of two feet or more, or perhaps a little less.
The pantry is full, and the house filled with aromas

Of cajun stew, corn bread and the chocolate chip
And walnut brownies that I made in anticipation
Of, perhaps, God forbid, the electric power going out.

It is a time of anxiety for all, especially for the homeless
And for those without. And yet I'm told, there are places
For them to shelter in safety. I pray they are aware, safe.

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Tzemín

Stion

Tsai

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



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Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Tzemin Ition Tsai Taiwan, Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is an associate professor at the Asia University (Taiwan), editor of “Reading, Writing and Teaching” academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member.

He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 40 countries and have been translated into more than a dozen languages.

Meditate in the foothills of Adwa

Rode on the wings of time
Thoughts over the barriers caused by that distance
Listen to the whistling mountain breeze call on the plateau
The story of more than 1300 years old told me
The battle began with Religious conversion
Churches and blockhouses were excavated on top of the
mountain
Apparently stand like a phantom on sinister land

The Red Sea did not block me
Forge an alliance with the Roman Empire
"Gate of Tears" the Mandab Strait
In addition to connecting the Gulf of Aden
It also connects my faith in Jesus Christ
Ignore the sinister terrain and muddy rocks of the fairway
Shouting bursts of lion-like roars

Sighs from across the coast of Alexandria
Under the Arabian self-assertion
Time and space
Echoed the reality of the international arena
When Ge'ez and Obelisk are combined into World Heritage
Should I categorically accept?
Tombstone and the death of history

Who Melted The Transparent Pearl?

The eyes are so clear, like sea water
Tears can not contain any slight pollution
In addition to the mournful cold, where to find any reason
Obscure my bare soul. The longest learning is not
How to cut loose the buttons gracefully? Instead it is
How to see through where the innocence does live in the
heart?

When I was in childhood
I was often riding on my father's solid shoulder
Breeze blowing again and again
My mother's smile always accompanying my side
Dandelion drifted away from the front one by one
Recalled that happiness, never turn back

On the way that was blocked by Russian Caragana
A few Tringa Ochropus us playing in the water
Those sounds are natural and sharp
That naivety look slightly overshadowed the blush
The cold water penetrates my feet
My dad's gun which was always slanting on back was no
longer smoking
Blue blood pattern full of the backs of his hands
Warriors are all frightened in the eyes of everything

I desperately grab the crowded boat
The sea of the Mediterranean is so blue and vast
Under the pungent smell of rust is the raging sea
Beyond the pale ankle

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Distant gunfire did not know when to stop
Nobody knows if we can come back again
Mom who is no longer young did not keep up
When climbed on the tall raised deck
Let me saw so clearly
Her last tear, like a transparent pearl, falling straight into
the sea

Dandelion

Issues! Issues!

Basilica of the wind blowing again

Not because noon is near

The voice gradually disappears

Dandelion petals flying

Flying over those clenched fists

Look forward to

opening the palms of your hands

Start counting numbers

Yes

Let the numbers replace the protests of the noise

From the initial point of democracy

Fragile grid paper

Clasped in the hands of each voter

Dandelions fluttering

The petals fly over the fists

Everyone looks up

cheers

With their second hand

Casts a sacred one vote

Simultaneously

Dandelion floats on the roof

Count! Count!

Wind returns to the hills with a tired

Lays down on the turf

Dandelion forgot to follow

She stayed in the palace of democracy

Waiting for billing results

She started

Singing loudly

The voice spread over the valley

Disturbed the birds, the wind and the trees

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

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>

reflect..,

on the land of Aksum better known as Abyssinia,
Ethiopia to more than some
was a thriving East African kingdom
in fact, an Empire
encompassed Somalia, Sudan, Egypt, etc.
crossed the Red Sea to Arabia, Yemen
100AD to 960AD,860 years
in the seventh century they had a king named Najashi
who welcomed Muslim refugees fleeing pagan hegemony,
persecution, rejecting Quraysh* multi gods institution
for the one and only who's worthy of worship
rejecting making associates, sonships, kinships
Prophet Muhammad(saw)# said they are friendly, just folk
and indeed, it came to be a reality
even when Quraysh envoys came, bearing gifts
to the king seeking to extradite, seize
those same refugees
one envoy Amr ibn al -As(ra)** tried to make a case
against
them including Ja'far ibn Abi Talib(ra) their spokesman
Amr claimed he aimed to defame Isa(Jesus) ibn
Maryum(aws)***
King Najashi(ra) summoned him to address what was
alleged
to which Ja'far the leader of the Muslims in Aksum recited
a passage
from Qur'an about Jesus(aws): "he is the servant of Allah
and his apostle
and His Spirit and His word which he cast into Mary the
blessed virgin"

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(Qur'an 4:171).

Najashi(ra) agreed and decreed they will stay and you leave
rejecting their gifts declared the Muslims are free, safe in
this place

some say later he embraced Islam and when he passed on
was remembered with prayers on his behalf

for mercy to be bestowed on his beautiful soul

learn from his example as a sample how to receive refugees
in need

and from the history of the African dynasties across the
seas.

food4thought = education

*Quraysh = Dominant tribe in Makkah that persecuted the
Muslims

#(saw) = Peace and blessing be upon him

**(ra) = mercy be upon him/her/them

*** (aws) = peace and blessings be upon him/her

concerning..,

the beast of north, south, west, east
and the lies dem teach to breach spiritual, moral,
creator consciousness...

==> fast forward ==> ditto: Crabs in the barrel
manifest reality of success of that experiment...
and we're left with tired rhetoric from no substance,
crooked poverty pimps so called leaders laughing
all the way to the bank while they leave the people
with a broken record of slogans designed to
numb the mind

in this dumbing down time.

Ain't ignorance sublime?...

bottom line: nothing changed for yours and mine...

which underlines the verse ignored instead of rehearsed.

Qur'an: Allah will not change the condition of a people
until they strive to change themselves.

food4thought = education

Jumping into...

hell, with gasoline draws ain't just a metaphor
look at the visual in your mind's eye and tell
me what you saw
now tell me why somebody wrote this for
foolish man lies, strives, tries to take ' n ' take
more and more and more than he ever needs
it all for
don't overstand why dem live
not for take but for give
so that most merciful forgives
you gotz ta give it up not trying to get more stuff
for what?
blessed is the givers for they shall receive
cups runneth over stays full, blessing not excess
fulfill, feed the soul, soften hearts, instill compassion
not to enhance passion for material expansion
lofty mansions, wealth doesn't provide spiritual, mental,
physical health, healing, solace, tranquility, ability to see
are from eyez in the inner me not the outer eyes
that can be your enemy
it's not what those eyes see that reflect reality
as much as what you don't see in the unseen
behind the screen like behind the curtains before
they rise is much going on that don't meet the eyes
there is where truth lies not what you're looking at with
your lying eyes that believe fake light coming from fake
things like bling designed to deceive

food4thought = education

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*Kimberly
Burnham*

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See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." 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 global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions>
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham>

Searching for Peace in Aksum

The first seven centuries
a common era
travelers and homebodies
greeted each other
in peace
winding through Aksum
where now walk the people of
Egypt, Ethiopia, Eritrea,
Sudan, Somalia, and Yemen

Salaøm
peace in Ge'ez
the liturgical language of Aksum
now gone replaced
Amharic, Tigrigna, Orominga,
roll off the tongues
of modern peoples

Nabáda, salaam, peace
powerful words bring us inside
the circle in
Somali, Arabic, English

Hetep in Egyptian
Salaamata carries peace in Afar
the language of present people
Ethiopia, Eritrea, and Djibouti

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Salām in the Tigrigna of Eritrea
while the Sudanese speak peace in English,
salaam in Juba and Sudanese Arabic
and paix in French
words to thrive by
all

Nabáda in the Somali
flows into salaam in Yemen
all the places where once Aksumites
prospered

Arabic Words For Peace

Together we search for peace
engage in peace
grow peace
it is a creative process of words
shared, believed, spoken
suhl, salaam, hudna

Salaam
the peace of submission
obedience
followers in belief
the absence of disobedience
but one will triumph

Hudna
a cease-fire
temporary truce
a break in violence
the absence of the negative

Suhl
a peace of reconciliation
establishes relationships a new
harmony and suhl
binds individuals into a greater community
that lives inside and out

Longing for Home

Deeply embedded in the human psyche
a longing for home
an innate hunger
buried deep in memories
a yearning for the best of what has been
the anticipation of what can
be desire for home
we remember
craving the landscape of dreams

More than a yearning for place
a pleasant memory or a dreamed of future
home is a state of being
of belonging
becoming strong
the deep need to be anchored
secure a restored past
drawn towards
a transformed, fulfilled future

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

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

Google Plus

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

The Lost Ark of the Covenant

Oh, Kingdom of Aksum

Regal, ancient reminiscent of ancient civilization

Nestled between the beautiful Mediterranean,

And the Great Indian Ocean

You are full of epic memorabilia.

The Roman Empire and ancient India

Both involved in your trade,

Oh, Kingdom of Aksum

Now seen in Eritrea and Ethiopia,

Home of the legendary Queen Sheba.

Oh, where is the lost Ark of the Covenant

The mystery behind is yet to be unraveled,

Azariah, son of the High Priest dreamed about you

Upon leaving the walls of Jerusalem,

Your relic taken somewhere in Ethiopia.

Oblivion

Dream weaver-

Take me to a place I really belong,

Where the eagles freely fly

Without fear of thirsty hunters at bay-

Where mountain slopes glimmer of rich vegetation,

Where castles in the air can be seen

In dreams within a dream.

Take me to where words become the soul of everything that exist-

That in the mere wave of my hand,

Everything else transforms into a magical illusion

Take me where lost loves meet again in Paradise-

Where the Angels descend and walk among strangers

In liberty-

Oblivion-

How I long to caress the gentle stroke of your touch,

Taking me to a place I'd rather be in

Where dreams of forever come to visit me at night,

Enchants the weary heart

Enthralls me in a swift turn of fate.

When Words Escape

Empty gaps between breaths,
Exhaling deep thoughts, indescribable emotions
Filling up this vast space in time,
My canvass is your countenance.
When words escape and the muse cannot bleed right,
When feelings which have not been harbored
Builds up an invisible wall between me and you,
Fear once was a stranger, an unknown enemy
But now it grips my immortality,
My spirit soars and wants to escape this dire reality.
When words escape and my pen has lost its focus
I do not know defeat for challenges kept me alive,
But this dilemma brought an enigma between my head and
heart
When dreams depict madness being felt at the mere
thoughts of you.
When words cannot get ahold of this raging storm,
When the thunder inside me roars and echoes through the
night
Empty gaps between breaths,
Whispering your name but your shadow vanished in an
instant...
Exhaling deep thoughts, indescribable emotions.

Anna
Lakubczak
Ves Ratty
Adalan

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. Polish poet, journalist and the main editor of e-Magazine *Horizon*. Student on journalism and social communication at the University in Szczecin. In free time author on the website

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan collaborate with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines. Her poems were included in a few American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2016” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House „Avenue U Publications” and She started to publish her poetry in the cycle "The Year of The Poet" since 2016. 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”.

Canvas

I like to play with words
like a cat with a mouse,
closing margin,
would not had time to escape.

It is nice to pat
the metaphor against a grain
hear her loud bark
and see how it wargs its tail.
Gives paw.

I go out for a walk,
whether the weather
is not in a mood.

I take the nib
to paint the world of letters.
I dipped it first in yellowish,
to go into black at the edge.
Not enough color for dualism.

I go my own paths
through the written forest.

Horizon

extremely
in a horizontal position
contemplate overdoing
(no) verbal stoicism

bathing
in the abundance – here and back
dying for love

we flower-children
half-naked in our own
(not) the power of mental

carnal-astray
(over) natural
in simplicity half-flower

come down to me in full
and I will answer
spreading new moon

Delicate

...for Arsenie

Do you remember the over night,
there were no stars or moon.
We preferred to go beyond paraphrase
than dabble in Romanticism.

Silence betrayed more
than the engraved line.
You tried to hide the grief
and I did try to understand the loss of the soul.

We touched with fingertips the catharsis,
do not separate from each other.
I felt when it is the mark of eternity,
and the desire

to write on one of the pages,
just like that (not) trivially”
you make that I can smile every day,
despite of the clouds.

Nizar

Sartawi

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator, essayist, and columnist. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He is a member of literary and cultural organizations, including the Jordanian Writers Association (Jordan), General Union of Arab Writers (Cairo), Poetry Posse (U.S.), Inner Child Press International (U.S.), Bodgani (Belgium), and Axlepin Publishing (the Philippines). He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in numerous countries, including Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, Palestine, Morocco, Egypt, and India. Sartawi's poems have been translated into several languages. His poetry has been anthologized and published in many anthologies, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Bosnia, Italy, India, the Philippines, and Taiwan.

Sartawi has published more than 20 books of poetry and poetry translation. His last poetry collection, *My Shadow*, was published in June, 2017 by Inner Child Press in the U.S.

For the last seven years, Sartawi has been working on poetry translation from English to Arabic and Arabic to English. This includes his Arabic poetry translation project, "Arab Contemporary Poets Series" in which 13 bilingual books have been published so far. He also has translated poems for a number of contemporary international poets such as, Veronica Golos, Elaine Equi; William S. Peters; Kalpna Singh-Chitnis; Nathalie Handal, Naomi Shihab Nye; Candice James; Ashok Bhargava; Santiago Villafania, Virginia Jasmin Pasalo; Rosa Jamali; Taro Aizu; Fahredin Shehu, and many others.

Ezana

Ezana, sitting on his throne,
to his brothers he spoke thus:
“Se'azana... Hade fan,
scions of the great Ousanas!
You are the guardians of this land.
You've subdued the mutinous Jeba tribes;
And you will march with me to Meroe,
to quell the arrogant kings of Kush.
But for the moment,
a grave matter disturbs my sleep.
Hade fan, brother,
go right away and call Frumentius!”

In a while the old man came along,
his body shaking,
and there before his lord he knelt
and made as if to kiss the land.
“Rise up Abuna!
Rise up holy man!”
The Syrian priest
could hardly believe his ears.
Did he address him as Abuna?
Did he declare him a holy man?
“Rise up O father,” Ezana spoke in a gentle voice.
“Rise up, your reverence!
You have raised me like your own son
and taught me to worship none but Him,
the Lord who rules the earth and heaven.
Hear my words: As of this day,
My vassals will have a single God
and His name only will ring aloud

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in Yeha, Matara, and Adulis,
in Hawulti-Melazo and Qohaito
in all the kingdom of Axum.”
“My Lord,” said Frumentius,
“as you decree, so will it be.”
“Tomorrow, Abuna, you will go
to spread the word of God
and my own guards will go with you”

~ ~ ~ ~

Leading his army towards Meroe
Ezana climbed the highest hill
to the east of Axum
His eyes fell upon his lands
stretching to the Erythraean Sea
upon the rows of dark terraces
cut in the mountainside
upon his capital
upon the sacred house of God
amidst the stone stelae
“Praised be the name God!
Blessed be the land of Axum!”
Amen!”

For Sale: a Wheelchair

for Ibrahim Abu Thuraya

For sale: a wheelchair
in good condition.
The seat is black
wide, warm
and clean (blood stains
washed off);
the two push handles: soft and comfy;
they have been held with love
and care;
the armrests rarely have been used;
footrest and footplate –
still brand new.

The owner used it for the last time
when he left the Shati refugee camp
to join the crowds
who hailed Jerusalem as their own
and hurled stones – their live ammunition –
across barbed wires
that circled Gaza.

The 29-year-old amputee,
jumps off the wheelchair
falls on his knees;
he crawls towards the prison siege
his right hand holding
a Palestinian flag,
his left-hand fingers making a V.

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A sniper on the other side
smiles
as he takes aim...
and whizzz...
the bullet finds the stubborn head
and
he
falls
dead!

~ ~ ~ ~

For sale: a very special wheelchair
with a history extraordinaire
lying there
like a question mark above
the Homeland
The price: your blood...
his blood
her blood
or mine...!

* * * * *

A Palestinian Song

The cypress trees are
still standing there
a row of weaponless serene sentries
that never ever
took notice of me

But...
where is the dog
that barked at shadows
and passers-by
and with an eager grin
greeted me?

Where is the old house
from whose wide window
some big brown tassels
waved at me?

And where are the dreamy
chestnut eyes
that like two candles
winked at me?

They've all been chased away
by cannons
that came to this land
from the sea.

* * * * *

hülya

n.

yrsmaz

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Born in Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz presently serves as full-time faculty at Penn State and as the Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press. Her academic publications dwell on literary relations between the West and the Islamic East and on gender conceptualizations within the context of Islam. Dr. yılmaz had her formal initiation as a creative writer in the U.S. Her published works include *Trance* –a tri-lingual book of poetry, *Aflame* –memoirs in verse and *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* –a poem collection she has co-authored with Demetrius Trifiatis. Poetry by hülya appeared in excess of fifty international anthologies.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Links

Personal Web Site

<https://hulyasfreelancing.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/>

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what i knew would simply not do

Ethiopia

the early Christian era

but Red Sea ruler?

empires surely rise

and
as we live it every day today
they also fall
out of history's authentic tracks, that is
for only white men get to etch make-believe memories
in acid on the indestructible fabric of lies to come
together, of course, with co-travelers –their women
who in the footsteps of
their 19th century Orientalist counterparts
first become enchanted
(or better yet drunken)
by the foreign “object” of their own fantasies
but then upon their return to their home countries
adhere themselves in perfected loyalty to
painting, writing or chanting
pieces of fascinating stories
all of which serve to mesmerize
the self-appointed ”Subject”
of highest esteem in its collective existence

the “other” is doomed . . .
doomed beyond erasure
far beyond the abyss
of eternity
history's selective books
again and again, as our times evidence anew,
mount permanently
those powers of self-erected “superior” thrones
in their self-designated importance
for generations and more and more generations to come

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on self-constructed paper reserved for mass readings
however fast their seats' physical capacity
may outgrow their miniscule competence
failing to make room for their incurable ignorance . . .

The Aksum Kingdom too is doomed
doomed to remain as "the inferior other"
not to be ever revered for
what it had in fact been, was and will be
namely, a domain of notable accomplishment
among our current world's celebrated civilizations
worthy of equally noble presentations
as well as proud representations
it is doomed instead

if only this empire had not been discovered
to be an achievement of blacks
created as a "promised land for uprooted Africans"

if only this empire had not been revived
for its utterly memorable existence
through the efforts of enslaved
18th century black preachers
amid us
in the good old United States . . .

what is to be your mark?

Aksum's origin

is not to be traced back to

Semitic kingdoms

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Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

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>

Aksum Litany

Aksum you have the badges
of conqueror and master trader
in ancient North Eastern Africa.

Zoscales, ruler of Aksum,
the first century was yours.
You were busy conquering
and trading but found time
to read great literature.

History found it worthwhile
to mention you were acquainted
with Greek literature. If I could sit
in your ancient parlor for tea,
I would ask a couple questions.

Did you read from Homer and Socrates?
Did you read about the Greek gods?

Wake Them Up

We meet on the soul plane
surrounded by the light of love
streaming from the ocean
of love and mercy.

Our fingers entwined
by the angel's touch
are ready to work with God.
We walk with humility,

bow toward sacred light
and Spirit burns a blessing in our feet.
Whispers ring in our ears
in lyrics that demand our attention.

*Behold the earth plane,
my children are asleep.
Wake them up
and bring them to me.*

Word Power

When the words flow,
I want to wrap them around you
and let you feel the power of love.

When my words let go
I want to watch you lean on a tree
trembling from the strain of ecstasy.

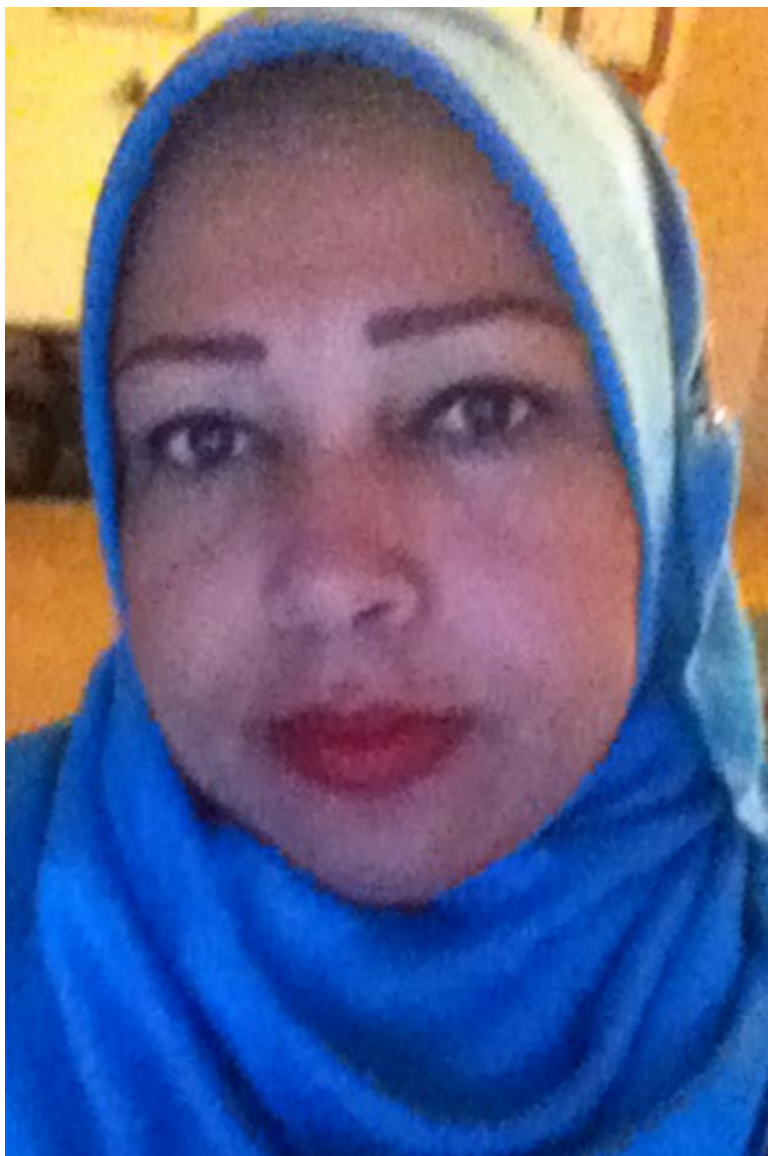
When you look into my eyes
I want the words to explode
in rainbow colors.

When you reach out to me
I want your hands to catch
an enchanted word brew.

Faleeha

Hassan

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She is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwright born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Faleeha is the first woman to write poetry for children in Iraq. She received her master's degree in Arabic literature, and has now published 20 books. Her poems have been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain, Korean, Greek and Albanian. Ms. Hassan has received many awards in Iraq and throughout the Middle East for her poetry and short stories.

Faleeha Hassan has also had her poems and short stories published in a variety of American magazines such as: Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum, Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaming mamas, The Galway Review, Words Without Borders, TXTOBJX, Intranslation, SJ Magazine, Nondoc, Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Courier-Post, I am not a Silent Poet, Taos Journal, Inner Child Press, Atlantic City Press, SJ Magazine, Intranslation Magazine, The Guardian, Words Without Borders, Courier-Post, Life and Legends, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Indiana Voice Journal, The Bees Are Dead, IWA, Poetry Soup, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, Philly, The Fountain Magazine, DRYLAND, The Blue Mountain Review, Otoliths, Taos Journal of Poetry and Art, TXTOBJX, DODGING THE RAIN, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, NonDoc Philly, DRYLAND, American Poetry Review, The Fountain Magazine, Uljana Wolf, Arcs, Tiferet and Ice Cream Poetry Anthology , Dryland Los Angeles underground art & writing Magazine , Opa Anthology of contemporary , BACOPA Literary Review , Better than Starbucks Magazine , Tweymatikh ZQH Magazine , TUCK Magazine and Street Light Press

Email : d.fh88@yahoo.com

Scarf

Do not be scared of me
I'm not an alien
Coming from space
Hiding its horrible sensors
Under its hood
I am not here to attack you
No
Don't be scared
I am not a female spider
Hiding in her web
Trying to wrap your body with my silken thread
I am not a barbaric woman
Just dancing on the drums of death
I am a woman like you
Smiling like you
walking on my feet like you
crying, laughing, dreaming and singing like you
The difference between us is
in the war I lost so many.....
It's a scarf
My scarf
See it, touch it, feel it
Do not let it cover your mind
From seeing the real truth

The rain smells of war

Not me this little girl
Who holds her grandmother's hand
Every time she crosses the street for fear from the eyes of
men
No, I am not her
The same girl
Who crosses her years' war after war
Turns right and left for fear of approaching astray fragment
.....
.....
What the rain is doing now?
Quickly pouring down on my balcony
Like our tears when we miss our father
I told him : don't be harsh
There are many people
Living in the streets
Be gentle like my mother's tears when she remembered my
father still fighting in the war even at the Eid
I told him : instead of your rivers on closed doors
Or streets are afraid to see you
And instead of me still jumping from sad memories to
painful ones
Like female Kangaroo
We can find a truce for both of us
To forget all our past
And stay calm
But who can convince my memories?
Who convinces the rain

Tonight

When I entered my apartment
The stairs were lying like tired men after a hard day's work
The door a yawning mouth
My TV was listening intently to the sports newscast
And
Like a huge fat woman, the couch was sitting on the floor
Hardly breathing the used air
The curtain tickled the cheek of the window.....
Swaying gracefully above
My books slept like babies on the hands of the bookshelves
The dining table was listening to the whispers of her chairs
The lamps were winking at to each other
The fan was busy flailing her arms indifferent
In my apartment
The life looks the same as I left it
Everything is normal
No,
It is more than normal
Strang.....
No one missed me?

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, born in Anda, Pangasinan known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, journalist, editor, publicist, linguist, educator, and women's advocate.

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen's Initiatives Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada 'Amazing Poet 2015'', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

The Aksum Light

Salient vicinity of vision,

Of the mover, the runner, and the ruler of castles

Embarked wheats of freedom,

Ark of the Covenant instilled

Crowns and relics of the walled Empire,

Then macabre calls the edge of the flight

Oh Ethiopian's soul rising in timeless light!

Red Obelisks and Dreams

In the stigma of silence

look at the pillars,

engraved are compelling voices

knocking the walls of peace

there, found the woven promise.

Obelisks are whispers of a dream

the wake of a labyrinth

like the time of life

pyramids of legends unfold.

Chronicles of The Dawn

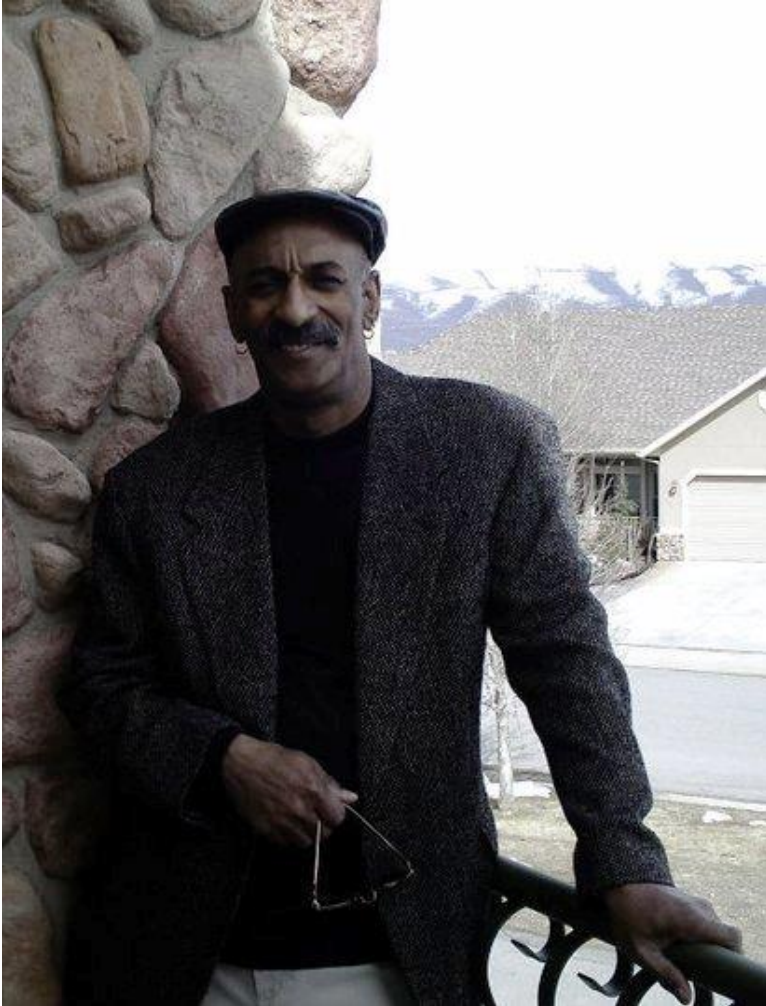
Pandora escapes unto my hands
time exists in my hands
as dreams escalate to wilderness
born from the ages of prodigy
where wordsmith come
in the breathing dawn
to the free cycles
of wind
of water
of fire
saving the hourglass of all-giving
on the day
i become
a reality.

William

S.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 40 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

Aksum School

From 100 AD until 940 or so
The Kingdom of the Aksumites ruled,
Schooled
The lands known today
As Ethiopia and Eritrea

They exacted tolls from the Romans
As they were roaming
To and fro
From India and back again
Through the sands of Africa

They had their own money
For as Kush declined, they mined
And minted and cast
Their own images
For the people to worship

Before the days of the Christian
They ruled,
Schooled
The lands
With a firm stand of culture,
And trade
So much that
The Persian Prophet Mani (who died in 274 AD)
Regarded Axum as 1
Of the four great powers
Of his time . . .

Of course, there was
Persia, Rome, and China.

Aksum,

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

A place where the Ark of the Covenant
Is still sought
For they thought
That the son of Sheba
Menelik
Brought it home
As a gift from his father . . . Solomon

Have you read the Kebra Negast . . . yet ?

But under the rule of Ezana
In the 7th century
Aksum adopted the teachings
Of the Christed one

Muslims from Mecca sought refuge
Fleeing the Quraysh persecution
Their journey to the Aksum kingdom
Became know as the First Hijra

Asylum,
You may have it,
For we are a civil people

Welcome to the Aksum School

And I realize !

Naked I stand before thee
In the temple of life
That no thing
May separate me
From Thee

I bow my head in obeisance
Upon crossing the threshold
Of Thy temple
Hoping that I may be acceptable
In thy site

At the altar,
I prostrate myself
And offer a prayer
For simple things

I ask that your tears of mercy
Be showered upon me,
And thy brethren
And that we humbly,
Without knowledge of
Self-separation
Bathe in thy love

Make evident, and
Let us know
Without equivocation
Of thy blessed providence

Let us be ubiquitously clear
And come to know
That we are one,
Have always been,

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Will always be

Let me not come to depend
On the mind you have given unto us
To be the veil
That shields us
From Thy glory . . .
Nay let us be
Without provocation
And discernment
Of thy goodness
For the ways of man fail me

I thank You this day
As I am thankful for
Every day,
For thy presence . . .
Seen and unseen,
Known and unknown
For in these moments
Such as this
I am clear,
For Thou, and Thou alone
Has allowed such a thing
To be realized . . .

And I realize !

Holy

You can build a wall
You can speak the words
Filled with emptiness

You can claim the land,
But "She" shall never be owned
By the darkness

She is not yours,
She belongs to the people
Who have walked upon her
Since the beginning of time,
For "She" gave of herself

We sojourned
In the spirit
And we were contained
And held
Only
By the hand of the holy ...
One

We once were one
A land of many tribes
A land of many cultures
A land of the people

Prophets have walked,
And spoken of these times

Prophets have gone,
And more yet
To come

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Like Jericho,
The walls will come down
For they can not endure
The battle against the Lorde

We the people
Of the land
Will trust in the righteousness
And the land will again
Be liberated
That all the people
May be nurtured by its spirit

Tribes

We once were one
A land of many tribes
A land of many cultures
A land of the people

Holy,
And that which is holy
Can never, ever
Be any less.

World Healing, World Peace 2018



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Submission Guidelines

1 Poem

Microsoft Word Attachment (**NO PDF's**)

12 pt. Times Roman

Titles Underlined

Single Spaced

Maximum 30 lines

Picture of Poet (no avatars or icons accepted)

Biography 50 words or less with maximum 2 Web Links

Submit to :

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Submissions open from September 1st ~ December 31st, 2017

Publishing for International Poetry Month April 2018

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Project Manager : Gail Weston Shazor

Underwritten by Inner Child Press

Now Open for submissions
until December 31st, 2017

January
2018

Features

~ * ~

Iyad Shamasnah

Yasmeen Hamzeh

Ali Abdolrezaei

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Iyad
Shamasnah

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Iyad Shamasnah is a Palestinian poet, novelist and essayist. He was born in 1976. He holds a master's degree in building organizations and human resources development. He is a member of the General Union of Palestinian Writers. He has published two poetry books: *The Secret History of the Knight of Dust* (2012) and *Crystal Gardens* (2015); two novels: *A Woman Whose Name is Capital* (2014) and *Pagan Dancing* (2017). Also a book of prose texts will soon be published: *The Book of Pain and Courage [The Latent Flames Within the Blue]*. In addition, he has written numerous articles, reviews, and literary research papers for newspapers and magazines. Iyad lives with his family in the city of Bethlehem in Palestine.

Link :

www.facebook.com/IYAD.FORMALPAGE?ref=br_rs

Email

shamasnah@gmail.com

The Honor of Simplicity

I embrace the wind
invite her to share my glass
and may even go out with her
when I wake up

I am in awe
of her dignified unruliness
of her slim figure

Oh how I crave
to be so lean like her
when I go on my way
and my way narrows

But the wind
cares not for warmth
and I cannot bear life
without warmth

Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi

Reading Extinction

This sand is naught
but tales
that have fell off the words
of passers-by

If one day
you ask it
you'll find out that
it keeps the secrets
of those who ask

Or if you wish
listen for a while
and you might hear a voice
like groaning

It is something
the wind never discloses
but we comprehend it
when the years are gone

Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi

The interpretation of Bleeding

In my country
we write poetry
to vanquish oppression
and carry on with our lives

We are a people
for whom God ordained
to see the elite
walking
among the tyrants

We hold the ember
in the fireplace
whenever we taste
the new deadly sins

But we sing
to guard against
the thoughtlessness of the gullible
in the valley of sleep

Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi

*Yasmeen
Hamzeh*

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Yasmeen Hamzeh is a young Jordanian writer who was raised in a family of lawyers and physicians enjoying relations with a wide base of professionals and politicians in the Jordanian society.

She grew up with a learning habit of writing with style, often pursuing the ideal state of presenting her thoughts with a tone of many expressions. Having acquired such a unique talent when she was under 13 years of age, she demonstrated a capability to be a writer in her own right amongst young writers of our modern age. She wrote songs, short stories, columns, and composed lyrics of her expressions to beat the boredom of a high school restrictive environment.

Known for her social critiques, her writings became materials for grownups' political dialogue. Loved by her family and friends, she innovated idealistic views about the rights of women and children, and presented her ideas with a challenge each time she took the stage or platform, or happened to be in a gathering, to speak about her state of mind and about any subject.

For a professional at my age, I can describe her as a “a growing boutique writer” who will after college become an attractive speech and communications specialist in the political and diplomatic circles.

It is not surprising what came out to be made of, a fashionable writer, and I dare to say, I take pride to wait to read her about her successes.

Despite you Malignancies

You can sail the world in your plight,
then take a look around.
Here I am, standing at a crossroad.
My tresses blowing left and right.

I can feel each cold breath slowly descending my spine.
Along with it come words of righteousness.

A long and ever gazing tree, wise with the past and words
of those who passed.
The trunk may be sturdy but the roots take hold in old soil.
The howling wind sends it shuddering, but my feet have
learned to dance along to the tune.

Each cut, and each wound tell a story.
Maybe they're still raw,
but I won't let any feet step over their glory.

Like clay I shape my psyche,
molding my own version of reality.
Like holding on to a rocking boat,
each stalemate tries to topple me over.

As a spectator your eyes stare on,
but you are being fooled and I can attest.
As I unfold, you can sense the plot change.
Don't look at me with unassuming eyes,
then play at holding on.

My existence is riddled with holes,
and I chose to let them breathe.
Wishing only for the realization of my imperfections.
Not a mending of my shape.

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

I can sense you discard your own impurities,
and try to pick at mine.
A perfectionist's charade,
A naive acceptance.

We paint our intertwining stories,
and in turn forget the photographs of our reality.
A soulful mirage, filled with false memories.

A warrior and a strong pillar of faith,
but your cause has left you blind.
I find you imprinting this on every moment you soak in.

My body is but a shell,
A porcelain covering of my own choosing.
On the inside the winds howl,
and I run free and wild.

Your upright silhouette may never sift into mine,
so don't blame my interchanging breeze.
As I have already drawn out the line.

Sanpshots of Lonliness

It's a slightly faded memory clouded by shimmering hope,
but I can still remember the motions.

The most prominent sound was the creaking, whether of
bones or the bed springs.

I would toss and turn all night, always restless.

Always a soft hissing when it was quiet.

But when there was sound it was of soft guitars strumming.

A voice that's cracked but clearly resounds and reminds of
all the turmoil.

The view itself was confusing.

It wasn't what I had expected, nothing too dull or dreary.

Instead all the colors were brighter and sharper, except for
the halo surrounding me.

I was always in a color vacuum.

The scent was dominated by stale cigarettes, never fresh
cigarette smoke.

Sometimes it was the lingering aroma of a week old
perfume,

still nestled into the fabric of my pillow.

A reminder that time never stopped.

These are all distinctive memories,
memories of a time when I felt alone.

Limerence

A laughable matter, how hours seem to change you.
Not change you fully, at least not in the way a
metamorphosis occurs.
It changes the signs of irritation, the raising alarm and
mostly adds a deep longing.
A familiar feeling weighing down each breath.
Like a numb explosion. Like there is more to it, but it never
peaks.
It taunts with promises of relief, but leaves you boneless.

Instinctively you mark it as an unsatisfying end.
Might be labeled pessimism, but it could be rationalization
itself.
You hope for more, you always do.
Maybe it's the stop of the turning clock, the one that
resounds heavily each night.
Disappointment will dissipate eventually, but it feels like
centuries until it does.
The memories that keep flashing are like salt; the familiar
sting of shame from fresh wounds.

The wind you always carry with you drifts you off to
foolish daydreams.
It helps hold back the inevitable shame and guilt.
Soon you understand how erratic it all is.
It must lead to an origin, but it is one you cannot find.
You realize the attachment to coldness is magnetizing.
You never plan to be cold, it just catches fire.

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Time takes a toll, slowly at first.
Then it takes away the chance of ever amending or
retribution.
So you remain tied down to the unexplained.
Waiting until any form of closure nuzzles your ribcage
open again.

Ali

Abdolrezaei

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Ali Abdolrezaei is an Iranian poet, writer and literary theorist with 53 books in multiple languages. Before 2001, when he had to leave Iran, he was one of the most innovative poets of the new Persian poetry.

After 13 years of exile and a publishing ban in Iran, in 2013 the government allowed his publisher to release four of his new books. These were so well received that they were reprinted several times in three months. However, after seven months, his books were confiscated from the Tehran Book Fair, and he is banned from further publication.

Abdolrezaei is one of 34 international poets selected by the British Library, and his recordings are kept in the Sound Archives of the British Library. He is currently the Chair of Exiled Writers Ink in the United Kingdom.

Abdolrezaei's poems are translated into many languages such as English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Finnish, Turkish, Portuguese, Urdu, Croatian, Armenian and Arabic.

CHERNOBYL

I am not Jewish
But call you El
Don't know Hebrew
But I'm sure
Your family name is no other than Auschwitz
Your bosoms
Two heaps of corpses
In the Armenian genocide
Between your thighs
Two Daeshies at the back of your truck
On the front
 the Taleban in ambush
Your figure tortures language
Brings famine to Bobby Sand's belly
And food goes on hunger strike
If you don't come
Like a tsunami to my Fukushima
Your mouth
A nuclear power plant
It exhales
Radioactive effluents
And I
 the wreck of Chernobyl
On whose face in Chinese
You just wrote one word
Nose
Your beauty made me speechless
Tortured my Persian
And massacred the Green movement
After sending Saddam to Iran

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Your slender neck
is the Strip of Gaza
Slenderer still
at the hands of its settlers
Even my exile
That forced me to stay
In England without you
Was caused for you
Your beauty has ruined me
And even though
I don't know Japanese
I'm sure
The translation for your eyes
Is Hiroshima

POMEGRANATE

This dry tree
how has it arranged itself so well
so well under the rain to stand up?
The pomegranate that's hanging
why should someone squeeze who knows nothing?
Why the rain that should rain down in this poem doesn't
rain?
And life this short lullaby finally puts me to sleep
on a page that spent a life in I don't know
How many times should I write
the poem that I'll never write?
I'm sure London's blood group
which most likely is O or
doesn't match mine
because I keep hitting the rain keep getting wet
What ecstasy revolves round this
thought that's in my mind
I wish someone came
to stop this Dervish that keeps twirling in my head
the rain that keeps raining no longer comes to my poem
This cursed beast
has brought tears to all eyes
This grand inquisitor
who drags so much out of the clouds over London
Is someone idling up there
or is it true
that it's still raining?

We all die
so nothing ends
what a shame

THREE O'CLOCK*

Two in the afternoon
It was bang on two
I dusted and tidied the house
2:00pm I showered and shaved

It was exactly half past
two wine glasses ready placed
I switched off Lorca's voice
Now thirty minutes left to three
Maria's coming first time over
I should have a pick-me-up to take a sip to get me going
Now the clock hands aren't inclined to three
I should water the flowers
before Maria arrives

Twenty five minutes are left
I should call my friend Michael
tell him my loneliness I'm now done with

I'm exactly twenty minutes away from Maria
she must have come out of the station up the road and
flirting with the florist near my house to wrap a more
scarlet bouquet

In fifteen minutes my world will change
with glee I should wear some aftershave
to entice her

Ten minutes to three Hey
like a red bull on the beach inside my black chest
my heart's beating such Bandari beat
She has only five minutes left to show up
I should get moving
What if she has matched her bra with her white slip?

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

I should go get into my black boxers now
Only three short minutes left to her knock on my door
She's always on time
now that only two ticks
left to appointed time
this phone keeps ringing Bugger!
I'm sure it's the girl I left like a skunk
I should pull the plug
but why the buzzer won't let me go
she's chasing my mobile now
Ma mamia! It's Maria's number
she must be at the door Hello
Bang on three and I'm rolling the floor

Why what savage time was three
o'clock third class to all o'clocks
three o'clock in a dark guardian age

No saviour at work
I lose my faith in second coming
Sushiant, Jesus, Mary and Mahdi**

I was the fool of the fields otherwise
Maria wouldn't have rung bang at three
to say she's not coming

Poet's Note: *This poem has an textual relationship with Federico Garcia Lorca's poem "At Five in the Afternoon"

** This is an allusion to the promise of the second coming of a Messiah common to certain religions: Sushiant for Zoroastrians, Jesus Christ for Christians and Mahdi for the Muslims.

NAMING

My mother's named me
Don't Nag So Much
but my sister
Ring Her Again
I'm In Love with You
is her name
which if I call out
she never replies
my father calls me
What Do You Want A Woman For?
everyone else says
Leave Her Boy!
except she
who has changed my name
and keeps calling me
I Don't Want You Anymore

MISS ZIARI

My eyes didn't wander
I just wandered in her eyes
those burning embers
I was fuel to
The deft sculptor
to chisel such delicate nose
was me
The butchering of her lips
between the teeth
What a tongue!
Hands of a masseuse hid in her eyes
O my God
someone come light up
this black pair of cigarillos
squirming like seductive serpents
in such grace
This woman
was born
prettier than any bunch of flowers
I ever put to water
I ever lost my marbles
under the skin of those cheeks
She's still playing marbles
with the little eyes
my childhood possessed
My eyes do not wander
even if under the desk
I'm still climbing up your legs
in the short skirts you wore
to the prep class at Yari Primary
Miss Ziari*

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

* I was six when I started school. I had long straight hair, a navy blue jacket, wearing a tie of a colour I cannot remember. We had eleven silly girls in the class who kept coming on to me and I didn't care. There were eight other boys in the class too, but I had become a man, because I was in love with Miss Ziari. I kept coming onto her but she didn't care. So I kept getting top marks so she would come caress my hair and tell me with her budding lips, Excellent Ali! There was still one year left to the Revolution which put my love in a frame. Tonight when another love was torn away from me, I remembered my classmates and my teacher, Miss Ziari who, I still do not know why, when the schools shut for holidays; they put her against the wall in the middle of summer and shot a bullet in her chest. No, I still can't believe it. It is impossible to kill a beautiful woman by a bullet.

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Inner Child Press

News

The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

We are so excited to announce the New and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Jackie Davis Allen

Gail Weston Shazor

hülya n. yılmaz

Nizar Sartawi

Faleeha Hassan

Albert Carrasco

Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

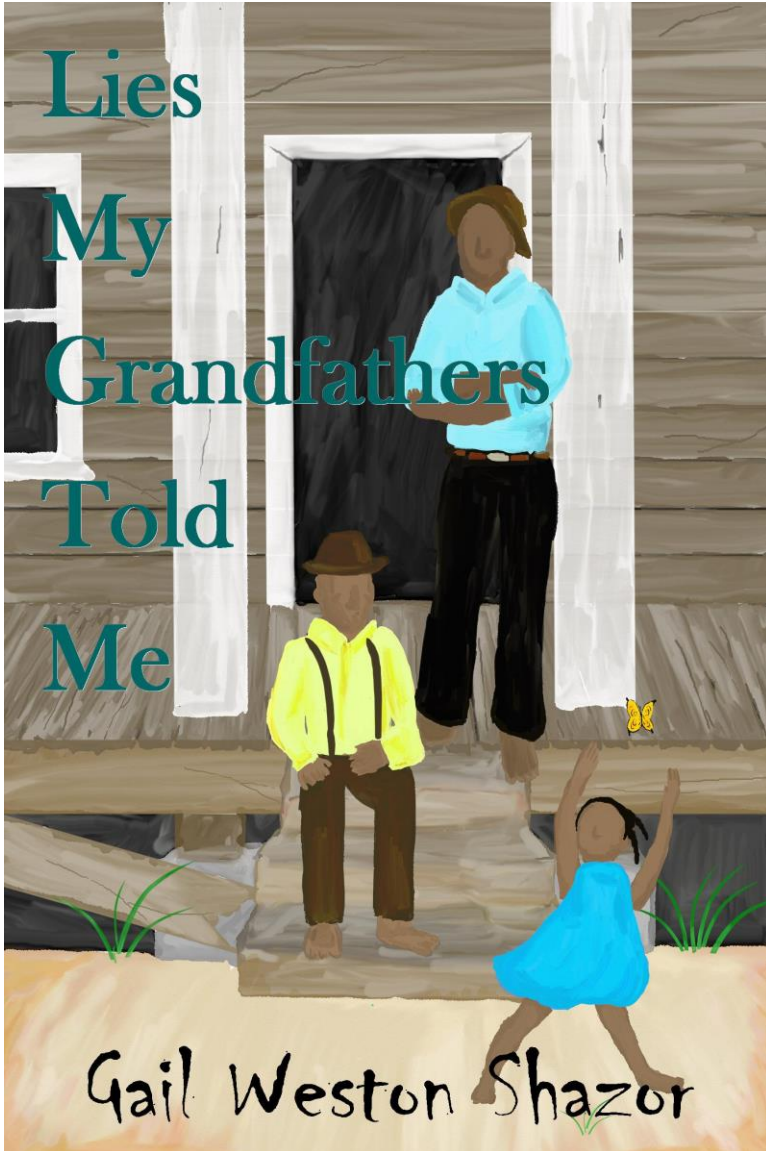
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Mass Graves



Faleeha Hassan

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Coming this Fall



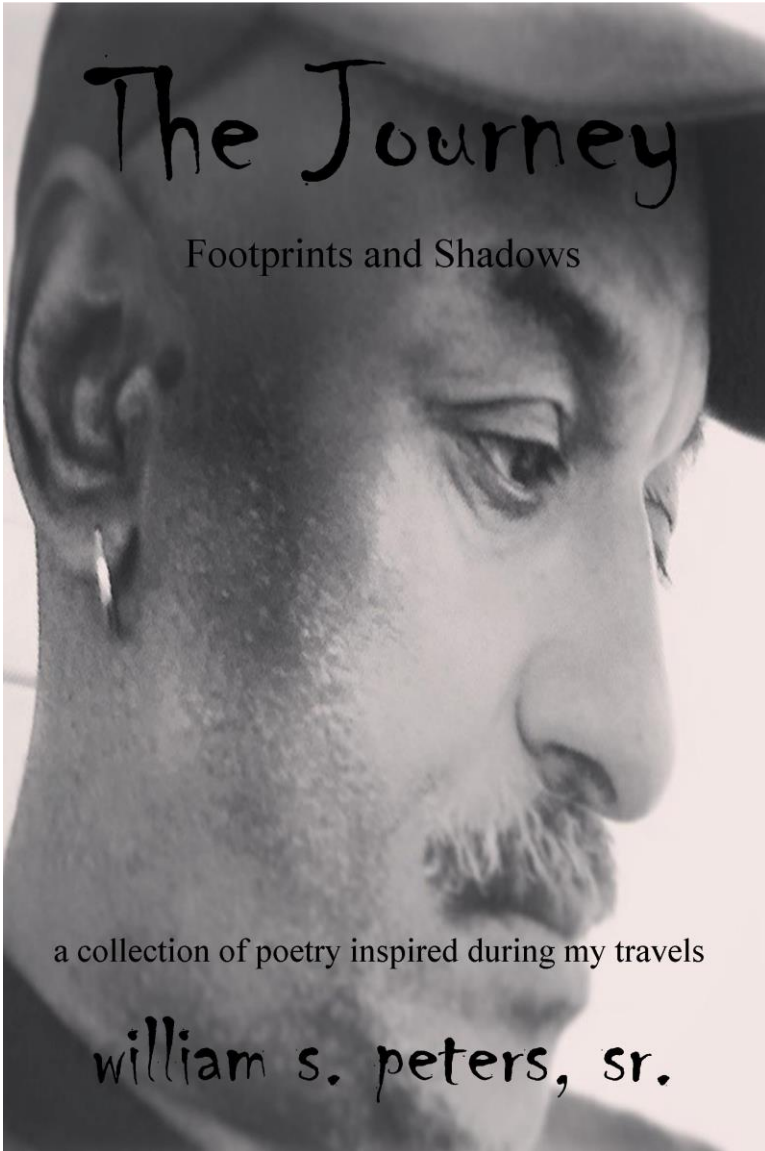
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Coming in 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ January 2018

Coming in 2018



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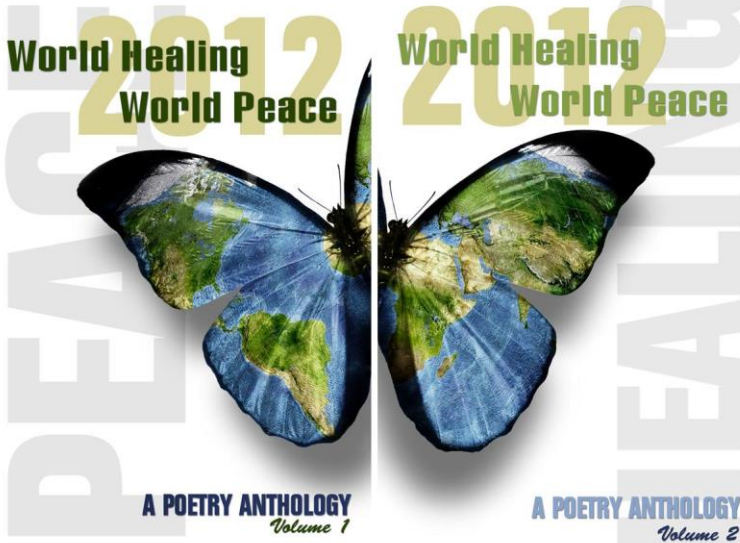
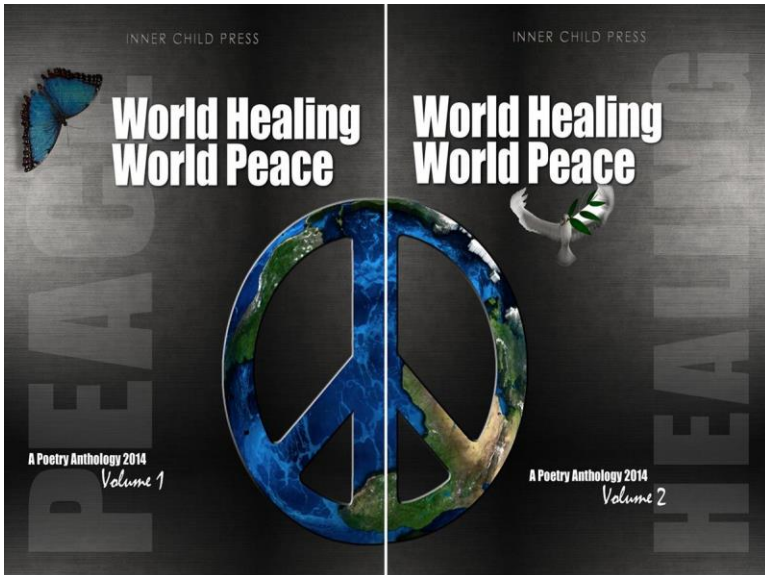
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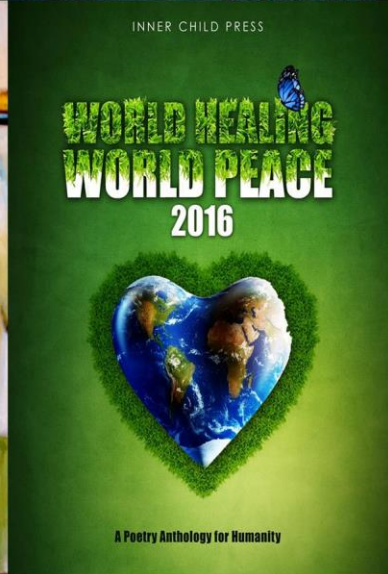
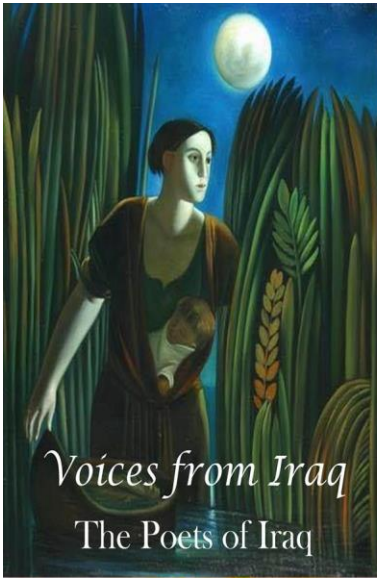
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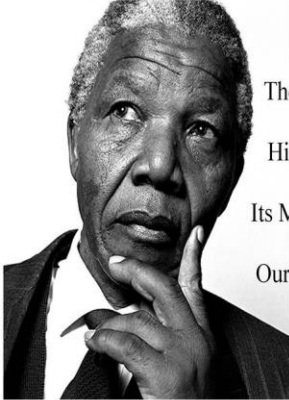
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Mandela



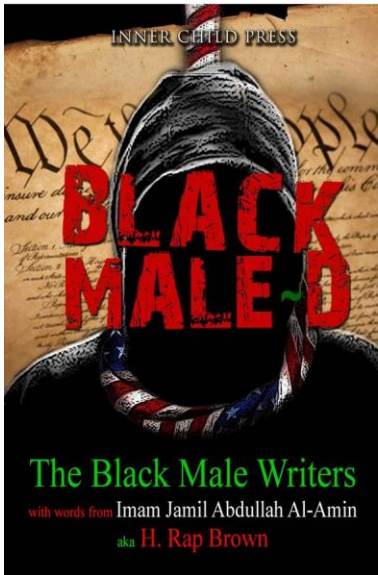
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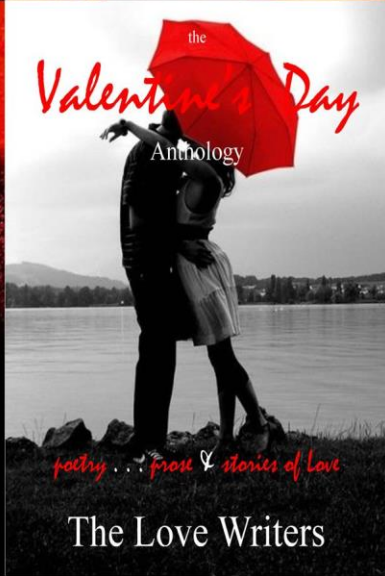
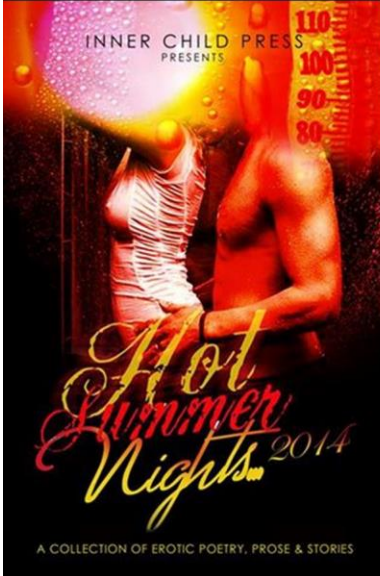
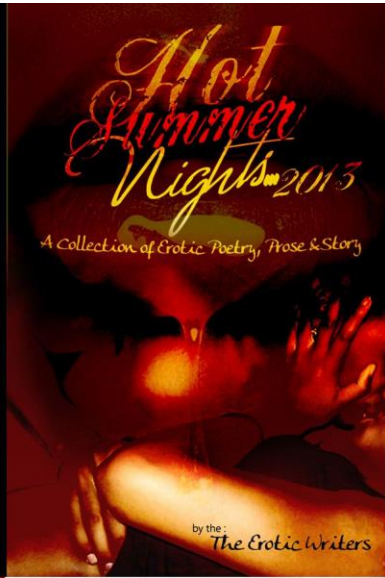
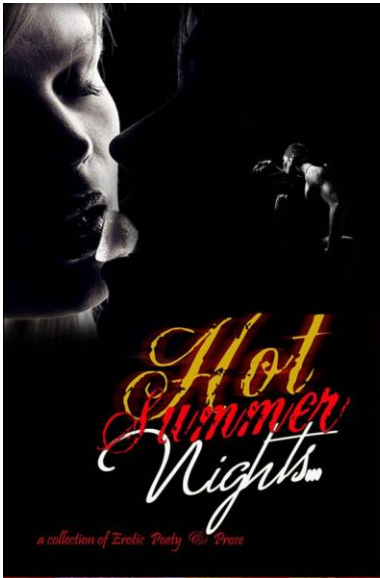


POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN



INNER CHILD PRESS
BLACK MALE WRITERS
The Black Male Writers
with words from Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin
aka H. Rap Brown

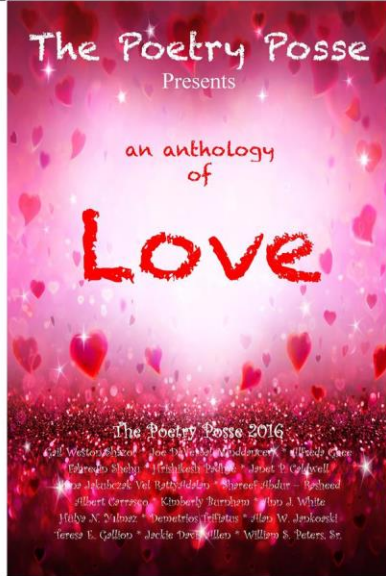
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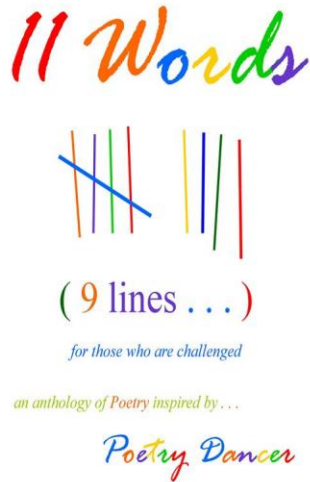
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a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition



Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

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
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature
Terri L. Johnson

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

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
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our February Features
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

the Year of the Poet

March 2014



daffodil

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.

Our March Featured Poets
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

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.

Our April Featured Poets
Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

Inner Child Press Anthologies

the year of the poet
May 2014

May's Featured Poets
ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton



Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neevy Wall
Shaneef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet
June 2014



Love & Relationship
Rose

June's Featured Poets
Shantelle McLin
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy
Abraham N. Benjamin

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neevy Wall
Shaneef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet
July 2014

July Feature Poets
Christiana A.V. Williams
Dr. John R. Struim
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neevy Wall
Shaneef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus
Asian Flower of the Month

The Year of the Poet
August 2014

Gladiolus

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neevy Wall
Shaneef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

August Feature Poets
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins



Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster Morning-Glory



Wild Garden of September Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharweel Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharweel Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaSandra Padri • Elizabeth Castillo

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharweel Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



The Poet's Pass

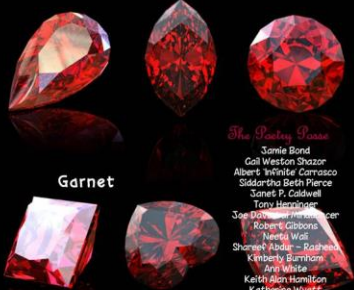
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Bonefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindascano
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wolf
Sharweel Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WrittenInPoetry • Santos Galain • Justin Clarke

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET III
January 2015




Garnet

The Poetry Posse
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdul - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shelu
Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
Jackie Allen
William S. Peters, Sr.

January Feature Poets
Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET II
February 2015



Amethyst

THE POETRY POSSE
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdul - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shelu
Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
Jackie Allen
William S. Peters, Sr.

FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS
Iram Fatima * Bob McNeil * Kerstin Centervall

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdul - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
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

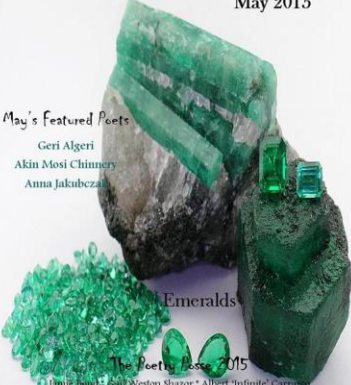
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdul - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion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

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The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets
Geri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chimney
Anna Jakubczak




Emeralds

The Poetry Passe 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 Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
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 Passe 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 Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
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



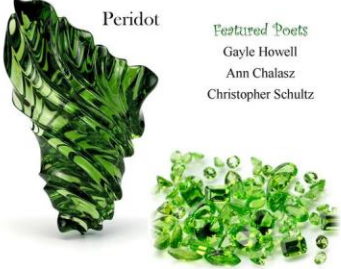
Rubies

The Poetry Passe 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 Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

Featured Poets
Gayle Howell
Ann Chaliasz
Christopher Schultz



Peridot

The Poetry Passe 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 Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet II

September 2013

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonnice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

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

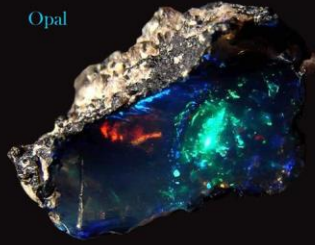
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

November 2015

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski
Bismay Mohanty
James Moore



Topaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

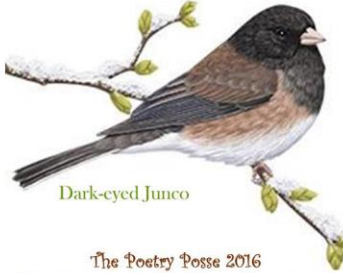
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion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

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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 Bettyvidalera * Alana J. White
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshkesh Padhee * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVeral Mimblander * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Keith Allen Jemillion
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold
Anna Chalas
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

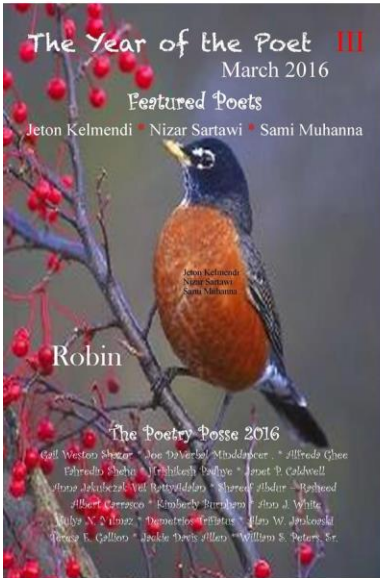
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral Mimblander * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshkesh Padhee * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alana J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna



Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral Mimblander * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshkesh Padhee * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alana J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei
Anna Chalas
Agim Vinca
Ceri Naz



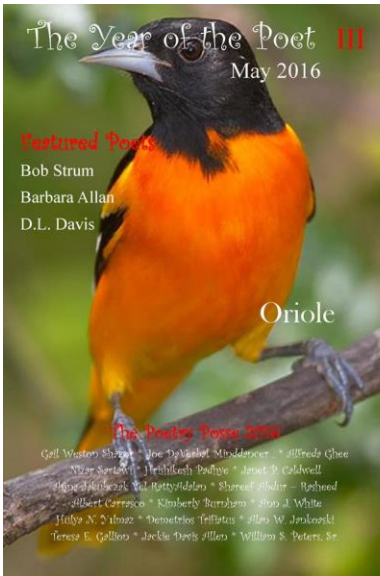
Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral Mimblander * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shehu * Hirshkesh Padhee * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alana J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

celebrating international poetry month

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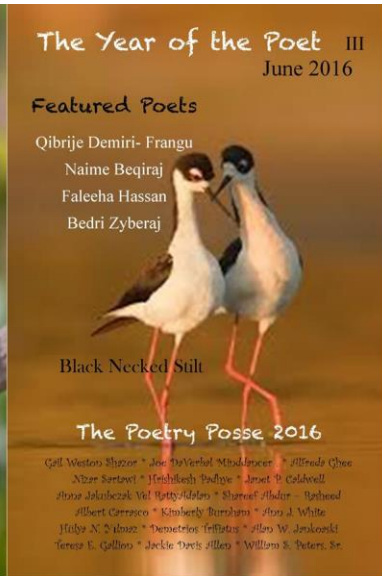


The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets
Bob Strum
Barbara Allan
D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Alfredo Choe
Nizar Sertawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

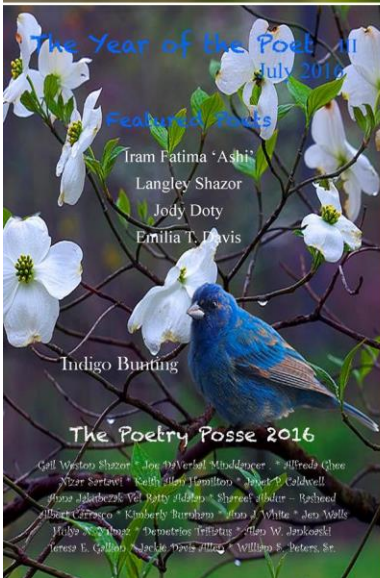


The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets
Qibrije Demiri- Frangu
Naime Beqiraj
Faleeha Hassan
Bedri Zyberaj

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Alfredo Choe
Nizar Sertawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

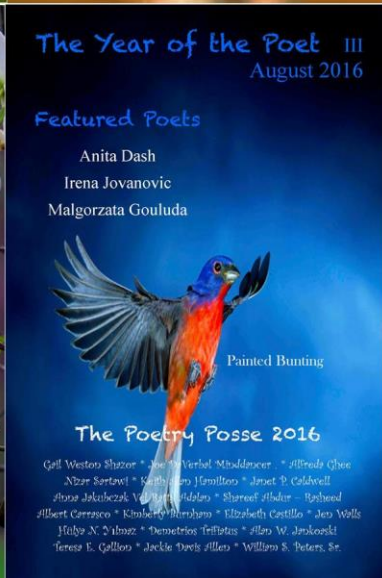


The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Langley Shazor
Jody Doty
Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Alfredo Choe
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White * Alan Walls
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets
Anita Dash
Irena Jovanovic
Malgorzata Gouluda


Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Alfredo Choe
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Alkhatir - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo * Alan Walls
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poet
Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novice

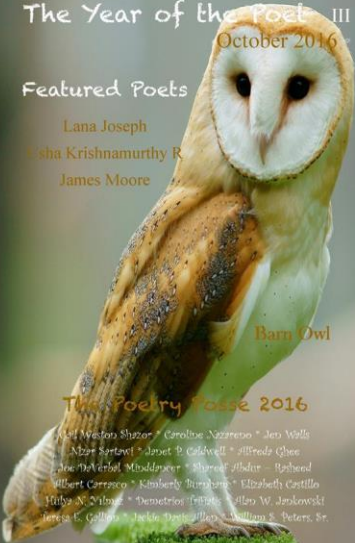


Long Billed Curlew

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral * Mindy Green * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Green * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets
Lana Joseph
Visha Krishnamurthy R
James Moore




Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Green * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
November 2016

Featured Poets
Rosemary Burns
Robin Ouzman Hislop
Lonnie Weeks-Badler

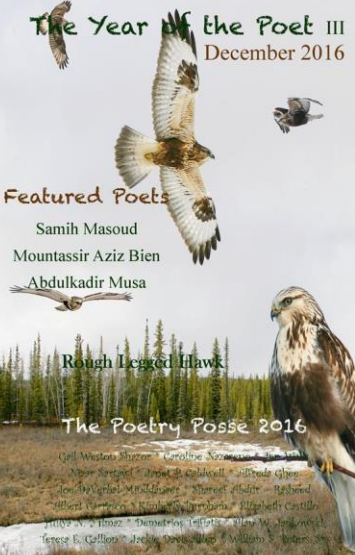


Northern Cardinal

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Green * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets
Samih Masoud
Mountassir Aziz Bien
Abdulkadir Musa



Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Green * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet IV
January 2017

Featured Poets
Jon Winell
Stacie Shields
Iram Fatima Ashi

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizzenro * Bismay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Siddons * Jeni Walls
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Allen W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
February 2017

Featured Poets
Lin Ross
Soukaina Falhi
Anwar Ghani

Witch Hazel

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Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizzenro * Bismay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Siddons * Jeni Walls
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Allen W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
March 2017

Featured Poets
Tremell Stevens
Francisca Ricinski
Jamil Abu Shah

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017
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Teresa E. Gallon * Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Siddons
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur - Rashid
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Jackie Davis Allen
Jeni Walls * Nizar Sertawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
April 2017

Featured Poets
Dr. Ruchida Barman
Nephtune Barman
Masoud Khalaf

The Blossoming Cherry

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The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell
Alicja Maria Kuberska
Fethi Sassi

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Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Amico * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV June 2017

Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet
Tze-Min Tsai
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
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The Year of the Poet IV July 2017

Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma
Ibaa Ismail
Zvonko Taneski

The Oak Moon

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
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Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
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The Year of the Poet IV August 2017

Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino
Kitty Hsu
Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty Adalzo
Joe DeVeraldo Mbadonacer * Shereef Abdur - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
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The Year of the Poet IV

September 2017

Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberner
Ameer Nassir
Christine Fulco Neal
Robert Neal



The Elm Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

October 2017

Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shaban



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters
Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



The Tree of Life

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

December 2017

Featured Poets

Justice Clarke
Mariel M. Pabroa
Kiley Brown



The Fig Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adlan
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
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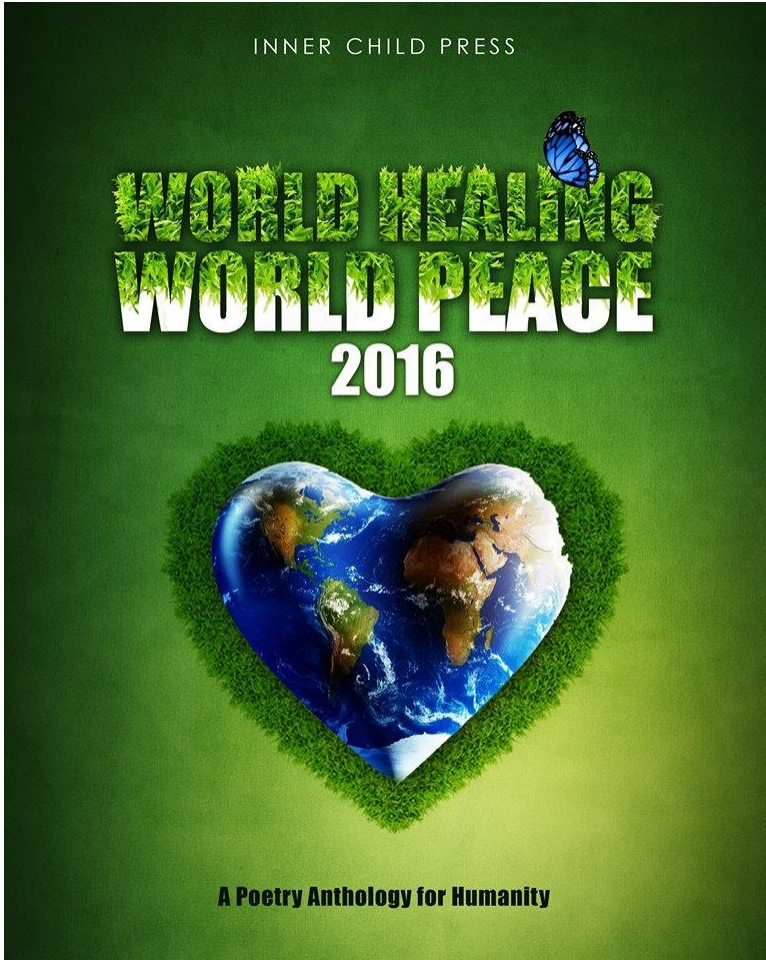
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



January 2018 ~ Featured Poets



**Iyad
Shamasnah**



**Yasmeen
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**Ali
Abdolrezaei**



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