

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

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inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pass 2015

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General Information

The Year of the Poet II July Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2015

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WHAT WOULD

LIFE

BE WITHOUT

A LITTLE

POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

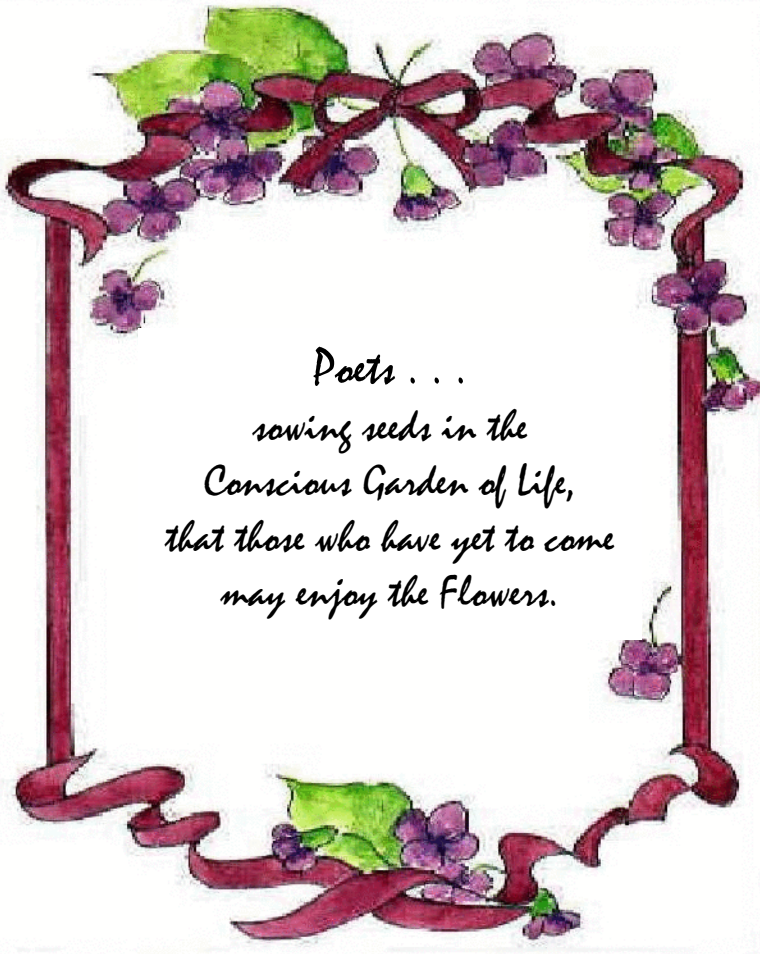
Poetry . . .

its Patrons,

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



Foreword

Alice Walker understands: "Poetry is the lifeblood of rebellion, revolution, and the raising of consciousness." Within these pages you will find the words of poets committed to the raising of consciousness—yours and theirs. You will find some words of rebellion and revolution hidden in plain sight. Words that explain the world we live in and the world we long for flow from the pens of these poets. Words of gratitude and the joy filled playfulness of summer delight also find their way onto these pages.

When you look around your neighborhoods, who are the people who matter? What are the most vibrant colors you see? Do you thrive on the textures and shapes you see on your street? This morning, was there a bird singing to its babies or the click click of an old delightful dog's nails on the hard wood floor? What feelings did you hear in the timber and quality of the voices around you? Could you smell the deep aroma of coffee brewing or roses cut fresh from the garden? What did you say to the first person who said hello and inquired about your path around the sun? What and who are you in relationship to now, in this moment?

These are the sights and sounds that make the world poetic. This collection of poems, musings, and thoughts made real are the work of unique individuals coming together as a community and a family to share their wonder, gratitude, love and inner experience with you.

May your July be filled with consciousness, family, and friends. And if you are very lucky it will be filled with a birthday like mine is every year as I celebrate life, my parents and love in the heat of the summer.

I will also be celebrating life in a country where I can write the poetry that is in my heart, share it with you, and send it out to touch the people I know nothing about on the other side of the world. Such is the magic that fills my life. I celebrate the freedoms and opportunities I enjoy every day. And I pray for the day when all seven billion of us can wake up with gratitude and consciousness of the world around us in love with our communities and the power to contribute within us.

May you find rubies, red and delicious, within the pages, in the fire laid out in black and white carrying the life blood of poets in every marking on every page.

Kimberly Burnham

Spokane Washington July 2015

Preface

Each month i am greatly blessed to participate in this offering of Poetry for the world. If you are a lover of Poetry, Prose and words, you will appreciate the diversity of voices who are included each month. To understand the magnitude of this undertaking you must acknowledge each of the 18 Poets who each month lend to us their thoughts, their feelings, their spirit and their insights to life and its variety of circumstances. Some of us write from compulsion, some from commitment and others simply because this is what we must do . . . Akin to a “Sacred Duty” !!!

Every month since January 2014, we have also been featuring up to 3 additional Poets who have something to say. We share them with you as well. Our ‘Featured Poets’ are Citizens of the Earth who represent a variety of Cultures, Geography, Religion, Politics and Ethnicities. Interesting how poetry becomes an unfettered medium that not only disregards such definitions, but acts as the ambassador of our Humanity. Ya gotta love it !!!

So, this month like most of the rest, we humbly offer to you, the World, our Thoughts, our Love, our Spirit, and we hope that you the reader find such to be contributing in the expansion of your expression as a Human Being.

Bless Up

Bill

p.s. All back publishing since January of 2014 are available in Print and as a FREE Download at :

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

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*

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

~ wsp

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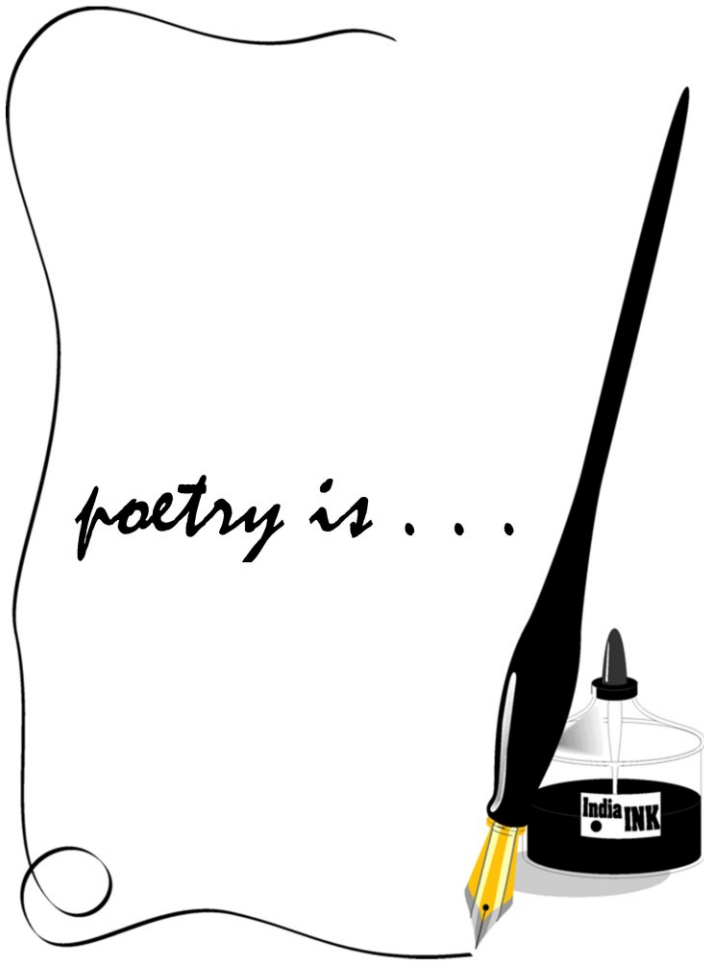
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~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Jamie Bond

Jamie Bond



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

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

Her Motto

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

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

An Old Man

An old man sits on his porch alone
Emaciated and tattered with time
Held together with threads of hope
His wrinkles look like vines,
He is trapped and enraptured
To the rocking chair he formerly made
When he once sported the hands
Of a younger man as he's sipping his lemonade

Life for him was light and simple
As I gazed beneath his dehydrated dimples
Hmmm; I bet back in the day
His swag was magnetically incredible
His wet dancing eyes said hi to me
Although he didn't yet move
Knuckles like hammers
Yet his weak physique was ever so sweet
Everything about him said
He's done it all with nothing else to prove

Anonymously Incognito

Relax lay your head down on my lap
Permit me to read something sweet to you
As we sit in the sun against a weeping willow tree
And as I stroke your left eyebrow and put you to sleep

Allow me to stimulate you mentally
Let me be your Autumn Breeze
Confidence precedes me
Yet I'm still a little uneasy
The flutter I feel in my tummy
Feels like when I first fell in love
I feel vulnerable yet excited
I'm having anxiety attacks
My heart is beating so fast
My feelings feel like glass

Wonder if you can see thru me as I continue to read
Can you feel and envision my thoughts as I proceed
I'm reading to you like it's an unknown source
Anonymous to you to protect my personal thoughts
And someday you'll realize it was me all along
It's your job to figure out the tune to my songs

So for now I read to you
And you are as content as can be
And you are overwhelmed
At the coincidences that seem to be
You say get outta my head: get outta my life
Dang something similar happened to us right?
These poets are always way before their time
Staring up at me wistfully you wish I could rhyme...

Fast Idle

Life is a great big race
Take it at your own pace
You will win or you'll lose
All depending on what you choose

You get ready on the mark!
Your eyes light up with a spark
You're taking off leaving others in the dust
Winning at life is your only lust

You're a ¼ miles there,
Everyone's cheating and it's just not fair
So you're sprinting at a steady pace
With controlled breathing
Then you realize that your competitors begin breeding

So you keep going now thirsty for success
½ mile now and you see it's a mess
You trip up and get hurt now wanting to rest
But you dust yourself off doing what's best

Someone else took it slower now not cutting any slack
¾ miles by now and you're looking back
You still run for your life dwelling on accomplishments
Patting yourself on the back reassured with compliments

You're almost there now analyzing the point of this race
Only to realize everyone ends up at the same place
At the finishing line with their own style and grace
So now you ask, should you slow down or speed up?
It's your decision...But hey that's life!

Gail
Weston
Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"

&

Notes from the Blue Roof

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor

navypoet1@gmail.com

DIPPED SKIN

Sliding into the cool water
My skin reacts to slow shock
Of the temperature change
In anticipation of your breath
Wrapped in the warmth of you
I move from wave to crest easily
Flowing against your strength
The power in your passion
Is all the buoyancy we need
In this world of salt
In this world of water
In this world of warm currents
And colors
Tinting my skin even more bronze
Than the tan you are now cloaked in

Heavily lidded
My eyes are transparent
In the starlight
Kisses feather my lips
As you pull me closer into you
Until there is no more space
For us to fill
In this new world of oldness
Meeting the needs of moon and light
And though I feel weightless
My desire is heavy across my hips
Just in the spot you place your hand

I wonder at how you know me
As differently same as we are
Male and female from the genesis
But even these thoughts flee
Under our joining

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

Under our mating
Under our waters
That covers and surrounds this island
As your tongue finds the
Under of my breast
That is cupped in your hand
And I can only sigh
In pleasure

As the sea is never calm
We too create a tide
Breaking together
In the force that can move mountains
With a friction
Reaching to the bottom
And then
Whistling a scream
Against the stones that you carry
Droplets glistening

Tuentionally we move in synch
Hands clasped
Not for balance
But hanging on none the less
I dread the release
The separation
The finality
But you kiss me
And I realize that
I wanted to be here
Skin to skin
Dipped

Gail Weston Shazor

DISTANT LOVER

(Palindrome)

Felt dreams as
Called cyan
Drunken love
Kiss to flesh
Heart to hand
Tattooed passion burning
Galvanizing heat into lonely
Memory distant
Distance hazy
Horizon's mountain horizontal
Far and farway
Again return here
Submerged oasis of longing
DISTANT
LOVER
DISTANT
Longing of oasis submerged
Here return again
Faraway and far
Horizontal mountain's horizon
Hazy distance
Distant memory
Lonely into heat galvanizing
Burning passion tattooed
Hand to heart
Flesh to kiss
Love drunken
Cyan called
As dreams felt

FISHER OF MEN

(Blitz)

Drum sound
Drum beat
Beat rhythm
Beat time
Time passed
Time measured
Measured years
Measured striped
Striped fields
Striped back
Back beating
Back biting
Biting tongues
Biting hands
Hands clenched
Hands free
Freeman
Freemason
Mason builds
Mason casts
Casts fears
Casts net
Netwide
Nets sifted
Sifted boys
Sifted men
Man molded
Man made
Made aware
Made honorable
Honorable talents
Honorable life
Life forsaken

Gail Weston Shazor

Life redeemed
Redeemed purpose
Redeemed pride
Pride of lions
Pride of faith
Faith upheld
Faith believed
Believed strong
Believed passed
Passed lessons
Passed code
Code of men
Code of the fisher
Fisher
Men

Albert
'Infinite the Poet'
Carrasco

Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Writing

I go into a trance like state when I'm writing, deep thought before there's lead traces or ink starts seeping. I become that person place or thing at that point of time in my mind while I'm scribing. My surroundings at that moment are irrelevant. The only thing I see is poetry, if I'm going to write about slavery I become a slave... Crack crack, that's the sound of the whip as it scars backs. I'm tied to a tree along with many other men in captivity hearing the moans of our women being raped on plantations in front of our children. Thump thump thump, that's my wife's, my child's and my bleeding bare feet running, sweating, searching for freedom through fields of cotton, gravel roads and woods trying to stay ahead of trotting hoofs because if they catch up it'll be a snug noose. They call that concrete imagery, I look at it as if a soul from a son of a tribe is speaking through me. At times I write and you might not know what I'm writing about until the end... They drugged her before the knife passed creating an eight inch gash. Blood drenched rags were all over, her man is there too but there's nothing he can do as they cut away but say... It's going to be okay. He's holding her hand watching what's unfolding, what he's seeing he's not believing but it's actually happening. it could kill her if he tries to stop them, so he just stands there and witnesses his baby being born through Caesarian. When I scribe about my past and the loss of many men, I get into the deepest part of my thought process, I be in another realm, it's like being awake but going through R.E.M. While I try to get to a level where I actually can converse with them. I'll take you to a point where we screamed out.. "yeah we made it" to a point where I'm in standing next to one of their caskets and everything in between as we chased that street dream. Everyday I just think, and write poetry, its a process to my sanity.

Violence

Epithets, Hate, Prejudice... She ,he, him, her, ...they...wishing for mass murder like himmler... Is it race or occupation? Right, wrong....fault... Death... To be dealt with a grain of salt. Anger, frustration, protests with Good and ill intention... I can, i can't breathe...separation. Drama...Teary eyed mommas, hurt is being felt... In the grave, the dream man Martin Luther is turning over... Promises of destruction, hopes of pain, thoughts of torture, more and more will suffer. What's the end result going to be? A veil on lady liberty? If no one can live safely, if guns aren't kept on safety none of us will live free... Ohhh sweet land of catastrophe. Shots echoooo...tape surrounding crime scenes are yellow, it's never a "good"bye when we have to let a loved one go. Is there a such thing as a mourn-o-meter so we can see who mourns deeper, is there last licks? it'll be a continued crisis if the crazed with terroristic views keep killing like I.S.I.S...the latest blood shed has a everyone seeing red, you could feel it in the air like Phil said, alerts and tensions are high, when will it all end so no one has to see those emergency broadcast news flashes again... "Today another murder, today another assassination"?... I have to worry because I am a minority and I have police that are friends and family, I got shot next to a cop that didn't come to my aid or return fire, was on trial for two years and a cop testified for me that the arresting officer "Rambo" was corrupt and a liar...I speak for those on both sides of the fence, all lives matter so this urban mourning griot will never condone violence.

Written's to recitals

I rehearse my verses cause my flow becomes a show. Three, seven, fifteen, half hours, whatever I memorize has the audience mesmerized. I feel like going back to the hood and taking all the sneakers I ever hung on electric wires for memories and hand them out to the crowd first come first serve so they can close their two physicals while opening their mind and actually feel like they're walking with me as i paint pictures of that point in time with poetry. My forte is Urbana... poverty, drugs, guns, pimps, prostitutes, jail, murder, etcetera etcetera. I don't sugar coat the game cause it ain't sweet, if somebody tells you it was easy wasn't really bout that life, they're not really street, cause shit was hard growing up in poverty trying to make ends meet, they probably just got their feet wet while some were in neck deep and others drowned and became a promise a brother failed to keep. I'm the narrator of ghetto current events and history cause its the same, just different hands in cuffs and more bodies being lowered in a hole in the ground for ill gotten gains, to reign, to make it rain, cause " by any means necessary" keeps flashing through our brain. I understand... I brainstorm to forecast bad weather that can't be prevented because of shelter or with umbrellas. I use the past to better the future because right now is the same as yesterday and I'm trying to end that cycle with urban word play.

Siddhartha
Beth
Pierce

Siddhartha Beth Pierce



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

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

PBS Interview

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

How I Spent Today

Pastels delighted
Upon my hands
The canvas
Spread
Between my legs
In grasses embrace.

I place the charcoal
Upon the page
Of my sketchbook
Set before me
While the Spring breeze
Kicks up the sail
Of my tresses
Within the wind-

Bringing with it
The fruitful aroma
Of the pear trees
Blooming forth
Amidst
This tranquil scene.

First published in 'The Artistic Muse'. Later released in 'In the Beginning and the End', Writing Knights Press, now available in Second Edition.

The Deweeding

A whisper
A dandelion seed
Glides gently
Upon the breeze.

Wafting
Waiting
For someone to snag it-

Wish upon and set it free-

With the gentle blow
Of their sweet breath.

Scented desperately-

The stench of tobacco
And the fear of the
Gasping
Lion's head-

Left behind
Once it was tugged
Roughly from its
Grassy mane.

A day's work unfurled
And glid upon
Until tomorrow.

When again
The sun arises
And the dirty toil
Begins once more

Petunia

Velveteen psycho-shocked
Magentas and purples
Majestic lures
Trumpets,
Plummeted and throated
Stamens and pistons
Erected to call upon the
Mass of killer bees
That suck their sweetness
Coned, coiled in hives for
Our children's breakfast toasts.

Electrified ellipses
Swallowing my soul
In the center-
Chopped off at the earth's bough
She passes it to him
And wonders
If he might
Love her too.

First published in 'Ripple' by innerchildpress, 2014.

Janet
Perkins
Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

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

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

www.janetcaldwell.com

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

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

Private Scribbles . . .

Things are the way they are
in this moment and perfect.
Everything else is a judgment
and an effort to exert control.

It's easy to become reverent
about those things that others find ugly.
(example, my cat OR religious dogma)

Judgments are about whether
the relationship meets expectations.
For practical purposes, evaluations
are much more effective than judgments.

Evaluation is different than judgment
but is in the gray area...
Not-Dark vs Light or evil vs good.
Decisions are necessary, make a choice.
Another thought to ponder.....
Relate to the human being and not their baggage.

Refer to the painting 'This is not a pipe'.
(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Treachery_of_Images)
we have the ability to make distinctions.

The things we “see” or the images
are not the thing/ person/ it/ themselves.
Our memories of things/people
are only a snapshot, emotions get involved.

The snapshot is a miniscule record or vignette, they are
imperfect.

You

Fair was the day,
looking into the sky.
Crimson roses did sway,
the angels hummed a lullaby.

Your note still fragrant
with the dew of love.
I like a vagrant,
asked for your gloves.

Astonished, you covered
me to my core.
You guided and hovered,
I danced on your floor.

With wide eyes, I wonder
where you came from.
I am like the thunder,
you, like the sun.

Packed with emotions,
I strike and ignite.
Your warmth like a potion,
this I will not fight.

Now I thrust deeply
into my memory cave.
Pulling you out
when I'm glove-less
and find it hard to be brave.

Love Is . . .

There has always been
love under the sun.
Love is a part of the universe
and the cosmos too.

I was truly blessed
when our love was shared
with many.
So much a part of me
so much a part of you.

We are created by love . . .
in love, and for love, it's true.
And let me say that . . .
Love has no boundaries
no fences nor borders
labels nor tags.

It belongs to no one man.
Love is *Oeness*
to be shared by all
since the beginning
this is how it has been.

Love is all there is . . .
love makes sense of all things.
Love simply is . . . hers and his.

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With love
the fabric of time
is *continuous*.

There is no separation
or interruption
an illusion
a delusion of men.

Let her in
and see yourself
experience the healing
when you accept just being.
Love's light is revealed.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Jackie
Allen

Jackie Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

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

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

Jackie Allen

My Dear Mr. Shakespeare

We do not know each other, you-me, or I-you,
Yet I want to take this opportunity, I do,
to let you know how much I admire you.

Believe me Mr. Shakespeare,
I envy your literary style
and how it makes me both cry and smile.

And were you here, I would offer you a bow
in celebration of how you have expressed your genius,
so incapable is it of being overrated.

As for my opinion of your body of work,
some of which I studied in school,
I fear as I continue to write, I might begin to drool.

It may sound most presumptuous
but my fervent hope is to someday meet you.
Until then, I will try to cope.

Something, Mr. Shakespeare, for you to remember
when we do meet, if it is not an imposition,
would you kindly comment on my composition?

And perhaps you will condescend to offer me
some advice on improving my style?
A few words from you would be so most enlightening.

My dear Mr. Shakespeare,
I have not been writing poetry or prose very long,
and that I will not presume to pretend.

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

But I am hoping that one day we might become
good friends, and with that
I will pen my good-bye.

Very respectfully yours,
until we meet in that great Poetry Room
way up in the Sky.

Anonymous

Tucked in a box of charity items, found at a Thrift Store, was a yellowed piece of paper. Written on the back was a date: June 1961. I thought to share it. With my coat of apprehension left behind, I took it to the Editor. I handed it to him, wondering if I had made a mistake, wondering what he would think.

He read it, was silent for moment then said, "We'll print it."

School's over, at least for the day. I was tired from the day, from riding on the bus, and could not wait to take off my saddle shoes, brown and white. Wrinkles decorated my aching and swollen feet. Poppa was at work in the coal mines, and Momma was watching TV, she taking a much needed rest.

I wanted to find out what was happening on the battlefield, take a few moments to sit with Momma, maybe even have a talk with God. Momma looked up and said, "Time to do your homework."

During the commercial, I mumbled, "Mine's done, did it in study hall."

"When's supper? "

"Soon," Momma said.

Her crochet needle was going back and forth and in and out of the pattern, a doily partially sitting in her lap, and meantime, the 'World Turns' faded into 'The Doctors.' And then came the news, the same on all three channels, young

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men, in uniforms, fighting on the battle-field.

The television's volume was turned down, so as not to wake my baby brother and sister.

The firing and the screams painted a portrait of Viet Nam in all of its gory, red and white and shaking with fear. Ping, pang, rang out the shots, down on the ground: young men, soldiers, journalists fell. Wounded. Dead. It was surreal, unbelievable...the boys were not much older than me or my boyfriend. Even still I cried as if they were my relatives. I cried so hard, my body was wracked with heaving, Momma unable to comfort me.

It was so horrible, what had happened, worse than the flood back across the mountain, the one that happened in 1957 when we didn't have anything but a radio to get the news.

I prayed to God, begging, pleading, "When will it ever stop? Whatever is this world coming to?"

The only thing we could do was to turn off the television. So we did.

"What happened at school today?"

"Same as usual," I said.

Momma looked away, but I could see on her mind, all of the weight of the world pressing down: Grandpa's angina; Grandma's diabetes; Poppa in the mines and the ever present charges for school lunches, not to mention the electric bill; the doctor's bills; the garden; the wash tub of tomatoes out on the back porch waiting to be canned, and, the laundry. I could go on and on writing down more of what was weighing down on Momma's mind.

Jackie Allen

Oh, yes, those school lunches that my seven siblings and I had to charge in order to eat. The cafeteria cashier, "Mrs. Always on my Back," had asked me her frequent and most obnoxious question, everyone in the lunch line hearing what she said. "When you all going to pay up? I lowered my eyes, tried not to cry, and embarrassed, I said, sort of whispered, "Whenever we can."

Life goes on. Pinto beans, cornbread, slaw, sliced tomatoes, this our daily bread, hard work and effort both fed us and worked my mother to exhaustion, drained her energy as did her eleven children, three to eighteen years old, with clothing always outgrown becoming treasured hand-me-downs. And, still, sitting on the sewing machine table was a pack of new needles, sharper than the last ones, they silent, simply waiting for their time.

Before I went to bed I heard Momma praying, "Where there's a will, there's a way. And, so help me, dear God, I am willing. So, please help me to find the way."

I prayed too, trying to stifle my sobbing.

As I write this down, pouring out my heart on this scrap of paper, I know full well that paper is too precious to be used for anything other than schoolwork. Yet, this is something I thought I had to do.

Someday, should anyone find this beneath my mattress, I shouldn't want to cause Momma or Poppa any concern so I will not sign my real name.

Anonymous.

The Cover Story

She stood before the mirror as an innocent, stood
in self judgment, unfair in her focus, unrelenting.
She saw only her inhibitions and faults looming large.
Yet she seized the moment, considered the consequences,
And only then, devised a plan from seeds of latent desire.

She packed her bags, traveled miles, finally arrived
in the land of Oz; breathless and eager, she filled
with anxiety, unpacked newly purchased weekend bags.
She removed a two piece secret even as resolve
and shyness battled long with her weary conscious.

She wondered which one would win though desire claimed
its right, and despite the anguish, resolve claimed its prize.
From birthday suit to the blue string bikini, doubts surfaced
far more than ever had she envisioned; but then, at last,
descending the stairs, she emerged wearing a cover story .

Jeans, a T-shirt, and a mask hid her embarrassment, so off
to the beach they went; there was no time to back out.
The ocean, the sun, the sky and the shore stood in silence,
in awe, as the blue string bikini made its timid debut.
Joining in with passion's music, her lover soothed her fears.

Sweet echoes of romance wrapped their arms around the
two.
Mother Nature blessed their bliss as her lover planted a kiss
on her cheek and slipped a band of gold around her
hesitancy.
Is it any wonder that these two, now man and wife,
consider
that of all of their happy vacations, that one was the very
best?

Jackie Allen

Tony
Henninger

Tony Henninger



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

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

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

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

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at LinkedIn.com

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

Tony Henninger

STARS

Sadness filled those lonely nights
you were not there.

Sitting on our porch, alone,
gazing up at the stars wondering
where you are.

Are you up there?
Could you be near me tonight?
Could it be possible?

At times I could feel a presence,
not quite real nor visible,
like a misty essence.

After going to my empty bed
and crying myself to through,
a light ignited inside my head
as I began to dream of you.

We were sitting next to each other,
just you and I,
on a beach by a clear-blue ocean.
Under a darkened sky.
The only illumination the stars
rising out of the sea.
Brightening as they rose so very high.
An awesome sight to see.
Then they began to dim
as they fell back down into the water
just to rise again like a dolphin
shouting out with glee and laughter.

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No words escaped our lips
as we looked into each other's eyes.
The epitome of love we were,
then a fog began to rise.
I knew the night was fading.
That dawn is on its way.
I held your hand so tightly
hoping you would not fade away.
I found myself in bed
waking to another day.
But, a different day,
for I can still hear the whispers
of the stars in pure delight
reaching out to me
in the early morning light.

I began to realize
we are all stars
and you are the star
burning just for me
every night and in my dreams
together in love
for all eternity.

Tony Henninger

ONE SWEET MOMENT

Walking through a summer shower,
feeling the coolness of the rain,
I think of you, my love.
I think of you in my arms again.

Only you can stop the rain
falling into my heart
where I am drowning in uncertainty.
Trying not to fall apart.

Wherever you go in your dreams,
I want to be there too.
Right by your side on your journey
holding on to you.
The world has given us
one sweet moment
to live, to love, to fly away.
To sing an undying love song
to each other
forever and a day.

DOVES

I thought about us while watching
two doves way up in the sky.
I thought then of our amazing love,
of how wonderful it is to fly.

With each glance you give me,
with each word you say to me,
I know where I belong.
You give me my reason to be.

Listening to your heartbeat
while holding you so tight,
makes it very clear to me
our love is oh so right.

And, like the doves,
our love is soaring.
Leaving the chains
of death and despair
far beneath the clouds
of illusion
to fly forever
in heavenly air,
forevermore.

Tony Henninger

Joe
DaVerbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



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

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

CONCRETE SUMMER

There was a stillness in the air
The heat was stifling
Brick and mortar trees
Hydrant water seas
Concrete sand burned our feet
Inner city summers
Miles from the beach
Nothing much to do but steep
Gods' tea-bags with the flavor of sweat
Awaiting the too long coming sunset

Little white trucks that humor us
Shaven ice treats we called slush
Hopping rides on the back of the bus
Laughing at an old couple start to fuss
Water balloon fights for that wet rush
Mostly empty days just sitting on the stoop
Watching people walk by
Watching thunder clouds roll by
Catching brief relief as they cry
Steaming concrete dries

No sandy shores no cool forest greenery
Just a hot breeze from our concrete shelters
Seemingly mocking us as we swelter
Hells oven or Gods loving
The night hours set us free
Summer day's summer plays
Summer guides and summer sways
So influential on ones demeanor
Concrete holds her deep within her
I'll take her any day over winter.

I CAN'T SLEEP

So many bills so many nights alone
So many obstacles and I can't get a bone
Its 2:00 am and still 90 degrees
I'm tossing and turning and I can't sleep
No A/C to speak of, just a wet towel and a fan
My mind won't rest and I don't have a plan

The sun greets me and I'm thankful
I haven't slept because my minds full
Dear lord please remove this blindfold
This lack of sleep is taking its toll
This constant worry is getting old
I feel my heart growing too cold

Week three and maybe I've slept 4 hours
This high humidity and I've already taken 3 showers
Let God and let go I've tried to no avail
Another sleepless night, is this my hell?
Over the counter meds won't due
Forced routines I've tried that too

Where's the cutoff switch to my mind
Why can't I leave these troubles behind?
I need my energy to stay on the grind
Drugs and alcohol can't help me unwind
Does sleep elude anyone but me?
Give me this dream world this never land

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer

Today my worries are gone
Answered prayers and the A/C's back on
I've been happy all day singing my favorite song
Got a check in the mail, that's been on hold for too long
Made a date with a lady friend, so beautiful and sweet
No headaches no problems, cool crisp sheets
I shower away the hours, and still can't sleep

ENJOY YOUR EVENING

Flowery scents about the air of your body
A lovely dress clings to your form
Summer's glow has darkened your complexion
You're no longer a model for a cameo
There's definition in your calves
You're really stepping out in fine order
Well look at you damn near unrecognizable
I've found nothing to criticize you on
I'd say you're ready to go
Even your lipstick is magnificent
Can't even tell if you're wearing it
Baby; you look great don't procrastinate
This is your big date
A night on the town, with who knows? Fate

You worry too much and in this heat
It's hard to stay cool
We've gone over this a thousand times
Baby you know the rules
Remain a lady and expect a gentleman
Keep your mind intact, study your environment
No pop-up friends stick with the plan
Trust me on this one, I'm your friend and still a man
Expect the best prepare for everything
Try to respect your guest don't do that phone thing
Well you can keep me posted, you know I'm nosey
But I have a feeling tonight
I'm going to be placed on hold see
Watching you grow and go to where you need to be
Unlocks my chains and sets me free
I'll continue to be your guide
If you continue to keep your pride
Enjoy your evening baby
That's nothing baby, just some sand in my eyes.

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer

Neetu
Wali

Neetu Wali



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

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

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

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

Uncommon Violet

I wish I was a violet
A very common one
Hidden behind a very common rock
In the depth of a very common deep forest
One day a very common man finds me
People call him Wordsworth
I call him a below common man
I find him a bit insane
His smiles are mad
His eyes are crazy
Yes he is so usual and common
He draws a beautiful sketch of me
On a leaf
It swims through the air
Reaches the king
Suddenly we all become uncommon
The violet (me), the rock, the forest
And Wordsworth

A Magical Carpet

I wish I was a magical carpet
A bright piece of red and yellow velvet
Studded with diamond and pearls
I would fly tirelessly
From heavens to heavens
From dreams to dreams
I would love the transit
From adulthood to childhood
And then back with the gifts of
Purity, innocence and creativity
Children would be my only companions
I would love to glide across
Hills and mountains of ice creams
Carrying little butterflies on my back
Whistling through the valleys of candies
I would be delighted to watch
Children picking them for free
I would sail through the streams of milk and coco
Sweetened by honey bees
Finally I would go to the fairy land
And gift the children a magical wand
With powers to heal, and
Steal childish dreams

Explain?

When you tell me
To explain
My words
It is like
I am on terrace
I enjoy the beauty
Of moon and night breeze
You call me from your
Closed room
And tell me to explain
The experience
It is a big pain
It is like
I have a spoonful
Of fruit jam in my mouth
You want me to explain
The flavor
The smoothness
The sweetness
The colour
It is truly a big pain
It is like
I have a bite
Of Groovy cheese
And you tell me to explain
How it feels

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When the cheese melts
In your mouth
Isn't it a big pain
It is like.....
Am I trying to
Explain something
Well! Old habits die hard
Again
It is a big pain

Neetu Wali

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

material...

witness to a crime committed
the people's rights forfeited
done every bit deliberate
badges and guns all up in it
liars try never to admit it
powers to be cover up
constantly
always got some bu!!\$#!+
ready for you and me
they say \$#!+ like " don't
believe what your lying eyes
see"
straight up racism, reason
being
dem hating the skin you in
always make up some reason
for killing
activity done so frequently
it's beyond chillin'.
especially young children
repeated futile response
sickening to hear even once
talking bout "we had enough,
not gonna take it no mo,
no justice, no peace, who's streets?
the "Beast" 4 sure!
sure as hell ain't yours!

food4thought!

Magnatude...

dwarfs the multitudes
boogles brain cells
confounds consensus
to profound to mention
but let me say...
all praise,power,glory
belongs to one and only
the one who rules alone
no associates share his
throne
though he never gets lonely
he who made you ' n ' me
never compare to you ' n ' me
universe,mountain,sky,trees
all that ever was or will be
you hear me?
certainly not ordinary
extrodinary? a certainty!
but the magnitude is of such
enormity
the right words escape me
and anyway who are we
to define the divine
only he can adequately
the architect of all design
including time!
from beginning to end
all things he created
he Allah(swt) alone
transcends!

food4thought!

reflection..,

reminds me of what i used to be
young, full of vitality,
touch of vanity
always a smile on the horizon
sunset today, tomorrow rising
regardless somehow keep on
smiling
then the years kept piling
tears often replaced smiling
result of life along with dying
mortality reminded me of
impending finality
and what seeds sowed
what deeds stowed away
to be replayed on that day,
when payment is made
but how we forget reality
mired in triviality
inspired by the majority
who lost touch with reality
to blind to see inevitable calamity
lurking behind what's gleaming
is the master of disaster
making things fairseeming
so things ain't what they seem
to be
life ain't hardly easy
except by undeserved mercy
in spite of our inability to see
the forest for the trees

food4thought!

Kimberly
Burnham

Kimberly Burnham



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

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

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

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

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

Black Fire

Words

black fire transmitting off white
paper
shimmering fire filled
with swirling letters
surrounded by space
surrendering to the hilly
processes in the valleys
deep and profound
sounds bursting
lighter than air
rolling outward
on a breath

White space on black letters
implying a colorless world
satiated with information
but no
color, love, compassion

We are home
in satin space
coloring life
words attracting
dancing on the palette
crayons chosen
the painter's hand unseen

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We listen
call out
love the inky letters
in space
and still
dance outside the lines
marching across
fields of duality
into the rich and diverse
landscape of life

Letters containing all the colors
holding tight to the secrets
until we apply the lenses
teasing apart meaning
hidden in plain sight

Leaving me with the question
why did I choose this color

Eye See

I see the meaning
pulled out of the
suffix, root, and prefix

sometimes finding myself
at the beginning
from time to time at the end
there is occasionally an infix
hidden in the inside meaning
now and then the outer shell
peeled away
by the outside meaning

each letter ruling
measuring
life and words mixing
old and new together on the page
life's stages
flowing
moving gently
leading the player inward
to community

Thriving on Change

Survival in a constantly changing
world where some processes seem
to stand still
at the vortex center
how to fit in and thrive
watch and listen
adapt and accept
daily reinvention
the story mixing old and fresh
experiences pushing off
into the new day
telling the story a new
reinventing as I go

No one knows but me
what I saw
what I felt
what happens
each day when
again I see the dawn
watching and learning
I circle the sun

Kimberly Burnham

Ann
J.
White

Ann J. White



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

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

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

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

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

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

You can find her at:

www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

Ann J. White

Summer Breezes

Kicking the stone down the road on a moody day
Purple haze in the air
Nowhere to go
No place to be
Just ambling down the rambling path and what do I see
A violet ribbon tangled in a tree
Waving as if calling to me
I was tempted to free her, but stood and watched
As she wiggled and waved – glorious and almost free
Yet anchored and tangled in the tree
I sat with her and she danced for me
If I set her free....
She couldn't dance in the wind
She needed to be tangled in the tree to unfurl her glorious
self
So I bid her good bye
And continued kicking my stone down the road

A Sultry Summer Moment

The mist inched its way down the wet street as I first
dodged the puddles and then gave in to the childlike
pleasure of puddle jumping
The water was glistening green and chilly as it seeped into
my shoes and wet the bottom of my trousers
The air was both rare and thick at the same time
Reflecting an iridescent hue of dragonfly green halos
surrounding the street lamps
Scents of grass, the salty sea, and warm pesto from the
outdoor café hung in the air
Intoxicating
Mystical and pregnant with magic, the moment was electric
with energy
Mesmerizing moments etched in time
As the sun set behind azure clouds reflecting a glint of
chartreuse
Wrapping the moment, the precious moment with a glitz of
glamor
A moment sparkling with frivolous flighty faeries dressed
in beetle green gossamer skirts
Gently flapping wings shimmering in icy blue on green
A moment burned into my heart

The Colors of Summer

1.

I hate spider webs
Mostly because I'm afraid of spiders
Yet the porch light shone through the lacy shawl
Clinging to my door
Threads of violet with dew drop diamonds
Glistening and blinking teal magic in the night

2.

Glozel is my pet chicken
She is black and white topped off in red
Yet when the sun shines on my baby girl she glows in
iridescent hues
Shifting rays of blue flow into silver and ebb into violet and
slide into turquoise
And yet you look again and she is black and white topped
off in red

3.

Through the blue of my eyes
I saw the blue of the skies
And sat eating the blue of summer pies

Keith
Alan
Hamilton

Keith Alan Hamilton



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is an Author who writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog, the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog and the NatureIQ.com Blog. Keith is also an exhibited artist, a fervent promoter of other artists and a professional Information Specialist/Investigator (Private/Corporate Sector – LPI).

Keith firmly believes, “The true act of creating art, is for it to be used for the everlasting benefit of all humanity” by using art to create change.

Driven by that belief, Keith's mission is within the spirit brought forth in his book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die! to see the value of proactively working together to improve the overall well-being of humanity. So people become more willing and able to help themselves and then do the same for others. To exemplify this mission a portion of the proceeds from the Keith's book series and his Art Store are donated to help support promising research into the cause, treatment, and management of MS, Fibromyalgia, Diabetes, Cancer, Hydrocephalus and mental conditions (Bipolar, Depression, Autism, etc.).

Keith Alan Hamilton

the “Nut” ~ the Virginia Diner

while traveling down 460
on our way from Chesapeake
to Richmond
at the town of Wakefield
my muse RLF and I
stopped for brunch
at a place our mutual
childhood friend Jimmy
used to pick up
cans of peanuts
for his clients
~ the Virginia Diner
where its outdoor sign
implies things like
as far as the peanut goes
in the context of the world
this is the Capital
~ having this nutshell legend
~ on their brochure
when it comes to the
so-called “*Nut*”
they are number one
and in Virginia
the diner is
..... synonymous with
the finest of peanuts

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hmmm.....
synonymous with ~ I say
and in no way
out of disrespect
for the rich history of
the lovely Virginia Diner

the history of the “*Nut*”
technically a legume
may we not forget
or revert back to
..... its past history
synonymous with
the slave trade
brought to America by slaves
grown in their gardens
and mainly eaten by them
unless hungry
confederate soldiers
were left no choice
but to eat goober peas
of course a song
would be written
about their exploits
well
this lowly “*Nut*”
like the soldier
would get its time
under the sun
undergo refinement ~
become thought of
as more useful
and grow in its popularity

Keith Alan Hamilton

as the peanut
helped along its journey
ironically
by a former slave
George Washington Carver

all *synonymous with*
my muse RLF and I
stopping for brunch
at a place our mutual
childhood friend Jimmy
used to pick up
cans of peanuts
for his clients

~ the Virginia Diner

peace out

This poem is dedicated to one of my dearest childhood friends James Lee Hargreaves (Jimmy) who passed away from cancer a few short years ago. I will forever love you brother.....

visual empathy

at the beginning of
the Slave Trial
at the historical marker
I stand there and ponder
through visual empathy
what it may have been like
if I was in the shoes
of a slave
~ putting
a foot on
not only dry land
but unfamiliar ground
after spending much time
~ traveling
an unfriendly Atlantic
to enter the mouth
of the Chesapeake Bay
then took up a river
called James
to the Manchester Docks
Ancarrow's Landing
near Richmond

~ while deep
in contemplative
thought
my muse RLF
talks to the locals
about the type of fish
that's caught at this spot
on the bank of the river ~

Keith Alan Hamilton

instead of going to New Orleans
those that departed the boat here
treated like livestock
~ flesh and blood *beings*
of THE HUMAN RACE
just a different skin color
were taken along the water
until crossing over
to the other side
where the horrors of being sold
at the auction houses in Richmond
inhumanly awaited them
(300,000 HUMANS they say
in Richmond ~ during
this seemingly
unfathomable period
in American history)

I ain't gonna
reiterate the historical
record on the marker
about the Trans-Atlantic
Slave Trade to America

go to the beginning
of the Slave Trial
and read
experience the moment
for yourself
like me
stand there and ponder
through visual empathy
what it may have been like

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

if you were in the shoes
of a slave
~ putting
a foot on
not only dry land
but unfamiliar ground
share your feelings
and thoughts with others
ask them to go there
and experience it
for themselves
let the healing
through the power of empathy
freely flow about the land
so such a thing
as slave trade
never happens again
to *beings* a part of
THE HUMAN RACE
of a different skin color

then afterwards
like my muse RLF
take the time
and talk to
the locals
about fishing
along the river bank
at the Manchester Docks

peace out

are we not all

as I stand at a point
on the Slave Trail
where another
historical maker
was located
I see
the Shockoe Bottom
area of Richmond
on the other side
of the James River
if your eye follows
the line of the I-95 bridge
right over the tip of
Mayo Island
~ you arrive at a place
in the city
that the slaves
were once taken
to be sold
whipped at the market ~
put in Lumpkin's Jail ~
hung from the gallows
and buried
in the Upper Shockoe Valley
later to be called
the African Ancestral
Burial Ground

now on this marker
there is
a historic emblem
with the inscription

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

*“AM I NOT A MAN
AND A BROTHER?”*

powerful words
that did challenge
the very fabric
of slavery in America
~ quoting the English potter
Josiah Wedgwood

..... words that made
my mind swiftly flow
like the current
back down the river
towards the Chesapeake Bay
~ my memory
calmly running into
the Elizabeth River
then the Albemarle
and Chesapeake Canal
the spot
this artist
took a snapshot
of his muse and hero
RLF
~ while she was taking
a snapshot
of this place
with a canal lock
next to the Great Bridge
where a battle happened
in 1775
and the marker
eludes to the enslaved
that participated there
the Ethiopian regiment
(not really Ethiopian
but African Americans)

Keith Alan Hamilton

~ who were offered freedom
by the British
for their loyalty
if they fought against
the “colonial rebels”
who were fighting for
the *land of the free*
oh how
my thoughts overflow
with the irony
of the situation

the land of the free
indeed is the right ideal
to bring to fruition
regardless
of the color of our skin
sisters and brothers
women and men
co-existing together
spiritually and physically
interconnected by the symbolic
waters of life
whether by sea or river
~ are we not all
a part of
THE HUMAN RACE ~
I ask
while standing
in remembrance of the past
at this historical marker
along the Slave Trail

peace out

Katherine
Wyatt

Katherine Wyatt



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well
<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud
<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>
http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

~stone cold holes

There is a hole in this wall of stones
I stick finger through it
to keep you on the other side
You keep oozing through
like ectoplasm

We kiss the ghosts, sending them on their way
Here
Now... grounded in the moment
facing forward
speaking only of where we desire
to Be

This is my intention.....

I wash my finger off and find a cork
a new inlay
filling the hole in the gray stones
it expands to fill the gap

We morph the dreams that were
always in all ways
only ours
folding in on us like origami birds

There is a graveyard of lovers
misguided perceptions and no captives

it lies a few paces behind me

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

I will not turn around for a glimpse
It was all illusions
and I no longer wish to argue for my limitations

gasoline doused
I throw a match over my shoulder

Walking away into a new shift
I smell the smoke rising behind me
faces appear in the drift...

We create what we want to see
devastated when square pegs will not fit
into our round holes

Seeing what i wanted to
I never knew them at all

~really

Really?

Was it such a point of pride?
Tearing the wings off the innocent
was not enough for you?

Those quick lies
that came easier than saying hello to a stranger,
with that serpentine smile,
that were second nature for you...

Really....

I didn't I learn the first time?
So many came and went
I kept believing...
it was somehow going to be different
when it was me attracting more of the same
over and over

Details changed but the cruel streak
always remained the same

Really...., in your eyes it is me,
never fitting the mold
' wrong bloodlines, wrong color
too many suitcases to carry
not really worth your time

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

Really it was me
never ready to say
“fuck you I deserve something more”

Really..... I am tired

But there is this angel sitting next to me
so innocent even you could not destroy him,
you acquiesced... like darkness when a candle is lit,
an angel so absolutely determined
never to leave my side
even when I give up on me.

Really,
you don't deserve my attention
which is my own fault
for allowing you to still hold meaning
when I held nothing at all for you

Really,
you are stone cold
yet if I could shut down my heart
as easily as you do

I would be like you

Really,
that is never who I want to be

So thank you
for being the example I never want to follow

Really!!!

~making love

If I had said “I love you” even though the timing
as well as the distance were so very wrong
would you fall away?

We share stardust and dreams that come and go
like tumbleweeds

Would you run to me?
...cross a continent for a soul connection

Would you hold me when I was shaking,
walk through my fires
Do you even know the blaze?

I have whispered to you in dreams,
that is when you are the farthest from me.
When your soul disconnects from the golden thread

“I am in” was my acceptance to your invitation

Echoes of silence.....

Perhaps it is easier to fantasize
dreamscapes filled with soft gossamer.

So enchanting those soft kisses that fall
becoming dust in the daylight
stroking my thighs...
all that wanting tastes so exquisite

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

Virtual consummation
golden hair brushing across your chest
breathing heavily .. closer deeper
One body...
two heartbeats sharing One soul

But, could you love me if you had to walk
beside me *every* moment?

Ancient lovers perhaps...
maybe just delusions

I never argued for our limitations
graced you with my secrets... and still
you do not seem to know me...
..... not at all

I think I loved you ... love you in some way

I never said I was immune to illusions
those dreams that are
only my own... as you are passing
through me

Katherine Wyatt

Fahredin
Shehu

Fahredin Shehu



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Golden Fleece

...for the mind is mild almost a breeze full
of Divine aroma;

the hairs of the golden fleece produce
harmonious melody and

its crystalline echoes for the subtle creatures
even among non hypersensitive

this golden fleece shall also protect you dear
from the sharp wands of life; now as you posses

the aromatic platinum quilt; and the wedding gown
Henok is designing for you; you shall be fully protected

He shall also draft a wedding declaration on a role
of the subtle iridium parchment; so we may endorse
our Divine agreement

The vine of Divine shall be served in Onyx goblets
and the fruits that never decay on

a huge Porcelain table
arranged as never before

the lights of Angel's spirit shall bring more blasting lights
and the prism hearts of the assembled shall disperse

the whole light into rainbow; to fully color the ambience
in the throne of the Moon's heaven

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

Gabriel shall be responsible for the entire
arrangement; and he abides the order of God

without any hesitation; as when the God says be!
it becomes in a blast of the moment

thus for us the only remain is the Divine hedonism
and a kind of chill that is akin to a
non post orgasmic chill

In the amethyst epitaph in the deserted valley
of the hereof she wrote sentences; for the open mind
shall take the lesson; as this is her expectation

Here lies the body of the Beauty; the Mystery
remains proud; for the progeny she brought

from Universe and laid as in golden egg in the heart of
the one drunken in Love is another

passer by, to say a prayer so you got blessings
from the Almighty; for eternity and a day more

The Swan

every sort of wrongdoer tried to sprinkle
the black stains in my neon feathers;
but the silken of grease

keeps me pure even from the dust of potent maladies
and strong malice

I was pure within and in outer being and
stretched my wings while my feet blow water
pushed even the smallest pieces of the lakes plants

I was modeling the psycho-morphed entities out
of primitive psycho-morphed units; for the one who has

a pure vision shall benefit the miraculous
moments of beatification

the day was so long and it was spring; from the well
of Knowledge I took a pot of ice-cold

from the well of Art I took a pot of pure hot-flame
from the well of Wisdom I took a pot
of pure mild- serene;

drop ...of Mercy...to drop on the thirsty Lips; that are
closed except to the ears of understanding...

weather a white or black I remain clean;
even from the stains

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

of Art due modeling those entities;
ephemeral as they ought to be;

I realized; The mastery of Loving is the virtue of chosen
Aware for the suffer the ought to encounter;
they accept this as mercy

The Mercy is distributed in every kiss
so after every kiss, the Smile give birth to Life

A Question raises his head; curious heart, she asks:
Is the Men ready to accept Love that

Naphtha

Meteor from the golden planet hit the earth
on a day when the Theurgist was born; it assembled

all gold lumps beneath the earth; they started
bleeding; all dark

Ocean formed as a mattress to the kernel of the earth
circulating in their veins; as paths for anointment
of the dry soil

The creatures ridding the Meteor were
the Sapphire color Light tunic and
the gowns of Intergalactic threads

with the Seraph's feathers; the silence
appeared as Gallant Beauty

with a dazzling Aura and the Horn of
the Galactic Ram, announced

her coming; Semi-permeable dimensions
were all at her service

and she infused serenity in every corner
of them and recess
of the Mother who bore not a child in her life- time

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

All of sudden a comet from the distant
Galaxy passed on the sky

of hot air clouds and beyond them;
to set up a nest down on the heart

of believer; the one who love for Eternity
and a day more

Fahredin Shehu

Hülya
N.
Yılmaz

Hülya N. Yılmaz



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

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

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

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Hülya N. Yılmaz

pre-natal insights

hyenas

coyotes

wolves

alligators

lizards

sharks

and other kings of vultures

are lulled to their eternal sleep
in their dens amid circles of doves
lambs cranes sloths deers and butterflies

compassion has reached the birth canal

~ ~ ~

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

while dining with its kin and companions
the carcass-serving beast made a fatal mistake
it relied on its incurable lack of brain
hence it belittled you my peaceful child of love
concluding you will always remain infinitesimal

check mate

~ ~ ~

Hülya N. Yılmaz

a new morning is dawning
on rainbow-hued and ocean-scented sheets
the laughter of countless infants on breakfast trays

our screen-free window
now wide open
invites in all breeding families of house wrens
freshly joining eyes watch
the yet unhatched eggs tap dance on cue
the matured ones sing the news
amid a gentle breeze
their songs' warmth tastes like chilled lemonade
on a day of a hottest summer's blaze

the world has just been declared a war-free zone

* The poems here will re-appear in *An Aegean Breeze of Peace*, a pending book of poetry, being currently co-authored by Dr. Demetrios Trifiatis (Greece) and myself (Turkey) to be published by Inner Child Press, Ltd.

Teresa
E.
Gallion

Teresa E. Gallion



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

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

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

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

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

Teresa E. Gallion

Choices

Pacing myself on this silent walk,
I surrender to the wind.
A loving chill runs up my spine
in rhythm with the rustling leaves.

I contemplate my next venture.
Trust hangs on the branches of Ms. Ponderosa
offering support when I am ready to reach
for her open arms.

I stop dead in my tracks,
sit on a fine piece of granite,
gaze into the silence.

Ms. Ponderosa speaks to me without words,
*The answer to your question lies at your feet,
mingles with the twigs and sand.*

*Each sunrise gives you a choice
of which morning song you sing.*

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

Epigraph:

“I’ve a soft spot holding a thousand petals of fear.”

John Brandi

(from: For a Girl on the Beach of Seven Towers)

Journey

Fear is the engine that drives her emotions.
Earth bound, she shakes and shivers through experience,
project her fears through greed, anger, pride, lust.

Each time she rows through rapids of experience,
a petal of fear drops in the river.
A growth nugget jumps into her canoe.

When her canoe is full,
it floats down the river,
reaches the ocean of love and mercy,
falls into the arms of Spirit.

Teresa E. Gallion

An Ordinary Day

What we see today
will not come again.

Let us savor the moment
and notice,

just now a blue jay
sat on the branch of a tree,

wind stirs the leaves,
desert sand cleans the patio,

light streams in shadows
across the yard,

flowers bow at random,
on an ordinary day

not to be repeated
in exactly the same way.

William
S.
Peters Sr.

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

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

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child :
www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site
www.iamjustbill.com

the act, the show

the journey has been long
the road has no end
and horizons
keep moving away from me

life has it's challenges
as does all else

people pulling at me,
at you,
at themselves
trying to remove the costume

am i dressed with appropriateness
or am i and my life
the mess
i am told it is ?

i think not

perhaps perfection is the muse
who plays jokes
on those who are conscious
but really do not know it
to be so

perhaps fate
is an inescapable lot

perhaps this is the script we wrote

this is

the act, the show

you bring the wine

my life seemingly took an oblique approach
to the desires i learned to have

the paths struggled to become finite,
but i would not have it,
for commitment appeared
repulsively constraining

and the orchestra of freedom
continually enticed me,
taunted me
to indulge

but i was rebuked
at every turn

i made these walls
did i not ?
at least that is what i am told,
and these very same walls
have become my prison
as they hold me to
a conformance attitude
i did not elect

i suspect
there is more to consciousness
than we are conscious of

how does the cripple
teach the babe to walk,
to run,
to jump,
to dream ?

William S. Peters, Sr.

we arrive empowered with hope
and undiscovered abilities
that remain for the most part
dormant and resting peacefully
in our resonant memories

is this any way for the Sons and Daughters
of God to live ?

the teachings of Holy things
are contradictory
at best
and that same God
wears many faces . . .
from love to hate . . .
from peace to war . . .
from manna to famine . . .
from compassion to indifference . . .

does "IT" even know what is thy sovereignty,
or is it too Creating delusions
to live by

i wonder in my wander,
do i wander and wonder too much ?

where hides the answers made of permanence
that arrest the quiverings of my soul

i vacillate in my unsettled ways
and i can not embrace
small doctrines
that are not all inclusive

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

truth belongs to all . . .
but is the property of none

so say you naught,
for silence has more meaning
than the “tinkling of cymbals”
and the clamoring for positions of comfort
found in this fleeting temporal expression

instead, embrace me,
and let the physical touch
set forth vibrations of a likened spirit
that reaches into the depths
and snatches “we” awake
with a simultaneous quickening
that none shall backslide alone

my proverbial foot is planted
in the mud-like furrows,
for i have watered this garden of mine
this day

will not you sit with me
and have a piece of fruit . . .

you bring the wine

i am the Sun

i am the Son,
you never had . . .
i am Black and i am comely
and like Michael Jackson . . .
i am bad . . .
and what i find sad . . .
is that you don't see me
as i truly am . . .
i was my great, great grand uncle
who was the King of Siam

i am the Son
who will save your soul,
for the love of me
will fix those holes
in your heart
and you will be whole again
as you overcome your sin
of being less
than what you were meant to be

you see,
i am the Son, the Sun
that Morning Star
that has brought civilization,
oh so far,
only to have you bastardize
it's meaning

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

seemingly,
you do not understand,
that the love of all man
is required
that all men
can aspire
and make their way . . .
back home . . .

see my light . .
i am that Son,
the Sun,
and i am Black and Comely

William S. Peters, Sr.

July
2015

Features

~ * ~

Abhik Shome

Christina Neal

Robert Neal

Abhik
Shome

Abhik Shome



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

Abhik Shome is a singer-songwriter (Heading the Alternative Rock act – Armania), author and poet from New Delhi, India. His creative writings are bilingual in nature, as he writes in both Hindi and English. His genres include - Prose, Free Verse, Haiku, Tanka, Flash Fiction and Short Stories. His works have been published in various National and International literary magazines, such as - "Spirits" The official journal of Indiana University North West (USA), Writers and Lovers Studio (Taiwan), Essence of Eternal Happiness (An Amazon India listed Bestselling Poetry anthology), Ignire by Crystal concept (India), Aquillrelle (USA), Sargam Tuned from Writer's club (India), Joe Hill's Collapsed Lexicon (USA), Calliope Magazine (Tennessee, USA) and websites such as www.poetrybits.com, among others. He has recently been felicitated with the award for Best Poetry (Category - English) for his performance Poetry act titled - "Hologram" by Aagman the Arrival (A multilingual Indian literary magazine). Apart from his music and poetry, he has also completed work on his first novel. His writings aim at presenting an alternate overtone to life and identity, with flavours of cosmic nihilism.

1989

People are walking by
Unknown and unfazed
About the evil inside me
The flowers are dying
Untouched by my empathy
What if, I am a lie?
In a Universe which is false
Just eternal nothingness
From which I engineered reflections
Which I wrongly called truth

As I tread back in the opposite direction
Beyond Fake profiles, faker dilemmas
Beyond the yang, from which I carved the yin
Mobile Phone, Internet, What are they?
Childhood Photographs
Which were never clicked
I am 1989

.

,

?

2008

Watching a war movie
Thinking of you
As all the elements and atoms
I perceive in reception
Become flowers carrying the scent
Of you belonging to me

A carnival
People engaging in timeless revelry
Their happiness connoting my sadness
As I have been banished
In this endless chimera
Without you

Travelling in car
The orange light of streets
Giving the trees my inner mood
Which serve as my only reliance
To revive and relive February 2008

Cruel time

Making shapes and concepts

Out of spilled water

Reminiscing my life

As it evaporates

Lusting on the cruel star

I bought its dazzling dream

Oblivious that it's light

Does not co-exist with me

As it's a million year old photograph

As I go back into the horror of Nothingness

Screaming a final hurra

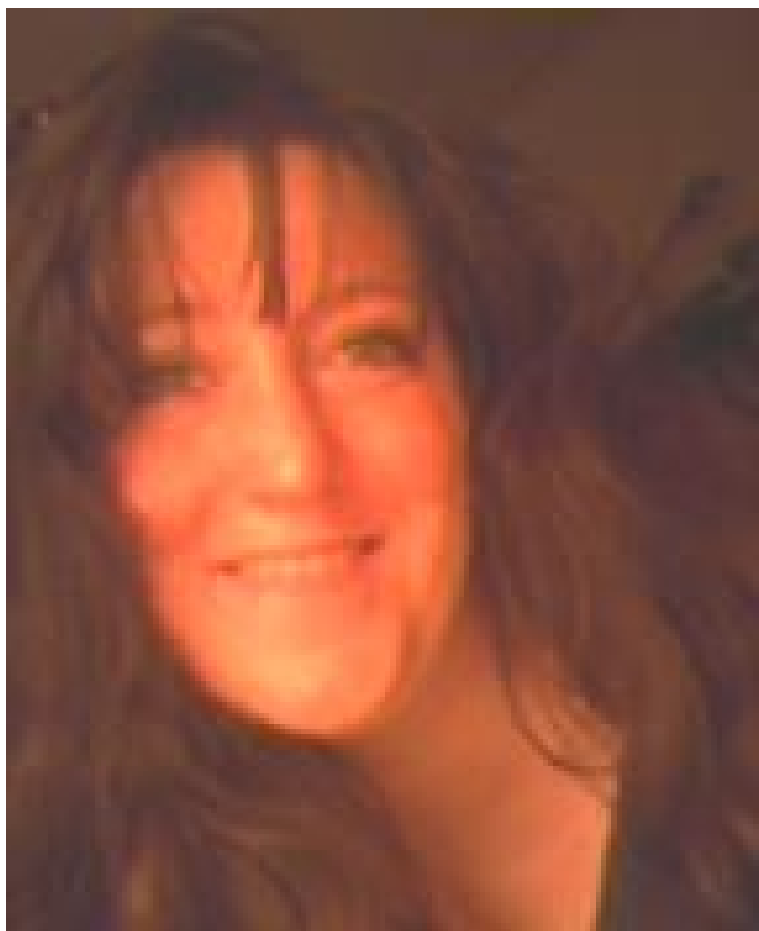
I squeeze out a second's resonance

To be my legacy

In this cruel time

Christina
Neal

Christina Neal



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

Christina Neal is a lover and accomplished writer of poetry and fiction. Her first title, *Journey from Obscurity*, was published in 2011. Christina is a featured writer on Facebook @ My Misery (not anymore) as well as a runner up contest winner with World Poetry Movement. She is included in a number of compilations through Inner Child Press as well, including titles *A Poetic Anthology*, and *I Want My Poetry To*. Recently married, Christina and her husband reside in Mountain Home Arkansas amongst family and friends.

The Realm

I'm afraid I'm afraid
or is it I fear I fear
Either way
the realm is near
The realm of love's emotion
I hold so dear

The kingdom of color
the black hole deep
Where magistrates walk
the secrets to keep
And answers to life and
death line the streets

The entry a gate
one must enter bare souled
No insincerity
may touch its gold
Nor eyes of pride
its tales behold

So I ready myself
travel there I must
To return with answers
to share amongst us
Because when Jesus calls
His voice I trust

Disheartened

I just want to run a way
Into the trash, where broken things lay
What good is a heart who's beat is off?
What use a mind that only scoffs?
Let go the used and battered thing
Start fresh again, the child will sing.

Or to the blue Skye I'll go, I'll fly
Into the place my promise lies
And touch that part of me denied
Without to life's misery being tied
It's interference null and void
That's where I'll go, no more annoyed.

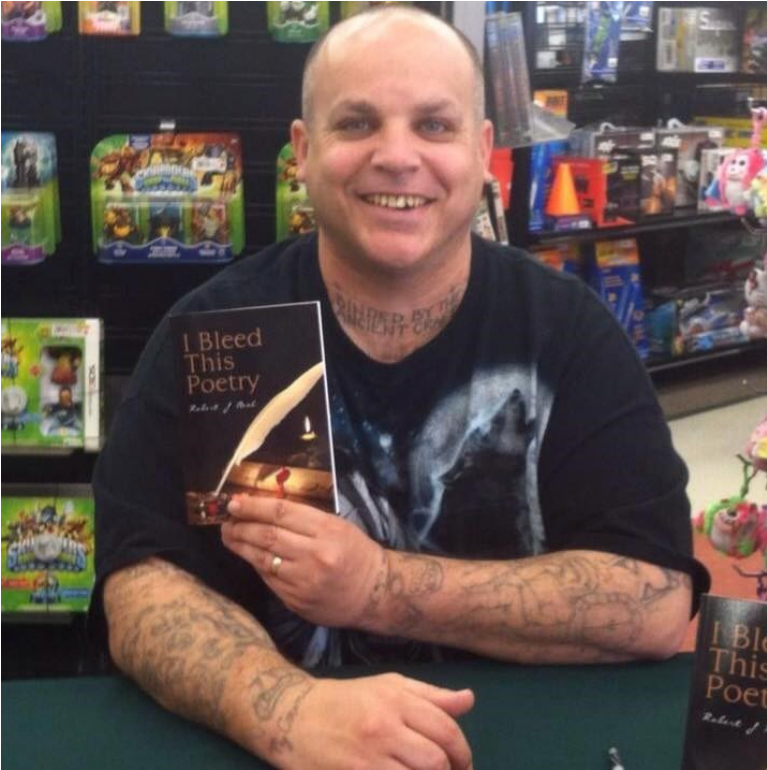
Christina Neal

The Quiet

It's so quiet without you here
A hush in the house, yet a whisper clear
A whisper of truth
With grace of breath
It joys my soul as it comes to rest
Upon my life
In this moment refreshed
When I know that I know
He you and I have meshed
Not in superficial fashion
Or vain imaginary thoughts and passions
His weave is of the master's kind
Encompassing no invisible barriers of mind
The quiet stands upon his peace
And cradles me now, rocks me to sleep

Robert
Neal

Robert Neal



The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

A writer of 22 years, Robert spends much time outdoors taking pictures and praying. His goal through poetry is to make people smile each day. He is Author of two books ; *I Bleed This Poetry* and *God and Nature.. a Journey Through Photography* with many more works to follow.

FACEBOOK

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Poet-Robert-J-Neal>

I BLEED THIS POETRY

https://www.facebook.com/pages/Poet-Robert-J-Neal/238884379493032?ref=br_tf

GOD AND NATURE

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/robert-j-neal.php>

NO WAY IN

The tears have stopped
And are soon to dry
So I must die to self
Deny
The lusts of the flesh
And the temptations of mind
I'm fighting on two fronts
The raging wars have combined
In a never ending battle
For the life of my soul
Which if lost...
How can I console
The spirit within me
Who's lost a part of its being
To the fires of hell
Where from the flames...
It is fleeing
And screaming out...
In heart wrenching agony
These thoughts alone...
Are what truly sickens me
Within the depths
Of my every feeling
And within these thoughts
That have left me reeling
So yes...I must continue dying
Unto self...
I'm just simply denying
A way in for evil to fight
Within this temple
That's filled with God's Light!!!!

RAVENS

Yes...
Deep within
I can hear the cawing of ravens
More importantly...
I can feel
Their curious chatter
As they look on
Ever watchful
Smiling through
The intelligence...
Which shines in their eyes
As they decipher
The reasoning I use
In the decisions
That I weigh...
Before I make them
And feeling these surroundings
Within the depths of my being
Which I glimpse...
Through the fog
That enshrouds my soul
Leaves me feeling
Deeply connected
To the spiritual energy
That God has flowing
Through everything
That I could ever hope to be!!!!

CAPITULATIONS

Emotional capitulations
So fuckin
Hard hitting
Bringing these words
Which I'm writing
Not spitting
With no plans of quitting
Even though...
My thoughts
Are frightening
I try to bring them across
Like flashes of lightning
Crashing...
With the violence
Of sudden thunder
Which awakens
My nerves
And rends them asunder
Shaken...
I look deeper
As regarding these annals
I am the keeper
The chronicler
The psychologist
The explorer ...
Looking into memories
Traveling back in time
Hearing the bell tolling
Which drowns out

The Year of the Poet ~ July 2015

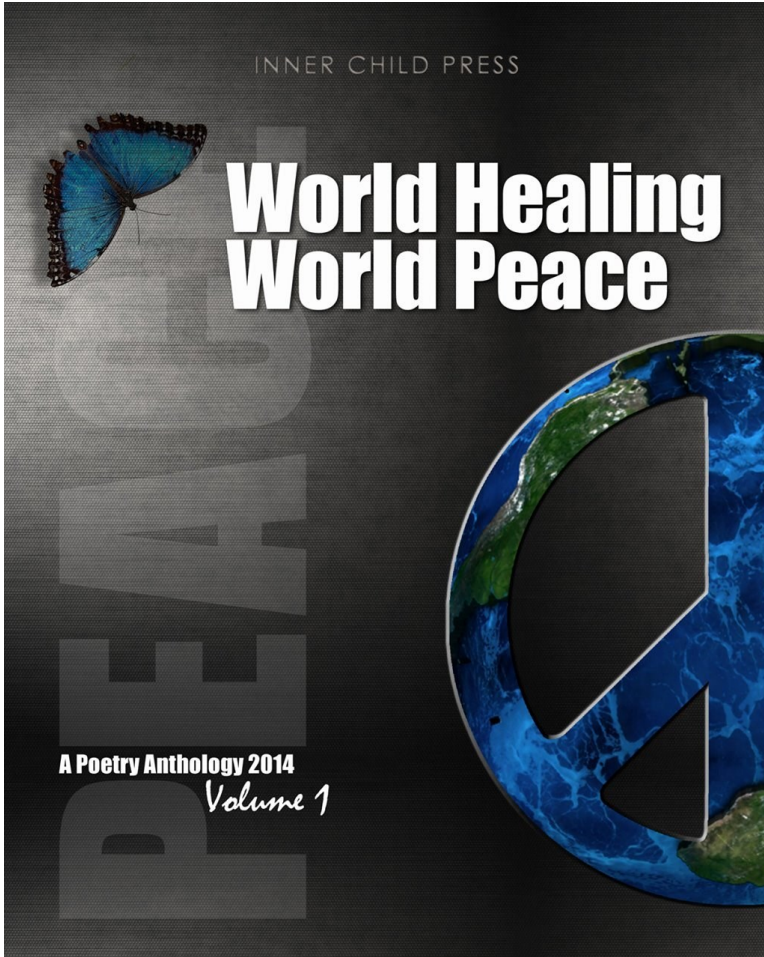
The chime
Which is tickled within
By my soul's
Ragged breathing
Which spikes my pulse
And leaves me seething...
As my blood begins boiling
With the anger
That's soiling
Parts of my being
Where the ice
Joins the fire...
To create the fog
Through which I'm seeing
The crumbling
Emotional state of existence
Which I've constantly fought
Through survival's persistence!!!!

Robert Neal

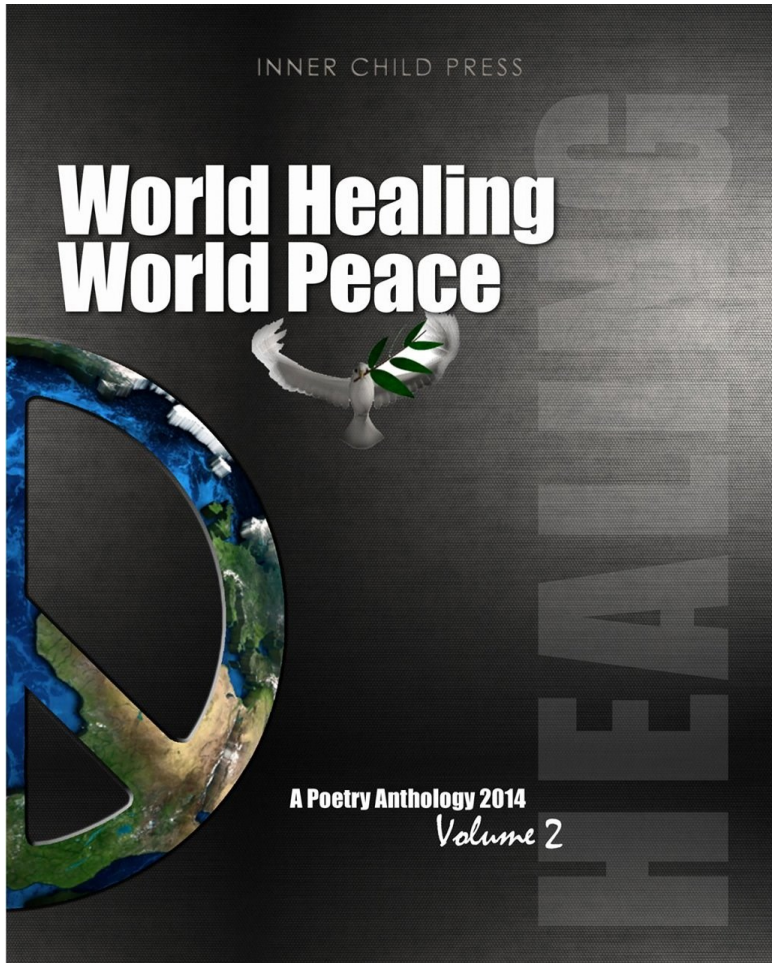
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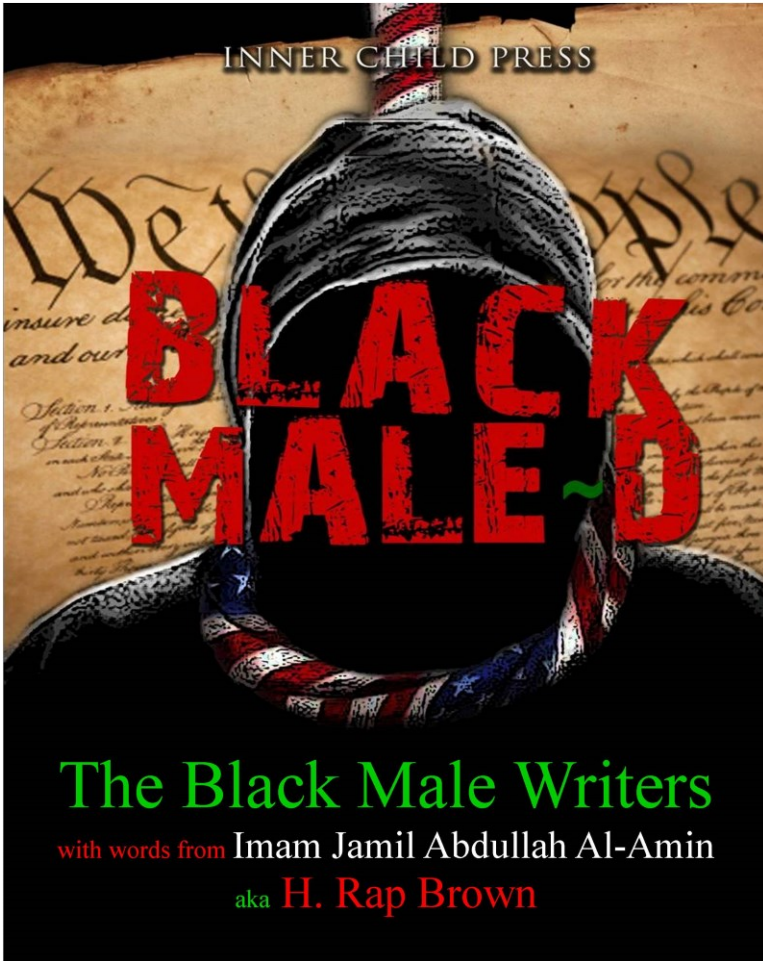
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The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Geri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET II

February 2015

Amethyst



THE POETRY POSSE

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

FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS

Iram Fatima * Bob McNeil * Kerstin Centervall

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet

The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raśendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

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The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Posse

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee

Joski the Poet

Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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



daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hũlya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

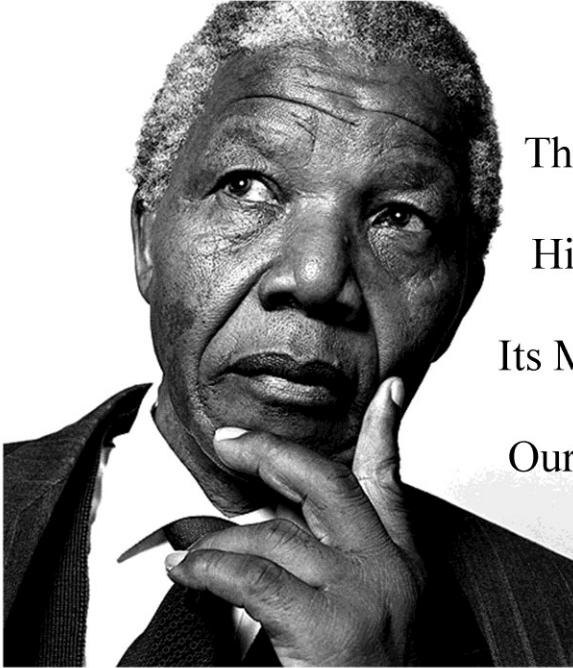
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

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**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

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2012 World Healing World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

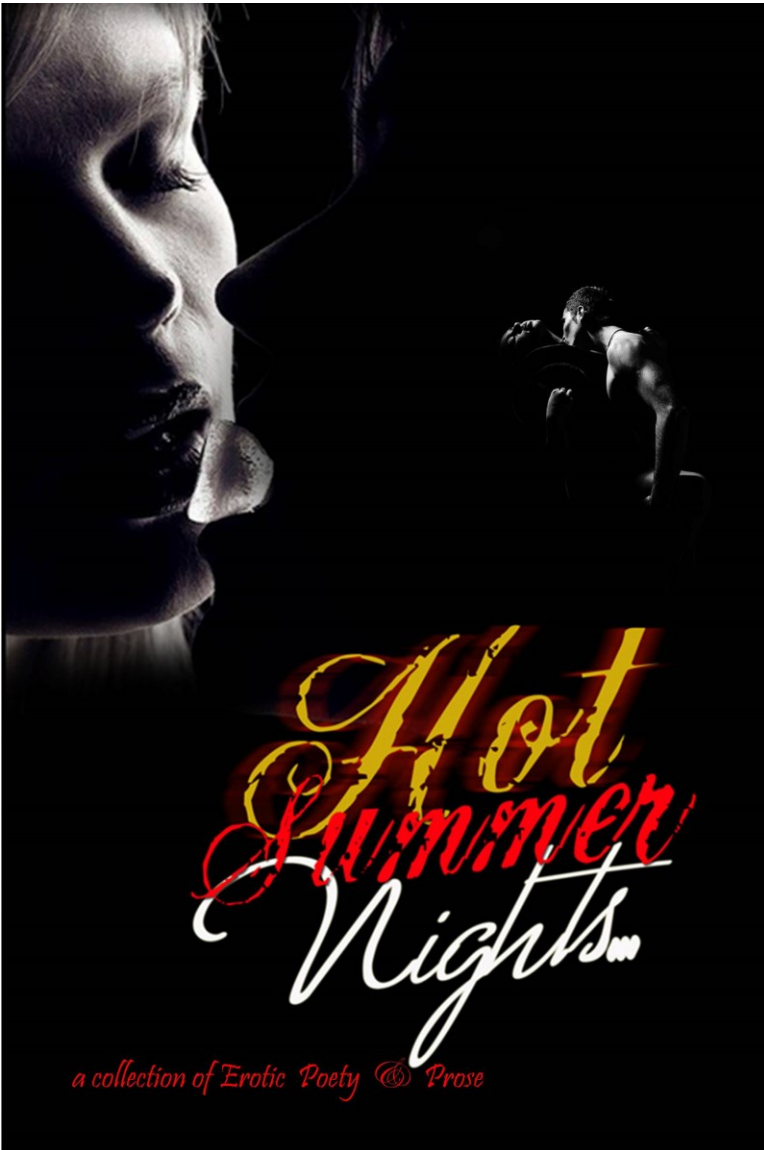
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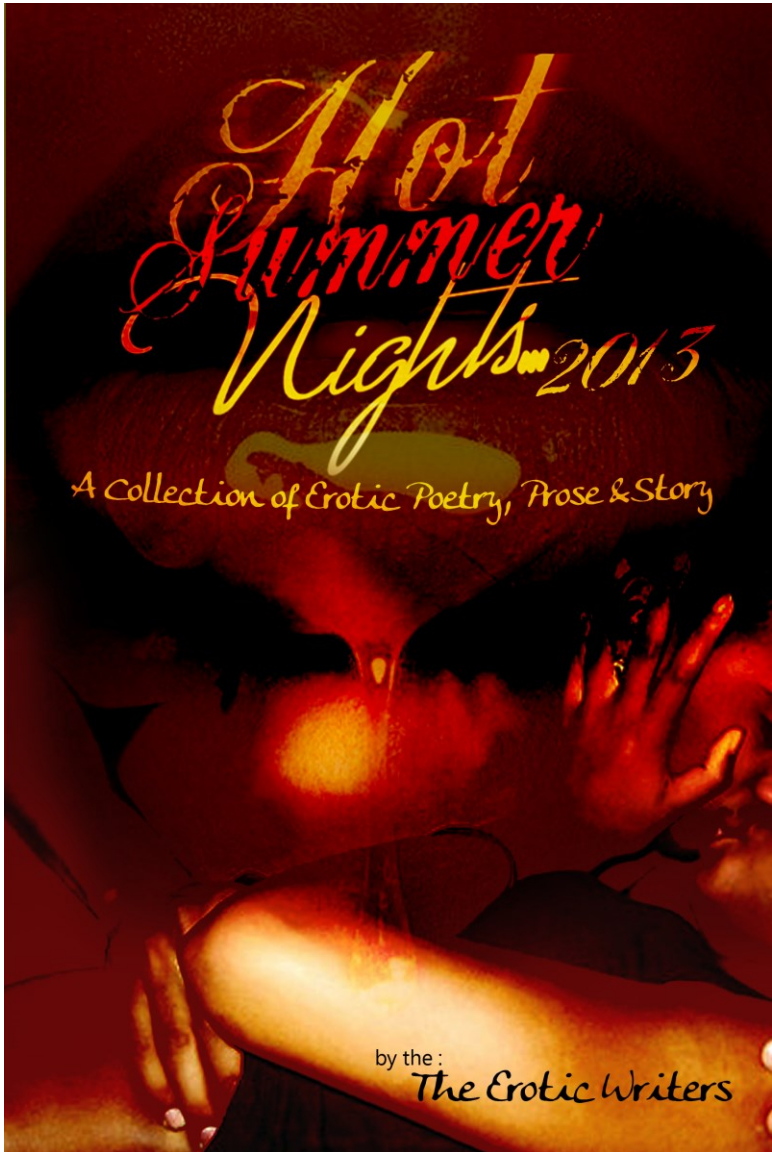
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healing through words



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



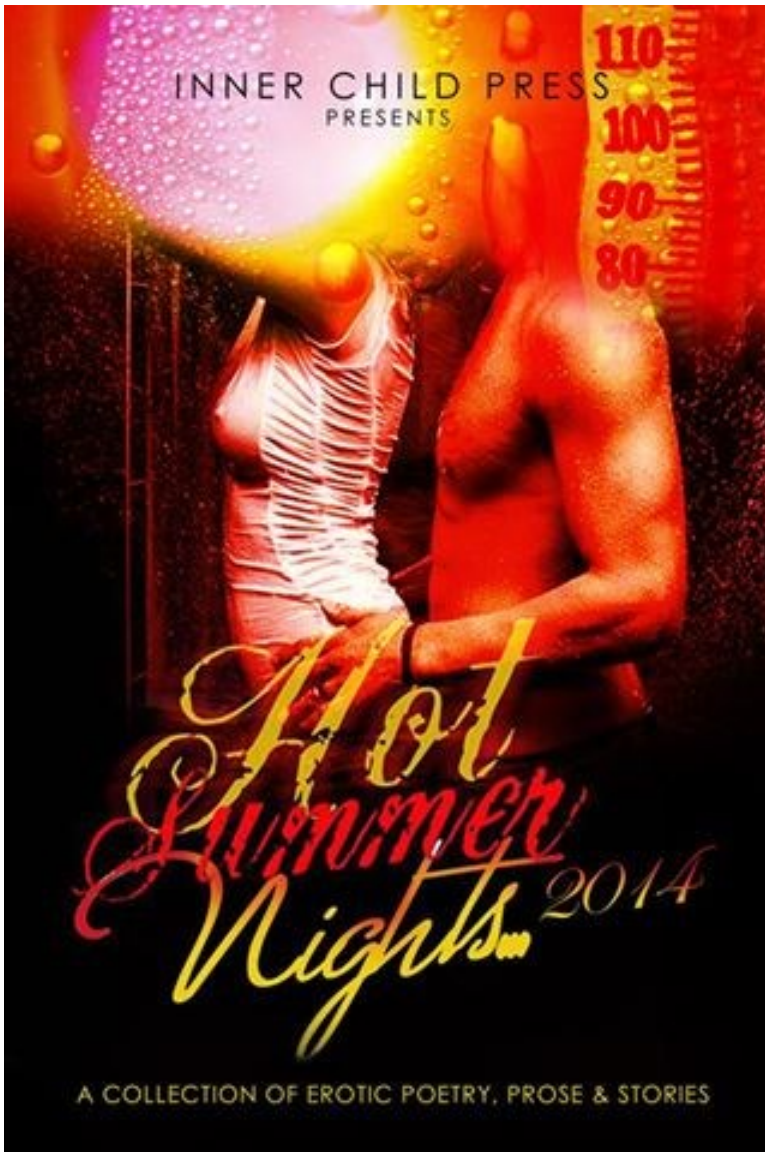


*Hot
Summer
Nights 2013*

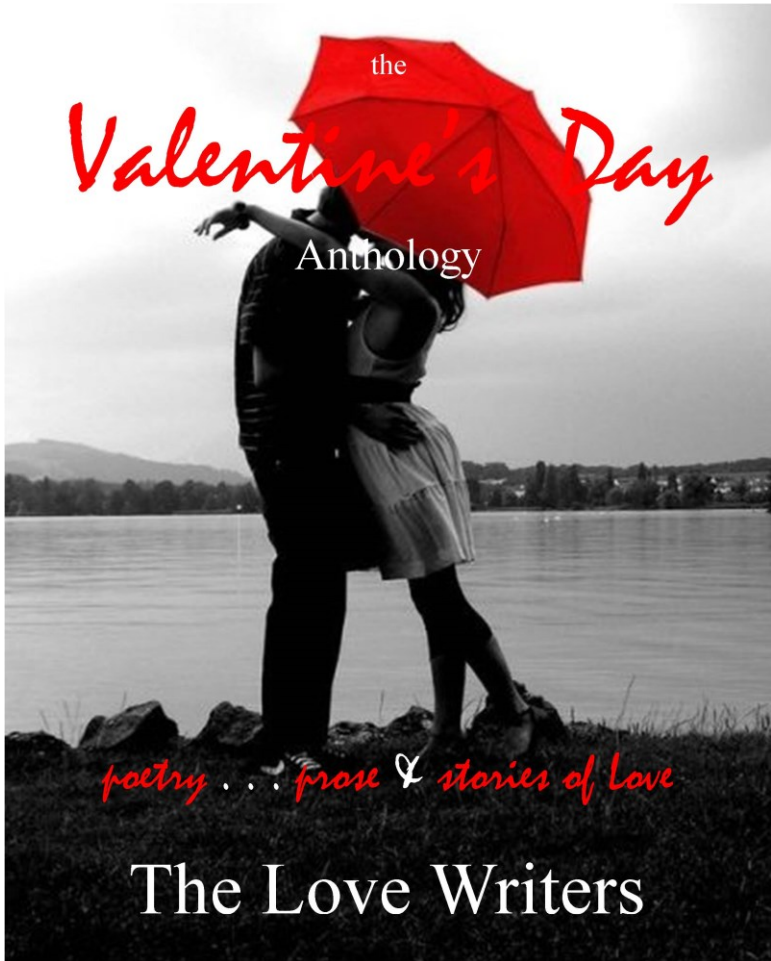
A Collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Story

by the:
The Erotic Writers

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want my

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

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

Monte Smith

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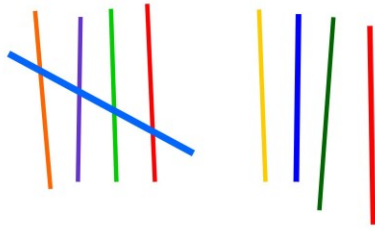
a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

 Monte Smith
want my

POEtRy
to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

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The Poetry Posse



July's Featured Poets



Abhik Shome



Chritina Neal



Robert Neal



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