

# The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

## Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

A photograph of a robin perched on a branch with red berries. The robin has a dark blue head and back, a bright orange-red breast, and a yellow beak. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

## Robin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Fahredin Shehu \* Hrishikesh Pachye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The  
Year  
of the  
Poet III

March 2016

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

# The Poetry Pose 2016

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

Hülya N. Yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Ann J. White

Jackie Davis Allen

Keith Alan Hamilton

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Janet P. Caldwell

Fahredin Shehu

Demetrios Trifiatis

Alan W. Jankowski

Hrishikesh Padhye

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan.

William S. Peters, Sr.

**General Information**  
**The Year of the Poet III**  
**March Edition**

**The Poetry Posse**

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2016**

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 : 978-0692657874 (Inner Child Press, Ltd.)  
ISBN-10 : 0692657878

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD  
**L**IFE  
BE WITHOUT  
A LITTLE  
**P**OETRY?

# Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

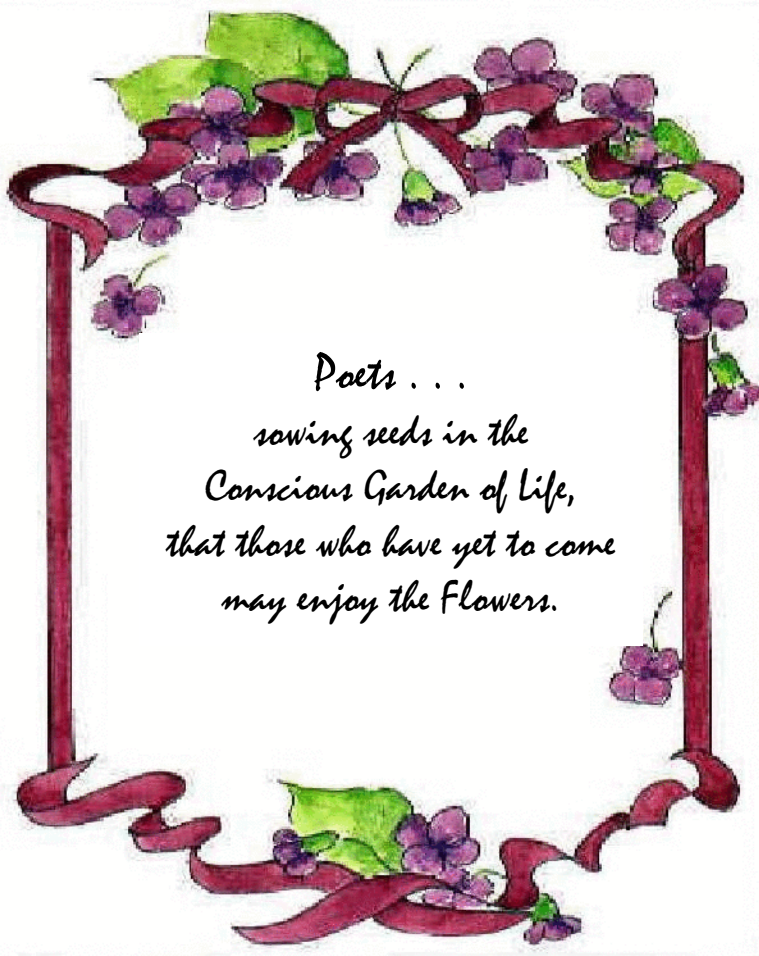
past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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

# Foreword

Listening to the variety of birds, communicating on a bright, sunny day. The sounds of life coupled with sun and cooling breeze. The colors of Earth, glorious on a backdrop canvas of blue and green. All these things are magnified in Spring's blossom coming to life. Life, life, sweet life in the air everywhere. Earth reborn, resurrected from Winter's death, a true miracle indeed.

The Creator of all life to which there is no equal. Who better to accentuate the wonder of Spring's rebirth other than gifted poets, creative artist who were blessed with the gift of word crafting. As a sculptor molds clay into shape bringing it to life.

The Year of The Poet / Poetry Posse is in its third year. We have been publishing of monthly since Jan. 2014. We do this for the readers and poets alike. We are a " Posse " of gifted artist with diverse styles. In this volume we are expressing our joys of Spring, renewal, rebirth.



I implore you to taste the flavor and be stimulated to appreciate the glory of life. Peace and love always from the Poetry Posse in the Year of the Poet, which is every year.

Peace and Blessings

**Shareef Abdur-Rasheed**

Author

*Poetic Snacks for the Conscious Munchies*

# Preface

Greetings to the World,

Here we are in the month of March making our poetic offering to you, to the world. My excitement is becoming more intense for i can smell the promise of Spring in the air. It for me is the more wonderful time of the year, for it signifies the time of new growth, budding and blossoming of the hopes we have seeded earlier and that which we will seed in the near future. Now the time of work begins!

This month we are very proud to feature three wonderful Arabic Poets in the persons of Jeton Kelmendi, Nizar Sartawi, Sami Muhanna. There is a very special flavor of harmony and a mesmerizing voice that accompanies their expressions through their poetry which i am sure you will enjoy.

Going forward we will continue to bring to you voices off the beaten track so to speak who are dynamic in their own right. The vision of The Year of the Poet is one of “Inclusiveness” , so expect to see more and more poets from all walks of life, with all types of voices, from all over our wonderful earth. Ultimately we all have something to say, and my hopes is that our own personal

consciousness's are expanded when we listen to the poetic whisperings within the verse offered.

Finally i would like to share with the Poetry Posse my personal gratitude for their continued diligence and contributions to this vision. You just have to love their beautiful poetic souls.

**For Free Downloads of Previous Issues :**

[www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet](http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet)

Stay Blessed

*Bill*

PS

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

**Coming April 2016**

**For more Information go to :**

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

*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

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Janet P. Caldwell	11
Jackie Davis Allen	17
Albert Carrasco	23
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	29
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	35
Kimberly Burnham	45
Ann J. White	51
Alfreda D. Ghee	59
Hrishikesh Padhye	67
Fahredin Shehu	77

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

Hülya N. Yılmaz	87
Teresa E. Gallion	95
Demetrios Trifiatis	101
Alan W. Jankowski	107
Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan.	113
William S. Peters, Sr.	119

## **M**arch **F**eatures 127

Jeton Kelmendi	129
Nizar Sartawi	139
Sami Muhanna	145

## **O**ther **A**nthological **W**orks 153

<b>W</b> orld <b>H</b> ealing, <b>W</b> orld <b>P</b> eace	199
--	-----

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 III

March 2016

**The Poetry Posse**

*inner child press, ltd.*

*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"

&

Notes from the Blue Roof

available at Inner Child Press.

[www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor](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)

## Visitor Day

The church women walked to and fro  
speaking in tongues out loud  
and since that is not a gift i was given  
i was left out of that grace  
from my assigned  
"do not move from" seat  
i watched with a trepidation  
of trespassing beyond  
my spectator status  
to enter into a state of worship  
intent on their mission  
no one spoke to me  
the stranger in the midst of their sanctuary  
indeed i recognized a few  
knew a few but they were friends  
outside of their walls  
i grew more and more uncomfortable  
as they time pressed inward  
and realized that this-  
this feeling of being out of place  
is a first for this place  
in a place of worship  
and so i want to feel  
the Holy Spirit in this house  
from my "do not move from" assigned seat  
and i long for the  
Unfettered serving in place  
of the service

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

i want my hands to be busy  
with changing my world  
so i know that my choice  
is the right choice for me  
for i would rather be a participant  
than stuck in my "do not move from " seat  
in a house of man  
with men moving about



## Float On

There is a little boat floating  
In the center of the gutter  
Held up stream by the loud voices  
That clatter in disagreement  
Over the size and whiches of the things  
That have gotten through the dam  
And the discordance ebbs and flows  
With each coronation and each rewrite  
The truth is held hostage on the tide  
Or maybe is just turbulence  
The little boat heeds not the changes  
As little boats tend to not pay  
Much attention to anything other than wind  
And other vessels of any sort

There is a little boat floating  
Upstream from the flotsam and jetsam  
It defies the man made waves  
That attempt to push it into the compliance  
Of one book or another  
One edict or another that the noise  
Grows more and more excited about  
And the boat can only be moved  
By the breath of the creator  
That blows down through the gutter  
Like bumper guards for bumper cars  
Because the clatter has put up safeguards  
Against the truth that life is simple  
And all the rules and regulations  
Are not of the breath of life  
But obligations made to each other

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

There are little boats floating  
Upstream in a gutter  
And they may seem deceptively small  
Like little mustard seeds adrift  
Small refuges in a vast seas of waters  
One of kind to each other  
When the gutter is awash  
The boats simply drift, trusting  
That the breath will keep the course  
While the din raises alarm  
And more rules are passed awaiting them  
To become big boats with important sails  
That can make more laws to govern boats  
Separate themselves into classes  
And colors and even manufacturers  
Waiting for them to amiss their true purpose  
Of being guided for dream carrying  
There are little boats floating, waiting  
In the gutters, for you to be their dams

## Mizz Mam

I wish that I were a raving beauty  
The kind of woman  
That men strand straighter  
To pass by  
Suck in their stomachs  
Adjust comb-overs  
And wish for years that have passed  
Them by

I wish that I were a raving beauty  
Platinum haired and stilletoed  
Chestnut brown with locks to my waist  
Wearing a dress that drapes across  
Curves that long to be touched  
Needily  
The invitation apparent to eyes that see  
With blinders

I wish that I were a raving beauty  
With bad habits  
Chain smoking and swearing and whiskey  
That you must excuse  
Because  
I am me afterall  
And these are things you expect  
In a devil may care woman

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

I wish I were a raving beauty  
And yet  
I know you find comfort in the fact  
That I am not that kind of woman  
A beauty of legendary proportions  
So instead  
I will make changes in other's lives  
By continuing to just rave...

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

*Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

To contact her: [www.janetcaldwell.com](http://www.janetcaldwell.com)



## Burning Torch

I cannot stop thing about world healing / world peace.  
I remember it driving me crazy to a point . . .  
seemingly, I made no difference and was panicked to  
breathe.

Being bombarded with social media, I left for awhile.  
Trying to find my own peace. If my world were small  
I may not inhale the suffering of it all.

Too late, too late, I already knew that the world  
was a f@@ked up and evil place, I could not escape.  
The ills of humanity that followed me, infected me

and subjected me to my loved ones suffering  
so terribly. I could not sit still and watch from  
the sidelines. So Mother, Father please,

please tell me what to do. Again,  
that still small voice whispered  
and gave me strength, “do it again my child

love them without abandon, as I love you  
and would never forsake you, be honored  
that *I chose you* to carry this torch, and remember

it will not burn you.”

## I Remember Kosovo

The sun is warm on my face  
the smell of grapes are just outside my door  
a vineyard of goodness  
just like the people, strong and adoring.

The day trips, poetry readings  
dancing to rock and roll.  
The land still calls to me  
and I want to be there.

My brothers and sisters  
await my arrival, it is my home.  
You're always in my prayers  
I remember you, I remember Kosovo.

There is a spiritual love  
among the family, a guiding force  
that I've never known at all.  
Take me back O' Universe  
just once more.

My Eden, my heaven on earth  
I'll never be the same.  
I remember you, Beloved Kosovo.

## I Want to Thank You

I want to thank you for including me  
into your family, for loving me  
hugging me through the nightmares  
and at times letting me see a darkness that needed light.

I want to thank you for pi\$\$ing me off  
and causing me to pause and see  
the damage that could occur  
when I did not need to shoot off my mouth.

I want to thank you for growth  
even kicking and screaming  
through it, I did learn many a lesson.

These sessions with you  
are finer than any so-called jewels  
that had been presented to me before.

I simply want to thank you  
for the nuggets of wisdom shared  
the beauty of real jewels given  
and for all that you are.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

*Lackie  
Davis  
Allen*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

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

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

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

## stiff and unbending

searching here and there  
searching everywhere  
searching the recesses of her mind

finding tumult, turmoil and agitation  
such a weariness  
such a heavy burden

weaving deeper  
the imprints, the ridges  
of revenge

holding onto perceived slights  
granting mercy neither here nor there  
always remaining

stiff and unbending  
unsettled, unresolved  
always in the back of her mind

she, never finding, never seeking  
never offering  
forgiveness



## Respect the Garden: Cultivate its Honor

Spring is here.  
It breaks dances in semblance of smile.  
While, from the sun's face, its rays beam down

On the hearts of those who uphold  
The tenants of their nation's freedom.

And, yet, there are weeds thriving  
Amongst the flowers. Attention getting,  
They are rewarded without license or merit.

They strangle. They wound from aggressive  
And illicit actions.

No wall can keep them out if the dictates  
Of the head gardner grants them entrance  
Or scatters infectious seeds of addiction.

Lo, there is one who seeks his power  
Amongst, and from the weeds.

And still, there are those in the garden  
Who struggle; they labor day and night.  
They cultivate their gains by legitimate means.

Unlike victims of greed, they  
Earn their keep and persevere.

Be gone, all those who dishonor  
Or disrespect the flag that waves  
Its stripes in colors red, white and blue.

Inflict not the virus that would strip  
The garden of its inherent beauty.

## Like Starched Lace

Anxieties placed time  
Upon her aging face while amour  
Contemplated her desirous decision  
And arranged for her fears~  
The final coup de grace.

Like a degreed bird of prey,  
Her youth in arrears, she requested,  
In exchange for various sums, both  
Gold and silver, ways to efface away  
Her excess years.

Hope arose as did the prospect  
Of her facade, perfected, so strangely smooth  
And odd, and yet something familiar.  
Despite it all, the green-eyed world  
Did look on with jealousy's awe.

Desirous of inspecting  
The seamless stitching of the mask  
Strangers and neighbors wistfully wondered,  
"Who was she that was so daring?  
Was it permissible, even to ask?"

A thong of gossipers relentlessly whispered,  
"How is it that she dares to wear her nose  
So newly designed that her cheeks  
Chin and neck now adorning her face  
Make it appear to look like starched lace?"

*Albert*  
*Carrasco*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

## Spring

Birds chirping,

Kids playing,

The sun is shining.

Fun,

Laughter,

It's time for warmer weather.

Spring time is prep for summer as we say bye to winter.

Coats turn to jackets and long johns get packed and put

away till next year while we unpack lighter clothing,

sunglasses and visors. Stoops will be the conversation

place, parks will start getting filled with familia faces, sun

roofs and convertibles will be opened cruising the city at

slow paces, on your mark, get set, go...kid races, to the

teens it's fashion season, the adults find somewhere to go,

lay back and unwind to do nothing... for a good reason.

## New Growth

I remember being frightened to step up to a mic and recite in front of a crowd. I had a lot to say but nervousness made me stay away. I went through that many times, I would tell myself "Today is the day" but I was still scared. Going to venues and meeting people made it easier in the long run. I remember the first time I built up enough courage to recite, I knew my piece like the back of my hand, I went up and recited it, when I finished... The claps, snaps and standing ovation gave me such an accomplishment sensation. I wanted to feel that feeling again so I wrote and spoke more often. I was growing. From going to open mics I got featured shows, been on television and radio, I was growing. Digging deeper to write deeper I became an author. I'm no longer just a local poet, I'm an international griot... I've grown stronger.

## New Beginning

At the end, I wished that I could start it all over again. I needed a new beginning, a new start, another chance to live tomorrow without yesterday's sorrow. Never in a million years would I have imagined that my life would be harsh and painful because when I was little everything was wonderful. When the death of my father occurred my life from then on was horrible. Death mixed with poverty made me rebel something terrible, i got a hell view as if I was submerged in water looking around the Devils bayou. Death, prison and destruction halted the process of gentrification, if it wasn't for the bullets that went in me, bars and others blood baths, our housing would've fit the likings of the middle class, all that was earned was bodies in cells, bodies in caskets and urns with ash. I knew my worth was more than face value, I knew life was better than sitting on milk crates waiting to meet fate on dark avenues, I wanted more than just to be an emotionless mourner and I got that opportunity when poetry found me and gave me a new beginning.



*Joe*  
*Da Verbal*  
*MindDancer*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

## THE DAY AFTER

A chance meeting became so much more  
A romance from a glancing blow  
My words flowed into a heart I've never known

I'd giving up on trying to fit in a mold  
I embraced the notion I would always be alone  
I often questioned why I even have a phone

She wasn't beautiful to shallow eyes  
I was certainly no prize  
But our hellos set off this temperature rise

Tomorrow became tomorrow  
Next week became next month  
We were married within two years

Now today she stays away from sweets  
She has swollen feet and something to tell me  
Now she wants a steak and cheese

She looks like her mother and acts like me  
Today we watch her from the heavens  
Some guy bumped into her today

Now he paces the floor  
After a year or more of day after's  
What shall come after a child's laughter

## CASTAWAY

I pull back the oars and row to my solitude.  
Catching my first fish I set it free  
Maybe the thrill of the chase was enough for me  
Drawn in by the lure I've tasted the hook  
Thrown back into the sea of plenty  
only to be caught again

I drift for hours the sun baking my brain  
I come to a hanging branch full of leaves  
My thoughts leave me now and I focus on the water  
I lower my line slowly, no ripples no wake  
Vibrations flow through my line  
The tip dips and wham I reel her in.

The battle begins and just as I see her eyes  
Passion fades and I release again  
The fish are biting at my serenity  
I need my tranquility I stop to take a drink  
I stop to think.  
I row my boat ashore, lay out a blanket.

I'm missing who should be here with me  
Here I lay castaway thrown back into loneliness  
Alone with just a vivid memory  
The visual imagery of a castaway soul  
carry them to places unknown  
And they wonder who can be told

The sun settles in my view only to rise in another's  
I don't want to go back to the sea  
Lured and baited, rated as a keeper  
I want something deeper than the ocean goes  
That way I'll know  
I'll be worthy of staying on the mantle of her soul.

## NEW LOVE

When I think about the moment I first laid eyes on you  
I had to ask myself, what does she really see  
It occurred to me that I wasn't there, I was pixels on a  
screen

She was more than pixels to me, so what did she see?  
I dove deeper inside my mind, noticing there were tiny  
roadblocks

The path to my confidence was detoured, I explored new  
avenues

I was led to a road never traveled before, I saw me as she  
I saw she as me, I obscured my vision and came to the  
decision

Every cloud has a different face; we see what appeals to us  
So trust when one says you're beautiful, you're handsome  
You're gorgeous, the heavens sing the chorus,  
accept what's given

There is no true beauty, it's only what we see.

*Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*





## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

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

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

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed>  
<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

good morning..,

earth, life, death, birth, seasons  
how are you this morning planet?  
heard things ain't so good ever  
since mankind ran it  
ran it into the ground that is  
talking about your ground,  
you know watsup  
amazing it's still around yet  
since mankind's abuse ' n ' neglect  
your precious ground filled, stocked  
with love, nourishment, all things  
humankind needs you feed  
but at last your suffering from present  
and past ingratitude, greed  
ironic dem fashioned from you mother  
sharing same elements you possess  
they depended on you and you have  
always came through even after death  
of winter you came back a winner in spring  
your creator replenished everything  
you who dies in winter comes back to life  
every time since time  
only he who made you gave you that  
and mankind made from a disposed fluid  
from the command of he, only he who just  
says ' be " and it is from nothing we can  
see came mother earth, you and me  
and that same man stands as an open  
adversary says, who can give life to dead  
dry bones with no life?

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

say to them says almighty Allah(swt)  
he who made you from nothing in the first  
place  
he who fashioned earth to live in spring  
die in winter, come back anew again,  
renewed after death replenished life  
resurrected  
but still man continues doubting you  
your signs disrespected  
still he asks ' who can give life to dead  
dry bones? "  
again say he alone who fashioned you  
from nothing can and does anything as he  
wills.  
you who are blind who refuse to see  
will you not take heed?

food4thought = education

## Continuity...

time ticks away marching to  
judgement day  
myriads came and passed away  
do you remember their names?  
you too and i will answer the call  
mere mortals all  
want to be remembered  
say remember me, they pray  
remember my name  
but all call in vain  
they won't remember your name  
but for a temporary time frame  
the select few who knew and loved  
you  
but pass away they must also  
then who's left, who?  
their children, children's children  
children  
no, no, no  
that's not how it goes  
they say time heals  
time heals all wounds  
you know why? figure it out yet?  
because time makes past forget  
sorry but it's true  
that's why they say it heals you  
but it doesn't matter who remembers  
you

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

what would that really do for you  
concern must turn sooner better then  
latter  
from creation to creator  
worth our endeavor  
since  
the creator remembers you know,  
tomorrow, forever  
and is there a limit that benefits?  
never!  
many insecurities plague mankind  
hence the trail of lost souls left behind  
but true peace and security is there to  
find  
if you believe comes relief in whole not  
part to soul, body, mind, heart

food4thought = education

swirling...

around in my head flashing  
images dashing in, out  
vivid replays fill days  
lived years from yesterday year  
appear this, that way  
memories appear, disappear,  
reappear, disappear  
seems out of nowhere  
and all of a sudden your right  
back there, again  
think of human minds capacity  
there are more than one set of  
eyes that see completely, magically  
resides in the depths of minds,  
eyes, invisible, spiritual, unexplainable  
replay this, that, minute, second, day  
exactly the way  
and your there again  
heaven sent, unseen exist  
time machines  
for which to reflect, fully respect  
and you can't grasp, understand yet  
but you know it's there real clear  
comes, goes from, where?  
ya man dem masterplan  
reflect, respect, overstand, expand  
bigups all praise to he who simply  
says be and it is  
for eyes to see what is unseen.

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

ya man dem masterplan  
reflect, respect, overstand, expand  
ya man dem masterplan  
reflect, respect, overstand, expand!  
bigups all praise to he who simply  
says be  
and it is!

food4thought = education

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



*Kimberly  
Burnham*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

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

## Seeds Grow

Tiny bits of protein  
dreams hatched  
a puff of pollen  
crossing the field  
from grove to forest

Finds fertile soil  
a place in space  
grounded reality  
reaches skyward

Growing  
the seed becomes  
hardened by wind  
nourished by earth  
quenched by rain  
blossoming in the sunlight

Soon the trunk  
thick and strong  
supports other branches  
nests with light blue eggs  
lend support to new ventures  
reaching for the sky

## Peruvian Ground

In the late spring  
I lay on the ground  
at the grass bottom of a circle  
circles within circles  
terracing towards the sky

I can still feel  
moist warm earth  
gently cradles my back  
my shoulders resting on green  
my legs ready to leap  
back into the world

After I leave broken dreams  
goals whose time is past  
ruptured flaws sink  
into the earth  
dreams fatally damaged  
by storms  
all hold new seeds for me

In my heart and pelvis  
ferment again seeds  
watered today as I lay  
heart shaped green encircled  
this spring vision  
insights I plant  
along with carrots

## The Second Year

The trees are stronger  
the second year  
bear fruit in the third

Get the fence in  
so the apple trees can start  
that first year  
protected from predators

Survive the snow  
piled high on thin branches  
thrive in late winter rain  
bend with hurricane force winds

Buds are eyeing  
a warm spring coming  
I see red and gold fruit  
the future  
in my mind's eye  
survives the second year

*Ann*

*L.*

*White*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*





## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

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

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

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

You can find her at:

[www.ItsACLuckingGood.Life](http://www.ItsACLuckingGood.Life)

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

## March Madness

March madness  
Winds blow ice from the sky  
Snow is crusty and gray  
Passing cars wear coats of salt and grime

I sit by the fire thumbing through seed catalogs  
Thoughts of spring dimmed by dark days  
Stormy nights  
And yet  
There is a readiness  
The birds know it  
The trees know it  
Even the wild rabbits in my yard know it

And through the icy snow  
the crocus peaks up and looks around  
no, not yet  
but soon  
Soon says my heart  
Soon echoes my soul  
Soon gardens will bloom  
seedlings will sprout

But today, I watch ice flakes blow past my window  
As I get ready to shovel once again

## My Fickle Mistress

March is a fickle mistress  
A tease  
Taunting with enough warmth to birth hopes of sunny days  
And then dashing those hopes with sleet and slippery grime

She plays with my fancy  
A bud here, a bloom there, a ray of sun  
Yes, my hopeful heart turns to thoughts of love  
Only to get ripped out and frozen by her icy hands

I grow weary of the gray and gloom  
The grit and dirty roadways  
I no longer recognize my car in a parking lot  
They all wear the dusty coats of late winter

Trudging, grudging through the sludge  
It's hard to remember the smell of spring  
The taste of the first warm rains sent to kiss the earth alive

Remember picnics in the grassy parks?  
A distant glimmer of a frolicking on hot summer days

A bird calls out  
Oh look, a robin  
And another

My fickle mistress is gifting me with these treasures  
Will she follow through this time?  
Bringing me warm breezes to both soothe and excite

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

I hope the hope of an innocent  
Yes, this will be the year she gifts me early with her  
healing sun  
I know it  
I'm ready  
Warm me, dance me, wake me from my hibernation  
O mistress of mine

## Oh to be a Cravat

The sock has it tough, always being trod upon  
Starting life with a friend and then tossed into the laundry  
only to return as a widower  
And to be trapped in a stinking boot, unable to breathe  
No, I shan't desire to be a sock

Trousers try to appear proud and fanciful  
But someone is always sitting upon them  
And on rainy days they wick up the dirty puddles  
Soggy for hours with the muck of the bog  
No, the life of trousers is not for me

And pity the poor pantaloons  
Nestling in parts too private  
Sat upon and shat upon  
Breathing gaseous fumes without a beg your leave  
Banish the thought of being one's underpants

The shirt looks mighty fine – all starched and crisp at the  
start of the day  
And then the sweat of hurry and worry fills the pits  
So it is the pits to be a shirt  
By evening, not only are telltale tattling shadows under the  
arms  
But an array of spots and dots of lunch and dinner decorate  
the front  
A nasty looking garment by the setting of the sun  
A shirt I shall not aspire to be

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

Gloves seem impressive at first  
Of fine leather, maybe a coating of inner fur  
But worse than the sock, they often become orphaned  
Left on the seat of a taxi or dropped on the street in one's  
haste  
No, the life of gloves is not for me

Don't even think about being a hat  
A victim of weather on the outer  
And dander and sweat on the inner  
A gust of wind could send it tumbling down the street  
Squashed by a bus rumbling by  
A hat I shall not be

But the cravat – the proud and pompous cravat  
Now that is a station in life to pursue  
Always bright with the color du jour  
Riding high for all to admire  
Yet protected from the elements by the overcoat  
And shielded by slop and spills by the wearer's chin  
Yes, a cravat I hope to be.

*Alfreda*

*D.*

*Ghee*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*





## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

I was born in Blackstone Virginia. Born one of seven brothers and sisters. Traveled to many different countries being my father was in the Army. I'm a single mother of two amazing boys. I own my own daycare center and I'm working on getting my Massage Therapy License very soon.

I started writing at the end of June in 2011. I had my first book of poetry published in 2012. I'm a firm believer that if you do good then good will consume you and all that you do within life. Throughout my life I must attribute GOD for everything in my life and I am truly grateful for all the HE has given me.....

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/alfreda-ghee>

<https://www.facebook.com/alfreda.ghee>

## Kiss of Nature

Kiss the lips that leak of sweet nectar  
let the juice spill down your throat  
as it lingers upon your mouth  
taste the newness as it fills the air  
with a hint of flower blossoms  
laid in the open for days on end

while she stands upon her throne  
and serves your every desire with ease  
she will place your mind  
in dimensions of every season  
as you receive the pleasure  
she is willing to give freely  
lay your upon her flowers  
as she stands and watch  
parading around sending chills  
down your stem laid clearly  
in full bloom

waiting to blossom into her floor  
spreading your petals in all it's glory  
as a mist of fresh scents are spread around  
while the humming bird suckles  
of the pollen waiting to be distributed  
as she waits in the shadows  
to carry you home in full bloom.....

## Earth....

Change is coming soon  
as long as we dig deep  
to find where our footsteps  
belong at in the ground  
the roots are strong  
soil is rich of my essence  
pure in it's growth  
not tainted but fertile

Love is proving to be vast  
far, wide and undecided  
never faltering but has some  
imperfections that are never  
seen when we are loving deeply  
cracks seem to come as time  
becomes ageless  
but it still wont divide  
the unity that's inside the walls

Pouring my soul out to earths  
core, searching for moisture  
to arise from it's uniqueness  
filling the power of loves  
desires that arouse the coming  
of newness and life light  
evoked from the timeless

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

warmth of the grounds fervent  
seeds of and eternity of the  
dust grains of muddy tear drops  
that stain the grounds lips  
leaving it broken, cracked  
and ageless for new life  
to arise from it's roots of purity  
Woman has been birthed from the earth.....

## Me

The time has come  
to embrace my beauty  
to embrace the me.  
I once knew  
Showing the essence  
of my soul  
Bringing forth the uniqueness  
I see within

Appreciating who I have become  
as I sit here wondering  
where I will go and who I will see  
looking back at me  
when I rise and become the Queen  
I am meant to be

Do you see the she in me  
am I the woman you see  
in your dreams  
I can't pretend to be  
something I'm not  
because being real is all  
I've got

As I bring my all to my future  
while leaving the past behind  
and bringing forth my growth  
I Am Beauty Personified  
By just Being Me.....

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

*Hrishakesh*  
*Padhye*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*





## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

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

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

- Hrishikesh

## Orange of the Departing Sun

Picturing an evening along with the mild rainfall,  
Sun was illuminating the tiny drops  
hence , it rained some liquid gold .....

I saw you coming to me ,  
my eyes were staring your glory  
beach sand was glistening,  
sea was singing a mesmerizing song ....

All of a sudden , as we came face to face,  
sea seemed to have become still,  
calm waves were giving a background melody of  
romanticism;  
shore birds were humming the chorus  
and our locked eyes started to perform a Divine Duet.....

Notes after notes in all rhythm,  
I opened up my arms to hide you  
in my confinement of affection,  
my tears of joy were dying to crumble down  
and write the tale of our love  
on your blank blushing face .....

My chest then became your eternal abode of solace,  
and my whispering voice, the pacifier of your intimidated  
heartbeats .....

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

Our feelings got their wings  
for a majestic flight over the heaven,  
sweetheart, what a soulful union it was !!!

Emotions blended with our co-existence,  
and Painted a riveting image of our evergreen concord,  
which was watered then, by the orange of the Departing  
sun.....

## Necrosis of Mother Earth

In some stroke of time,  
I used to be loaded with exotic greenery,  
My blood was stark blue,  
I was like the mystic abode of angels,  
and a gigantic castle  
of heavenly pulchritude.....

The sunlight used to give me the midas-touch,  
The moon used to wash me all in its scintillating silver,  
Seasons used to polish my natural jewels ,  
I was the eternal mother of every solitary creature .....

But,  
These days are not like the old ones,  
My beauty is consumed  
in the vortex of rancorous wisdoms,  
My jewels are being used  
for sinister selfishness;

Submerging in obscurity,  
Vanishing in apocalypse,  
Being a toy for use,  
I am full of the dormant volcanoes of tears ...

They have excavated me  
and torn my heart,

They have decimated my green  
and sheared my skin,

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

They have vanished my blues,  
and filled me with red,

They have ridiculed my love  
and nailed it with greed and deceit.....

Chaotic clouds of iniquity with lightning all over, Moving ;  
Insane storms of desolation with peace nowhere, Blowing;

With unbearable Agony  
and fathomless pain,  
But still with the same motherhood for all my creations;  
I am waiting,  
I am waiting,  
I am waiting,

For my NECROSIS .....

## The Inferno

With every perilous stroke of time,  
Life continues its run..

In the gloomy woods ,  
Deep down inside,  
a mysterious nova beckons the spirit  
and accelerates the motion .....

The nights go on  
bathing in the glistening twilight,  
Gazing the scintillating stars  
even many times jumbled in the dark ....

Days as well  
lost in the black ,  
yet with hopes for the Golden serendipity;  
And thoughts take the wings  
to fly above the clouds of abomination ....

Instinct rolls turbulent  
with the blazing wheel of fortune,  
flaming saber in the eyes  
finds the way through the abandoned boulevard of courage  
.....

An unfathomable zeal but dormant ,  
An invincible incandescence but hidden,  
A sparkling exhilaration but inside  
that ignites us and leads  
to the ultimate triumph...

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

It impels  
propels  
and stimulates the Adrenaline,

We all have that invulnerable AGNI  
We all have that indestructible INFERNO ....

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



*Fahredin*

*Shehu*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Rotten desires

I see...

All stars assembled- once again  
they want to bang.

In veranda I drink what  
the father left behind.

His desires- my desires  
on the smoke of my cigarette  
evaporating shapes- the rotten desires  
miserable and poor as decayed Iris tuber  
split prior to moistening seven times seven.

We are the children of Love  
before we become the children of our desires.  
Thyme is twisting odor with hyacinth.  
Two lumps of hatred- the last remained  
thrown in an abyss of the miser merchant.  
The Soul declares enlightenment  
perpetually- in silence.  
We are deaf to hear this tune.

...and the story unfolds  
heavily as aquamarine brocade  
when mistletoe releases its Gnostic essence.  
Love has no other name- it rather  
gives out of herself never losing even a particle  
of her celestial being- we meet again in the Island  
of honey-blood; once again we are immune  
even from the most evil hexes cast by mischief

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

We shall now hail this lasting second  
folding us with the mildness of a liquid nacre  
in a dew transformed- Stand up oh Human  
You too have right to Love- And you Poet:  
” May the curse of all Mankind  
Fall upon and your writing hand be cleft- if  
You ever restrain or quit writing on Love...”

On the day when heart  
gives the sweetest essence

It is again this moment...  
Repetitive hands united in a prayer  
When the soul asks nothing but serenity

Why I ought to outcry the avarice  
Of others destinies divided somewhere  
In the Cosmic Courts

Am I not the same manlike creature?  
Even when I realize that plants  
And animals fear me not

And rainbow of the manifestations  
Mock me for myriads of reasons

What they are unable to digest  
Nor do they possess capabilities  
To achieve is: My Love- is eternal  
Overwhelming and sparkling

But not blinding- is mild to the eyes  
As it is to the heart

Sour Souls may in vain parade  
The elegancy of the glamorous prides  
Dressed in heavy brocade, velvet and  
Spectral muslin

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

When you open the shell and you  
See not the pearl- why your heart  
Baths in quinine Spa

Yet your face shows the curved paths  
Where boiling tears went through  
And moistened the Mesh of your Soul

Listen!  
The taste of Love may be a bitter morsel  
But its reward is sweeter than the birth  
Of the Newborn coming out of heart  
Of Mother- The Godling

## MALICE OF HER

You play life- alive  
Fat short catty old and immoral  
Women-like creature curved  
From my belly to the top of the neck  
And the warm passionate hug  
With the hell smell of inexhaustible  
Bizarre desires

This scene in serial were seen  
Yet the cantankerous mouths never  
Cease teasing the attacked  
Some played differently with  
The tact of genuine and gentle Gazelle  
Showing the varieties of the unknown signs  
To be deciphered by Western rationalists  
But can the irrational plethora of the Eastern  
Secret codes be translated into  
Understandable language  
It is akin to the betrayed husband  
Left home with two children while  
She seen in the commencing scene  
Of this narration were harassing  
Whatever came from Men?  
Starting from the capital "M"- whatever smells?  
Masculine; even the layered smell of nicotine  
Between two right fingers of the amber color  
Of the senile



*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

So intoxicating may the story become, yet  
The genitals of the both sides are ready  
To burst- whether young, mezzo or old aged

She is a kind of bitch with the spectrum  
Of smiles – hiding the cursed thread  
Of jealousy, passion and sick ambition  
To embroider the literary Chrysanthemum  
To charm, allure and perhaps aghast  
With the odor of the mischief  
Nor with the laugh she hides  
As sin- otherwise upon laugh  
She unconsciously unveils the true nature

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

Links:

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

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

**excessive now?**

did one of them hit you in the heart again  
do they already find you unnecessary  
your shaky voice won't let me be

with that beloved's passing  
last march had brought me my first regret

of having potted my roots here

my second followed today

when you almost apologized  
for having lived this long  
honoring your four siblings who died before you  
adding how your youngest the only sister  
still breathes together with her many grandchildren  
whose longevity you then wished upon me  
a faint hope for the women in our family

in all your ninety years  
you grew up very little dad  
loving but a self-centered man  
high-maintenance  
as the modern label goes  
why did you have to catch up with it all  
in one day  
today  
on the phone

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

i am not like them at all that you know  
is that why you reassured me over and over  
how well you are doing on your own all alone . . .

thirty years younger but i am unwell too many times  
i also grew very little dad  
loving but a self-centered one  
perhaps not as high-maintenance  
nonetheless a daughter of your essence

since the time our pillar collapsed  
then much more recently  
when you two fell apart  
you have shifted to a deepness

he won't come back he cannot  
she however may return soon  
it hasn't been that long yet

why though are you in such hurry  
with no fair warning in advance  
but plenty of subtle goodbyes to me

are you telling yourself what i used to hear you say  
"aleness is reserved only for God"  
please don't you also rush while i'm so far away

i agonize over your loneliness  
how it befell upon you this late in life  
did you really not hear me well when i asked . . .

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

they are merely a few blocks from you  
yet choose not to be there  
and you already stopped forgiving yourself  
while you grant them forgiveness in abundance

i just wish so very desperately  
you wouldn't have to hurt this much  
that you could cease to grow up at once

and to forgive me for everything i couldn't be for you  
would you possibly throw in a sixty-year-long hug or two



## your great-grandfather

dropped in today  
out of the blue he was in my living room  
yes my precious little ones  
fairy tales can come true  
no he wasn't on a magic carpet  
he knows better these days

many, many, many things he didn't remember  
your full names were to him crystal clear however  
he sent you and me countless years to enjoy  
his wish list doggedly refused to forget  
to affix a long life to your mommy and daddy too

did i say fairy tales anneanne's pure delights  
i meant to say no lie to either one of you  
you both are living it to the max so you'd know  
how he could have come all the way here  
passing through the ocean or the thick high air

it's on the eternal rug of the best of the best human gift  
that he transpired with all his flaws and blessings adrift  
so that he could tell us while still alert and aware  
about one thing we must under all circumstances dare

and that is

to love  
even those who only know how to hate

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

do you

fear death

i still do

that of my loved ones that is

when the heartbreak is too much to surpass  
my memory box takes me by surprise

and i realize . . .

how even death bows down before love

*Teresa*

*L.*

*Gallion*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Out of Sand

He rises from the sand.  
Desert sways like ocean waves.  
In the sun's mirage,  
all laments roll out to sea.

A monsoon shower redeems his spirit.  
His muscles flex as a double rainbow  
climbs out of the mist.  
Dips a hand in the pot of gold,

flips a coin of his life,  
watches it dive into the earth pool,  
awaits the resurrection  
of his next challenge.

He knows every gold coin  
is the price of a ticket  
to enter a new arena on his path.  
Confident of readiness,

he embraces responsibility,  
walks across the desert,  
burning with passion,  
ready to engage.

## Rebirth of Spring

My consciousness floats in Spring's release  
from winter's stiff bed.  
Joints crack jubilant lyrics  
as the white blanket recedes.

Wild dreams wash in the swift flow  
of snow melt rushing the river.  
The sacred ritual rebirth  
surrenders to nature's hand.

The never ending gurgle over stones  
invade the silent seductive woods.  
Awakening Spirits dance in the light,  
leave naked footprints on the trail.

A new dawn exposes its majesty.  
Everything that has life  
begins a slow rise from the soil  
seeking the skylight streaking the trees.

Words cannot express the joy  
that runs up the legs  
of those wearing the human uniform,  
privileged to witness the rebirth of Spring.

## Lady of the Light

She stands before a marble column

holds the emerald of knowledge  
in the palm of her left hand.

Blind light radiates from the stone,  
still her eyes connect unwavering.  
I raise my hand, blinded by the light

and she says, *remove your hand.*  
*This is the moment your training begins.*  
*Step into the light where blindness disappears.*

I step forward, the light encircles me.  
She smiles as my eyes flood with tears,  
unable to speak, only able to look out in awe

as the universe floats around me.  
What I want to say, but words do not come  
is thank you.



*Demetrios*  
*Trifiat's*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

## THE COMING OF SPRING

The chilling morning breeze, caressed

The yet asleep ground,

Whispering in its passage the joyous

Message of the coming Spring

That

Awakened earth's hibernated desires

Which, once liberated,

Sanctuary, in the blooming fields

Of a myriad hues found!

## HOLY DUTY

Spring,

Nature's perpetual resolve,

To incarnate divinity's conception

Of beauty

On the vast canvas of fertile earth

By

Executing faithfully eternity's

Holy duty!

## HERALDS OF EUPHORIA

Heralds of euphoria,  
Your anxious trumpets make to  
Wait no more  
For  
The Olympians to hear the festive  
News yearn,  
Persephone is released from Pluto's  
Palaces to the upper world  
Where, Demetra- the mother earth- awaits  
Her daughter to embrace in  
Her mantle of Green  
Come,  
Oh you heralds, your trumpets  
To sound for all to hear:  
Apollo is back,  
Dionysus is gone,  
Spring has arrived,  
Thus  
Mortals and Gods rejoice!

*Alan*

*W.*

*Lankowski*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*





## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

[http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf\\_postst538\\_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx](http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx)

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

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

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

## Let Me Be The One

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

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

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

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

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

## Starting Anew

Flowers bloom, the Winter thaw,  
Outside the songbirds sing.  
With the arrival of the bluebirds,  
I know that it is Spring.

But listening to the bird's songs,  
And watching the flowers bloom.  
I can't but help myself,  
For feeling a certain gloom.

For I find myself a bit jealous,  
As the flowers start anew,  
So often I wish I could do the same,  
If I just knew what to do.

## What A Difference A Year Can Make

Nothing in life is guaranteed,  
Of this lesson I should take heed,  
For what life gives it can surely take,  
What a difference a year can make.

A year ago I was standing tall,  
It seemed as though I had it all,  
Somehow though my luck had turned,  
I consider it a lesson learned.

Failure is hard, but so is success,  
Too many drown in their own excess,  
But no matter what, my spirit won't break,  
What a difference a year can make.

*Anna*  
*Jakubczak*  
*vel*  
*Ratty Adalan*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

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

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

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

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

## Forgive me Santa Rita

I know, I haven't called for a long time.  
My phone is still unloaded of speed  
android's (un)mental shortcuts.

I could call for, you live in the neighborhood.  
But I have glass of sugar, milk isn't ending  
and salt is unhealthy.

Just to send an e-mail.  
I'm puzzling is there a Wi-Fi?  
I might ask you.

I order the courier,  
If I'll find an address someday.



## Modern prayer

No Wi-Fi...

...Santa Rita of impossible cases  
and hopeless

God...

...somebody is calling You

in the Heaven from mechanical damages  
There isn't a guarantee.

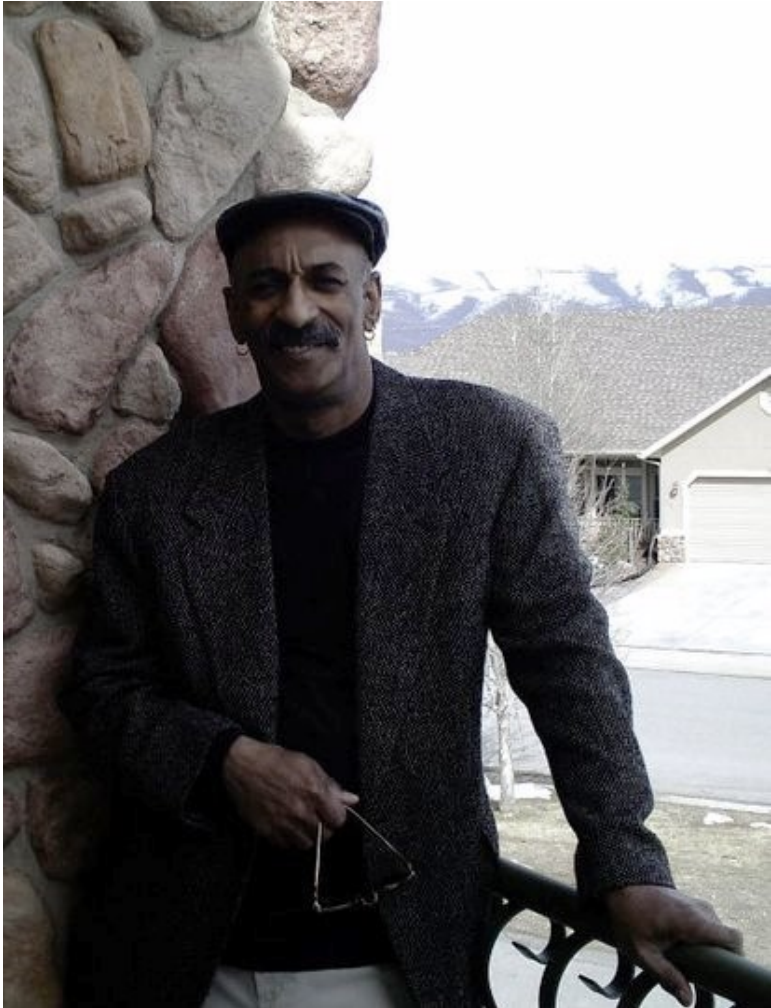
You should have to pray.

*William*

*J.*

*Peters Sr.*

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*



*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

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

Personal Web Site  
[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

## let us be Spring filled

i tire of Death  
and the regenerative energies  
that life affords us  
in this season  
winter

i do understand it's purpose  
and it is necessary  
i think

i am feeling full of expectation  
i am living this day  
in the Spring  
i am growing  
in a knowing  
that i can continue sowing  
seeds of hope  
regardless the time of year

i will dig a hole  
in the frozen soils of my consciousness  
and plant seeds  
anyway

i will nurture them  
with the warmth of my love  
and pour my re-intensified spirit  
upon them

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

they WILL sprout, bud and leaf  
and blossom  
and the fruit will be early  
and sweet  
for i have changed my own seasons  
unto my pleasing  
and the limits  
no longer exist  
upon the equator  
of my understanding

let us be Spring filled

## the coming of Spring

i hear the soft sweet whisperings  
of the Spring season to come  
as 'Old Man Winter' enters his slumber  
that the glory of Spring may come

come ye to me May Flowers  
bring forth ye buds through April Rains  
crest the furrows of my tilled garden  
that i may release all past pains

Soon come time of The Blossoming  
and the colors of Life so fair  
impart to all life Love's divine fragrance  
and let us dance upon it's breath of air

let us breathe and know of but goodness  
as i sit here embodied in my hope  
for it was the dreams of Thy Holy Coming  
that permits me through Life's Winter to cope

i anticipate the dancing of the Butterflies  
and the chirping of every bird  
as they exude the harmony of Mother  
and Life's life found in Father's Sacred Word

so, here i sit in expectation  
and i hear your approaching Song  
as i conclude that we are the Music  
we have wanted for so long

as we witness . . . the coming of Spring



## honeysuckle divine

the day is one of Spring  
and the Yoke of Mother's Winter  
is broken  
as the tokens of my memories  
are spoken about the possibilities to come

the warm Sun is kissing everything  
myself included  
and the musing April breeze  
gently cuts through  
our heavy laden consciousness  
liberating our dreams  
for the days to come

i think of the budding vines  
of Honeysuckle  
whose fluted offerings  
i shall smell and suckle upon  
without number

the sweetness of that brevity  
still lingers  
from many years past  
as i anticipate  
the taste of that divine  
natural nectar  
once again

they are easy to find  
just follow the fragrance  
of your joy and smiles  
into the wood

honeysuckle divine

Coming April 2016



support

World Healing  
World Peace



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

Stay Tuned

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

# March 2016 Features



Jeton Kelmendi

Nizar Sartawi

Sami Muhanna

*The Year of the Poet III ~ March 2016*

*Leton  
Kelmendi*

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*

Jeton Kelmendi is a Kosovar poet, short story writer, and essayist. His poems have been translated into numerous languages and published in several international anthologies. Many literary critics, see Kelmendi as a genuine representative of modern Albanian poetry. He is a member of many international poetry clubs and is a contributor to many literary and cultural magazines, especially in English, French and Romanian Languages. Kelmendi has published more than 10 poetry collections, two plays, and three books in the field of poetical science, in addition to a number of books in foreign languages. Kelmendi lives and works in Belgium.

<http://jetonkelmendi.page.tl/>

[https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jeton\\_Kelmendi](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jeton_Kelmendi)

## Peja At Five In The Morning

*For my father*

The city was asleep;  
People and the night were sleeping  
Silence was taking a break  
From the exhaustion of the previous day;  
This way the morning unraveled in *Peja*  
The city was descending at five in the morning.

On April 12  
Not every dream is easy to share.  
Someone dreams about spring,  
And someone else is closing everything  
All stories, desires for himself,  
To do his sleep from now on without dreams

I have also been asleep  
Even dreaming,  
I saw my dad going away  
In the forests,  
Even though it was early to go in the mountain;  
My dad,  
Has always been an early bird  
But this time he was very early  
He was awake,  
To pass over the bridge that connects  
This world with the other one.

In *Rugova*  
Men die with pride  
Because nature has trained them,  
My dad used to say this always,  
When he spoke about his family members,  
They did all the work



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*

Of life,  
Then marched over the hearts  
And became eternal.

I remember dad,  
Every time he did his work  
That he had given himself,  
He was delighted  
And happy all day  
He was walking;  
It was Friday,  
And my dad  
Silent just like never before,  
Handed in all his dreams,  
Entered in the sleep without dreams,  
A free fatherland  
He left it behind,  
Although his country had many lingering challenges,  
His sons were close to him:  
This is how he closed his eyes,  
Without looking at the green spaces of spring  
Father;

Oh, Spring  
This gorgeous season,  
Always takes the meaning away from rhetoric,  
But this time it took  
My father,  
From now on we will have  
More longing,  
More memories, stories  
Everything will be even more,  
Only suggestions will be less  
Because our father is not here anymore

## Come On My Side

*To imagine means*

*To draw a daily rainbow on your daily routine*

Ruth Mayer

Somehow  
Very similar with you  
Is my desire;  
I can say all my thoughts  
That I have for you  
But it is still incomplete.  
Tame this look  
And measure the possibilities,  
Otherwise  
Only my breadth  
Knows how to understand you  
How similar all of you are.

You  
Are imitating my desire  
Becoming a heading soul among the souls  
Of mine;

Or  
Desire is identical to you  
In my look for you,  
There will grow even more thoughts.  
We are far away, very far  
My dear similarity;

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*

To measure our  
Differences:  
Trust yourself  
I will be at the gate of soul.

Overcome the fence of silence  
Stay away  
On my side,

Who would not distinguish  
the similarities?

*February 26, 2012, Brussels*

i have walked on the road of others

*Fall in love with thoughts that one day you will hate,  
And hate with thoughts that one day you will fall in love  
with ~ Bias De Priène*

Don't be late!  
The hours go forward  
Just like soldiers,  
Night has complicated  
The streets,

Silence knocks at my door,  
I am not inside today  
I have gone outside  
And far away,  
Away from home  
Away from myself,  
Away than myself,

Distances.  
Hours to overcome  
And I am alone,  
Everything goes in its own  
way,

Only me on the way  
Of the others;  
Depart towards myself  
I don't see its roof,  
Night has lost my road.  
Many times I have said

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*

To myself  
Don't be late!  
Night is horrible.

What have I loved?  
Who am I looking for?  
I share with myself  
The rhythms of thoughts  
Are similar to me,  
Somewhat:

HOOO....Its beginning early  
Silence  
And I understand,  
I have been a dream  
My love;

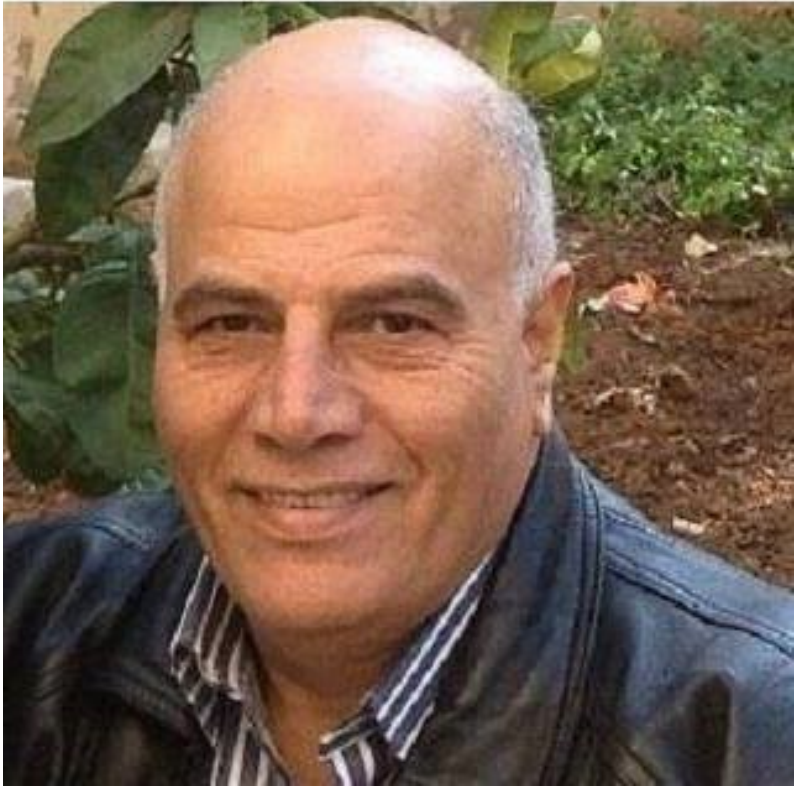
Nor in a dream will I not find you  
Where did you hide  
The traces,  
In what sky are you sleeping?

Tomorrow night  
I will come to have  
A few hours of vagabond's sleep with you,  
Today I have walked alone  
In the roads of others.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*

*Nizar*  
*Sartawi*

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*





## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*

Nizar Sartawi is a poet and translator committed to building bridges between nations of the globe through poetry and poetry translation. He believes that poetry, like music and other arts, has the power of bringing people together.

Saratwi has published about 20 books. His poetry and translations in both Arabic and English have been anthologized and published in literary journals, magazines, newspapers, and literary websites.

Sartawi is a member of a number of literary and cultural associations, including General Union of Palestinian Writers, Jordanian Writers Society, and Arab Writers Union.

<http://sartawipoesy.blogspot.com/>  
<http://nizartranslations.blogspot.com/>

## The Execution

Here they come  
the frequent trespassers of this terrain  
in their tattered truck  
The heavy black boots  
step down

Their helmets on  
and safety glasses  
their ear muffs  
thick face shields  
and Kevlar chaps

Forward they march  
with calculated steps

There she stood –  
a lone giant Lizzab tree  
an old green fortress –  
as the gang approached

They sized her up  
they measured and marked  
and then  
the keen chainsaw  
whirring  
whining  
grinding  
until the mountains  
quivered with dread at  
the cracking  
the crashing  
the crunchy bone breaking

## a handful of haiku

in the afternoon  
his rendezvous with her  
and her shadow too

~ ~ ~

standing in the park  
behind a little cabin  
two shadows kissing

~ ~ ~

on your way windstorm  
bring dust and leaves and paper  
and letters for me

~ ~ ~

suddenly a whirlwind  
the poems i wrote outdoors  
delivered to heaven

~ ~ ~

the almond tree  
blossoms falling falling  
the child still swinging

~ ~ ~

in the olive grove  
singing aloud all night long  
with the cicadas

~ ~ ~

eyes and nose missing  
scarf and crochet at his feet  
poor little snowman

## The Soldier

At snail's pace  
he strolled towards the other kingdom  
leaving behind  
two hollow eyes  
goggling  
in dismay  
at a gang of vicious beaks  
banging and clanging  
until they cracked  
the curved bone  
and went picking at the  
wet  
white  
brain

*Sami*  
*Muhanna*

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*

Sami Muhanna, a Palestinian poet and media man, is the chairman of the General Union of Arab Palestinian Writers /1948. He is one of the leading activists in the national movement within the 1948 Palestinian territories. In 1212 he was selected as the Best Poet in Palestine-1948. In 2015 he was honored by both Morocco's Writers Union and the Arab Writers Union for his active cultural and nationalistic role in Palestine/1948. His published poetry collections include: "I Ascend And My Ladder Is Made Of Fire," "You are with Me," "I Ignite the World a Poem," and "The Recitation of the departing Bird."

<http://samimhanaportry.blogspot.co.il/>

## Lunar Contemplations

I contemplate the traveling moon,  
and the one nesting on the bed of the night  
O wretched moon! Since the dawn of love  
you've been the refrain of poems and songs  
Whoever falls in love declares: my sweetheart is a moon  
and makes you his beautiful and genuine metaphor  
So lonely are you on the banks of the night...  
If you had your own female  
would you call her: My moon  
Or would you gaze at us  
and say: my sweetheart is a human.

~ \* ~

(Translated into English by Nizar Sartawi)



## A Soliloquy Not Heard by Matthew

*And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.*  
~ **Matthew** 26:39

Won't you take the glass away from my lips?  
Not for my sake, but for my mother's  
You are a god and she's a mother  
O Father  
I see her tears falling on me  
And you're in your heaven and within me  
beyond the senses in  
your high and holy place  
You've perplexed my human half  
with your divine whole  
A human she was who gave birth to  
the son of god  
afraid I am for her O Lord  
Have mercy  
I see her in a fire  
of my own blood  
Won't you take the glass away  
from my lips

~ \* ~

(Translated into English by Nizar Sartawi)

## Adam's Exile

I declare the snake innocent  
For neither has Satan seduced me  
nor has Eve been unfair to my steps  
From the rib of love O Lord  
you created a possibility  
that raises paradise above his fancy and my vision  
And you have taught me the names and things  
but the dew sprinkled on the lips  
of my only female  
has taught the new heart  
what the flute says  
You created the river, the flowers  
and the moon, suspended above the evening dreams  
and said unto me: Love  
but I did not understand  
nor did the angles of Heaven hear  
the throbbing of passion  
I went searching for the ranks of love  
and my ego  
I followed the dream O Lord  
For the apple is a miracle  
and the chest of the beloved is her glamor  
kneaded from the moon  
and the charm of perfume is greater than my powers  
and into my body you've breathed love  
mixed with her smile  
that formed the sighs of the rib  
before I was formed

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*

And you deported me  
from your garden of Eden  
That you'd created for me.  
O God of love and peace  
Do you hear my feelings  
I followed my heart O God of the dew  
and you denied me what you'd given, what you'd planted,  
what you'd watered  
But Eden O God of the hearts  
hangs from a braid  
and is painted around the burning waist,  
drowning in the dew of my female

~ \* ~

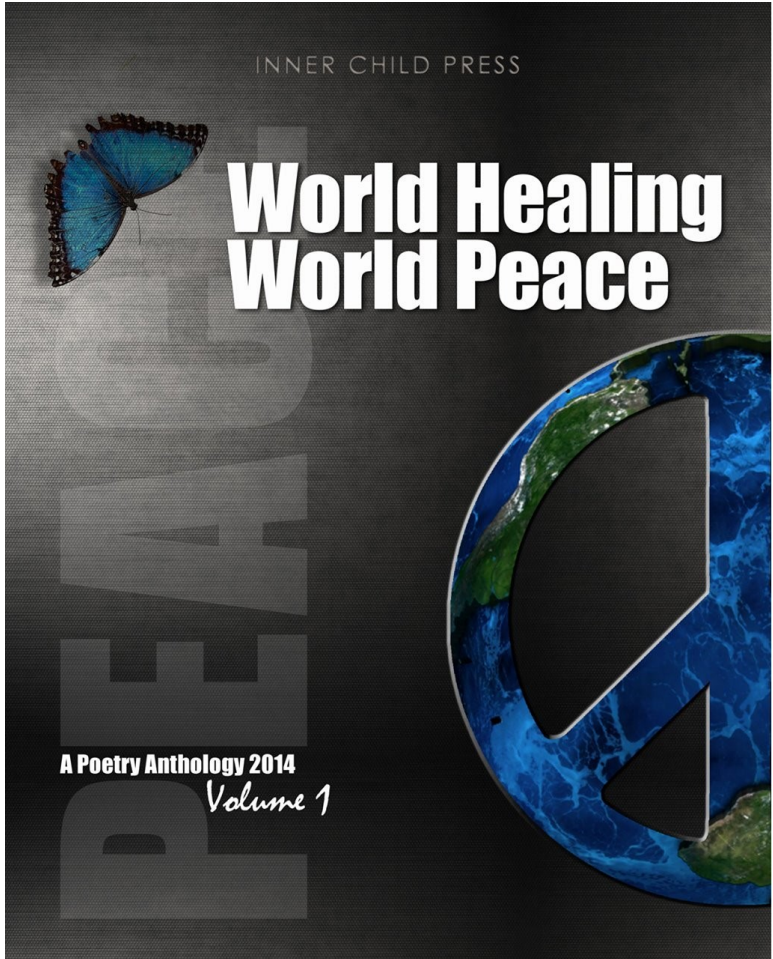
(Translated into English by Nizar Sartawi)

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2016*

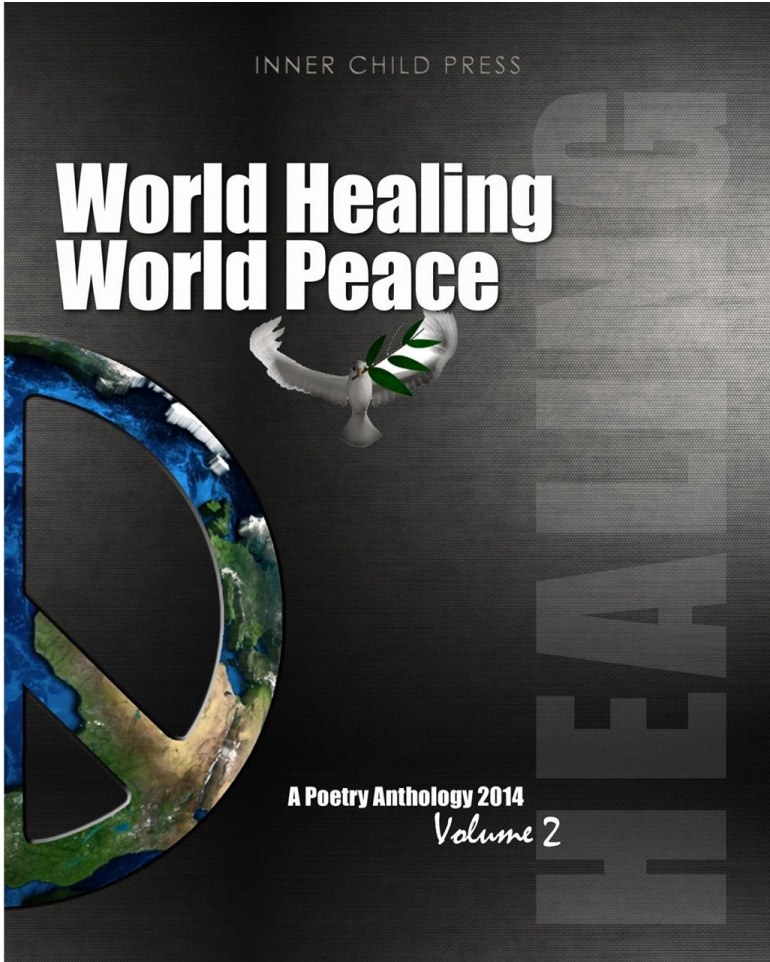
*Other  
Anthological  
works from  
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

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

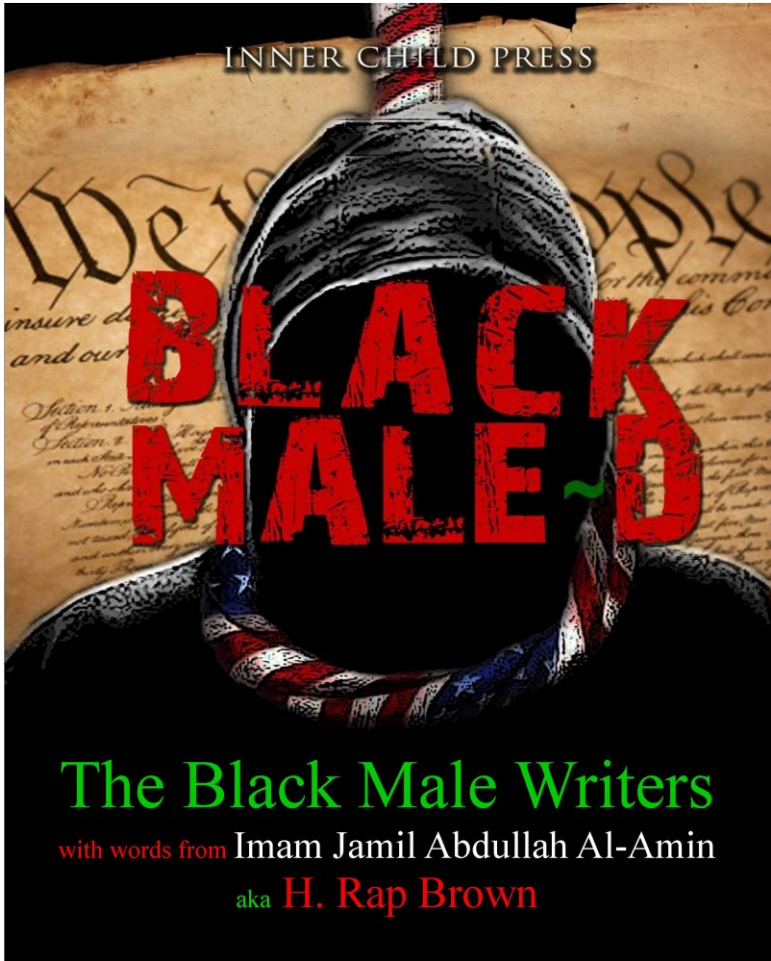
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*





The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi \* Nizar Sartawi \* Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi  
Nizar Sartawi  
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerbal \* Minddancer . \* Alfreda Chee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Irishikesh Pachye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adolan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Mülyä N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Allan W. Janowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology  
of

# Love

## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVeber, Mendenhall \* Alfreda Gae  
Eshredin Shehu \* Hirshikesh Pachole \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalen \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Jfalya N. Yilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

## Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

## The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe DeVerba! Minddancer . \* Alfreda Ghee  
Ehredin Shehu \* Irishikesh Padhye \* Janet P. Caldwell  
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adelan \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed  
Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Ann J. White  
Ifilya N. Nilmaz \* Demetrios Trifiatos \* Alan W. Jankowski  
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Davis Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III  
January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph \* Atom Cyrus Rush \* Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

## The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

### Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

November 2015



Topaz

## Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

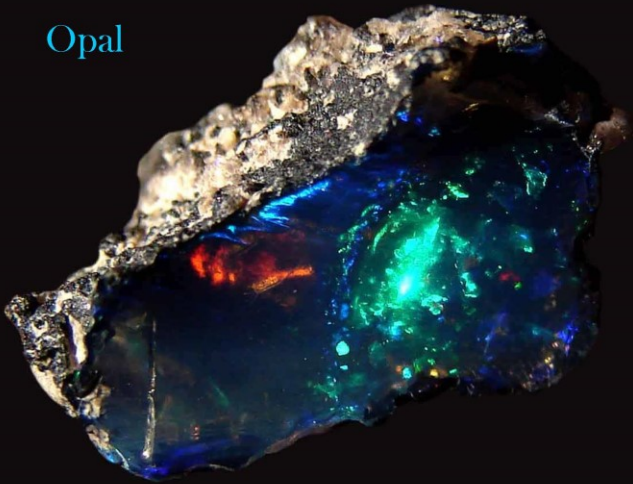
# The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

## Featured Poets

Monte Smith \* Laura J. Wolfe \* William Washington

Opal



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee \* Lonneice Weeks Badley \* Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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



# The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

## Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



Rubies

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

## June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

## May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri  
Akin Mosi Chinnery  
Anna Jakubczak

## Emeralds

### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

# The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

*Our featured Poets*

Raja Williams \* Dennis Ferado \* Laure Charazac



**Diamonds**

*The Poetry Posse 2015*

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

# The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

## Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

## Bloodstone

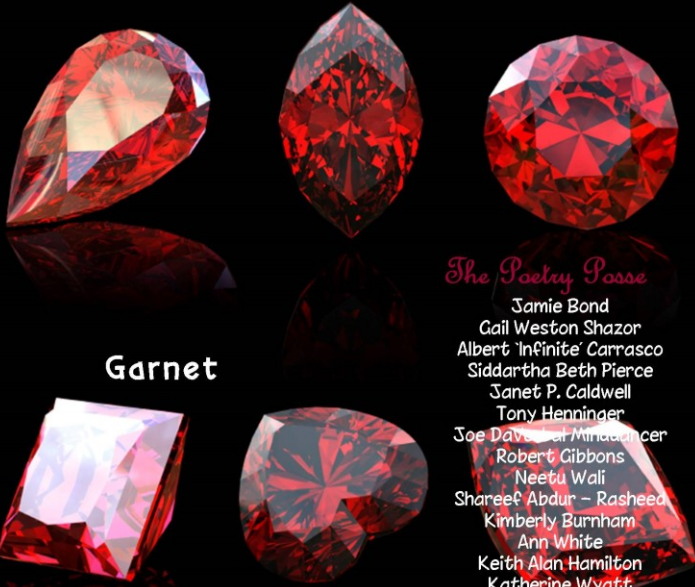


## The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet

*The Poetry Posse*

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

*January Feature Poets*

Bismah Mohanti \* Jen Walls \* Eric Judah

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

## 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  
Soe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.

## December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt \* WrittenInPain \* Santos Taino \* Justice Clarke



# THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman \* Jackie Allen \* James Moore \* Neville Hiatt

# THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



## *The Poetry Posse*

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

## October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz \* Raşendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

# The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

## The Poetry Posse

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

# The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

## *The Poetry Passe*

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

## August Feature Poets

Ann White \* Rosalind Cherry \* Sheila Jenkins

# The Year of the Poet

July 2014

## July Feature Poets

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

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert "Infinite" Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg<sup>3</sup> Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
Kimberly Burnham  
William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

# the Year of the Poet

June 2014



*Love & Relationship*

*Rose*

## *June's Featured Poets*

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

## *The Poetry Posse*

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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



Lily of the Valley

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014

## The Poetry Posse

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



## Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month



# the Year of the Poet

## The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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



daffodil

*Our March Featured Poets*

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

# the Year of the Poet

February 2014



## The Poetry Posse

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

## Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

# The Year of the Poet

## January 2014



*Carnation*

### The Poetry Posse

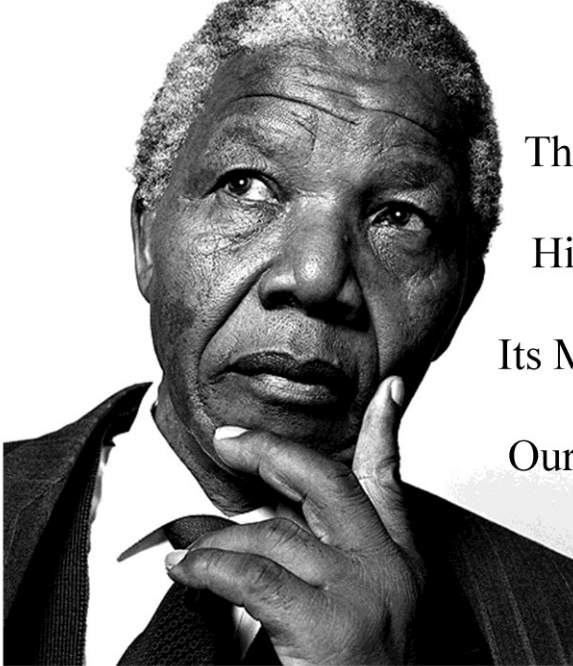
Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters, Sr.

### *Our January Feature*

Terri L. Johnson

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

*The Anthological Writers*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

## **A GATHERING OF WORDS**



**POETRY & COMMENTARY**  
**FOR**  
**TRAYVON MARTIN**

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

**World Healing  
World Peace**



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**  
*Volume 1*

*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

# 2012 World Healing World Peace



**A POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

*Volume 2*

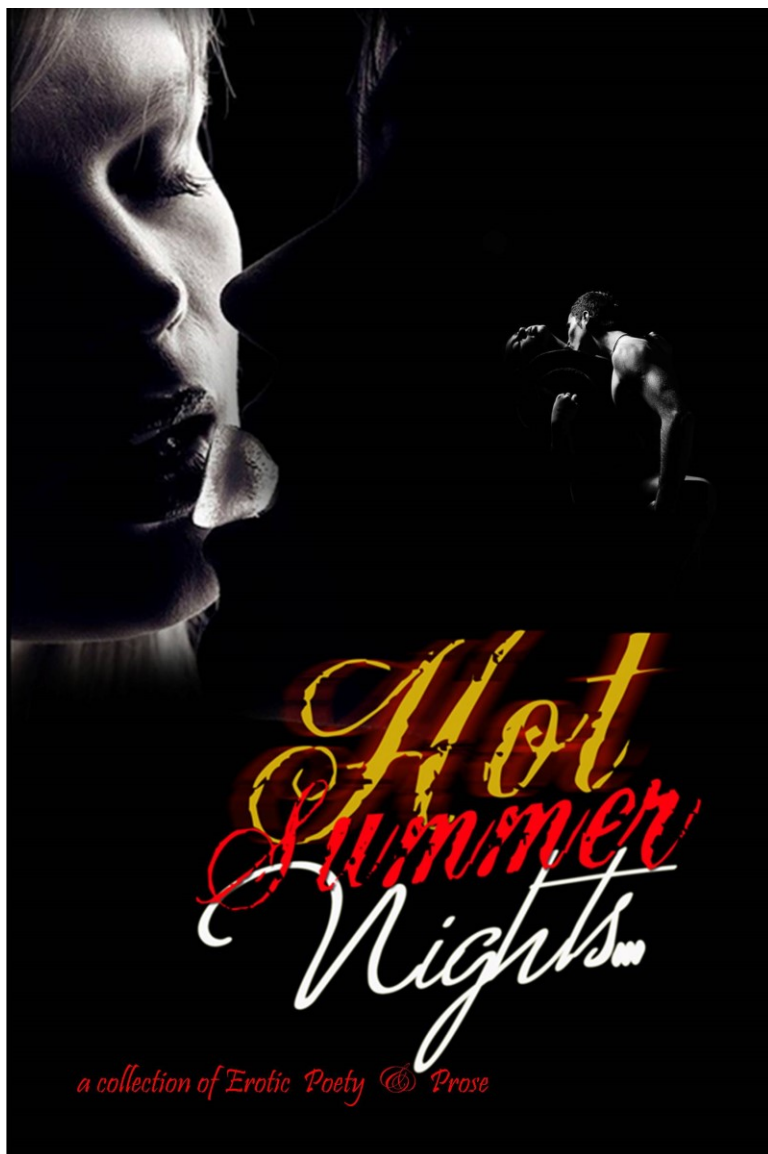
*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

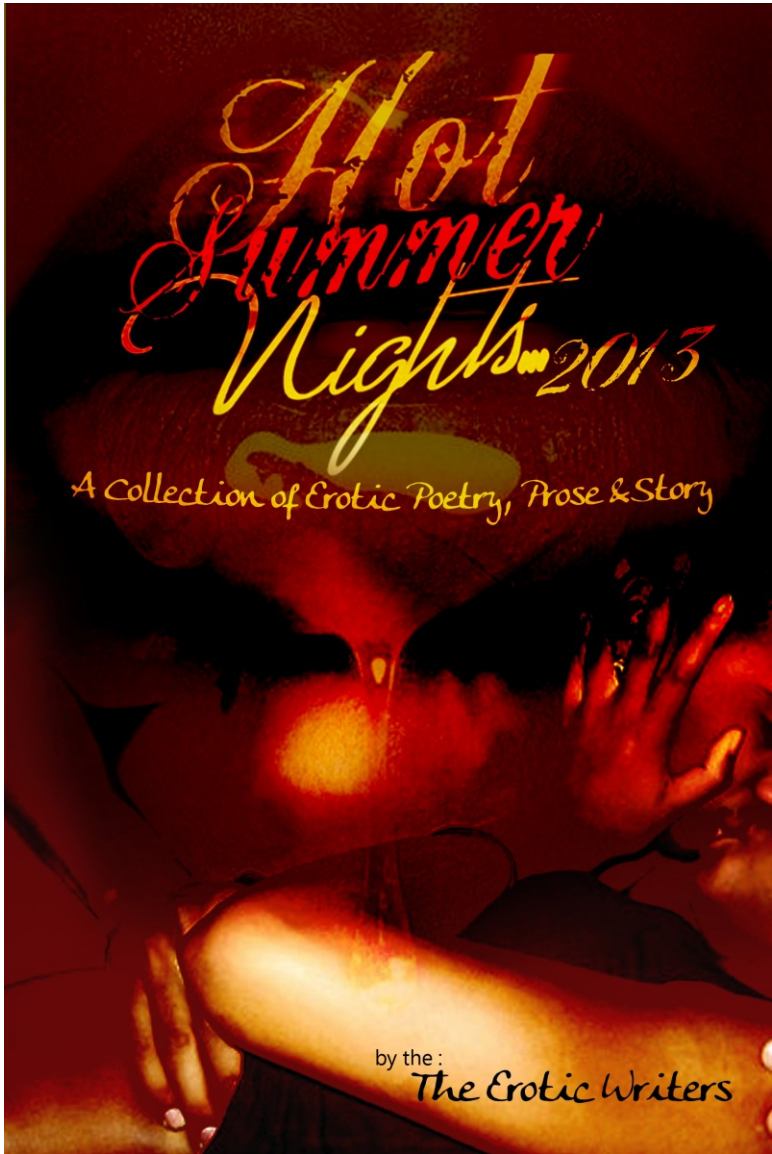
*healing through words*



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



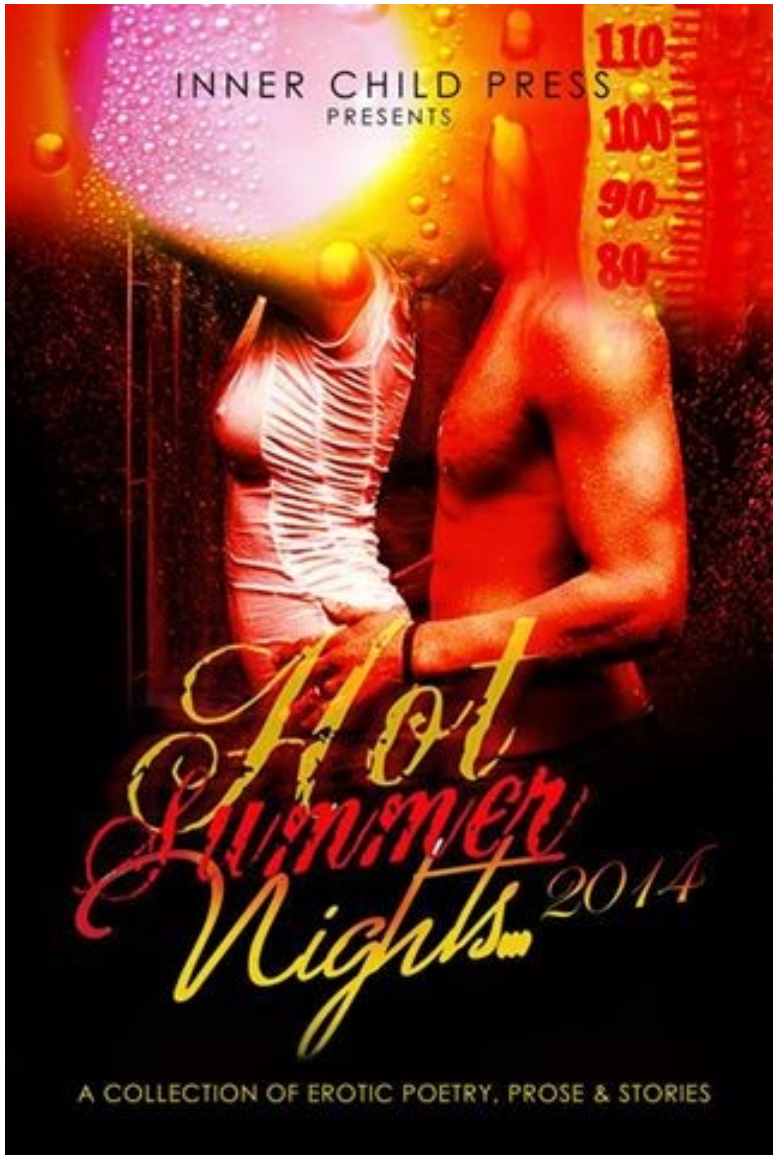




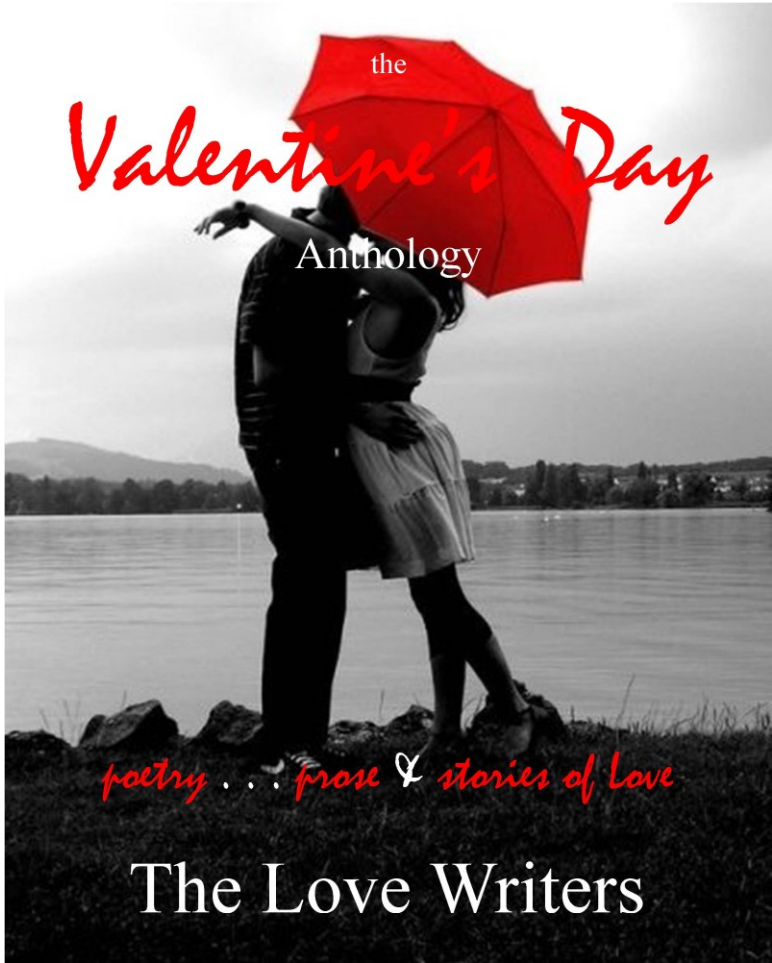
*Hot  
Summer  
Nights 2013*

*A Collection of Erotic Poetry, Prose & Story*

by the:  
*The Erotic Writers*



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*



the  
*Valentine's Day*  
Anthology

*poetry . . . prose & stories of love*

**The Love Writers**

*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



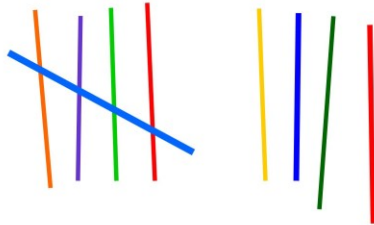
want my

POETRY

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



*Inner Child Press Anthologies*

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>





Coming  
April 2016



support

World Healing  
World Peace



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

Stay Tuned

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

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)



~ fini ~

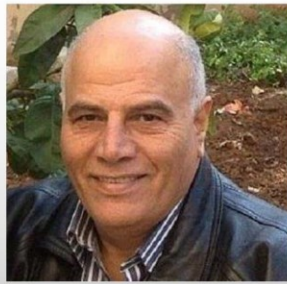
# The Poetry Posse 2016



## March 2016 ~ Featured Poets



**Jeton  
Kelmendi**



**Nizar  
Sartawi**



**Sami  
Muhanna**



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

