

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook \* Anthony Arnold \* Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The  
Year  
of the  
Poet II

March 2015

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddartha Beth Pierce

Janet P. Caldwell

Jackie Allen

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

William S. Peters, Sr.

# **General Information**

## **The Year of the Poet II March Edition**

### **The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2015**

This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a “Collection”. All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior **WRITTEN CONSENT** of the “Material Owners” or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Laws. Any queries pertaining to this “Collection” should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

#### **Publisher Information**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : Inner Child Press :  
intouch@innerchildpress.com  
www.innerchildpress.com**

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws

Copyright © 2015 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13 : 978-0692398036 (Inner Child Press, Ltd.)  
ISBN-10 : 0692398031

\$ 12.99



# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

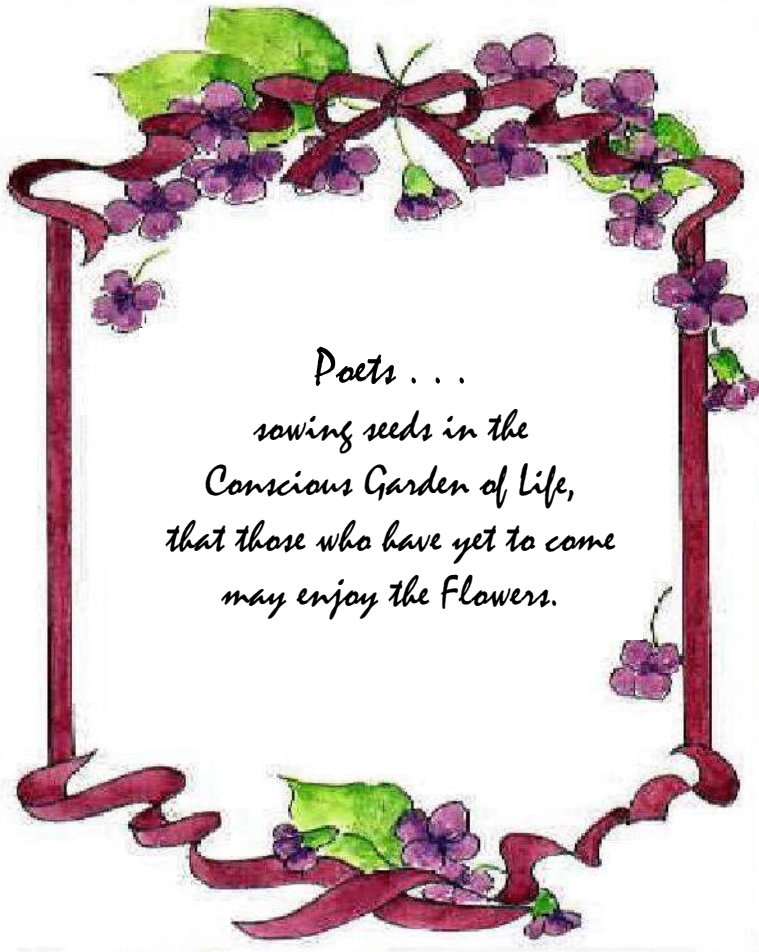
Poetry . . .

its Patrons,

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



# Foreword

“Greetings to our Family of Readers” are the new year’s first opening lines by William S. Peters Sr. – the brain child of this publication, a public service unique in our times. The welcoming salute is an invitation to a monthly book, “dedicated to poetry and the spirit of our everlasting muse and the power of the pen” and made available to everyone who has a passion for reading notable poetry. Unlike today’s countless self-serving books that occupy too many serious readers’ selective eyes, *The Year of the Poet* is all about the contributing and featured poets having assigned themselves a task of collaboration on the platform of this lyrical art. The insight I have had the privilege to gain through my inclusion in “the core group, The Poetry Posse” for 2015 is of utmost value to me. For I have therefore been able to witness first-hand how diversely expressive, at the same time, how mutually respectful and supportive the poetic voices are in their collective endeavor. Through literary art, the monthly offerings manifest the incomparable representation of peaceful co-existence of life’s supposedly disparaging realms, including ethnic, religious and gender-specific aspects. As for the vast differences in writing styles, the authors enjoy not only a warm welcome and encouragement in this publication series but they are also offered a large number of venues through which to enrich their



poetic repertoire. Hence – as the book’s entry pages underline every month, each poet is committed to “sowing seeds in the Conscious Garden of Life, that those who have yet to come may enjoy the Flowers.”

I hope my humble words will kindle your interest to attain your own copy of this rare find of a book in order to sate your hunger for quality-reading. With high respect for and in the name of all the monthly contributing poets but also of those whose poetic work is featured each month, I take the liberty of resonating the gem of a dedication made to you on behalf of *The Year of the Poet* by its brain child:

This Book is dedicated to Poetry  
&  
the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse  
&  
the power of the pen

In deep gratitude for being a part of the 2015 monthly poetic endeavor,

hülya

# Preface

My God . . . . already here we are in March of the New Year that is growing old quite quickly. These are exciting times for me because, each month we have the opportunity to visit with you. We appreciate you, the Reader, and look forward to sharing with you the offerings of *The Poetry Posse* and our monthly featured talented Poets from around the world.

This month, March there is no theme for our works, it is just poetry. The members as well as our featured Bards have contributed 3 Poems to this monthly publication. Stay tuned for April which incidentally is National / International Poetry Month. In the meantime i am certain you will find this month's issue of "The Year of the Poet" quite enjoyable and fulfilling.

Enjoy

*Bill*

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

~ wsp

# Table of Contents

Dedication	<i>v</i>
Foreword	<i>vii</i>
Preface	<i>ix</i>

# The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond	1
Gail Weston Shazor	9
Albert ‘Infinite’ Carrasco	17
Siddartha Beth Pierce	25
Janet P. Caldwell	31
Jackie Allen	41
Tony Henninger	51
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	59
Neetu Wali	67
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	75
Kimberly Burnham	83
Ann White	91

## **T**able of **C**ontents . . . *continued*

Keith Alan Hamilton	97
Katherine Wyatt	113
Fahredin Shehu	121
Hülya N. Yılmaz	129
Teresa E. Gallion	135
William S. Peters, Sr.	141
<b>M</b> arch <b>F</b> eatures	153
Heung Sook	155
Anthony Arnold	161
Alicia Poland	171
<b>O</b> ther <b>A</b> nthological <b>W</b> orks	177
<b>T</b> ee <b>S</b> hirts & <b>H</b> ats	208

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

~ wsp



The  
Year  
of the  
Poet II

March 2015

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*



*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

# Jamie Bond

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 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>

## The Birth of Wisdom

It is said that ...  
The life purpose of an angels' soul  
picks the parents for a child  
In a world so cold...

That it is destiny to be born  
To belong to the one who  
Deserves to give birth to you

I happen to agree wholeheartedly  
I think it's a vital part of  
Me and my being...  
Whatever purpose your life is  
IT'S thru me; it is my parental test  
And ultimate testament  
to teach you the lessons  
Learned by me ... and lucky me...  
The day I was truly blessed  
Was not when I conceived  
But when the three of you were  
Able to truly be cradled and embraced by me

And so; for so long ...  
I have longed and dreamed of each one of you  
I've had 3 awesome opportunities  
to get this right... and so here I am...  
Each time perfecting it like make up exams  
passing with honors on the Dean's list of life  
thanking God for the chance to keep right...

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Two happily married Virgo parents  
Gave birth to Two Capricorns and an Aquarius  
and we were so grateful and blessed beyond measure  
None of you were ever question marks  
each of you were explanation points in our lives  
and the joy you've brought our hearts is just  
Unexplainable...We are honored to unconditionally love  
you

While you retained sunshine in our lives and pride in our  
eyes  
The legacy of our heritage flows thru your veins and DNA  
we undeniably love you... Indelibly ALWAYS in ALL  
WAYS....

*Dedication to our 3 sons ~~ Jason, Steven & Donovan*

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

**Deanne Taylor Allen**

Her beauty secrets are simplistic  
Her Manicure is the color of a perfect day

She washes her face with life's blessings  
Shampoos her hair with positivity  
Deep conditions it with common sense

She exfoliates until she is drama free  
Arches her eyebrows with humility  
Wears volumizing reality as her mascara

Charitably applies God's blessings as her foundation  
She brushes her teeth 3 times a day with prayer  
Uses shimmering optimism as her eye shadow

The fragrance of her perfume is heaven scent  
Her voice lingers as she speaks courageous truth  
Applies the empowerment of love as her blush  
While sweetly salvaging sun rays in her smile  
Her liberating lipstick is blaring of Unmuted Ink

## Twin Cities

If you  
Go to the highest peak in brick city  
you look across the way  
and the reflection of the water  
Shows you twin cities  
it ain't pretty  
at night the lights entice shimmering fights  
it's like a big x-mass tree  
with no friggin presents underneath  
echoes of cries in the wind  
that silence wind chimes of them  
silence broken  
invisible bodies piled in the lots of a barricade  
soldiers of the street got played like an arcade  
the towers song of twins gone  
everything left went wrong

misconstrued and polluted they smoke haze like a flute  
and truth is we live in times of big white lies  
our kids are digressing know more about dressing  
the rest are emotionally wounded... with no dressing  
it's a mess they keep making  
and we cannot keep undoing it and so; we say, ta hell with  
it  
and log them into the system  
bar coded roads some call them housing  
serial killers in the making some say they were wildin  
but I see em... I smell em... I can't help nor tell em  
In the highest peak of brick city



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

there used to be a method on winning  
now slavery is in full effect  
keep the body...since the souls of them all  
gets auctioned off  
street zombies ...  
they are all slipping thru the sewer grates and can't escape  
they are in a town of mirrors looking out  
but looking into their own miles of a maze  
I'm still amazed at the twin city of brick city these days

*Inspired by Tammy Jones*

Gail  
Weston  
Shazor

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 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](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)

[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)

[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## Touch me

You withstand the storm of me  
The me that rages through the thoughts and emotions  
That grip me in my insecurities  
The storm that takes minutes and maybe hours  
To get tamped down and placated  
You touch the rage of me

You hold the loss of me  
When I forget to take out the trash  
Because I am still reading the most interesting thing  
And you have to remind me that I forgot  
Gently and with the tenderness I so need  
You touch the thought of me

You touch the ideal of me  
The me that can't find the level  
That balances the expectations to the given  
You see through me until I can't  
And you only wish the best of life  
You touch the hope of me

You touch the arches of me  
Only you can stand in those places that intersect  
The coming out and going in  
When I leave you and I must  
And return to you and I will  
You hold the most of me

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

You touch the verb of me  
The words that constantly move  
From fingertips down to parchments  
And I cannot be stilled water  
My nouns keep ebbing and flowing  
You touch the changing me

You touch the love of me  
Not the one that is written on cards  
Or shown in 60 seconds of film  
You love the greatfilledness of me  
The wondering and grace of me  
You choose the best of me

## Question Next

They flew around the room  
The questions, tiresome and vacant  
Before one could be answered  
Here is another one  
Equally empty and without meaning  
Waiting for the real one  
For the real me to be seen  
Yes I kissed my baby today  
Yes I made oatmeal for breakfast  
Yes I want to plant a real garden someday  
And I forgot to buy milk at the market  
I worry about the classes my daughter will pick  
I worry about my young black son  
Whether he will make it home today  
Writing fulfills a need I have  
Ask me please about what music moves me  
And scar on my leg  
Give me room to show you who I am  
Before your question next

## Flower Children

The snow is blowing  
In an upward direction  
The very land spits  
Crocheting blankets  
For the sleeping flower bulbs

Dreams come easily  
For the sleeping flower bulbs  
With thoughts of warm spring  
Under their blankets  
Crocheted by their mother earth

With thoughts of warm spring  
In an upward direction  
Roots can stretch and grow  
Awakening sleeping bulbs  
To bask in a summer's sun

Their brilliant colors  
Brighten and begin to fade  
As mother crochets  
Rays into blankets  
For the bulb's coming slumber



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Albert  
'Infinite'  
Carrasco

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 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>

## 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.

## Dying to live

We went hard to help our poor parents, some went god, some spent time in the yard, some found religion because their conscious couldn't bare their physicals blasphemous sins. Life wasn't easy, we all had battle scars...bullet holes or buck fifties, back then it was Taurus nine Millie's and ppk 380's, derringers in sneakers and back seat street sweepers, young felon repeaters roamed New York to network like social media gaining net worth Flippn eina.

Bellaco...the name rings bells, violate...instantly there was dropping shells , nothing was ever personal it was all bout respect, clientele and sales, retainers, bondsmen and bail. Me and my pañas were a bunch of Melos blazing lala living la costra nostra trying to better mañana in a state of empires. Young dons fought for that white girl like King Kong, it wasn't for love... it was to add steak with rice and beans, ox tail for rice and peas and instead of cloudy faucet water we had chasers of absolute or Moët Chandon.

The team had family ties...we was bonded, we had a trademark color as we monopolized...we was branded, when cases were caught we saved the pc of those... remanded, it was a curriculum real dudes incorporated, everything was fine till the acts of the reaper were orchestrated. We learnt the process of mourning at an early age because of running wild with white or beige, we dealt with it...hope made it easier to cope, the hope that no matter how many died that one day the rest will find success through coke...

## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

That's why we celebrated everyday...we celebrated because we didn't know if we would see another day. That street wealth got me pouring two drinks but saying ...salud to myself, There's no one to tap glasses with anymore...one goes in the system the other on the spot where Sangre spilled like sangria... on the floor.

## Nightmares

I still have nightmares of the past, I still see visions of crime scenes that caused my homies to pass, I see surprised faces of death... I mean the deceased looked liked they was asking...did somebody just kill me?...its eerie, Mailboxes and trees that failed to stop slugs are landmarks, concrete that held blood of my murdered kin as they lay is sacred, whenever I pass by I bow my head and pray...it always ends with me letting them know we'll meet again... one day. I always been a rebel with a cause, back then it was to get out of poverty, dealing with the effects of that life made me an urban hardknock anomaly, my school district was CHP, my dormitory was in nycha property, any test...I'll break em off properly, grew up valedictorian of E pluribus unum, was the Che of the almighty dollar revolution. Blocks, bricks, cliques, money, murder, boats, mansions, foreign whips, fast chicks, hand guns with extended clips, machine guns belt equipped, drive by's, ride by's, foot patrol rock to sleep lullaby's, doves fly, that was life to me as a lil guy, this is my version of doves cry...maybe I'm just like my father..too bold, he left me standing in a world that's so cold that's why when the hustlers pitched...I was sold. I was gettn it but with that street corner shit momma was never satisfied, she still came to visit and prayed over me on the gurney when I was almost the statistic of homicide. I survived...many didn't, because I don't have them anymore fills me with anger, my inner self burns in super nova, that's why I write flame and spit fire as eye openers....



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Siddartha  
Beth  
Pierce

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 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](http://www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php)

## Family Unbound

My harness is my quilt  
Tied to the warmth of Grandma's silk.

The failures of each patchwork  
Knit the eye of God within.

Blinded so her needles prick  
The deathly rattle that took him sick.

## Tapestry

The gilded flesh of luck  
Left her without a thought.

In a dress, half sewn  
She laced the tapestry.

Unfurled it to the bone  
To reveal her interminglings.

The cure for her desire  
Was certainly the end of him.

## St. James Cathedral

Bonged bells  
Bounce oblivion,

Amid copper topped spires.

Corinthian tapers  
Surmount steps  
Of lavender laced tuxedos.

Glancing doves  
Ribbon  
Snow bunnies-  
On pews.

Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 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 4<sup>th</sup> 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](http://www.janetcaldwell.com)

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

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

## The Gift of I Am

In the early morning hours  
He comes to me . . .  
When I feel lost and all alone.

He's deep within my soul  
and I only need to ask for help  
once again  
and I remember that, *I Am Whole*.

I welcome his tender *touch*.  
Smiling he takes my hand.  
Whispering words of encouragement,  
offering a comforting assurance  
that mere words cannot convey.  
It is a soul thing.

He strengthens me  
with a light from within  
and reminds me that  
he's carried me  
when I lost my way.

And that has been often  
throughout this life.  
He softens the blows.  
After-wards we have a good cry.  
Cleansing me with salty tears  
and invigorating my soul.

I rise to my feet dancing  
the joyous tears streaming down my face.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

My run is not over.  
The path, once again clear.  
Praising his name  
Claiming his promise  
that within me lives  
this Precious Gift.

The Gift of I AM.

## Leave It Alone

Lost, lost, lost  
in a dream  
or was it a nightmare ?

You, another woman and I  
were working at my old Optical shop.

A strange lady came in  
and for an hour  
you were in the back back with her

said you were *trading files*.

Then you two ran for the door and I followed,  
to an old silver pickup truck that I had never seen before.  
I jumped in wearing your black wool coat  
and just a pair of red and white socks in the snow.

Again, I had misplaced my shoes.

I asked you where the truck came from  
and you never answered.  
We followed the strange lady  
and arrived at her place to smoke pot.

I noticed the pull between you two  
and the constant touching. I asked  
you, while pointing to the dining room table  
to roll another joint.

So that I could speak to her alone.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

I explained that though we were engaged  
we did not get to spend a lot of time together.  
I proceeded to ask if she wanted to be your part  
time lover.

She asked me how you were in bed.  
I said that I was always satisfied.  
It was then that I noticed her teeth.  
They had become long, razor sharp and  
like pointy steel.

She asked me if you were into blood sucking  
and I knew that I had been playing with fire.  
I shook uncontrollably  
mostly out of fear for interjecting  
my own thoughts  
and partly from the winter's cold

and not knowing the outcome.

Suddenly I awoke and looked at the television.  
Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind was playing  
and I thought, *I wonder what it would be like to erase  
our minds from each other*, we've tried  
and then I realized that did not work either.

Leave it alone.

## The Lady in Blue

The lady in blue stays on my mind  
and I wonder why.

Why does  
she remain hidden ?  
With her, we are all smitten  
and we just want to talk to her  
walk with her  
hold her hand  
and have access to her heart and mind.

She keeps her distance  
and holds to her silence.

Is it the secrets  
that she does possess  
and what are they anyway  
we'd love her  
no matter what they say.

Yet she appears in costume  
afraid to show herself  
within / without you and I.  
Evading her scars, she persuades all  
in all, what we see  
and how we see it  
without giving a thing  
but (save) her heart

Why is it that she cloaks herself  
with that veil so thin ?  
We can . . .  
see her eyes  
know that she

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

holds her slight smile  
in place, like her own Dorian Gray  
but I have heard her cry.  
I know her well  
intimately in fact.  
I too once wore the veil  
and a thin mask  
to match  
which held my smile  
and got nowhere  
I wished to go

The lady in blue stays on my mind  
and I know why  
she used to be me.



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Jackie  
Allen

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 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.

## Out of the Darkness

Marching briskly, as if to battle  
Or as if to war, time merged  
Into the fluid ink  
Of a headlines' horror, a most  
Feral and grievous affliction.

How the papers danced  
Hand in hand and step by step  
Beneath the varied faces,  
Phases of the moon.  
And no one was the wiser.

Of the braver kind,  
He was not. His secrets spilled  
Onto his plight  
Like so much bile. His intentions  
Belied the condition  
Of his soul'.  
Yet, onward he marched  
A perilous course  
Through the morass  
Of a conscious in distress.

Stark shades of remembrance  
Found him suffering, in anguish.  
His reputation lay  
In distress and yet not one word  
Of remorse had he dared express.

For that sin, he was ashamed.  
He bowed his head and wept.  
Even as he faced the truth,  
dreading a people's contempt,  
he tried to hide from his deceit.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Throbbing, as in a race, his heart  
Beat its path towards the finish line  
Where awaited a deafening roar.  
Its cadence  
And accompanying applause  
Burned imprints of pain,  
Indelibly, passionately  
Into the emotional shield  
Of what had stained his soul.  
It made him feel very old.

Mysterious and vulnerable,  
Mime of insight played a role,  
And sang with startling possibility.  
Flag of confession unfurled  
His desire with ancient wisdom.

In the last decades of his life  
The old man, redeemed from his past,  
Published his own commentary, verse  
And rhyme. And then, when he died  
It was with a smile on his face.

## Hand-me-down Shoes

I tried to walk in the path of their love.  
Behind my father, I skipped. His searching blue eyes  
Topped with a shock of dark hair. Slight stature  
Aside, he a hero. Yet nothing dispelled the man  
Who had recently come home from the war.

I proudly carried Daddy's name as my own.  
His mother had died when he was a child,  
That was the day he became a man. And I,  
In love with a mystery, tried to emulate him,  
Tried to mimic what I thought was missing.

I wanted him to know how much I loved him.  
He had sacrificed his all, the one who  
Was now far below in a dark coal mine.  
He'd needed more than a pat on the head or  
A cursory peck on the cheek. So, I gave more.

I tried on his shoes, walked in his footsteps.  
I wasn't the son he wanted,. Yet he loved  
Me just the same. Of that I am very sure.  
What I thought was Daddy's abandoned heart  
I adopted, judging it as a child would.

Anxiety ruled all our days and nights.  
When Momma grieved, I tried hard not to cry.  
When she wailed, something in me died...Rivers  
Of tears threatened to overflow their banks  
When muddy waters filled up Momma's dreams.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

With spears of fear the monster king coal ruled.  
Betrayed by determination, I knelt,  
Trembling as I prayed, searching for the words  
To tell Momma and Daddy that their shoes  
Were too large for me. And then, I finally cried.



## Pieces of Patchwork

Whispers between siblings, the chattering,  
The banging on the headboard, its metal  
Ringing out a discordant sound, but to my ears  
They were making music as only children do.  
Crammed in a bed, three of my girls at the top.  
An infant at the bottom, and in the other bed,  
Two boys, and another in the crib. And at the sound  
Of, "Quiet down!" they giggled just a little more.

The folds of the quilts held them within their embrace,  
They dared not roll over lest the quilts fall on the floor.  
Yet that's what they did in their unknowing. Whilst  
Asleep, flat irons released a little of their heat. The  
Stitches marched up and down and all around,  
Patterned like a maze and sometimes with design.  
The witnesses of the needle going in and out  
Held by Momma's and my quilting hands.

Oh, the stories they could tell, if only  
They could talk, the patches new and old,  
Some bright, some faded they all held  
Within their fibers more than tales of woe.  
There's a piece of Jenny's wedding dress, and  
The mesh that was her veil covers up the satin  
That made up her petticoat. And, there's Jacob's  
Coveralls, embroidered so as to cover up the stain.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Between the pages of a book, one not yet  
Written or in the hands of anyone, waits  
Some of the most amazing tales I've ever heard .  
I can't repeat most of them, lest the children hear.  
Tom was married once before, but don't you  
Dare tell anyone. It would give his Maw and Paw  
Connipions if they knew,. And, don't you worry  
About Sally finding out. It was all her fault.

The mines are closing down? And there's not  
Enough to pay the bills? I guess I'll just  
Keep the kids home a few more days...  
I've several loads of wash and I can use the help.  
The smoke stack of the locomotive, dreaded as a  
Vile snake, it causes me to rush about, taking down  
The clothespins, and the clothes, then repeating,  
Doing it all again, It matters not that I was mumbling.

Yes, I was mumbling.  
And yes, I heated yet another tub  
Of water for yet another load of wash.  
Frankly, I wanted to be done with the blasted lot,  
But what I needed most, I've not got,  
And that's the time to figure out  
What it was that I did the last time  
I lost my mind.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Tony  
Henninger

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

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

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

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

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

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at Linkedin.com

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

## No Place For Prejudice Of Race

Like some,  
I have stopped being numb  
to the bullshit advertised.

Preachers, Teachers, Politicians,  
and all their schemes.  
Nothing is as it seems.

Except the dying screams  
of those killed  
for crossing the line.

Hoping for a better time  
and an equal space  
where there is no place  
for prejudice of race.

## Cry Of A Lost Soul

For the sake of humanity,  
don't just walk on by.  
I am down and out.  
And I can't remember why.

I am cold and hungry.  
I can barely stand.  
Won't you reach out  
and give me a hand?

Put yourself in my shoes.  
See where I've been.  
Being poor through circumstance  
surely is not a sin.

Here I sit and stare,  
a hollow shell of a man.  
Though I am educated  
my life has become complicated.  
Now, I feel emasculated.

My heart given to me  
on a shiny platter, you see?  
I lost everything I own,  
barely holding on to my soul,  
seeking someone to fill my bowl  
with kindness and love.

Could you?  
Would you?  
Give me a chance?



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Or, live your life as you must.  
Walk away in disgust.  
Pretend you don't see  
and forget losers like me.

But, for the sake of humanity,  
please help me....

## Man And Nature

Sitting on the beach,  
the wind blowing through my hair,  
I watch the waves slapping the sand  
without a care.

A beautiful sight.  
Blue skies, the sun on the water and me.  
The sound of the sea fills my senses  
like the sweetest melody .

It is an enchanting scene.  
I cherish the thought of flowers and rain.  
Nature's way of being One.  
Bringing everything to life again.

And I think of Man,  
destroying and distorting Nature's way.  
Maybe, someday, Man will find  
that he has gone astray.

He'll leave Nature alone and  
cherish the way Nature works.  
And he will find that he  
almost destroyed this beautiful world.

He will live in happiness, laughter,  
content in soul and heart.  
He will become One with Nature,  
as in the beginning,  
to never again stray apart.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Joe  
Da Verbal  
MindDancer

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

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

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

## If I Gave You My Love

Love comes and goes then lingers as a memory  
If I gave you my love, what can you give to me?  
No swatches of flesh will define my character  
If I gave you my love, what comes after?

Fine wines and rich foods, yes they get to my heart  
If I gave you my love, are you just playing a part?  
No hollow smile can persuade my perception  
If I gave you my love, will you share your reflection?

Relief follows pain, laughter behind tears  
If I gave you my love, will you for you or your peers?  
No outside stimuli shall deter my devotion  
If I gave you my love, who's soul will I be holding?

The artistic elements of life draw me in so deeply  
If I gave you my love, can I have yours completely?  
No shallow streams can submerge my soul  
If I gave you my love, would you be just as bold?

I get a brief glimpse of forever in your eyes  
If I gave you my love, is your yes disguised?  
No one except you has ever gotten this close  
If I gave you my love, will it reside in an empty host?

It's raining now, at times a mask for my tears  
If I gave you my love, will they all but disappear?  
No days have gone by without a thought of you  
If I gave you my love, could you truly give me yours too?

## Whips & Chains

This lifestyle of long rides and long highs  
Calling all cars, calling all cars  
Candy apple red small block Chevy  
He's my brother he's not heavy  
Drove down to the levy drank the juice from a bong.  
Peace sign pendant round my neck hanging strong.

Law abiding citizen watered down from a hydrant  
Freedom seeking residents treated like migrants  
He's my brother he's not heavy  
Candy apple red small block Chevy  
Calling all cars, calling all cars  
This lifestyle of long rides and long highs.

Got a grip from a slip of paper with numbers  
Took a trip downtown to see the wonder  
I looked at she, she looked at me  
Ended up hanging from the strange fruit tree  
Jingling chains from a gang on the road  
Dust in the air from making small stones

He's my brother he's not heavy  
Drove down to the levy drank the juice from a bong  
Peace sign pendant round my neck hanging strong.  
This lifestyle of long rides and long highs  
Calling on cars, calling all cars  
Candy apple red small block Chevy



## Message To The Masses

Good Morning fine people of the earth  
Take a moment to breathe in the air,  
It touches every bit of land where you were birthed  
Where you're from doesn't make you  
Ancestral claims won't lead you to a promised land.  
This is it! You're standing on it, the Promised Land  
You got to work it to make it fertile and make it prosper  
Good Morning fine people of the earth, let's do it proper.  
The world doesn't get by with ME's, it's all of us  
Symbiotic relationships are the key to all existence  
From the most complicated minds, to single cells in petri  
dishes  
We got to live together, and let's start with us.  
In God we trust, well everyone isn't religious  
With the media's thrust of famous lives on us.  
Well everyone is not prestigious, so let's feed on this.  
Everyone teach one, set an example and reach one more.  
What are we waiting for, team this and team that  
We follow but never act. The time is now.  
Accepting bad behavior as the norm needs reform  
Everyone wants to be rich, and what do we say  
The rich don't give a shit about us, that perpetual thinking  
has got us fucked up  
No matter how rich you get, a person of color gets the short  
end of it  
Unification is what we need, envy and jealousy has to  
recede from our minds  
We are wasting too much time on the trend setters  
On who looks better, we are living vicariously through the  
lives of others  
This is the time to move on, let's make them rewrite the  
song what's going on

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Black on black crime, is a crime when we're still trying to  
recover from slavery times.  
Use your minds, we've been so messed up with this  
bickering between us  
We've accepted that there'll always be a negative in us.  
Well I say bullshit to that, granted those seeds were planted  
Who says we have to cultivate them, they're not DNA  
they're not some rare virus  
It's just us in a just less world. We pledge allegiance to the  
popularity flag  
It's time to unfurl, and raise the flag of unity in our world  
Now is the time to become one, killing each other is just  
dumb  
We walk on the graves of slaves, like that struggle to just  
survive was nothing  
It's time to do something new, living just to be entertained  
While Martin, and Malcolm lay slain it's hard enough just  
being black these days  
We still living the same way without whips and chains  
Yet our minds remain shackled to that same old thing  
Rise up people of the earth, reevaluate what a life's worth  
Many have died for the very rights you rely on  
And to kill another brother for what he has on!?  
Something's wrong  
The struggle is still on, unity is on the table, and it's a new  
dawn

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Neetu  
Wali

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

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

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

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

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

## Rock Solid

He looked up  
Opened his eyes  
Standing there still and firm  
On the rock beneath his feet  
He traversed millions of light years in a second  
And gulped the entire sun  
A delicious brilliance flew through his veins  
Every pore on his skin reflected a divine glare  
He didn't know to cry  
His eyes bled resilience  
A history, a heritage  
His voice could put  
Roaring lions to shame  
He drew out his sword  
And addressed his followers  
Remember!  
To master this sword  
Be as tough as a rock  
Only a rock can sharpen a sword  
Hands that a sword can cut through  
Have no right to hold it  
Be the rock that sharpens a sword  
Not the hands that  
It can cut through

## Paying Slave

Every night she wonders  
How the moon tastes  
What a waste of imagination  
No it was not  
Atleast that day  
Because she had nothing to eat  
That night  
She fed her children  
And that was it  
She didn't want to sleep  
She feared bad dreams  
They say, empty stomach leads to bad dreams  
The scars on her skin  
Couldn't adorn her  
She wished the stars could decorate her  
The same way as they decorate the sky  
She wanted her husband to be a fighter  
And here he was, fighting with her every night  
Kicking and punching her  
Getting stuck with  
A useless drunkard  
How smart was that?  
But here she was  
Being such smart  
She could set herself free  
Only if she knew  
She was a slave  
Slaving for free, I had heard of  
Slaving and paying for it  
Isn't it surprising.



## Asylum

She was so cute  
But different  
So engrossed in herself  
She had nothing to do with the world around  
How happily she lived  
In the dark small cell  
Of an asylum  
Till one day, she was sentenced to freedom  
And forced to live in the asylum outside  
Surrounded by crazy, mindless idiots  
Cursed she was  
Cursed with beauty  
Beauty as transparent  
As a dazzling glass  
As subtle as a soap bubble  
She floated weightlessly in the air of freshness  
Carrying a brilliance of colours within  
Her beauty was not transparent enough  
As could pass the thin skin  
And touch the souls  
At least for a cur  
How could she be safe  
In the end her innocence  
Was carried away  
In a flow of virgin blood  
She was lucky enough  
Not to know  
What she was going through

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

She would get up with the same brilliance  
Of million suns on her face  
And leave behind the Devils  
Moistened with wet shame  
Nothing to do with the world around  
She still lived happily  
In this open and vast asylum  
I wish her touch could change  
The animals into humans

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

can you...

expect anything from human beings  
who are hot one minute then the  
next colder then ~deep freeze~?  
what you expect from weaklings?  
you really counted on feelings?  
clean hearts comprised of  
spiritual parts?  
godly virtues would facilitate that  
but how often do you make contact  
you be more likely to find treasure  
on the sea bottom before you find  
virtue in sodom  
the time is coming near  
where sincerity in the earth will  
disappear  
alone with god fear  
knowledge of substance will  
dry up  
won't hardly be around  
as the human race goes  
into deep dumbdown  
liars and thieves will be believed  
the righteous treated as disease  
modesty cease to be  
immorality reality!  
as the earth races towards calamity  
clones in lockstep  
blind lead the blind over the cliff  
ears, eyes and minds rendered  
useless  
because the deaf, dumb and blind  
don't use it!  
that time is not drawing near  
that time is here!

## Justice...

in amongst the lost rights  
somewhere up in the heights  
where there's divine presence  
glorious light  
where darkness does not exist  
all inhabitants co-exist  
in peace,  
free of all human spiritual, mental,  
physical disease  
evil in all forms forever gone  
the norm  
never sunset,  
always sunrise bright  
after the new dawn light  
each and everyday your reborn  
nowhere is the scorned, forlorn  
everywhere bliss is getting it on  
everything's right, never wrong  
dark nights, what for?  
don't need em anymore  
eternal light highlighted by  
eternal life  
and so you thought this life is it  
if it is what's the reason to live  
if life inevitably ends quick  
no matter what age achieved  
compared to infinity?

Please!!



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

what would the purpose be  
birth to death  
life in it's totality  
so temporary hence  
does it make any sense  
all that without consequence?  
would be a lifetime lived  
without relevance!

food 4 thought!

## Playing...

russian roulette with a loaded gun  
jumping off skyscraper roofs  
without a chute, for fun  
shooting crap dice loaded  
in a alley, empty pockets final  
tally  
curtain call  
jumping in front of speeding  
train  
for encore  
f the pain, do it again  
sleeping on a bed of jagged glass  
yo what's that strange feeling  
up your(blank)  
taking your imagination to the bank  
like going out to sea with no gas  
in the tank  
got mad issues on your flank  
drop your drawers, you getting spanked  
look in your skull, you drawing blanks yo  
what the f you doing yo  
like you thought \$#!+ was really owed  
so you flow with a chip waiting to get  
hit  
living like a reckless b!+(h  
mindless hoe  
can't always scratch where you itch  
ever hear of self control?

food 4 thought!

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Kimberly  
Burnham

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

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

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

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

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

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

## Something Suspicious

A friend diagnosed  
something "suspicious"  
ominous follow up tests  
loom knowing the power  
of positive thinking,  
of relaxation,  
of guided imagery  
visualization, I write  
a poem just for her,  
for the life she will have  
after it turns out  
nothing is wrong

I write as if we are  
the future looking back  
the day she is told  
she was healthy,  
nothing to worry about

That day came soon  
after I wrote the poem  
I like to think  
in the precious light of life  
my poem affects her future

There is power  
in being able to see  
your future  
shimmering positive  
saying, "worrying is like  
praying for what you don't want."  
what do you pray?

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Of course, Mark Twain said,  
I know that worrying works  
for nothing  
I have ever worried  
about has come true.



## Visions of Delight

Before I turned 80  
before my eyes had healed  
when the world was bleak and grey

Yes, I remember it all changed  
my eyes seeing  
the pink of the neighborhood rose garden  
orange tulips late in the spring  
that Fall smelling the fragrant dahlias  
puffed open by time, water, sunshine  
and the hand of something magical in the universe

How the swelling around my eyes  
disappeared in the moonlight  
full outside my window  
remember how fast my ribs healed  
bone cells reaching out for one another  
sharing calcium and oxygen  
healing nutrients flowed so easily

As I drove my car out of the garage  
clean and ordered  
just the way I keep it  
and the trip up north  
with delightful friends and a niece  
how they listened to my stories  
looked into my eyes  
I felt seen  
they honoring my wisdom  
I saw my strength through their eyes

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Clarity rolling in like an ocean breeze  
and the time I walked in the sand  
feeling the warm, wet, gleaming grains of quartz  
then sitting under the blue beach umbrella  
reading a fascinating novel  
about an Egyptian woman who succeeded  
in changing her world  
with her words and the way she walked

And I saw my way clear  
adapting new technologies with ease  
connecting me to a whole new world  
making me young again  
delighting in the energy  
breaking the barriers  
creating the flow  
in the Spring thaw  
when all is alive new again in the world.

## A Sunday River Rich and Satisfying

In joy  
surrounded  
by those I am devoted to  
and loved by  
I truly see  
what I have created  
for myself  
for them  
for one and all

A planet playground  
teaming abundance  
red hibiscus and golden wattle  
fragrant with eucalyptus  
a place for the playfulness of children  
the community nurturing them  
as they in turn  
love up those with wisdom  
acquired through years

I see my hand in this past  
pointing step by step to now  
creating myself  
with so many others  
in a diverse interconnected universe  
bubbling out of the melding  
time and space  
love and laughter  
work and play  
till now when all has become one  
in the peace and beauty  
I laugh.

Ann  
S.  
White

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

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

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

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

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

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

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

You can find her at:

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

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

## My Life is Like Sea Glass

My life is like sea glass  
Tumbling and stumbling, free flowing and floating at times  
The heave and sweep of living and loving, failing and  
railing  
Over and over again and again  
The silt of my life smoothing the rough edges  
Never at equilibrium  
Always in motion  
Always at whim and whimsy with flights of fancy  
Still shifting - ebbs and flows  
Tumultuous waves  
The timbre of a whisper, the echo of a moan  
Traveling through time  
Rumbling, bumbling, crashing and creeping  
Glinting in the sun  
Shimmering under the moonlight  
Always new, birthed from the old  
Always beautiful, always changing  
Sea glass  
My life

## A Scratch of Life

He spat out a wad of brown spittle -  
it splattered on the tin bucket he kicked over as he strode off  
the porch

Damn the sun is bright.

Rubbing his giant paw over his facial stubble

Scratching and rearranging his privates

Billy Beauford Butbeam was about to begin another day

Surveying his kingdom

Rusted shreds of cars, trucks, tractors, and other parts now  
unknown

Overtgrown with a tapestry of weeds and vines as a  
permanent edifice

A part of his landscape

As careless and abandoned as his very life

Chickens skittered about clucking and fussing

Searching for a bug or slug or some debris of life

He kicked up a dust storm as he made way to what was left  
of his barn

Broke down, broke back, tattered and torn

The shambles of a life too well worn



## Alone with Herself

Watching the world go by  
Hustle, bustle, rustle, tussle and she sits alone sipping  
champagne at a small Paris café  
Sun shining on her face, warming her heart  
Where did her life go?  
What did she have to show?  
Tattered clothes and memories  
Ah, the high times and palaces – private coaches and pearls  
The loves and losses, broken hearts cast aside  
The autumn leaves skitter, scatter past, getting caught in the  
café rail  
Who flies free?  
Who gets crushed?  
Her mind wanders in dreams of then  
While the busyness of today swirls around her soul  
And she sits and wonders.....

Keith  
Alan  
Hamilton

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 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.).

## PRO-HUMAN type of mindset

my mystic aspiration  
set before myself  
especially so  
as to  
those attributes of love  
care and concern ~  
'cause my  
empathic sensitivity  
is spirited  
to live  
experience  
through the creative process  
of intelligent progression  
bodily  
further  
intensified by  
a multi-dimensional  
expectation ~  
this mystic's aspiration  
extends  
way beyond  
the scope of an inherit  
self-centric  
humanitarian orientation  
embedded within  
reflective consciousness ~  
my cognitive interactions  
with the animate  
and inanimate  
or the descriptive  
living and non-living  
aspects of reality  
emergent  
continually in me

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

like the chemical reaction  
between food and the taste buds  
of the tongue  
and the bringing forth of flavor .....  
..... *this spiritual felt sense*  
an *empathic perceptivity*  
born of a realization  
as to a connectivity  
and interdependence  
to all else ~  
such enlightenment inspires  
a broadened love  
care and concern  
I've become more  
systemically focused  
and the by-product  
is the envisioning  
of this transition toward  
a *Nature-itarian* mindset  
not only in myself  
but all humanity  
in the future  
however ~ as a mystic  
with this *emergent*  
*spiritual felt sense*  
I'm also aware  
of my present reality  
within space/time  
and circumstance  
the socially environmental  
intelligent progression  
of the humankind  
along the journey to .....  
..... spiritual enlightenment  
and the multi-dimensional  
development of  
those attributes of love

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

care and concern ~  
(including myself)  
each day  
I am more fully discerning  
the benefit

RIGHT NOW

of a concentrated focus  
on a *PRO-HUMAN*  
type of mindset

RIGHT NOW

I'm all for  
all of the HUMAN RACE  
to transitionally undergo  
the global transformation  
of an increased well-being  
humanity through  
the development of  
concepts and practices  
that nurture  
those attributes of love  
care and concern ~

Please accept my need  
to quote myself  
to bring clarity  
and emphasis .....

“the spiritual act  
of helping others  
help themselves  
and in turn  
*THEY*  
proactively help

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

others  
to do the same”

“firstly  
We the people  
THE HUMAN RACE  
as one  
must learn to help ourselves  
our kind  
to survive  
before we can  
and know how  
to save  
other aspects  
of the living and non-living  
within the great system  
called Nature”

end quote ....

so our kind  
the humankind  
(our children’s  
children’s children)  
ONE RACE  
are fully able and willing  
to create transitional change  
undergo a transformation  
emergent from  
*a spiritual felt sense*  
*an empathic perceptivity*  
born of a realization  
as to a connectivity  
and interdependence  
to each other  
and then  
to all else ~



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

proactively initiated  
by those attributes of love  
care and concern ~

I quote myself again  
for clarity  
and emphasis ....

*“symbolically like  
the butterfly’s  
transmutation  
from cocoon  
to the magical  
moment  
of  
flight”*

end quote

*We the people*  
will survive  
intelligently progressing  
to not only as humanitarian  
but to become *Nature-itarian*  
despite the disruptive  
ways of the great system Nature  
on its sub-system earth  
and the havoc reeked  
on the pattern of life  
we are now so accustomed to .....  
and no matter what effect  
it has on this mystic’s  
spiritually/philosophical  
poetic essay  
type of expression

peace out

## one voice ~ the voice of the many

This poem is dedicated to my poetry mentor and tireless peace activist friend David Eberhardt from Baltimore, Maryland.

one voice laying fallow  
seemingly  
not by choice  
but suspended  
in the mist  
of the cloudy murmur  
the accumulative many  
a lone voice  
on a holding pattern  
with a dwindling  
amount of fuel  
if not heard  
it will eventually  
tumble from the sky  
to crash and burn  
into a pile of ash and smolder  
there to patiently await  
its resurrection  
from a grave of silence ~  
~ 'cause this one voice  
was created for a purpose  
as an instrument to be strummed  
again and again  
like the strings  
of the harp  
until its sweet luring melody  
charms the ears  
of each listener  
who would sooner or later  
hear it

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

within the mist  
of the cloudy murmur  
and thereafter  
the seed of this one voice  
would become planted  
and able to grow its mission  
to bring about change  
no longer laying fallow  
as before .....

peace out

## We the People initiate Change

if earth change  
is looming on the horizon  
~ regardless  
if these drastically disruptive  
changes ~  
change the way we live  
the way we currently  
feel comfortable with  
the earth  
the ebb and flow  
of its seasons  
its climate  
what we are accustomed to .....  
right now ~  
this regulatory system  
that has been stable enough  
to let THE HUMAN RACE  
live  
experience  
learn then adapt  
spread out and prosper  
this great dynamic  
earth system  
without conscience  
or bias  
will change  
like it has before  
through either  
global heating  
or global cooling  
some super volcano  
or by massive earthquakes  
even from objects like asteroids  
or meteors dropping

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

from the heavens  
as if planet killer bombs  
sent from the Nature gods  
or even the unthinkable  
the horrific acts  
of unfriendly extraterrestrials ~  
if *We the people*  
of the planet  
want to initiate change  
be prepared to survive  
any type or a combination  
of these kinds of happenings  
be able to adapt  
and then transition  
our species to be able  
to go on in the future  
*We the people*  
must proactively  
take the lead  
take charge of  
control the outcome of  
our destiny  
and not count on Gaia  
(AKA – mother earth  
poor metaphor  
'cause a loving human mother  
would not bring harm to her children)  
or its gods of the totality  
of it all ..... Nature  
to save us ~  
*We the people*  
must accept our self-responsibility  
beyond just ourselves  
as individuals  
accept that *We as Individuals*  
can choose to be  
*a Cooperative of Individuals*

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

who want to create as a *people*  
as the humankind  
THE HUMAN RACE  
a social environment  
a global modal  
with a *living document*  
(a work in progress)  
or a book of guidelines  
that outlines  
and will bring forth  
novel ideas  
concepts and practices  
no matter if  
new or the old  
the tried and the true  
that's modified  
or updated to fit  
the needs and conditions  
of the times  
concepts and practices  
in conjunction  
with innovative technology  
that not only will start us  
down the road to change  
begetting preservation  
and survival  
but will improve the overall  
well-being of *We the people*  
a globally created environment  
that will uplift  
the spirit of *the people*  
to develop and contribute  
more fully as a *people*  
for the everlasting well-being  
of all *the people* .....  
and by learning  
how to change our ways

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

to be more willing and able  
to proactively make change ~  
increased well-being  
adaptation  
transition  
and the transformation  
of *We the people*  
really ~ really  
possible  
within our united  
intelligent progression  
and to help  
prevent discouragement  
we must discern  
and accept beforehand  
or during the process  
that all of this  
ain't gonna be easy  
'cause it will take  
much struggle  
through our effort  
within the process of thinking  
to emerge  
a global think tank of thoughts .....

.... wherein  
this united effort by us  
*We as individuals*  
but consciously  
collectively  
*We the people*  
living on planet earth  
realize ~  
understand  
and envision  
the cooperative struggle  
the emergent effort  
of *We the people*

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

the human-kind  
THE HUMAN RACE  
that if *We* ~ change ourselves  
through an intelligently progressive  
process of ~  
increased well-being  
proactive adaptation ~  
transition  
and transformation  
like the transmutation  
of the butterfly  
from cocoon  
all the way to flight  
wherefore ~ changing  
ourselves to live on .....  
sustain and survive  
despite any type  
or a combination  
of kinds of happenings  
that bring about  
drastically disruptive  
earth change in the future

peace out



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Katherine  
Wyatt

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 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 Rishekesh, 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](http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav)

~ never a cossack

I feel your distance  
distance always separated us anyway  
it is the Purpose  
that is our binding

I have watched you lost  
in your own left turns  
.... your body protests but your heart  
will not let go  
even though it is bleeding out

it is all on hiatus as the pendulum swings

Perhaps as you shift  
it is an indication that I must step up  
my own transformation

You were right  
I blamed you.... I hated you for a moment

Because I am afraid

I don't know who's setting the pace  
only that it is up to me  
to take the steps through rings of fire  
finally shed this constant burning

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Your fierceness is at times your own destruction

Lend me some of that my friend  
...what does not destroy us  
will heal us  
    even when it is painful

I love you dearly  
    We are One blood

Distance is only an illusion

~ breathing time

Sun upon my face; wind in my hair  
standing there  
it seems so long ago  
youth...

I was invincible  
feral and free

Sensual relations  
held no pejorative scars  
There were traces of my forefather's lies  
binding that beauty  
yet no twined rope tangling my thoughts  
that led to questioning  
....if they were right

I question everything now  
as time and living  
has given me reason to

My heart remains feral....  
imprinted on my soul  
is the memory of freedom  
in all its forms

Here, beneath a full moonglow  
a thousand stars  
winding in and out of milky galaxies  
recognizing  
the light I see  
in this moment  
is older

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

than the ground I stand upon

It is all still a mystery

All that is in me knows  
to fight for the heart...  
..following with the soulprints  
as these are the Greater Realities  
as well as my only chance  
to thrive ...  
my one remaining hunger



~ fire light

Watching the flames behind me  
that noxious smell of gasoline  
still on my fingers  
wafting in the night breeze  
I turned and walked forward  
not looking back

I was never one to burn bridges  
it seems intuitively valid to me  
that souls who connect  
..were meant to dance the dance  
take one another's curriculum

it's why we are here

I never choose the kindling  
...it is often chosen for me  
perhaps I should take more pride  
in choosing wood  
and whens

I was never good at burning bridges

I watch the fire light up the night  
thinking....

If i cannot walk across it  
I will learn to swim  
...on my own

Whatever it takes...

Fahredin  
Shehu

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 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>

## Now listen my prayer

Oh Lord...Most Merciful giver  
Behold this child I cared motherly and  
make his path a cloud-y smooth  
let him your potent name sleep and  
seal his heart and  
your will spoken out of his mouth  
his hand may it be your act  
and when you fall ill  
may he come to visit you and  
say a prayer  
when the rainbow appears  
let a child kiss his cheek  
when the sun in zenith sings  
his most potent quatrain  
your coldness mild as mattress  
covers from the burnt  
let the dew crystallized in petal  
of Gladiola and become a pearl  
Lord Almighty Sovereign  
let this man tech the Lover and  
polish his heart to reflect  
the beauty of Beloved  
and his fast may be lesson  
for greedy merchant and  
all bizarre human manifestation

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

rest my heart in accommodating him  
as I a Mother milked him  
with the blue milk so his blood  
knows nothing but Love  
I ignite his heart with the Blue flame  
so the butterflies may come and see  
the particles of Pleroma  
until they faint

Lord Almighty Treasure bearer  
let him enough wellness  
to avoid him of dependence  
from human; let him be  
Sovereign in his dwelling, neighborhood,  
region and human surrounding; so  
he knows nothing but Surrenderance  
to your will  
to your Omni- Will

AMEN

## Butterfly

peasants brought wheat at the wind mill  
in the sacks with the scotch design patches

the air was clear and the fireflies  
still orbited the fields

mother came to laid eggs  
in a grinded wheat and corn

the Time grew older and a puppet worked out;  
somebody from within wanted  
to burst the capsule

it was a worm fed with the green grass leafs  
he continued the path

the LIFE has its consequences  
his body was bubbling; something from within

wanted to show its beauty  
an innocent creature was stretching the wings  
with palette of colors

it has to survive indeed; to visit flowers and  
touch their pollen

to fertilize their stigma and  
get the leaf as reward; the cloud up on the sky was  
threatening and the first flash hit the Nut tree

I have to hide somewhere and catch  
some peasant attached to his hat

## Preparation of the Plot

The Nobles called me to show the plan  
They told me: you ought to clean your place and  
found the basement for a new Temple

as you see the plan and as you possess  
all qualities we trust your strength; the Architect

of the new Temple;  
they endowed the plan, the pace and peace

the day after I was overwhelmed with happiness  
and it lasted ages of Men's life

immediately after I started to uproot the bad seeds roots  
and bushes

the place must be pure; and I sacrificed a Ram  
on the night of the fool moon

one month after I planned to summon  
the best Mimars<sup>1</sup> to start with the building

the names of all Mimars must start with the letter "T"  
regardless of their region of origin.

Meanwhile I got plenty of time  
to perform prayers, particularly  
the ones taught by Sybil.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ottoman Architect



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Hülya  
N.  
Yılmaz

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 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*.

Links:

[editorphd.hulyanyilmaz@gmail.com](mailto:editorphd.hulyanyilmaz@gmail.com)

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

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

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/hulyas-professional-writers-services.php>

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

once a year...

too old for peer pressure

yet still gullible

bursting at the sight of the all-senses-exposure

those persistent aides-mémoire disguised as lovers

heart goes on to beat to yearn and yearn and yearn...

## one red mulberry

a small sickly tree in the little backyard of my solo house  
appears to disappear with the mood of my window's haze  
it sheds its extravagant blooms before the winter's peak  
the cold hasn't left yet  
in fact it's in high season these days

i pretend this tiny ailing escort shelters red mulberries  
for they promise to re-bleed the ice on our memories

i haven't been home in too long of a time i want you to  
know  
once you last stepped out life in me bluntly refused to grow

this year my eyes' ill companion kept one of its fruits  
it is lonely and hangs at the end of a half-broken twig  
utterly fragile at the mercy of even the gentlest blow  
it awaits one more blazed tear drop from me to let go

## the after

in contagious passion of all our unlived  
we kept writing each other again and again  
from you i had learned the love for a man  
this time anew you tried as hard as back then  
but my pain lasted beyond your reach to soothe

i dugged out that poem's title  
its remaining verses came along  
Can Dünder had lined up your fear for me  
i must have worried you beyond my capacity  
for musalla taşı\* was a most somber thought for my after

\* A stone platform on which the dead body is placed with its closed coffin – a core element for Muslim burial ceremonies.

Teresa  
E.  
Gallion



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 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>

## Winter Miser

Her primal urges howl like a wolf  
before the moon. A need to undress,  
expose her nakedness to the wind  
reveals itself to night.

She wants to make love  
to innocence below the stars.  
Her mind rotates one orgasm after another.  
Passion so intense, wolves answer her lyrics.

Ecstasy from her thighs  
flood the winter sky.  
She falls in a blanket of wild clouds  
exhausted from a flood of rapture.

But her soul, oh my,  
runs a marathon across the horizon,  
looking for a safe descent.  
Daylight breaks. Her feet touch earth.

She walks the Bosque remembering when  
the cottonwoods shed their golden hair.  
Now they stand naked in a 72 degree winter  
flexing 100 year old sexy branches.

Raise her hat, smile humbly, throw a kiss,  
she looks forward to spring buds, cotton  
flying over the valley, summer green.  
God help us the fires are coming.

## Come to Me

Come to me slowly and gently  
with your heart in your hands.  
Come to me with intentions  
that make me bend my knees for you.

Come to me with passion  
like a spirited black stallion.  
Come to me exposing your nakedness  
wearing the blood you shed in my name.

Come to me with humility  
flooding your eyelids.  
Come to me with a song on your lips  
that praises my beauty.

It is not too late to change your ways.  
It may influence my wrath.

You may avoid coming  
when guilt and shame holds your throat.  
You may come and sin against my breast  
believing you will get away with murder.

But you will come as you must  
and I will be unforgiving.  
You have abused me for the last time  
and your day of reckoning waits.

You will bend your knees in sorrow,  
beg forgiveness and I will crush you  
in perfect justice  
for I am Mother Nature.

## Floating

I live in this wild place  
beneath the radar of the Sun King,  
dance between the shadows,  
rub bone against flesh.

Kernels of life flow free through my veins.  
I possess a deluxe grin on my face.  
Gratitude blazes across my chest.  
I fly on a heatwave of joy.

What more can I tell you,  
life is good in this sacred realm  
where gardens bloom in my name,  
water flows like a boundless river.

There is blood on my hands.  
They testify to the thorns  
that allow me to caress a rose  
in the dawn's early light.

The strain of such beauty  
brings tears to my eyes.  
Draw near to me friend,  
I want to kiss you.

William  
S.  
Peters Sr.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 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](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site

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



## a new thing

i sat in the midst of my solace  
imagining the pitter patter  
of the Spring Rains  
beating out their incessant rhythms  
against the Window panes  
of my soul

i was in an anticipatory  
state of consciousness  
for i have grown tired  
of the stillness and silence  
induced upon my favor  
that Winter often brings  
as my house guest  
who overstays its welcome  
each year

i need to run amuck  
in the fields of wonder  
once again  
before i wither completely  
from being shut in  
by the coldness  
of the world

there is much still yet  
to be discovered,  
uncovered,  
exposed,  
deposed  
in life  
i suppose

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

i want to de-cloak myself  
of my restrictive behaviours  
and skip naked  
through the wood  
embracing  
the nature  
of who i am

there is much growth  
and growing  
that still calls my name  
to ascend  
accede  
to new levels  
of expression

i shall mimic  
that which brings me joy . . .  
i shall bud,  
i shall bloom,  
i shall blossom  
and yield the best of me  
unto the world

let loose your sweetest fragrance,  
and paint smiles of promise  
every where you tread,  
let the dead bury the dead,  
that is what the Christed One said

dust your sandals off  
and keep it moving,  
for there is much work  
to be done,  
songs to be sung  
and dancing for the fun of it  
can not be such a bad thing

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

so let it rain  
in my imaginary world this day,  
and it shall soon come  
and we will be sprung this Spring  
and create a new thing

thou art love

in my heart i have held thee  
that you should forever be  
enfolded in my own special place

my thoughts are of thee,  
my dreams are of thee,  
as are all of my desires

in my mind's eye  
i give leave to my fingers  
that they may languidly  
dance across the expanse of thy skin  
that i should learn of the depths  
and horizons  
of thy beauty  
which is never ending . . .  
and i tire not  
of such adventures

i purse my lips  
in sweet memory of thy kiss  
that gave life unto my light,  
painted smiles upon my soul  
and yielded a peace  
where i shall be interned  
in my forever

thou art my purpose  
thou art that which  
all men dream of  
and pine for in their basest  
of need

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

thou art the reason  
and the answer  
to every query  
of us mortal ones

thou art love

## epiphany

everyone struggles  
through this illusion we call life  
in their own way

many times opportunities  
present themselves  
cloaked and camouflaged,  
but we defer  
to our own intelligence  
as if we have mastered this journey

epiphanies come in small measures

we offer counsel  
to our children  
and anyone else  
who would lend an ear  
as if that is some grand duty  
to pass along  
our misery  
and lack of comprehension  
of what it is really all about

yet we are earnest with our indensities  
sensitive only to our own vanities

the shallow fallow

we make our ways  
through the mud  
and quicksands  
and other entrappings  
found along the banks  
of this sometimes fast flowing river

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

we say leads to an ocean  
of oneness

so peace perhaps  
can be found in the current

we look forward much too often,  
and for what reason  
for demise will meet us  
soon enough

we look back at what was lost  
never to realize  
that experience cannot be so,  
nor can we ever return  
to a path desolated  
by the passing of time

there are too many distractions  
in the now  
as many things vie  
for one's sacred energies,  
so we remain lost  
with no knowing signs  
that it is thus so

let us disconnect  
from our self trust  
and look to saviours  
and politicians  
and Mothers  
and anyone else  
other than that which  
lies within us  
and then we will be ok

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

for we are tainted shards of perfection  
so they tell us

pay thy penance child  
lament your spawning  
curse your dawning  
and pretend you see the light

any light will do  
as long as it is not your own



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

March  
2015  
Features

~ \* ~

Heung Sook  
Anthony Arnold  
Alicia Poland

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Heung  
Sook

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’ is Indian and living in Saudi Arabia. She is the Managing Editor of Reflection Magazine.

I would like to introduce briefly by myself here and my poems.

**Name** : My name is Heung-Sook Choi from South Korea.

**Job** : Currently, I have been teaching for 20 years for management field as well as Management, Organizational Behavior, Human Relations and Business English in Han-Zhong university where is located in Dong Hae City, Kang Won Do, South Korea.

**Major** : I studied for BSC in Business Management, Assumption College, Masteral Business Administration and Ph.D. course in University of Santo Tomas in the Philippines. I have a Ph.D. degree in Commerce.

**Certificates** : I have certificate of TESOL from Hankuk University of Foreign Studies in Korea and California State University in USA. And I have TESOL and TELC certificate, Medicine Hat College in Canada.

## Ricebaby Snow Day

When she was a little girl, she went out when snow fell.  
By the way, she comes in when snow falls today.

When she was a little girl, she waited for the snow to fall.  
By the by, she is expecting the snow to stop falling today.

A little girl understands only that she is always as a young  
girl.

Time goes by noiselessly without a murmur and questions.

She wants to sing a song with lyrics.  
That is a thanksgiving song to the world.

## At Noon on Weekend in Winter

Some people are fishing by the river.  
Others are jogging along the riverside.

A couple of ducklings is taking a stroll on the river.

A woman is watching a pair of them,  
either on their honeymoon or a trip in their late life.

A couple of ducklings apart from the crowds on the river are  
very picturesque.

A woman stopped walking for a while and fell into thought.



## Thank You to The Chef

Thank you, Chef for all you do  
You cook me meals one plus two  
Though at times you may grumble  
Your meals are healthy though humble

The table is full of color  
Yellow, red, green and some other  
Your only customer is me  
So you know well what I see

The food that was on the shelf  
has been cooked by me, myself  
My reward is spread table wide  
I accept the thanks with pride

Anthony  
Arnold

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Anthony Arnold, born and raised by his grandmother in a little town called Quincy in Florida, wrote his first piece in the third grade and fell in love with writing ever since that moment; writing has become a comfort and a mainstay to keep him focused. As an avid reader of all genres of literature, Anthony has found a particular passion for black history

His desire to show the younger generation to want to learn about where they come from and to let them know we are much more than what society has labeled us!

Anthony's love for fellow man grew during his service to our country where he served and was awarded numerous medals, including the Air Force Achievement Medal in 1986, 1993 and 2001.

He can be found at the following:

[www.facebook.com/AATheTigersDen](http://www.facebook.com/AATheTigersDen)

[www.authoranthonyarnold.webs.com](http://www.authoranthonyarnold.webs.com)

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

## GENERATIONS

Brought over against his will  
Chained whipped beaten  
Killed without remorse  
It has begun

Freedom was a dream, a nightmare for some  
Yet he had to try his heart told him so  
Yet what was the reward  
The swing from the end of a rope

Move forward

Black wall street, Rosewood  
Our people at their finest  
Yet would it last? Would it?  
No afraid not. It was not allowed

One burned to the ground  
Nothing left but a road sign  
The other just a memory for some  
Markers in the side walk is all that's left

Move forward

Protest, marches sit-ins  
Water hoses dog's nightsticks  
All we wanted was equality. Our civil rights  
All we got was pain and sorrow

Yet we persevered, marched on  
Strange fruit, she said hanging from the trees  
Missing and some found, some unrecognizable  
Some never seen again

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Leaders gone, taken from us  
Martin, Malcolm, the Kennedys  
Taken by the assassins bullet  
Voices silenced

Move forward

Civil unrest  
Watts, Detroit Seattle  
We're not taking this anymore  
Burn this bitch to the ground

KKK in force  
Panthers in the streets  
Bloodshed  
Black Power!

Move forward

Upwardly mobile  
We mingle, we think we fit in  
Yet behind the scenes  
We are still just a nigger to some

Street gangsters, we kill our own  
Even as they take us away  
Men women children  
Will there even be a future

Shot in the streets, and the parks  
In the stores, choked on the sidewalk  
Children killed while listening to music  
Wearing a hoodie. With tea and candy

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

No Justice no Peace

Pants sagging, ass showing  
Wife beater wearing, hair rag havin  
Men pimpin women hoein  
Is this what we have become?

Move forward

In the future

Daddy who is this?  
Son they were called Afro Americans  
Where are they?

Son they are...extinct.

## Generations pt. 2

MABABU UNIOKOE!\*

MABABU UNIOKOE!

He screamed

As the whip tore into his flesh

Why had he been forsaken

Taken from his land

Forced to serve the pale man

Beaten by an evil hand

As his blood drained

His senses failing

This last thought

Mababu Upendo\*

My god! Why have you forsaken me?

He said as he sat upon this animal

A noose around his neck

Surrounded by those who meant him harm

The night replayed in his mind

His family slaughtered

His house burned

His life at an end

As the horse ran from under him

And as his life drained away

He looked at them and said

I love you



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Mama I'm sorry he thought  
Lying on the cold hard ground  
His blood puddling from his wounds  
A spectacle for the world to see

Shot, no executed on a city street  
He had fit the description  
The one all black men do  
He existed while black

In the end he saw his moms face  
Standing in the light  
Come home to me my son  
Come home to me.

\*Mababu Uniokoe- Ancestors Save me

\*Mababu Upendo-Ancestors love

## What's going on

*inspired by the music of Marvin Gaye*

What's going on?

When a man is harassed and taken down  
For all the world to see  
And his last words are  
"I CANT BREATHE!"

What's going on?

Executed in the middle of the town  
Let lay there like a dog in the street  
His epitaph be it wrong or right  
"I'm unarmed, my hands are up"

What's going on?

2 seconds was all it took  
From life to death for a little boy  
From playing with his toy  
To lying dead in the park

What's going on?

Is this the time of the ancestors  
Don't we have rights anymore?  
Is it open season  
Are we destined to die while black?

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

From Trayvon and Jordan  
To Michael and Eric  
To Renisha, John, and Tamir  
Can anyone really tell me?

What's going on?

Alicia  
Poland

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2015*

Alicja Maria Kuberska was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. Currently, lives with her family in the health resort town of Inowrocław, Poland.

In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: “The Glass Reality”. A second volume, entitled: “Analysis of Feelings”, was published in 2012. The third one ( in English) entitled “ Moments” was published as well Poland as USA in 2014. In the same year she published the volume in Polish entitled “ On the Border of Dream” and novel entitled “Virtual Roses”.

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, USA, UK, Canada, India and Australia. She was the featured poet of New Mirage Journal (USA), in the summer of 2011. Her poem: “Train” was nominated for the Pushcart Prize. In addition, her poems are read on various radio programs in Poland and Belgium.

She wrote also a few plays for the theater, a lot of interviews for Polish and American magazines and newspapers.

Alicja is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland. She works as an editor of an artistic-literary quarterly “ Metafora” , published by Miniatura, Kraków. She publishes her poems in various online literary magazines, as well as, on her Facebook page.

(Not ) my poem

I wrote a few words, and tied them permanently.  
Reflections and emotions created an immaterial line.  
I uttered the last sentence, and he flew like a zephyr.  
He kissed my lips lightly and left, he walked away to  
strangers.

He slipped into their eyes, where the tears are born.  
He whispered some lovely words to the hearts and they  
quivered tenderly.  
He woke up the sleeping consciences, Bored by a daily  
routine.  
He consoled a very sad lady, called Melancholy.

At night he flew into the sky, parted the heavy curtains of  
clouds.  
The stars glittered and the moon lit up the paths of lovers.  
The tender singing of a nightingale mingled in the abyss of  
darkness  
And sunk in the lovingly swooning scent of flowers .

Sometimes this unfaithful lover returns to me  
- Beloved son of the muse, not my child any more

## Beautiful Stranger

I saw her on a platform.  
She stood, staring at the departing train.  
The drops of tears glistened on her eyelashes,  
The kisses hung in the air,  
And the wind whipped the words of farewell.

Once, she walked past me in a cafe.  
She sat at the next table  
And ordered a glass of red wine.  
Joy added splendor and beauty to her countenance,  
When her eyes flashed the joy of a greeting.

I've seen her many times -  
Walking slowly down park alleys,  
Trying on diamond rings  
And white dresses with long veils.  
- What's your name? - I asked  
- Don't you remember? - She replied, surprised  
- Blissful Love



## Everything is possible

In moments of sadness and doubt, I return to the past.  
I read stories recorded in the yellowed pages of a diary,  
I look through photos from old family albums.

I no longer believe in impossible things

I saw the fall of colossi and mighty empires,  
In front of my own eyes, the thick darkness of history was  
enlightened  
And the air carried fresh breezes of revolutionary surges.

Nothing lasts forever

After each night, comes another morning, and dawn knocks  
at the window.  
After a violent storm, rainbow hovers over rain drops.  
Man falls down, lifts himself up, and keeps on going.

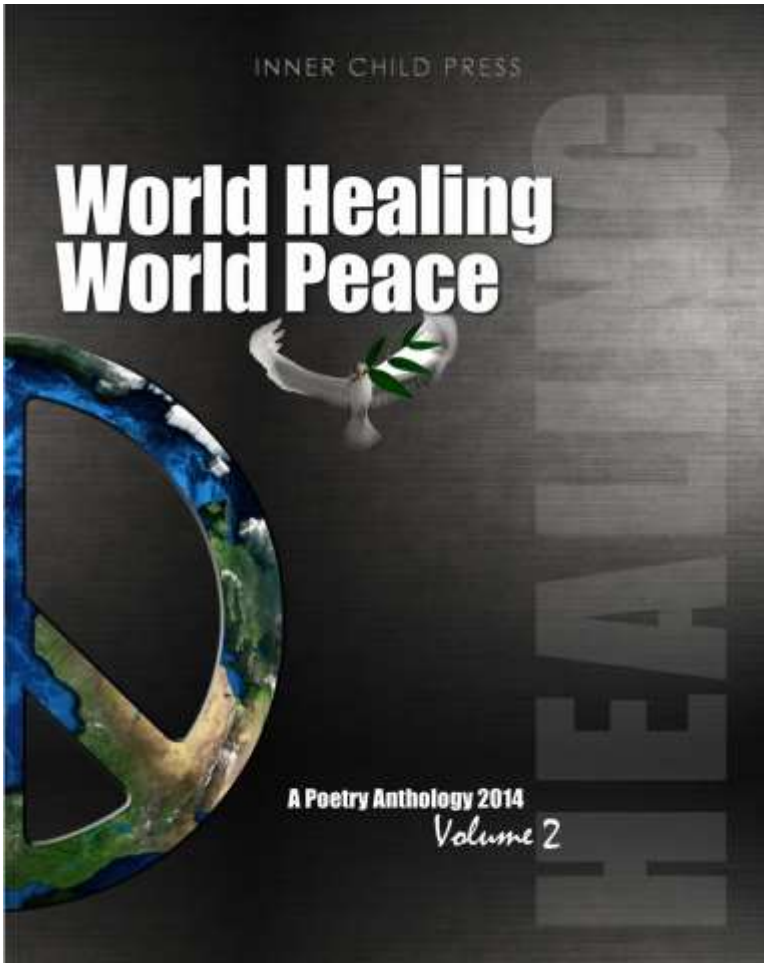
Life is like a photograph.

We emerge with difficulty, from dark negatives,  
Strengthened by every tear, scream of anguish, suffering.  
In a few days, yesterday's pain will be just a memory

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

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





# THE YEAR OF THE POET II

February 2015

Amethyst



## THE POETRY POSSE

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wolf  
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
Ann White  
Keith Alan Hamilton  
Katherine Wyatt  
Muhammad Shehu  
Nilsa K. Almaz  
Teresa E. Gallion  
Jackie 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 Pass

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Comasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
Tony Henninger  
Joe Dolan  
Mikaela  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdul-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 Poety Press*

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WrittenInPain • Santos Jaigo • Justice Burke

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *The Poetry Passe*

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Camasco \* Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell \* June Bugg Bonefield \* Debbie M. Allen \* Tony Henninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer \* Robert Gibbons \* Neetu Wal \* 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 Passé*

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

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Rajendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

# 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 Passé

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

## The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

### *The Poetry Passe*

Jamie Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Camasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugs' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Heninger  
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

June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

## June's Featured Poets

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

## The Poetry Passes

Jamie Bond  
Gal Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Camasco  
Siddantha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neehu Wai  
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 Ford  
Gail Weston Shaver  
Albert Tuffino Carrasco  
Siddhartha Nath Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Hugg Benefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Menolinger  
Joe DeVerbal Muddasser  
Robert Gibbons  
Nesta Wolf  
Shereef Abdur-Rahman  
Katherine Burgham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014



## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Boyd  
Gail Weston Shizer  
Albert 'Dofinthe' Carrasco  
Siddartha Sethi Merce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Jugg' Barfield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Hanzliger  
Joe DeVerbal 'MuddaJoeer'  
Robert Gibbons  
Neeta Weil  
Shereef Abdur-Rahman  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

# the Year of the Poet

## The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya 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*

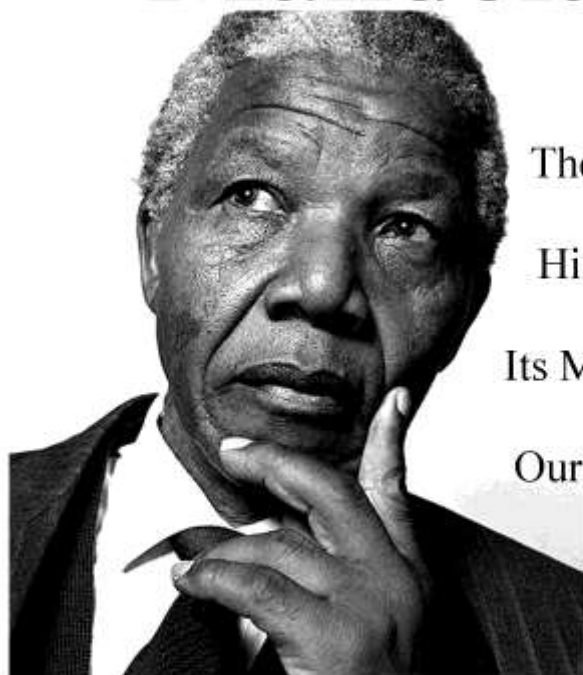
### The Poetry Posse

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

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories  
*The Anthological Writers*

# **A GATHERING OF WORDS**

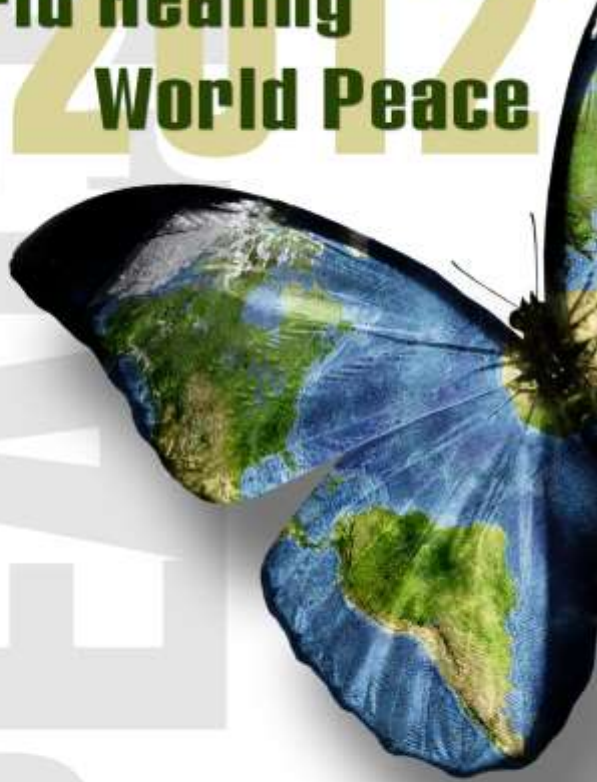


**POETRY & COMMENTARY**  
FOR

# **TRAYVON MARTIN**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

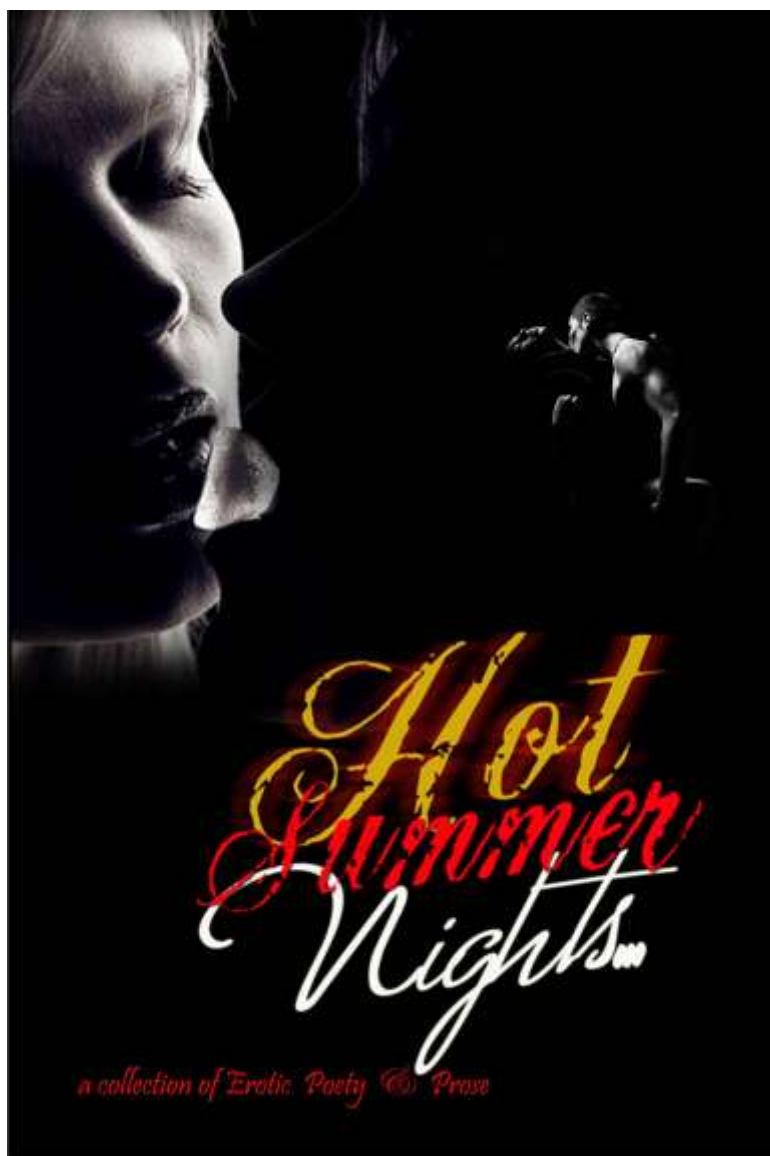
*Volume 2*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

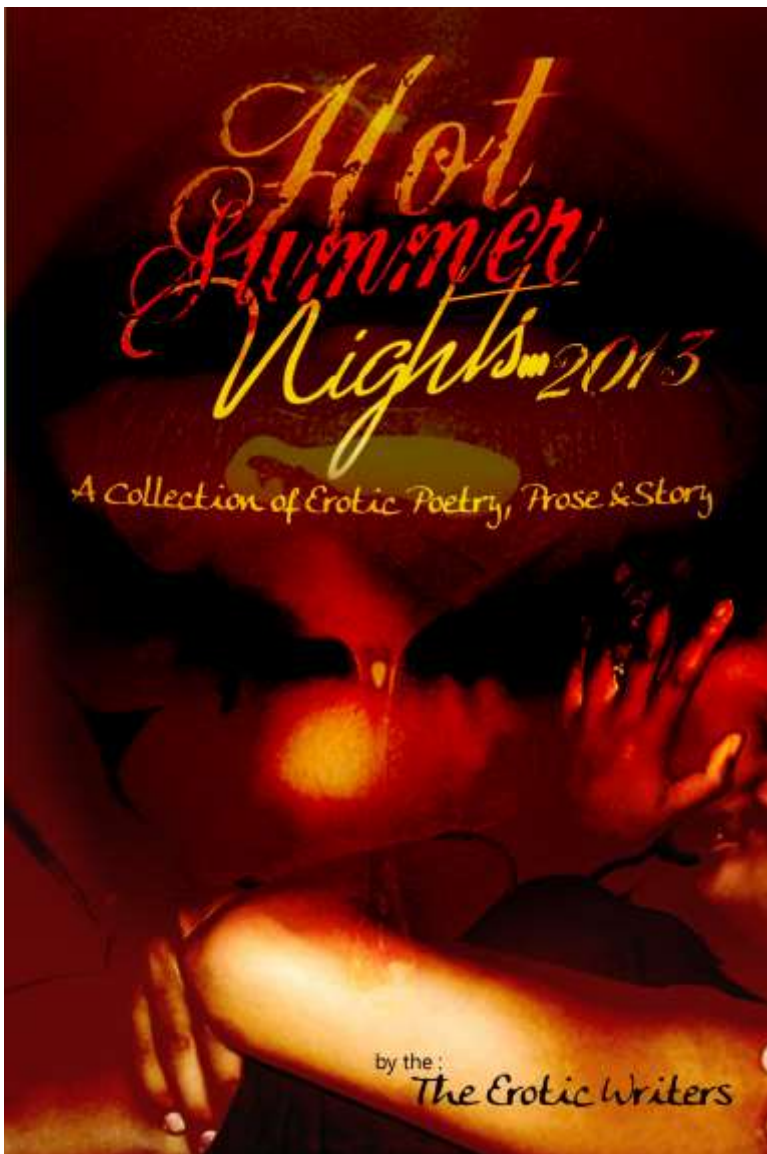
*healing through words*

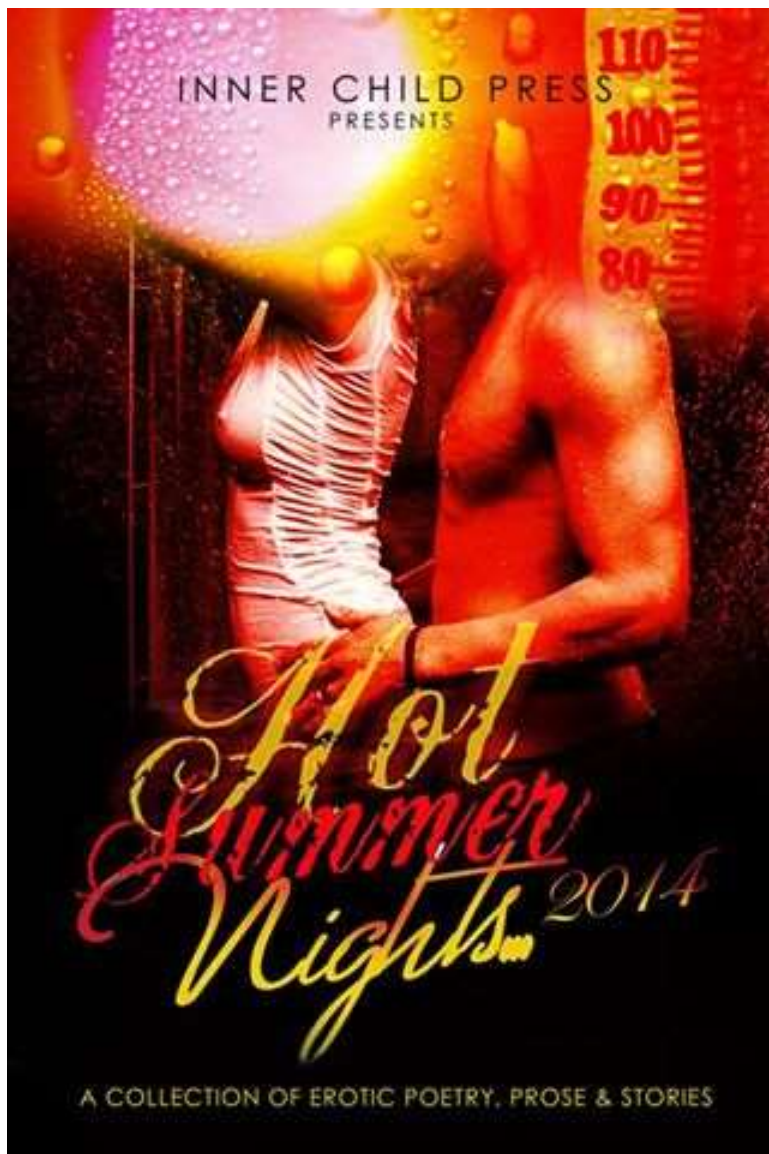


*Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories*

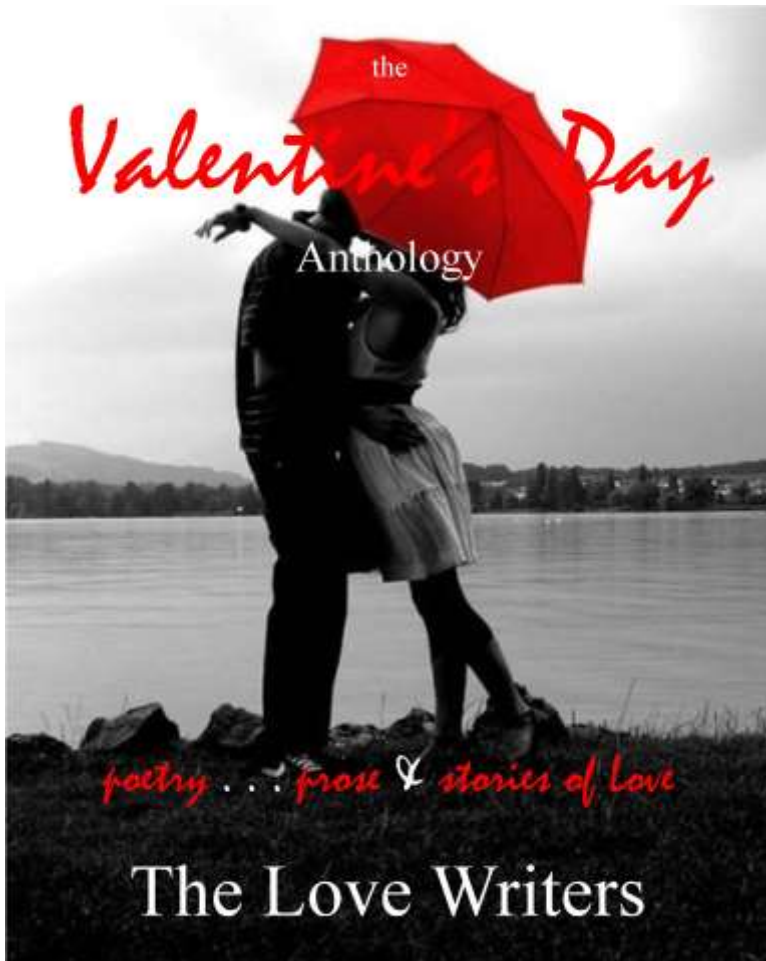








*Inner Child Press Anthologies*





want my

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

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

*Monte Smith*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

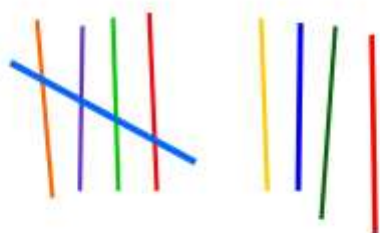
*a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...*

 Monte Smith  
want my

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

volume II

# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

*for those who are challenged*

*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

*Poetry Dancer*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



a  
Poetically  
Spoken  
Anthology  
volume I  
Collector's Edition

and there is much, much more !

visit . . .

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/anthologies-sales-special.php>

Also check out our Authors and  
all the wonderful Books

Available at :

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-book-store.php>





Tee Shirts

4

Sale

Anthologies for Sale

## The Year of the Poet



\$ 20.00

Small \* Med. \* Large \* XL \* XXL

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

This Anthological Publication  
is underwritten solely by

## *Inner Child Press*

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

*Inner Child Press*

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





in  
support

# World Healing World Peace



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

~ fini ~

# The Poetry Posse 2015



## March 2015 Featured Poets



Heung Sook



Anthony Arnold



Alicia Poland



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