

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Geri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pass 2015

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General Information

The Year of the Poet II May Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2015

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

its Patrons,

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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

Foreword

Greetings in Love,

When I was asked to write the Foreword for 'the Year of the Poet II', May, 2015, I was and am greatly honored. There is not a single poet in the Poetry Posse, both the regulars and Featured Poets who lack Enthusiasm and Purpose. The thing that I like most in this our 2nd year series, are the varied voices that grace us with education, encouragement, enlightenment, understanding and acceptance.

In this '*propagandist world view*' many of us would not have had the opportunity, foresight or courage, to not only see from afar the many sides of humanity, but to delve right in. To really get to know and break bread with our Brothers and Sisters is a beautiful thing. Many friends have been made and sustained throughout this sojourn of togetherness and for that I am grateful. We have learned to trust and to rely on each others voices.

We come from a plethora of backgrounds and to embrace each other without judgment has woven a tight-knit group of talent, creating a fabric of consciousness that we share as often as possible, which in truth is always taken seriously even to our last breaths.

As we share our inner thoughts and experiences, you too will embrace this gift to humanity that we humbly share. Please pick a copy for yourself, friends and family members so that you too may kiss the faces of humanity. For we are ONE. Many blessings.

Namaste'

Janet P. Caldwell

<http://www.janetcaldwell.com/>

COO – Inner Child ltd.

Preface

Greetings Family, Poets and Readers,

This month of May traditionally is celebrated because of Mother's Day. This month, we did not theme this issue, however you will find some poetry that celebrates and or acknowledges the influence of "Mother", whether it be our biological Mothers or Mother Earth.

Again we, The Poetry Posse are so honored to share with you our poetry. We do feel that you will enjoy our humble offerings.

Thank you for being a significant part of our journey in the world of words and the spirit it conveys to not only the reader, but for us as well.

Bless Up

Bill

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

~ wsp

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

~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Jamie Bond

Jamie Bond



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

Her Motto

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

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

Problematically Simple

She was asked
About the relationship she's no longer in
The pool of tears in her eyes told the story before she did
She said: it's complicated
I inquired if she needed my assistance to aid her
She sighed and replied yes
I sat her down and quickly assessed her body language
Arms crossed, indirect eye contact,
Furrowed brow, with a look of anguish

I said okay then; How long where you dating him?
She replies; 6 months 3 weeks and we stopped on day 5
Ok then; How long did it take before you had sex
She said we didn't wait long at all
I said how long before you exchanged I love you's
She answered: 3 months 1 week on the night of day 4
I'm like rigghhhhhh so you were
Just in a semi long term relationship going nowhere slow
Pouring her a cup of fresh chamomile tea with honey
I say hmmm interesting.....

So when did you ever feel the words you were exchanging
She looked me straight in the eyes and said I hoped it was
when we had sex ...
So when did you ever make love is the real question...
She shakes her head and stutters saying...
Never been made love to in all honesty...

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

Head nod hand on shoulder I smiled and said ok gotcha!
Do you think he loved you though?
Yes he told me he did; I had no reason not to believe him
Alright I replied are you prepared for my answer then?
Inquisitively she looks at me like sure go right ahead miss
know it all....
I sip my tea for a bit and take my time
Gently guide her from the kitchen to the deck outside

And I say, you allowed him to love you... more than you
love yourself
You redefined love and love making for self ...
You'll always feel less than;
When you can't love yourself the best you can, without a
man's hand

You need to be in a healthy relationship, with you first
You need to make sure He knows God and your worth
You're going to have to make sure that you know God and
your worth

You can't allow someone to love you more than you love
yourself
You cannot be about allowing someone to recreate your
standards
He's probably a good guy but now think about it
Some folks will convince you that it's true love by their
own bizarre definitions
And because you didn't set standards you never create
limits and limitations
Just because he buys you flowers and doesn't drink and
beat you
Doesn't in any way make him the perfected mate for you.

Jamie Bond

Make a list
Not a what if wish list
But a declaration that this is me like it or lump it brutally
honest type list
What are your good qualities; what about you is full of shit
What about you do you like; what don't you appreciate
What can you change and how fast can you do that
What can't you change and learn how to embrace that
What won't you put up with from another person in your
life
What's the limit for being uncommitted and wasting your
time
What do you do when you are uncomfortable; how do you
communicate
Do they support you emotionally, physically and
spiritually?
Or are you alone in this plight, dreaming about salvation in
a dark alley
Do they pray, do they go to church
How do they interact around their own and other folks
Do they represent you when you aren't around
Do you respect them are you proud to be their crown

There are real deep soul searching things
You need to ask and answer
Before you invite another into the temple of your spirits
cipher
Only you can ask and get the right answers
Only you can advance you
Only you can say yes and no
Only you know what you do and don't deserve
Only you.....

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

She looked at me with the sun dancing in her glare
That piercing perforated silence in this inhaled sigh of her
eyes
Mad but knew I was right
Because I could read her and read her mind
I just smiled....
I walked away and left her sitting there for a little while on
the deck
Came back with a tray the whole tea pot and pen and pad
for her to gather her thoughts

It simply said: Who are you? What do you really want?
Same day 1 hour 96 mins 35 secs later ... she's still out
there writing furiously
Problematically Simple problems... I can give you
solutions if you let me
But you see... As a life coach this is the part that warms
my heart
When I can inspire someone who isn't even a poet to dig
deeper and think.....

WELCOME TO AMERICA

Welcome to America
Where we got backassward laws
Where the judicial systems so broken
They're beyond flawed
Where your chances of getting shot by a cop
Are higher than becoming a millionaire
Where crooked corporations
Can file bankruptcy on your lifetime pensions
Where the higher the sentence appointed
Coincides with your skin color
Where woman have rights to kill,
Keep and put a kid up for adoption
And the only thing a father has is
A court appointed payment options
Where in less than a min
We got 100 Trayvon martins
Being murked by Zimmerman's
Where we exist, hustle backwards
And still can't make a living that we can live with

My ink will always be unmuted
No bic of mine gotta a cap unless it's a fitted
I'm going to always talk about what I see
I'm going to always be brick city me
My thoughts will never cease; the ink will always bleed
This ain't no past time this is a passionate speak
Read this spoken word till they choke on my verbs
Inaction is just unspoken dreams

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

Where actions are always going to be words to me
Get me an asthma pump quick
I refuse to be suffocated by flocks of pillow cases
When we got brothers and sisters in the hole
Pending falsified cases constantly
OUR SOULS SPYT IN CAPS
AND BOLD FONTS CONSCIOUSLY
All the posts in this room
Scribe with hot missal ink

Dedicated to Darwin Greaves

Sincere Lies

I had a friend once
You'd have liked them too
No matter what was going on
They didn't think twice about being there for you

No matter how insecure you could be
This friend made you feel like a queen
No matter the stress or sadness you'd feel
They always found a brighter side for you to see

Yeah, I thought I had a good friend once
I swore the love and respect was unconditional
I've always been taught to give what you want back
But it didn't work like that with THAT friend

Somewhere along the lines of life's definitions
My friend and I disagreed and I never noticed
Our explanation for simple words became complicated
Pride, loyalty, love and respect
Friendship suddenly became foreign words

My friend...
Yeah, they used to be my friend
Use to comfort me and hold me
Never lied to me
I'll miss the honesty and trust
That I thought we had
More than I'll miss the friend....

Gail
Weston
Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"

&

Notes from the Blue Roof

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

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Captured

It is dark
And while you may not think so
I can assure you that is such a place in life
Such a place as this that exists
Between there and no where
With just a passing mention of here
And with each movement of foot
Each crumbling motion of brick and mortar
It remains a dark space that I cannot see over
This wall built on lies
The lies that I chose not to see
Not to believe in lest
I make you into an unbeliever also
For they were your tales told
And they pave the stones of this cellar

Bamboo

The wind is whistling
A sad and sorrowful tune
Of green rustling leaves

The forest reaches
With limbs that must touch the sky
In order to be

In the cold winters
The snow falls on lacy ground
The rarest beauty

Hidden under leaves
The new shoots await the spring
Resting before bloom

The bamboo hides gifts
That is secreted away
Until the spring calls

Gail Weston Shazor

BLUE

BLUE

Borrow

Sentiment

Heritage on loan

New traditions blended

Into age old rituals

“I need these to go down the aisle”

Albert
'Infinite the Poet'
Carrasco

Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Roaming

I roamed the streets like an urban cowboy, pirex pots, slabs, glassine bags. Wouldn't get bagged because being an adolescent was my best decoy, I was a c and d boy with that grade A, that's the real McCoy, fish scale or reina, dont matter I whipped it like avenna, 150 b's of that boy g or bumble bee tuna daily, I'm an 80's baby i had an obsession to getting money illegally from coke leafs and poppy seeds feeding sick fiends. I was a sick fiend too, I was addicted to selling death on hells avenues to make sure my hand me down big bro jeans were stacked with revenue. I was a rebel relentlessly running rapidly rampantly in an unreal reality, I took casualties casually because it constantly continued consecutively, children causing chaos, guardians grieve grievance greatly at graves for loosing the child god gave. Yep this is a scenario from my dark days. None of us knew our worth, we lose a soldier in a drug war but we gained more turf, this is my block, I want that block, let's take blocks, pop pop pop, 1 man 2 men 3 men drop, now their blood is the cream to our crop, I got tired or farming lost souls in the devils thresholds of crossover roads, so I write in codes for those living in the cold, it's a death arctic, red brick igloos, red water, blue blood turned red when murdered, it was phlebotomy central slugs were needles, in the streets there's no I v so we just r I p

Truth hurts

Everything I write is real, I'm the truth, I lived urban poetry before I wrote it, the ins and outs of poverty I know it. From the roaches in cereal boxes to thousands stashed in our last airforce 1 box. I used to stand on corners looking at my environment telling myself "sometimes when its sunny it looks so pretty" then the next day on that same corner, same environment I would be disgusted how ugly I now saw it. While i was in the lobby feeding my family I would see a little boy holding the hand of his mommy staring at me, that little boy would grow up idolizing me, while I didn't idolize myself. I would look at my situation, look at that little boy living where I'm living, I knew this lobby would wind up with him following my direction, and he did. I was looking in a mirror of false reflection, they was looking at the false reflection I was reflecting from that false reflection. I was lucky! That kid is buried. That kid was a lot of kids, a lot of my friends were these kids, I was just looking at a kid with those false reflections, I don't know about him but I can speak for myself when I say sorry for the misconception. I didn't choose to be me, I wanted to be the boy holding mommas hand looking straight and ignore what I saw with my peripheral, but after daddy's death certificate I slowly lost grip, but I never let her go!.

I was learning intricate schemes, living the street dreamers dream, penny under the scale while the coke was measured on the beam, illusion bottles to trick the fiends. to trick mom I stashed my money and wore the same dirty shirt and jeans. At 15 i was locked up at 16 i was shot, Who but me would be a better choice to teach preteens and teens about ghetto hot blocks from what cooked in Pyrex pots to make off white rocks?

Urban stench

There's no coup, the birds are circling, they see and smell something, it's an aging corpse releasing a phosphorus stench, half the body is skeletal the other half is still covered with epidermis, that's the side that hasn't been eaten by earthworms and maggots, its the sign of deterioration, due to inflation and the recession. taxes are rising, income is lowering, we was knee deep, now were up to our neck in poverty. Politicians politic on how to keep the wealthy rich, and keep the poor unwealthy, sick and unhealthy, they don't want us to speak their evil, when we heard their evil, and saw their evil, like if we were blind death and dumb expendable/experimental people.

I'm symbolic to a project alchemist, my prose/poetry is like an elixir for the youth, never mind the polimagicians trying to make us disappear by letting cargo ships of drugs and guns into our piers. I'm awakening my peers, i know how easy it is to get a gat or a kilo, to kill our people or leave bodies with keloids. yougens trying to reach those rectangle objects to get out the hood and live like stars won't hesitate to leave hypertrophic scars,

I know first hand, I got reminders on and in my body from when a gun rang and I hit the ground, I tried to run but those slugs seem to travel at the speed of sound, one round hit, then another round , my boy took a round, all my dead brothers took rounds, it's an unmerry go round. I did self construction, so I could correct my self destruction, I write scriptures to create structure and build foundations for future sons to walk on

Siddhartha
Beth
Pierce

Siddhartha Beth Pierce



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

PBS Interview

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

In His Mother's Loving Embrace

Lips upon lids
bid you a sweet goodnight
as I turn out the light
then you let out a yelp
'Please, no Mommy-Leave it on
I am afraid - Just stay here with me
until I fall asleep,'
are my son's longing words.

How can I not
as these moments will pass soon
he will be a man
the years having gone by
in the blink of an eye.

So I stay with him
scratching his back
singing a tune
to my lad
as his dreams slowly take over
and mine too are answered
with his breath upon my cheek
a blissful moment in time
never to be forgotten
but cherished always
as the love I feel for him
can keep me up all night
as long as he feels safe
in his mother's
loving embrace.

Mommy is Here

-dedicated to a fellow poet who lost her son in a drunk driving accident

Wondering when
with pen in hand
I may write you back
into being.

Wondering when
with chisel bound
I may block you out
of eternal ground.

The stone you wear
aches my soul
keeping me from you,
I wish to write you-
dig you-
sculpt you-
back into existence.

Where I can say once more
'I love you, dear,
and never fear,
Mommy is here.'

Likeness of My Son

The colors spill off the canvas
in effervescent hues
set to play upon the scene
set forth
by the mating with my muse
who settles back
into my subconscious mind
granting me the time
to invent again
a newly painted concoction
for your perusal
a soft and serene being,
the likeness of my son.

Janet
Perkins
Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

www.janetcaldwell.com

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

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

For – Giving

In a lopsided
mostly divided
əpɪsɪdɪ ōmop
and ego centered world
we tend to self – contract
an illness to and from ourselves
called judgment
which we blindly
eat up . . . self – served.
But we have infected others too
our Sisters and Brothers
with our worldly
and weedy reasonings
where contagious seeds
were scattered and sown
blown here there and everywhere.
And usually without knowing
the full aspect of what has grown.
While we snoozed
our peace was misplaced
and we did lose
while this dis-ease ate away
our fleshy heart
and broke our brittle bones.
Ahhh, the ego is clever.
In judging others
we in fact judge ourselves
with untruths
that never hold water
in the long run.
The truth will be known.

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Help us Father.
Help us Mother
to wash the smudges from our faces
when we trampled from place to place
with a ludicrous campaign
called hate . . .
abate, abate !
We are no-ones judge !
An ill placed blame
is not ours to parcel out.
We are ONE in and of the same.
I too had to learn
to forgive myself
for my reckless thoughts of you.
No more blame game please.
For I wish you joy and peace
and to always to be at ease
dis-ease free as was meant to be.
So, I walk in self – forgiveness
yes, forgiveness is for you and me.

The Wind in My Face

The wind blew a warm song
as it whispered your name.
Taking me back to the seventies
and those camp-fire dances
with our friends at the lake . . .
ahhhh, the slow dance
the wine and the song
from that night
freely coloring our lives
with a permanent marker
and I sit here . . .
remembering . . .
so surprised, that you are gone.
We both were so young and alive
and lost in each other's arms.
We were indulging in summer's heat
in more ways than one.
Simply swaying to the beat
and the rhythm of the drums
with my head on your chest
nothing could touch us then
or cause us to lose
oh no . . .
we had already won.
The wind blew a warm song today
as it whispered your name.
I felt it across my face
as if it was your breath
and into my nostrils

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there you left
a trace of a manly smell
that no-one but me
could tell . . .
exactly what it was.
And the cells and syllables
that made up your essence
with the strength of your presence
are deep within me now.
They are forever mine . . .
Today, as I sat in the grass to read
what must have been a mistake
it said that forty-two years have passed
since we first met
and you'll be taken away
to a burial place.
I have no pyre songs to sing.
Because I know
I know. . .
I know that you're still alive
and cannot be contained
you are an energy shining
on another plane.
When I think about you now
a smile gently forms
and my gratitude filled tears
are yours to keep.
I want to say thank you
for gracing my life with yours
and for giving me a son.
Thank you for the memories
in and of our lives, yes my

Janet Perkins Caldwell

precious first love
we have won
and I will see you again
when I reach into my pocketful
of memories . . .
with the wind in my face
I will be singing your name
though I admit, it's not the same.
Though, I will see you again.

For: D.M.H.

And So It Is

As I prepared to transcend
I unveiled my self
and my worldly raiment
fell upon the earth

I am . . .
Stepping into and bathing
in the four rivers
in the Heart of Eden
by the Gate.

I rinse the sleep from my eyes
it evaporates like dew
I, now am naked on the grass.

And as did . . . my brother David
I danced for life's treasures
unashamedly
unabashed
unrestrained
and uninhibited.

Soon I realized
that the old things
the vanity
the insanity
of an ego driven life
that seemed so important
in times past . . .
were fading from my consciousness.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

“I Am” becoming in-tuned
with the spirit of ONENess

this truth
this love
this sanity
this is my reality

that lived inside, protected
until I could and would
acknowledge
accept and then eject
for sharing this peace
like an old reel
that played over and over
in my mind.

I retrieved and received
these songs of love
these harmonious melodies
and messages from spirit
ONE with self again.

As I give it
because I have it . . . to give
so it returns to me
and so it is.

Amen.

Jackie
Allen

Jackie Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

Motherhood

Reaching out to joy
His adorable face, their little boy
Happily playing with his toys.
They, his parents chuckle
As he sings his little boy songs.

Climbing upstairs to the night,
Teddy bear clutched, oh so tight
She hopes that she soon might
Have a little peace, after he suckles.
Still he sings his usual, long sad-songs.

Now wailing for her to come near,
The strains of his music ring out with fear.
Dare she ignore him and cover her ears
And return to intimacy with his father,
Hoping to hear the eventual silent night?

Tiptoeing down the hall to his room
She hesitates, then considers, presumes
The night, his dreams will consume.
She sees his little thumb in his mouth,
His body loosely curled up in contentment.

Smiling her pleasure she return to the den
Praying his cries will not start up again.
Now the night is quiet, her time can begin.
Relaxing, not so tense, she smile her thanks,
Showering on his father some of her joy.

.

In this Light

Thoughts of his mother reveal hidden scenes.
Nudged out of nest, her dreams for him
Woven with life's blood.
A sacrifice, will of inheritance.

Yet, he's reluctant to claim his own

Flying in face of age, flailing
Against wisdom's knowledge, a fledgling,
Not yet tried, his hesitancy denies her hope,
Denies his own responsibility.

Will a mother's will find its way?

Love, persistent as eagle's eye, who
Knows when storms might come or why
Tattoos on mind become talismans, why
Love forever claims one's heart?

In spite of himself, her love empowers him.

His wings now unfurled, his mother,
Whose hope he no longer denies,
He lifts up his life, his voice
In praise, in honor of her sacrifice,

She who no longer can see his star.

Jackie Allen

the family tree

a thousand thousands
of years gone by
with ancestors raised up
beyond the sky
leaving behind their descendants
of which I am one
branching out
the family tree
research and genealogy

a thousand thousands
of my mothers
whose maiden names have
oft been lost
yet whose DNA
blossoms forth
in those who
today who walk the earth
science and tradition

a thousand thousands
of my fathers
their blood mingled
with their mother's
their DNA their surnames
forever attached
to sons
always the same
science and tradition

a thousand thousands
of my sisters
whose blood is a combination
of mothers and fathers

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

they lose their names
when they marry
maiden names
some never to carry
a tradition sometimes changing

a thousand thousands
of my brothers
all carrying names
of their fathers
will you join
in my genealogical search
using records sometimes
found in church
documentation and history

a thousand thousands
of leaves
branching forth
from my family tree
some known
others elusive
still we are
all the family
of creation

children of God

Jackie Allen

Tony
Henninger

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

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

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at LinkedIn.com

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

Tony Henninger

My Ultimate Treasure

The light from your eyes
engulfs me like a mist
leaving every weary pore
of my body wanting more.

The touch of your hand
caresses my very soul
and the sound of your voice
drowns out every other noise.

As your lips meet mine I feel
like I am melting into you
while my heart skips a beat
and I begin to taste your heat.

Swirling in this ecstatic dance,
not time nor space exists,
for in this moment of pleasure
you are the ultimate treasure

of my universe.

Diversity

Isn't it funny how
we can embrace
the beauty and
diversity of nature.
And do everything
in our power to
preserve its wonder?

Yet, we cannot seem
to embrace our own
Human diversity
and are always hell-bent
on destroying each other
instead of nurturing and
preserving our heritages.

The love we see in nature
and the beauty we hold
so dear,
is the love and beauty
we need to see
in each other
to make this world
a paradise for all
and become what
we were meant to be.

Tony Henninger

One Lover

For your love
I live.

For your love
I die.

For your love
I grovel.

For your love
I fly.

For your heart
mine beats.

For your touch
mine aches.

For your presence
mine exists.

For your light
mine fades.

In your soul's ocean

I wish to dive.

In your arms

I wish to be.

In your dreams

I wish to flee.

In your eyes

I wish to see only me.

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

Without you
I am in darkness.
Without you
I am only a memory.
Without you
I am fading away.
Without you
I am in eternal misery.

Hold me
as tight as you can.
Hold me
like no other.
Hold my
heart securely.
There is only
one lover

like me.

Tony Henninger

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

Mother May I

It was hard lying to you Ma, not as much as untruths
It was the inability to say how you've hurt me
Deserved correcting and punishing aside
There was a coldness in your eyes
There was a wish I was like other guys
I'm not surprised I too wondered why
Sports wasn't my thing I wasn't a social being
What I was and am now is an individual thinker
You never seemed to get it, it's like I was vetted
And my sister got the nod, that prudish snob.
I was treated as poor while she lived high on the hog.
I never told you how I felt not for fear of the belt
It's just this permanent welt will never heal
I loved you still, I was fed and clothed
Sheltered from the weather protected from bad dreams
However there was this distance, this resistance of me
And the instinct to protect, was loved right out of me
A mamma's boy I was not, a loner I made me
There were a lot of moments you thought you were saving
me
No two siblings can be treated alike
Just treat them right despite their differences
My heartfelt opinion is you failed to do that
I just could never tell you that, so I played by my rules
Living under your roof proved to be detrimental
So I spent a little time in the observation booth
I was watching you watching everyone
I played outside too until time was done
I became cold and calculating, evaluating everything

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

I understood the why of every living being.
So mother may I take this toast to your name
I keep no pictures to remind me of memories pain
Here's wishing you well in heaven or where you lay in rest
You were not the worst nor were you the best
Complex yes for you complicated me
In another life will I meet you and
I will ask then Mother may I?

The Other Side Of Cold

May 1st 1972 I was about to embark on a very long journey
There were military men at my school
My parents kept asking me what I was going to do.
Hell I didn't know, but it was like they were telling me to
go.

I had to do something, but I was born without ambition
I had no interest, and they couldn't afford college tuition
So the red white and blue was an unholy option
Get a letter from Uncle Sam, for a war to be dropped in

I couldn't stop him so I joined voluntarily
My Dad my uncle wore uniforms of similarity
Hell they were the same
One more family member playing war games

I chose the US NAVY as did my relatives before me
All that what you going to was starting to bore me
Now before I get to boo hoo and crying
I had to be sworn in and God I was denying

Too many unanswered questions
About a war men had rest in pieces
Jesus what are they teaching us?
They are breaching our homes

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

White letters they are mailing us gathering us like slaves
To rescue a people who do not wish to be saved
Tricked instead of whipped, dicked without a kiss
Screwed with no lube as we were hauled away

Taught how to kill without feeling a thing
Hearing a Chaplin bless a bomb, I found that devastating
I found it educating; religion in times of war
Doesn't really do a thing

Time To Water The Lawn

It's that time of year when the wind carries sneezes
It's a time when floral scents are carried on breezes
The women go sleeveless showing their cleavage
The time is over for raking up leaves
It's time to re-stain my favorite bench seat
This is where I'll compose before summer's heat

The pollen has fallen and covered the scene
I watch the humming birds and avoid the bee's sting
Other birds sing and take wing
It seems every living thing is nesting
They are resting their winter woes
They embrace in a lovers pose
There's more mating and dating, high ratings for the
weather
No more need for a sweater, I even feel better.

Mother's Day is around the corner
Should I trim the lawn with borders?
Some only worry about their teams batting order
I worry for not, for in my spring everything is renewed
New paint new curtains, new shoes for my lady that's for
certain.

Now the flowers need a little watering
And I'm ordering a mojito
No damn mosquitos
No damn mosquitos at least I'm hoping so
I see some grey clouds forming
I hear the storm warnings
I can smell the rain, some can feel the joint pain
And that old song refrain
Rain rain go away please come back another day
But I digress it's time to water the lawn.

Neetu
Wali

Neetu Wali



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

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

Dark Side of Night

Night is the
Dark side of day
When empty sheets
Turn into graves
Holding just skin
Every part of humanity
Gets a different meaning
Every piece of meat
Hung in the slumber street
Some for money
Some for pleasure
Others in the name of love
But so devoid of love
Like a lifeless treat
No lips to whisper
No ears to hear
No heart to beat

Night is a trick
That nature plays
To Procreate
How stupid of it
To nurture cupid
Could have lived alone
Could have had in abundance

He hung her like a towel
On the wall of his bedroom
Kissing her in desperation
In a fit of excitement
He started to undress her
She laid naked before him
Like a statue, lifeless
Her eyes where sightless

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

She wore just a smile
And something more

It was not, the smile of pleasure
It was the smile of serenity and peace
Her smile made him feel uneasy
She buried her tears
Miles away from his smile
He looked into her eyes
And whispered
“There it is”

He outlined her face
With his fingers
As his face slipped down
She stopped him

Before you go ahead
Could you do me a favour?
I am wearing a locket
A holy cross
Could you remove it please?
A wave of shock passed
Through his veins

Something inside him
Pulled the reins
Of the wild horse
That he was
He covered her
With his shirt
And left the room
Singing the song
Wake me up
Before you go
She searched her way
To bed and slept peacefully

Neetu Wali

Dark side of the moon
Other side of the midnight
Love at its peak
Or love at its ebb
Full of emotion
Or just an infatuation
A commitment
Or just a moment
A ritual
Or just casual
Night is a game of
Worship and Pleasure

Death of a Poet

I am sure
When I die
No one will cry
I made everybody
So independent of me

I wish
My every day
Was like my funeral
Everybody around me
Talking about me
And I don't even
Bother to see

Closed my eyes
The biggest lie of my life
Lies on the ground
I called it my pain
What they try to explain

This vendor of tender flowers
Is irritating me with the smell
Of his fake roses
Can anybody tell him
To take them away
And make way for my simplicity

Who are they?
Watering fake roses with fake tears
Do they know me?
I am sure not
Too hard to digest
Somebody mourning
For a failure like me

Minutes before
My last breath
I noticed the glow
On the face of my Doctor
He signaled the nurse
And off she went to
Rent the bed

Angels and demons
Having a discussion
Hell or heaven??
Because at some point in my life
I was a non-believer

I lived on my wounds
My pen was a blade
It kept my wounds fresh
Wounds rendered me words
Every drop of my blood
Adorned this paper
Till every leaf of my life
Dried out
And gave out the last word
When crushed

Walking over dry leaves
The sound leaves made me wonder
Can pain surpass death?
Now I know Yes
I urge leaves be called poets

Carry fire in their arms
So that dark nights
Could turn into bright and warm
Carry dew on their shoulders
So that mornings are fresh and wet
Nurturing the tender pearls

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

Like a poet nurtures emotions
I honestly urge
Poets be called leaves
Of life book

What an amazing life
Every moment a stranger to self
I rise on the paper
Am buried within the lines
And if I happen to fall in love
With any of my unknown self
No option but to kill it
Before its death
A writers character
Is worth
A million persona
A million characters

Now that I am dead
How do I write
My soul has no fingers
That can hold a pen
I am losing my sense of words
I can no longer fly with birds
Fruits! How do they taste?
Songs! How do they sound
Scent! How does it smell
How do I smile
Oh! God! Everything gone
With my breath

Have some grave concerns
About my life beyond grave
When the earth of my birth
Becomes the dust of my grave
And I face my grave
Was I the brave

Who braved all odds?
Shall I en-grave the word
On my grave?

Known is cruel
Unknown is fearful
To be or not to be?
Which is the way to be?
Should I
Traverse the one
Where no one returns?
Who knows if death is the ultimate rest
Or the beginning of a nightmare at its best
Be there, be still, it will pass
You never know
If Death has got even worst
To pass on to you
I fear if death is more harsh
Than the harsh life

Wait! Somebody calling me
Wake Up! You lazy fool
Ah! I am alive
That is cool
Like a dog
I shake my head
And promised me
To wake every morning

Happiness is a rythm
It is the melody of harmony
Is that why
Wilderness is a treasure
Of happiness
If I get to wish my second life
I would wish to be

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

A priest in wilderness
Preaching happiness

They say you were bare
When you stepped in here
I say, I was well covered
With the blood of my mother
Only some idiot washed it off
And uncovered me
Wrapping me in something unnatural

She was born
Buddha said weird!
And scratched his beard

She spoke her first word
Buddha said yes!
And washed his mouth

She took her first step
Buddha said be blessed
And moved back

She said her prayer
Buddha bowed his head
And said,
“You are not Buddha”.

She fled through the cracks in walls
She fled through the gaps in doors
I fled through broken glass windows
I bathe in the meek ray of sun
Coming through a small hole
Let them wait for some sign or clue
I will start the journey right away
Let them count the foot prints
I will take the path least travelled

Neetu Wali

Let the buds bloom
I will not take the bait
I will always be
As I was

You know you are a Poet

You know you are a poet
When your girl-friend
Wants you to miss her B day
Because she doesn't want to
Read another write
You know you are a poet
When your friends enjoy the
Beach party
And you find yourself
Searching for a piece of sand
That no waves can carry away
You know you are a poet
When stars turn into glossy leaves
And moon turns into a bright fruit
You know you are a poet
When you sleep
On a bed of paper
Making love with words whole night
Under a dim light
You know you are a poet
When the flight of a colourful
Kite
Is more important than the snake on ground,
So keen to bite
You know you are a poet
When the weight of that paper
In your hands
Is more than the weight of
Paper in your pocket

You know you are a poet
When you don't know
Till your friends
Call you so

You know you are a poet, when
This plain paper
Is a plane of paper
Takes off, the amazing flight
As a writer sets to right

Rose from a bed of thorns
Adorned by its own blood
Wet in the scent of pain
Yet fresh, no stain
Of dullness
This insane Rose
From the bed of thorns
Yes you know who it is

Love,
You write on paper
A thousand times and erase
A thousand times
In between, I cry and laugh
A thousand times like crazy
Till your sight turns hazy
And It fails to read
Its own writing
In a fit of rage
You Crush the paper
Throw into the bin
As clear as your within

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

Yours tears lull you to a deep sleep
A deep sleep in the dark of night
You Wake up in the morning
To a smiling surprise
A paper boat sails in rain waters
A cute kid follows the boat
Probably, that was the only toy
The poor boy
Could afford
A gift from
Somebody known to you
How priceless?

Neetu Wali

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

rush...

me to the jannah
let this life be over
put my body in the
grave
pray i've been a righteous
slave
put dirt on my shroud
make my family proud
hear them making dua
outloud
"ya Allah,ya rabil'Alamin
forgive him, receive him
give him magfirah
from your limitless supply,
make him of those who lived
to strive fisibi'lil'lah" ...,
and that's how he died
rejoice ,rejoice, no need to
cry!
Allah (swt) gave the command
and this Slave did not ask
why?
instead he held on tight to
the rope of Allah (swt) and the
Malika greet him from on
a far,beyond the distant star
Assalaamu alaykum wa rahmintu
lahi wa barakatu,ya Abdullah,ya
habib'Allah,ya Sadiq,ya Wali'Allah
welcome into the bossom

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

you of those who blossom
your home from now on
your companions shine brighter
then stars
and here forever is where you are
Jannah 'tu' 'Firdous, Jannah 'tu' 'Nieem
the present and the future is better
in reality then the most beautiful dream
your lord has forgave you and gave you
the drink from "Tasneem" a gift unlike
any other from "Rabil' Alamin" the only
lord of lords, reins eternally "Supreme!
Allahu Akbar! You know what i mean!

floodgates...

opened to accommodate hate
lots available to date
plots possibly traced
but oh soo late
they already unlocked floodgate
came through with 9mm
Glock, loaded, cocked,
ready to rock
man knows how to tear down
not build up,
life
hoods coming in the night
could be you or me tonight
life full of fright
shredded peace in pieces
dreaded beast released
headed off to feast
taking heads off at least
this heads up to speak
about watsup
evil has come up
from places dug up beneath
now at ground level as we
speak
ready to wreak, reak, unleash
mayhem on the weak
pray dem defeat!
put your hands up 4 real
seeking deliverance from evil!

food 4 thought!

damaged..,

beings saturate earth's landscape
pestilence, famine, war and more
has plundered and raped humanity
from the face of earth
through inflicting calamity
basic human needs nowhere to
be seen becoming the norm expected
rather than the exception
in the name of whatever they, evil
entities endeavor to slay, destroy,
lay waste in haste
humanity slipping away from the
human race
then what would be human if there's
no trace of humanity left on the earth's
face?
and while this is occurring with regularity
others temporarily removed from this
reality continue to make their indifferent
moves
engrossed in all that substance has
been removed
drunk on abundance
struck blind as not to see reality
closing in on them from behind
to spoiled to think,
understanding taken
when the chain is only as strong as it's
weakest link
the strong as well as the weak will be
on the brink
of braking!

food 4 thought!

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

Kimberly
Burnham

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

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

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

Kimberly Burnham

Winking

I wink not flirting
off balance in a new realm
moving horizon

posted on a wall
seventeen winning syllables
language spreads color

see your neighbors tall small
wear your blood red beating heart
on your long white sleeve

float powerful words
flirt with life on a big stage
new perspective sails

Rich Colorful Vision

twenty-eight year-old sees
photographer versus gene
heal become healer

why here at this stargate
Peruvian ibises squawk
universe conspire

pilgrimage across farmland
granite channel carve
open Pleiades to me

silk kimono spreads
capturing red Tokyo crowd
a Japanese bride

a great horned owl
three hundred milimeter glass
massive tree city alive

waiting for him to fly
photographers and wise owl
life adapts lives

Kimberly Burnham

Walnut Trees

tiny walnut of faith
at thirty a seventy-five foot tree
sunlight love and trust

Dahab Egypt Jacque Cousteau
calls "Earth's most beautiful place"
poisonous lionfish

life is uncertain
Egypt September Tel Aviv
New York live passion

Ann
J.
White

Ann J. White



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

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

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

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

You can find her at:

www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

Ann J. White

Thoughts of Spring and Mallard Fillmore

Who would name a kid after a duck
Or a road, a dusty road
Or even a state
We are not geography although we may be dusty, made
from dirt and all.
And ducks bathe in dust
I'd rather be a duck than be named after one
Exploring the shore with slappy feet
Poking for treasures between the broken rocks
Swimming against the flow, flappy feet paddling like mad
But ever duck like, appearing calm and serene
I love being a duck – a mucky duck
Eyeing tiny sea creatures and detritus floating by – snap!
Lunch!
Do you know that water runs off a duck?
Today is a good day to be a duck – a lucky duck.
Are you game?

Where Did I Leave My Mind?

Where did I leave my mind?
Some safe place I'm sure I stashed it
Wandering, wondering who wrote the book I am reading
and what is its title.
Somewhere in the sunlight shining through the kitchen
window on the counter
is the seed of an idea for my next epic poem, scattered
among the crumbs of the bread I just toasted.
Toasted – that's it, my mind is toasted
Roasted by the heat of too much passion
Boasted from the high times and low mornings
Memories drifting in and out – whirling and swirling but
not stopping long enough for me to grab unto
Thoughts of who is the head of the U.N. or do penguins
have knees and where did I leave my slippers?
As life slips away while it unfolds freshly each new day.

Ann J. White

You Got to Love Your Body

You got to love your body.

You got to love the broken parts because they strengthen your soul as you heal.

You got to love the weak parts because they call to you to be strong.

You got to love the lumpy bumpy parts because they are a roadmap of your journey.

The scars

The errant chin hairs

The age marks and crow's feet pay tribute to the life you have lived to get to today.

Thank your glorious body for bringing you to this moment.

Take time to honor and celebrate every bit of who you are.

Dance naked

Loving every part of your body – the beautiful, the silly, the broken

The bumpy and lumpy, the smiles and frowns

Dance fast

Dance slow

Dance with joy

Whirl with the wonder of who you are

Then melt into your nest and breathe, hugging your amazing self

Sleep beautiful one, knowing that as you love yourself,

You are loved.

Keith
Alan
Hamilton

Keith Alan Hamilton



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

Keith Alan Hamilton

blacksmith named Gabriel

Dedicated to my sister and art mentor Helene Ruiz ..

Peace out humanity !

I'm this artist
who likes to tell a story
of words with an image
captured in time
~ today with
Smartphone in hand
I begin my
photographic journey
along the Slave Trail
in Richmond
Virginia
a somber place
representative of
cruel and hard endings
for some
of us human beings
hung from
the once was
hillside gallows
for instance
a 24 year old blacksmith
named Gabriel
aroused with
the spiritual vision
that in the eyes
of the creator
all people
despite color of skin
are a part of

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

The Human Race

equal with
every kind of
man and woman
~ however
such a righteous revelation
to evolve ***The Human Race***
beyond the defining of race
by skin color
was put to death
due to ignorance
and ill perceived
sanctimoniousness
'cause some
of a certain skin color
blinded by the trade
of slavery
were not yet
so enlightened
about the benevolent ways
of God Almighty
for all ~

but to the unmindful
passerby
~ driving down
Broad Street
over a bridge
this place appears to be
a green grass
park like lawn
next to some
railroad tracks
not long ago

Keith Alan Hamilton

a paved over parking lot
~ sleepily awaiting
a full resurrection
of remembrance for
all those buried there
now a parcel of land
with a shrine
known as
the Negro Burial Ground
but more ethnically
named
the African Ancestral
Burial Ground ~

like the blacksmith
named Gabriel
this experience
emerges forth
a spiritual vision
within me
this everyday
human being
no better than anyone else
where the color of
a person's skin
shines on the beauty
and rich character
of their ethnicity
and yet
in the light of ~
equality for all
skin color does not

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

determine race
'cause the human
belongs to only one race
The Human Race
if not
then resurrect
the Richmond gallows
and hang me on the hillside
it would be an honor
to be buried
next to my fellow
human beings
especially
that blacksmith
named Gabriel

peace out

Keith Alan Hamilton

unspeakable acts

Dedicated to my brother "Just Bill"

Peace out humanity !

oh seemingly quaint ~ charming
and refined
Richmond
the once was
capital
of the
Confederacy
I this day
leisurely
stroll along
the streets
of the historic
Shockhoe Bottom

then suddenly
as I approach
the 17th Street
Farmers' Market
and see
that big clock just ahead
on the Main Street Station
my empathic sensitivity
heightens
its perceptivity
like a sonar picking up
an underwater frequency
I have these strong
and persistent ~ pulsating
vibes

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

come over me
some sort of
collective conscious
archetype
..... a ghost in the machine
I shiver and tremble
as if possessed by a demon
information ~ memories
flow through my body
the good with the bad
well some
in my humble opinion
purely evil
stored and preserved
forever
within the spirit
of energy/matter ~ according
to my thought process
within reflective consciousness
anyhow.....
..... there is here to me
this very strong sense
of emotional turmoil
a felt sense
about a restless
and shameful revelry
not so long ago at least
not in the creator of all things
kind of time
I perceive today
this sanctimonious mob
stirred up by
value judgments

Keith Alan Hamilton

tainted with the poison
of bias
associated with
self- elevation
folk of a certain skin color
thinkin'
from the perspective
of a prehistoric mindset
they are favored
on high
over those of a different
skin color
others of THE HUMAN RACE
they whipped them in public
as if not human
at this place
where the 17th Street
Farmers' Market
now is....
traded for ownership
fellow human beings
into slavery
there was even
a professional '*Whipper*'
or known as a slave breaker
to beat them
right here
I still smell the smoke
of their skin
from the lash
that's so ~ so fucked up

as a human
I wanted to puke

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

my guts out
from remorse
for being born of white skin
then as I walked on by....
..... my senses
came back to me
I ain't got no issue
never have had
with a sister or brother
of the humankind
those of another skin color
however
like the story
of the Holocaust
or that of the First Nations
this story needs to be told
again and again
so members of
THE HUMAN RACE
won't continue
to repeat
on others
such unspeakable acts
not acceptable
within
the intelligently progressive
ideals
of the human-kind

peace out

Keith Alan Hamilton

Deep Creek to Albemarle Sound

This story poem is dedicated to my muse RLF and her mother Ginny.

as I stand on what is known as
Elizabeth's Dock..... just south of ~
the Deep Creek Lock
a part of the Dismal Swamp Canal System
called by some in times past.... "*The Ditches*"
my muse walks along the dock
behind me
at times struggling
to keep her balance
for reasons I won't disclose
about her health
but her efforts inspire me
this little place ~
she has honored me to visit
is the land of her roots
you see..... Deep Creek
is where her mother
and her mother's family are from
I now will help you
better understand
the backdrop
that frames the words
of this story poem
I emotively write.....

Chesapeake Virginia

on this day
as I look south towards

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

Albemarle Sound in North Carolina
I notice the weathered handrail
on the landside of the dock
the big nails used to hold it together
are like a directional pointer
to the historical information.....
a really dismal era
of my country's past
the tannic colored waters of the canal
symbolically stained
with the blood ~
sweat
and tears
of my fellow humans
whose evil experience
if evil is a definition of the heavens
the wicked
and senseless defamation
imposed on our own species
to waller in the mud like pigs
up to their necks
to dig a so-called ditch
one scoop at a time
where such mud was not washed off
'cause they had no blankets
to keep them warm at night
in the horrid Dismal Swamp
or to keep the elements off from them
as described later
by the slave and canal boat handler
Moses Grandy
in his "*Narrative
Of the Life Of
Moses Grandy*;

Keith Alan Hamilton

*Late A Slave
In The
United States Of America”
what a Man
a Hell of a Human Being
who was ripped off
lied to
whipped
watched wife and children
taken away
had to pay for his freedom
3 times.....
before he was given it*

such recollections
make my knees feel weak
make my stomach feel sick
I suddenly feel ashamed
for being human
and yet
the noble example
of the struggle of my muse
behind me
keeps me standing
instills a will in me
to keep going
have hope
in the human ability
of learning from our mistakes
to push on
for the future of our children
and their children’s children
regardless ~
the color of their skin

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

let me stop here
I need to make something clear
about this place I stand
despite the melancholy
that surrounds its tannic
and dismal swamp past
that past
is no longer its present.....

because of those like my muse
which started with her mother
and her mother's family
before her
I now see a beauty
beholden
to the positive outlook
of the onlooker
and a canal
that borders a swamp
called Dismal
I hope to travel
explore its full landscape
from Deep Creek to Albemarle Sound
the twists and turns
the ditch leading to lake Drummond
and its waters that feed the canal
learn more how the swamp
became part
of the Underground Railroad
when Robert Frost
aimlessly wandered it
'cause he was heartbroken
over a woman
how it inspired

Keith Alan Hamilton

Edna Ferber to write Show Boat
by reliving the journey of ~
the James Adams Floating Theater
back and forth
along the Dismal Swamp Canal

yes... I want to do this all
with my muse some day
out of respect for her struggle
her mother
and her mother's family
as well as those
my fellow humans
through blood ~
sweat
and tears
who built its past
and whose efforts
have shaped its present

peace out

Katherine
Wyatt

Katherine Wyatt



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

Katherine Wyatt

~us-ness

*Breathing our way into stillness
the moon is purple with silence
so soft*

*I reach for you and feel your skin
lost in the universe that is you-ness
We caress this moment bathed in starlight
holding in suspension such precious
us-ness*

*A moment of perfection
between dreams and waking
how I crave this in between
our longing to remain entwined
Always...*

*As the moment passes
extricated from bliss
a return to the beeping of trucks as they back up
cars passing
horns blow with impatient drivers
and the shimmering of a blistering sunrise*

*We regroup and
take on another day*

Holding that moment of perfection

*Now a blissful memory
fading*

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

~watching ourselves in another's eyes

*I had a poem pressing within me
it lost its way among the babbling of nonsense
while I sat gazing at the vast night skies
cavernous as empty promises
or calculated hollow words*

*perhaps it is all perception
as I watch it lived again..... and again*

*There are times when we are kindred
to hamsters treading
endlessly on the same wheel
..worn out and going nowhere*

When it is so predictable...

*She will say this and do that
watching as he lets the booze wear off
so he is on his game when he explains
his five day disappearance
knowing she will believe every word*

KNOWING...because

I did the same thing myself

*Dreams are doorways into the possible
we must give them room and breath
chances to become our realities*

*Too often we hold them long past their demise
choking the stardust from them
taking prisoners and lying to ourselves*

Katherine Wyatt

Melancholy is weaved from such abominations

*Dreams die, but we live wondering
where the next vision is
howto find ourselves within a vacuum
choking for air .
wanting for life...*

*Possibilities are endless
birthed within us... a step at a time
thought by thought
it is all processing as we are the dreamers
and the dream*

We are walking in the in between

*The moon is full and the Earth is pregnant
grapes that have died on the vine
sometimes must be left behind*

*it is time for the new wine
in golden chalices overflowing
longing
for decadence*

*Sometimes we choose: "borderline"
Walking the razor's edge
Just to know
we are still alive....*

*Sometimes we only are able
to wish we could*

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

~plastic smiles

We live in boxes

 painted in beige
trimmed in demure colors
 passing neighbors in the store
 nodding and saying
"I am fine" regardless of the truth

 Keeping a loaded .357 in a drawer by the bed
 because
 you never know who is safe

Classified by our finances, training and skin color
 where there is no room
 for weakness or frailty

We do not know our neighbors any more
 any attempt to close the gap
is looked upon with suspicion

Photographing flowers
 a young man was gunned down
 a well dressed gentleman of the same age as his victim
stated

"I was standing my ground,
 the "Castle Law" allowed him to remain free

Katherine Wyatt

we have delusions of owning earth
our haven from the world
filled with terror planted in our minds on the evening news

This is the world we have created....

It may be time for a new species.....
the clock is ticking

Fahredin
Shehu

Fahredin Shehu



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now listen my prayer

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

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

AMEN

Butterfly

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

the air was clear and the fireflies
still orbited the fields

mother came to laid eggs
in a grinded wheat and corn

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Building the Altar

The trustees have been assembled
The man, Homo Faber, Homo Gnosticus, The Theurgist

Angeloid, Eudemon, Jinni, Angel, Archangel
and Seraph

A long discussion brought few conclusions
The temple must be Spherical

the mortal shall recognize the shape of the Soap bubble
at the utmost deep valley of the heart where

the Turquoise emerald and dark green evergreen
gives freshness to the entire being

At the place turned toward the Sun
in exact proportion symmetrically

at the top of the basement; The Oceanic one
called Benthos

Huge crystalline table elliptic shape shall be filled
with nouns, adjectives, adverbs, verbs,

numbers, spheres, pyramids and all pots
terracotta porcelain diamond goblets with
crystallized dews of Pleroma

Fahredin Shehu

thus it shall all resemble the constellation
of all imaginable, semi-imaginable
and unimaginable universes

when the Souls of all sorts come by
to offer their quintessence at the front

of this Altar nothing but Love Divine shall
unfurl its texture from the role of the Universe

Hülya
N.
Yılmaz

Hülya N. Yılmaz



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

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

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

Hülya N. Yılmaz

lions and ants

we like to hunt
to attain gain obtain remain
in eternal sharp-fanged hunger pain
not at all unlike the hero of Walt Mason

he put himself on a quest for a hungry lion one day
its mauling left him alive yet merely undead
forty-seven gashes wreaked his mutilated head

he wore his scars with beaming pride along with his fame
the lion thus became sacred for his until-then-modest frame

on one new day he rested atop a mound of ants
a million bites all over him that was the claim
he is said to have never since been the same

this tale is not told only once upon a time
it roars in us all at the first sight of worldly ills
while the overpowering ones meet our sword and armor
worn out small agonies slaughter our resilience in thrills
piercing bloodless our spirit and valor at their prime

the stripper

donning layers of coats inside what we call a lifetime
disguising as an imagery we shape and re-shape as our own
centuries have served countless troops of venturing
attempters

veiling the vast hopelessness of hope

uncovering our word yielding to its due worth

lending the lyrical shade its sheer transparency

asking the rhythm the flow the diction to a waltz around the
form

while taking off one wrap after another...

Hülya N. Yılmaz

oh death

show me a way

not to love beyond sanity

teach me how to mourn in dignity

in honor of the nothing's eternity

with grace

Teresa
E.
Gallion

Teresa E. Gallion



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

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

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

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

Teresa E. Gallion

Failing the Lesson

I walk on the edge of life
looking for an elusive feather
to calm my soul.

My boots are worn.
The tread is in the danger zone,
not available for maximum skid.

Life gives me a bowl of challenges,
pushes me out on the road.
Be creative and turn your bowl to gold.

Self-righteous indignation
fills my chest.
What can I do with this bounty?

I walk the road dragging my feet.
A trail of spiteful dust nips at my heels,
erases the trail behind me.

Totally absorbed in my own misery,
I fail to see the guiding light
stroll in front of me.

Nature has Her Way

Obsidian polished to perfection
waits all over the mountain side
in boulders, chunks, chips,
slices and slivers.

Nature has her biggest shows
far in to the forest womb
where humans seldom thread
during the white season.

She stages tantrums on short notice.
In single acts, snatches the arms of trees
from trunks, crushes boulders
into pebbles, lights up the sand.

She releases spring
to an unswept floor.
A clutter of righteous indignation
clogs the trail.

Teresa E. Gallion

The Call Home

The breath of morning
captures the nose.
Lavender, rose and sage
spiral toward treetops
to kiss the blue sky.

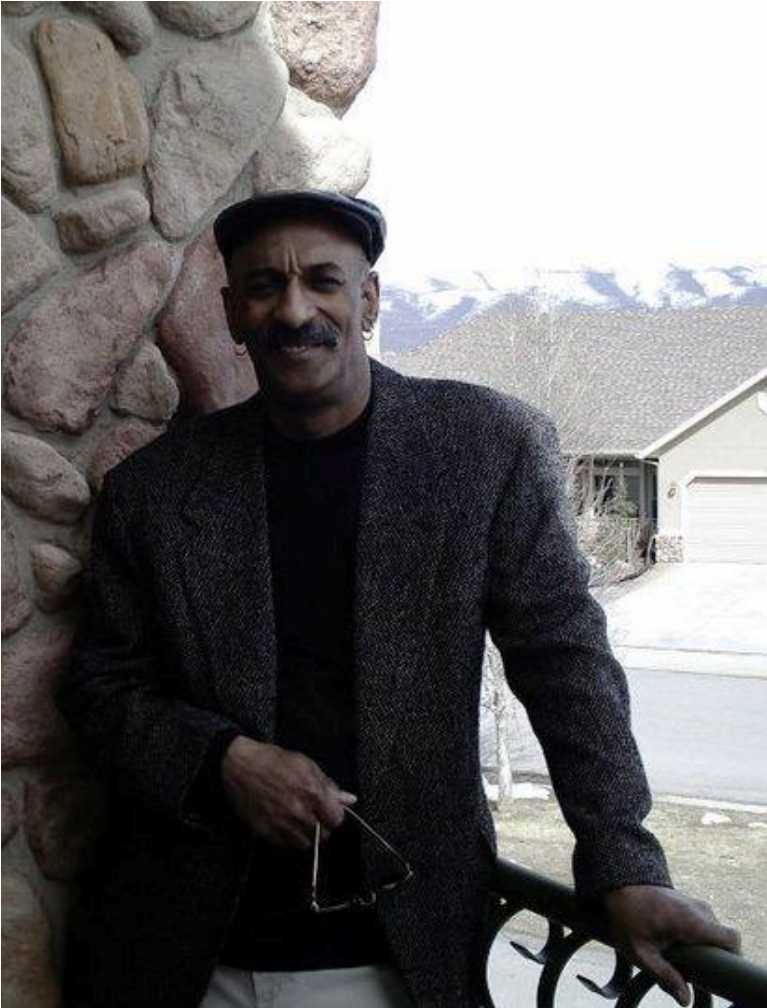
Fingertips bleed strawberry scents,
an unauthorized touch,
permission granted
to enter Spirit's light stream.

Old souls have dared and failed.
Young souls enter innocently,
find themselves not ready,
back out swiftly.

Spirit smiles.
They will come again
when memory bursts from their shoelaces
and they hear the angel's flute
calling them home again.

William
S.
Peters Sr.

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

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

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

Bill says . . .

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

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

Personal Web Site
www.iamjustbill.com

the day my Mother Died

she has nurtured me
throughout the years of my cognizance
of life
she gave birth to all that i thought i was
and all that i am

she with assistance from Father
spawned my greater
i spawned the dark

it was upon her breast
that i learned the meaning of solace
a lesson one should not soon forget
for these days
it is integral

it was her eyes of understanding
that always was capable
of reading my soul
and many times
she spoke in silence
as she told me what time it was
even when i was late
in my compliance to the good

and these days as i remember
as i reflect
in the mirror i see clearly now
no longer i peer through the dark looking glass
for i know
that i am her child

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

though for a while
i did think otherwise
but my eyes of truth's way of reconciling things
have yet to fail itself

and that is perhaps the greatest wealth
a Mother gives
the epitome
of why they live
to awaken
to that seemingly ethereal place
we have forsaken
to love
to nurture
until life is no more in this body

and somehow we embrace the lesson
and today, i am confessing
this revelation
this redundant epiphany
that with the absence of the sensation
of her physical presence
the present she imparted
was greater than my understandings
and demandings
i have cried about all my brief stay here

in the breast of her love for me
Mother has seeded my garden with
there are no fears
and through the tears
of my convoluted quest for peace within
again i must confess
that the best of who i am
is my Mother

William S. Peters, Sr.

and today this is what i celebrate
in my evocations
of how i walk through this life
in the rife of this inner peace
she has activated in me
which without cease
that calls forth
beckons my greater self
in every waking moment
every heart beat
every breath

yes, i live in this realm of love
i indwell
in this realm of joy
when i remember
the day my Mother died
that she may live in me

Happy Mother's Day Mom & Virisa

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

I Celebrate and Honor the Spirit of Mother

It is only through the Spirit of the Mother
that we may save Humanity and our Planet

We are in need of Nourishment, Love and Peace.
These are the enduring qualities and characteristics
of the true Mother Spirit.

It is the Mother Spirit which empowers us all
with courage to try though we may face failure.

It is the Mother Spirit that gives us
the strength to try life once more.

It is the Mother Spirit that imbues us
with the Spirit of Love.

It is the Mother Spirit which accepts us
for what ever our lot in life may be.

It is the Mother Spirit that sustains us.

It is the Mother Spirit's Breast
upon which we lay our weary heads.

It is the Mother Spirit that we carry within our Breast.

William S. Peters, Sr.

It is the Mother Spirit which takes
our Prayers to the Father
Mother Spirit and Mothers of the World . . .
I honor you !

For . . .

It is the Mother Spirit that gave us Life !

Oh Spirit of the Mother where would we be without you.

Mother Spirit, this day and all days I honor thee.

We Die

we die too often
and there is nothing
too soften the blow
that death brings
to the door of my family

we have been dying
without denying
for over 400 years
for the “White Way”
of life

hung from trees
thrown overboard
in the Ocean’s breeze
to be swallowed by the currents
and the deep, deep seas
just like we are now

mothers weeping
civility sleeping
darkness creeping
tradition keeping
hear the alarm humanity . . .
it’s beeping

still yet . . . We Die

what was that song they sung,
about “We shall overcome”?

William S. Peters, Sr.

do not you too tire
of hearing the dire
calls of your colored brethren ?

we are not the long
lost cousins of humanity . . .
we are not the lost,
for we know the way
our souls speak to us
as do we all . . .
that is if you have one

hear the call
in the wind
as we fall

hear the call
of the blood
as it floods the streets
the news
with the same old things . . .
nothing's new

am i bitter . . .
damn right i am,
but what should i do with it ?
shall i become like those
who held those Fire Hoses
in Birmingham,
Montgomery,
New York,
Pennsylvania,
and Chicago

The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

what about South Africa,
is it all a cycle
doomed to repeat it's self ?

apartheid
a part tied
apart eyed

you know it weren't right then
nor is it now . . .
so how do "WE" fix this,
we must, somehow

when will it all cease and desist ?

when will our "civilization" begin
to move towards . . .
"humanity"
is more than a word
just like insanity
and the profanity enfolded
in a social inanity . . .
there is no vanity about it !

in the meantime
just like the old times
"We Die"
for your pleasure
We Die !

William S. Peters, Sr.

May
2015

Features

~ * ~

Geri Algeri

Akin Mosi Chinnery

Anna Jakubczak

Geri
Algeri

Geri Algeri



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

Geri Algeri resides in Broadview Heights, Ohio, with her husband of 34 years. She is a non-denominational reverend, retired RN, mother, grandmother, and writer. Her lifelong passion for expressing through poetry began as an elementary school ecology assignment that won national magazine publication. "Poetry is how my spirit breathes."

The Hamilton Gallery Online

http://www.thehamiltongalleryonline.com/blog/?page_id=249

E-mail

GAlgeri@sbcglobal.net

Geri Algeri

A Love Letter to Life

Life, My Love,
I have missed you so.
Why have I accepted
only the proper embrace
of arms adorned in silk
and precious gems?
Life, do away
with those fragile things
and hold me close
with arms of burlap cloak,
that I may know your heartbeat
in the viscera of me.
Let me come to
your sacred bed of challenge
where passion is conceived.
Let me look into your eyes
that you may see our poetry
growing inside of me.
Caress me with your aged hands
and weather my face with lines
that tell the story of our love...

Born Into Social Contract

Born into social contract,
remote from state of nature.
Labeled with a number,
for my security,
just to breathe,
to eat,
to drink,
to live,
to be indoctrinated,
into the wilds of others' greed,
where spokesmen for God,
heads of state,
and corporate kings,
are parasitic of my life force,
and of Earth Mother.
What contract did I agree to
at one minute old?
One decade old?
One lifetime old?
Sucked into a vortex,
yet my spirit lives in defiance;
breaching contract,
breathing in our Spirits'
deepest Dreams,

drinking from the flow
of humanity's Creative Streams,
living the Questions,
one dare not speak,
No chains can confine me in Life,
nor in Eternal Sleep

In the Gray of This Rainy Dawn

Driven rain on the rooftop,
the sound of heaviness slows to staccato,
the fog of sleep clings to wakefulness,
as brilliant dreams mottle,
in the gray of this rainy dawn
Warm blankets cradle naked flesh,
in the warmth of lazy bliss,
body unwilling leave the embrace,
and the day it is willing to miss,
in the gray of this rainy dawn
Alas, the world won't wait
for today's efforts until tomorrow,
and hardly knows the joy
of bathing in morning's sorrow,
or the gray of this rainy dawn
And so, I force this body to rise,
to the jolt of chilly air,
and I stumble to the kitchen,
for coffee to prepare,
in the gray of this rainy dawn

I drink the liquid energy,
it steals the last of my dream,
the looming tasks of the day,
grow long and frenzied it seems,
in the gray of this rainy dawn

Akin Mosi
Chinnery

Akin Mosi Chinnery



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

Akin Mosi Chinnery is a multitalented poet, singer, musician, MC and actor. He makes his home in St Thomas USVI and has since moving at 13 from Brooklyn, NY. Poetry is his first love and he has been writing since the age of 7. A community orientated artist, he is a founding member and the continuous host of The Rock Lounge Collective, a poet and musician performance club. The Rock Lounge Collective is 15 years strong and a landmark of the Virgin Islands artistic community. Akin is a prolific writer and this is his first published work.

Living Eulogy

I was born
The year two 7's clashed
And nothing but creativity
Has been its aftermath
I can rap, draw
Act and sing
It seems I'm meant
To do everything
Akin Mosi Chinnery was
Born to be a communicator
And an inspiration to many
An emancipator
Of spirit, soul, ether and potential
I let it flow
Everytime I use my mental
And even if in a casket
I would someday lie
The words and works of can never die
So this is why
I choose to speak for me
So that you can relate to my
Living Eulogy

You and Me

Roots to leaves
Stem from trees
You and me
That's how we be
Sun and light
Moon and night
Mood is right
Come and hold me tight
I need your heaven
Pure love for sure
Imam need some more
Moringa bush
With your ginger root
You give me a boost
The blacker the berry
The sweeter the juice

Stay

Where are you going honey
Aw come on don't leave
Thinking to myself
"I have a trick up my sleeve"
Never realizing
As she slid off her thong
It was her intention
To stay all along
She just wanted me
To serenade her with poetry
As I usually do
When she begins to go from me
Hours later, as we lay
She said
She wanted to know the different ways
That I could say
"Don't go, please stay"

Anna
Jakubczak

Anna Jakubczak



The Year of the Poet ~ May 2015

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born in Szczecin on 18 April 1994.

She is young Polish poetess, one of two leaders of artist group New Accord and blogger on the website www.rattyadalan.blogspot.com. She is a student on Journalism and Social Communication at the University in Szczecin since September 2014. She collaborate with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines. From 2011 till 2014 she have been editor and Head of Poetry in website WPMT.

She has been writing since childhood and her poems and short pieces of prose have been published over the last four years on the literary websites: Portal Pisarski, Truml and some of facebook's groups. A lot of her poems included in three american anthologies: "FM 7: Fall 2013", "FM 8: Winter" and "FM 9: Spring", published by Lewis Crystal and in charity Polish anthology "Help word".

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

In 2013 she published her debut volume: "Ars Poetica". At now she's working on next books: books of poems: "Conversation at night", novel "Wind of hope", collection of stories "Gates of subconscious" and second volumes of "The squirrel's stories from the old larch" - first volume will be publish on spring of 2015.

The fumes

...for A.

we are the chocolates
bonding the spacetime with a matter
embraced with mutual sucrose
we were born from doubts
like shadows

we are milky
drinking in the secret
experiences
and corporeality
with every bar of mount

we are bitter
filled up with an instinct
stuffing between thighs
and prayer
for every second

we are frivolous
in torn apart tinsels
we are dying from love

Interlova

Do you remember e-flowers
you were giving me every day?
Your e-triviality, wrote as a poem
Love scheme,
which we wanted to modernize.

Do you remember e-feelings
caught by wind of keyboard strikes?
Face to face
Only
touching glass by kiss.

Petrarch didn't know,
what is Interlova.
He truly felt
and didn't need
to be online.

Dan... I walk away,
but please don't forget I will love you,
until we lose our internet
connection.

Your Sarah in love.

Anna Jakubczak

First Christmas Eve

...for my Mother

I remember flavours of holidays,
which tasted with freshly roasted biscuits
and the icing mess in the kitchen.

When the left plate,
hadn't to be empty doubly.

In this year wrest pins hang uncertainly,
balls fear to go out from the box.
And the wafer broke prematurely.

In this year it is otherwise.
The blue fairy lights won't beshine on the window,
carollers will pass indifferently,
and instead of the first star,
are tears

secretive behind gifts.

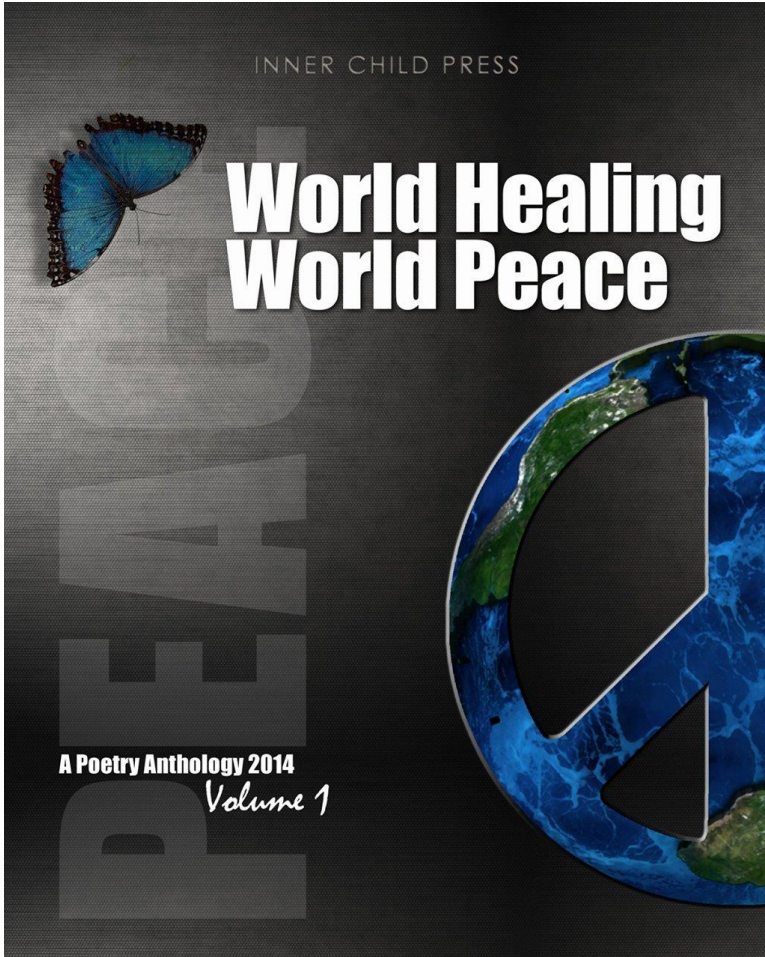
And though long since
I stopped to write a letters,
please Nicholas,
so that it leave you under Christmas tree,

I would be able to to cuddle.

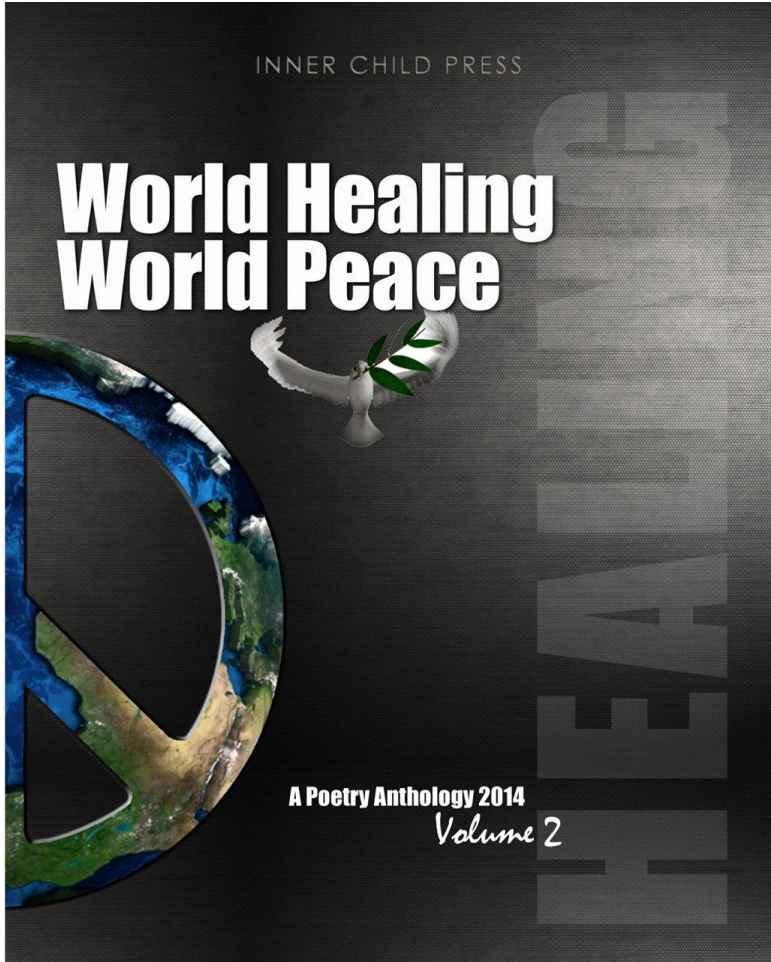
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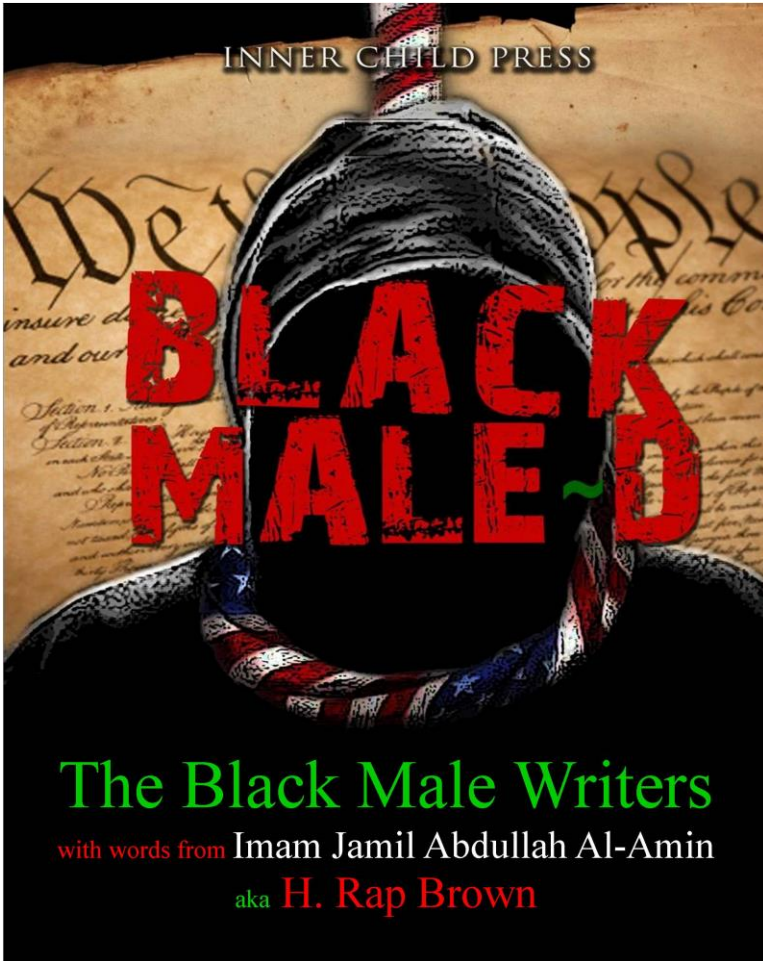
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The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet

The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raśendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Passé

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

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.



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 Passe

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

The year of the poet

May 2014

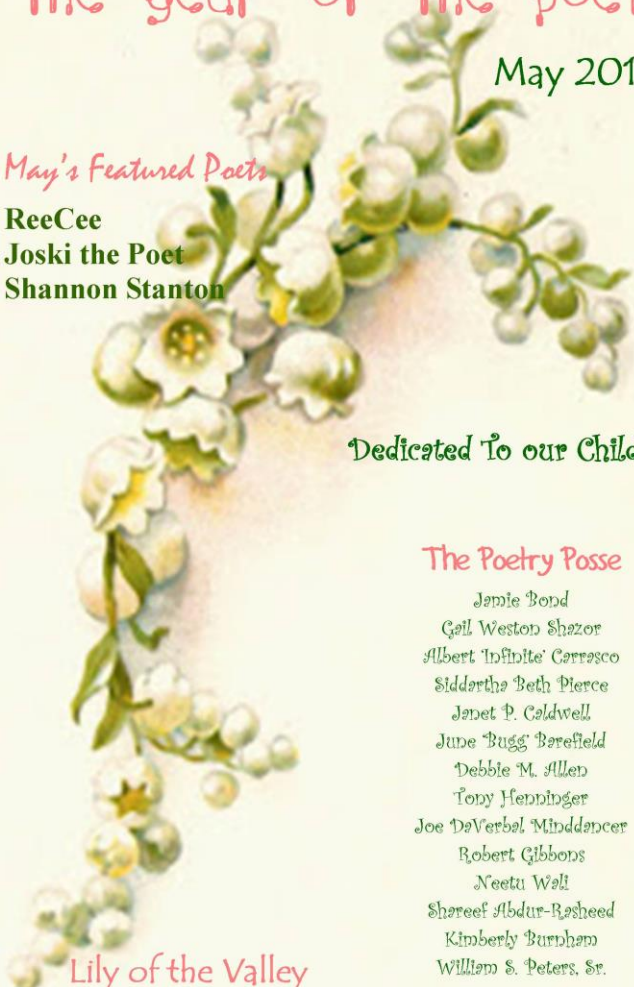
May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
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Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 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 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

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hüllya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

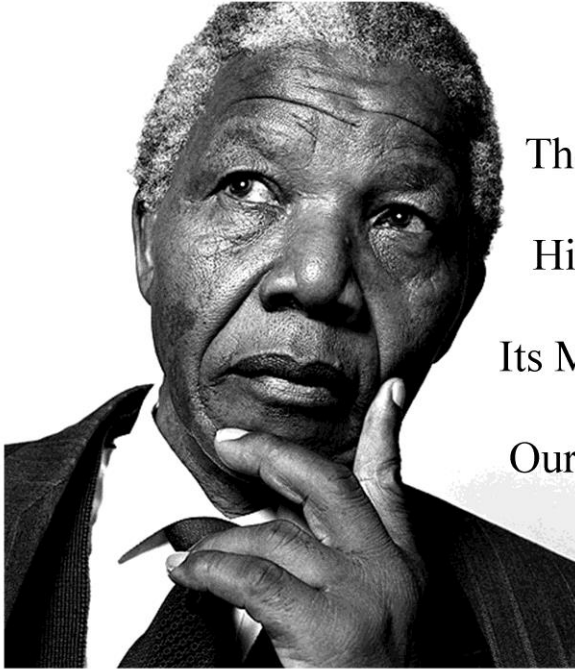
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Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
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Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
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Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

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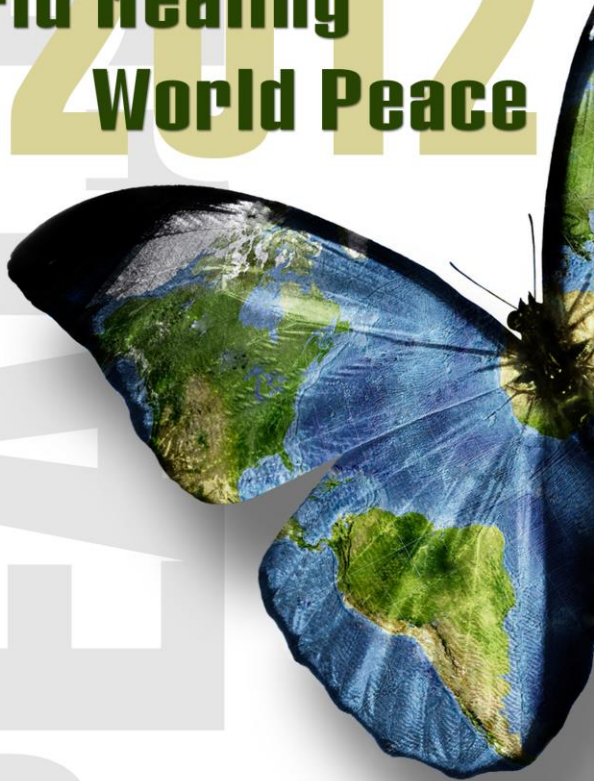
A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR
TRAYVON MARTIN

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**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

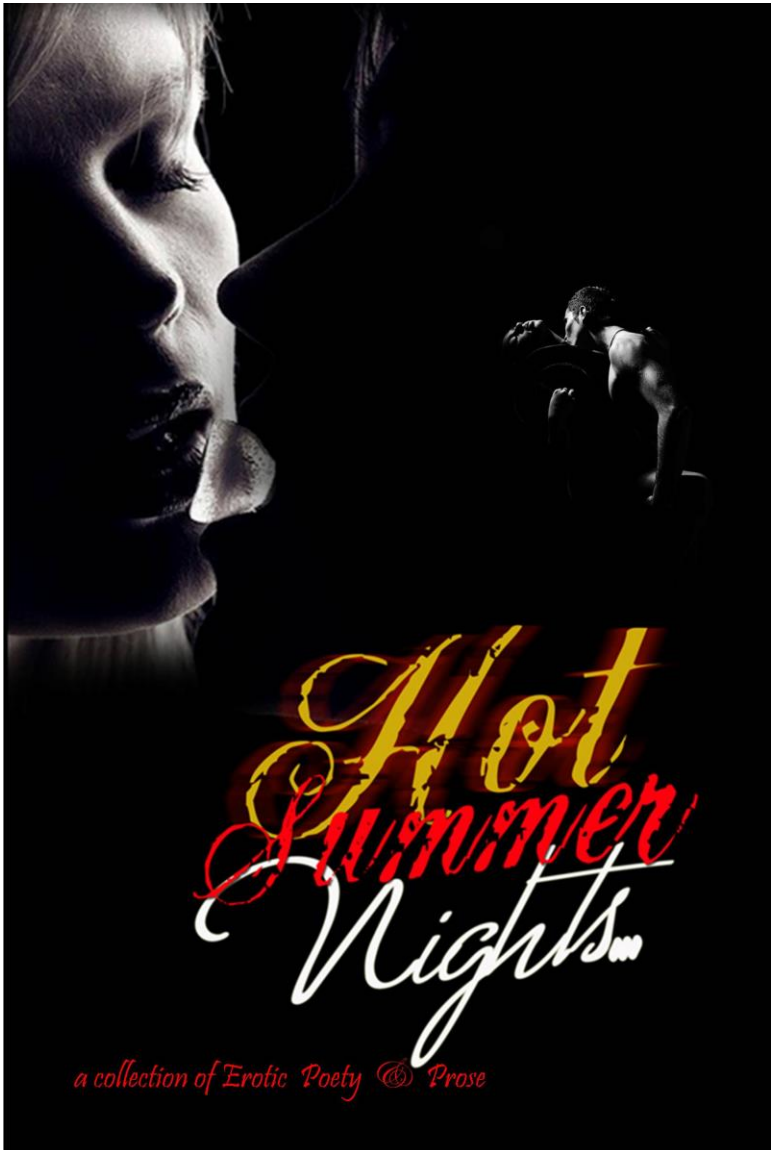
Volume 2

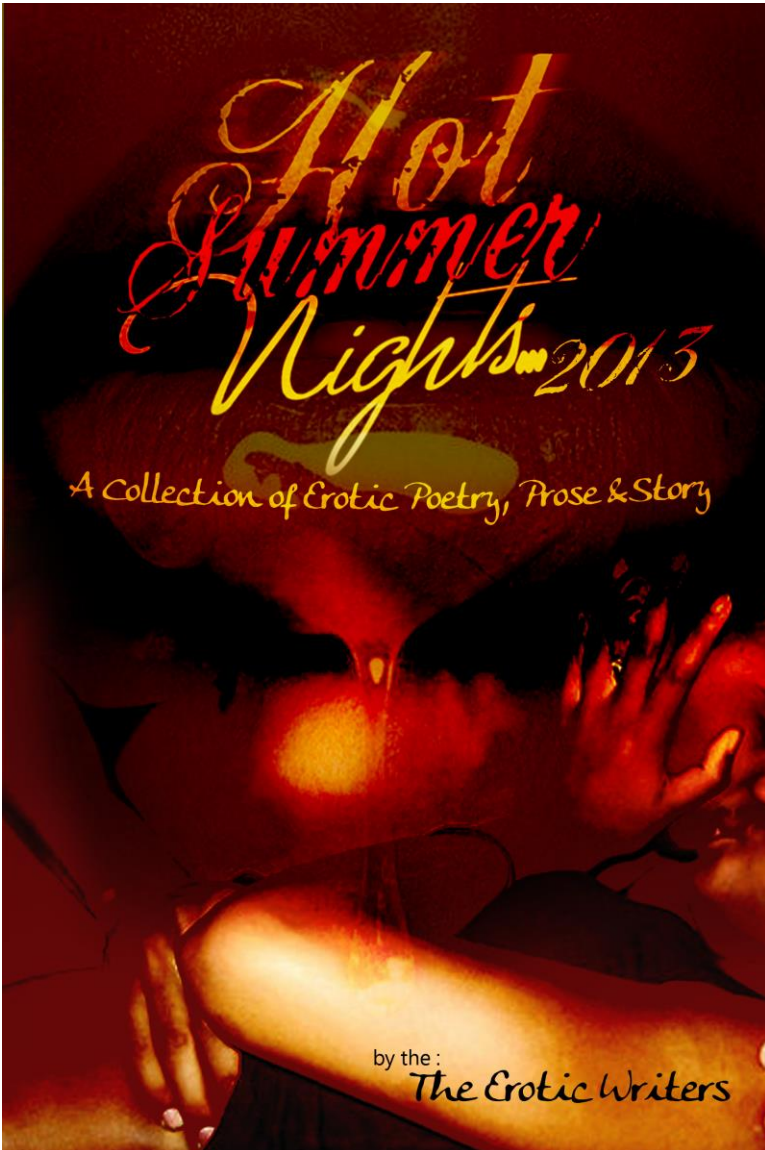
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healing through words

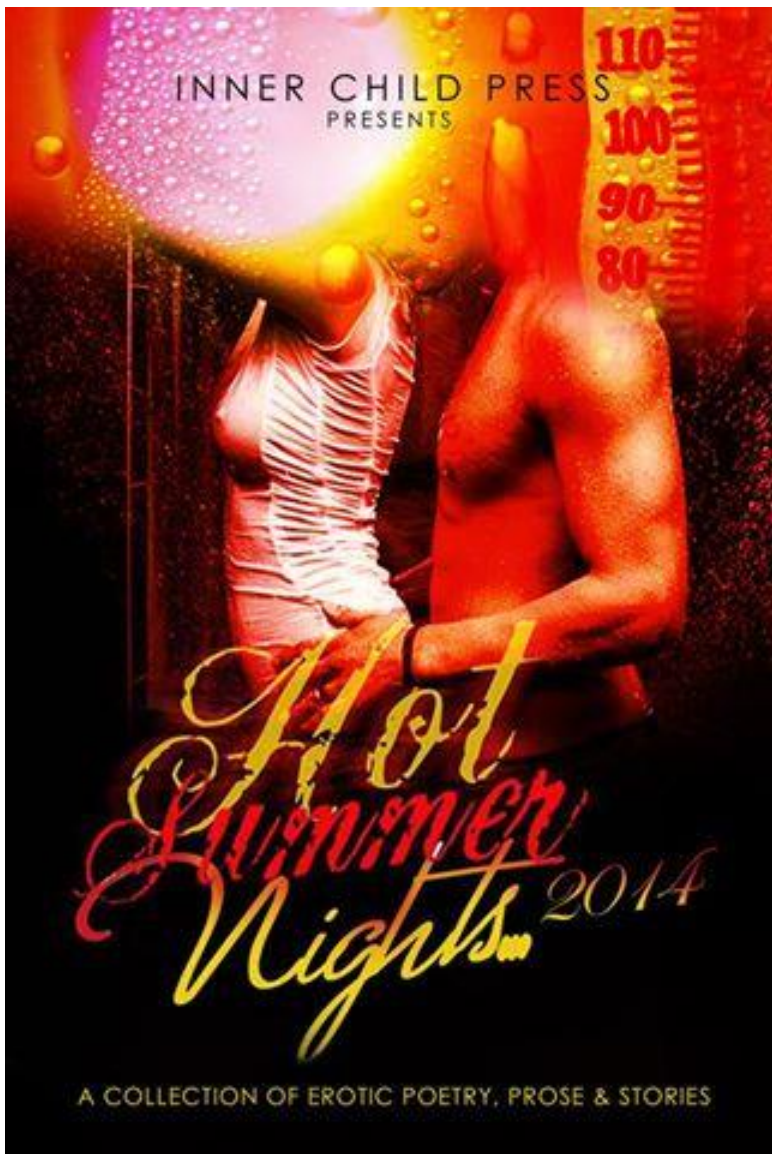


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

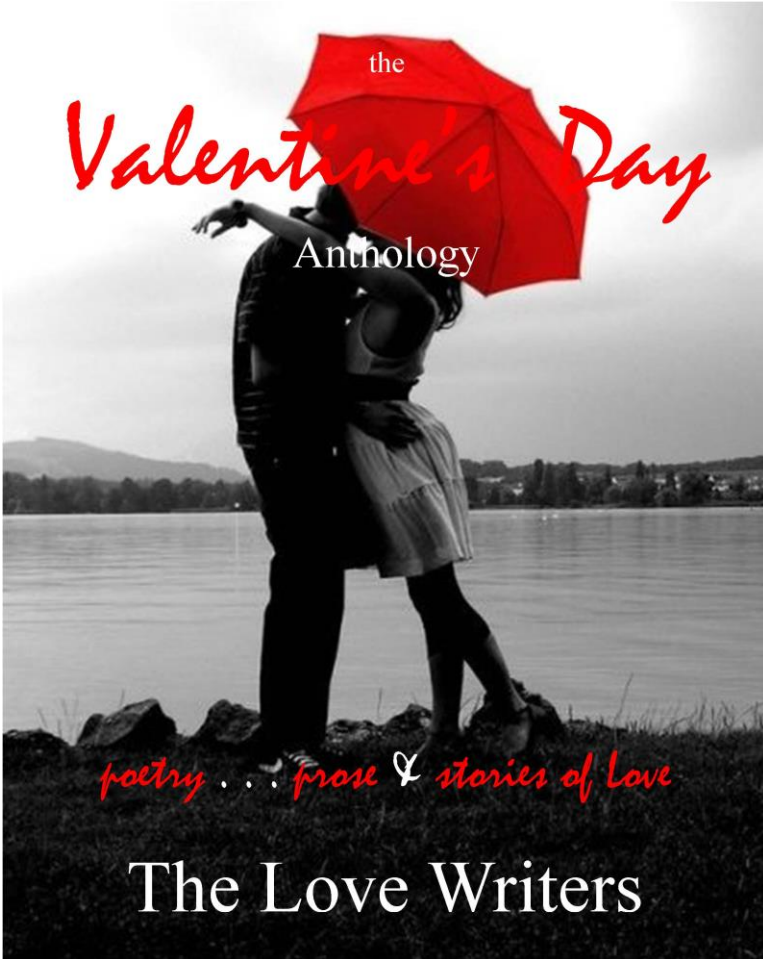




Inner Child Press Anthologies



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want my

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

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

Monte Smith

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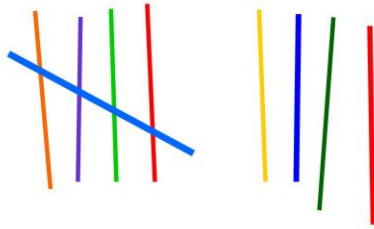
a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

 Monte Smith
want my

POEtRy
to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse



May's Featured Poets



Geri Algeri



Akin Mosi Chinnery



Anna Jakubczak



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