

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 Mossman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet November Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2014

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Dedication

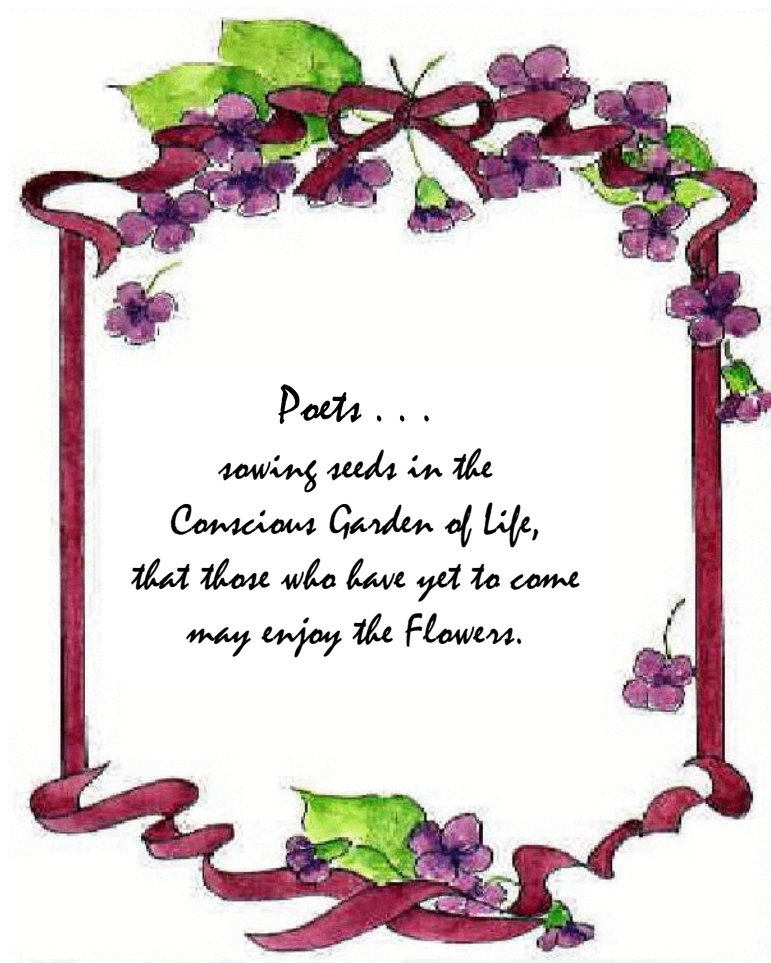
This Book is dedicated to

Poetry

&

the Spirit

of our Everlasting Muse.



Foreword

Friends, Family and Readers

So, this being our 11th month of production we are all thankful for having this opportunity to commune with you, the Readers. I personally am grateful to have participated thus far with all the wonderful writers who comprise “The Poetry Posse”. The response was so well received, that we decided to continue forward into the year of 2015. We will be expanding the ‘Posse’ with the additions of Ann White, Keith Alan Hamilton, Teresa E. Gallion, and Dr. Hülya N Yılmaz. Each of these wonderfully gifted souls are Published and significant World Class Poets and have much to say and much to share with you, so stay tuned for a Divine Poetic Journey in 2015.

Our theme this month of November is apropos as we the Posse will be focused on Gratefulness and Thanksgiving. We do hope you enjoy these humble offerings.

Bless Up

Bill



*one of the greatest gifts we have is that we were given two hands
one to receive the blessings life has to offer us
the other to pass them on.*

~ wjp ~

i Offered Thanks

I awakened this morning, and i offered a prayer of gratitude to the Progenitor of my life, . . . my God.

There are many things to be thankful for. They can be found in the Good and that which is perceived as Evil, the Light and the Dark.

I offered thanks for all the Woe in my life, for through it i learned that i had the gift of Endurance and Temperance.

I offered thanks for all those who have left my life through Death, Moving Away, Growing Up and the ending of Relationships, for it has taught me to appreciate those who are in my life NOW, as well as how to truly cherish the memories of the blessings of their presence i once enjoyed.

I offered thanks for all the Dark Days ... yes, for the dark days brought to me an understanding of how i could truly employ, not only the light of those found in the not so dark days, but how to utilize to the best of my own abilities, and that small light of my own that resides within me.

I offered thanks for all the Anger i suffered through . . . that of my own and that of others. Through my anger i have come to know the true meaning of humility. This gift was imparted to me in being chastised and scolded by others, and in having to be the one who must later apologize for their errancies of character, attitude and expression.

I offered thanks for all the times when i was down on my luck. It was, and is those times i realize that luck and being down, was my own choosing, and that i had the power to alter my perspectives of how i viewed my life. Should i go forth with disdain for the hand that life has dealt me or should i cling to such powerful forces of hope and faith? These powers do have a transformative ability to change my energy to something magnificent and grand.

I offered thanks for all the Tears i have cried . . . for whatever reasons. Tears truly have a deep cleansing ability to alleviate my soul of the angst i have collected through many of life's circumstances.

I offered thanks for all the "NOs" i have heard, given me by life when i so wanted to hear a "Yes". Yes, in reflection, many times those "Yes's" i wished for would have been detrimental to my higher good. I did not always understand this, nor did i care at that moment, for i was blinded by my own "Self Oriented" desires and my finite and limited perspectives on the whole of what may "Be" or "Become".

I have grown tremendously because of each and every one of those "NOs" . . . and again i must say . . . I am Thankful.

As you read this, you may say to your self, to be thankful is a good thing . . .or not. But to be thankful, i have found to be personally empowering on so many "Life Levels". It has added unto my abilities to make it through many other circumstances i could not have navigated early on in my life. It was all the setbacks that taught me how to garner my fortitude to press on. It is all those disappointments that taught me Tolerance, Acceptance and Patience. It has taught me some wonderful things about my own abilities.

This does not mean that i did not want things . . . i did, and i do! This does not mean i gave up on life . . . NO . . i live to the fullest i can . . .when i remember who i am and have the mind-set to do so. Simply put, through the Storms "Life" has so mercifully sent my way, i have come realize a greater expanse of my own abilities. I have come to know the meaning of peace found in the "Eye of the Storm". I have discovered that i am so much more than i believed and so much more than what i have been *Taught* and *Told* . . . as are you!

The biggest and most profound aspect of my existence i have come to reckon with is that there is a Power we have . . . yes "WE", that is connected to some force we have yet to fully comprehend. Most of us about this wonderful plane of existence identify this as God. Whether you are a believer

or not, matters not much, for even Science cannot deny this immeasurable force that connects us all to a “One” reality, whether we identify it as Evolution or Creation. They are but words, as are these! But, what is real in this seemingly temporal existence of ours is what we feel. I pray that you take the time to “feel” the goodness of who you are and teach and show others through your example as well to embrace, not just their possibilities of what they may become, but the grand aspects of what we already ARE . . . Right Now . . . Right Here !

Finally, I offered thanks for all the Love i have had in my life and that which still resides, which is “ALL LOVE”. The love that appears to have went away, left the Gift of Experience and thus a Lesson or two behind. And, funny thing, these lessons are still mine, the Lesson and the Love. The Love i have today . . . it is filled with possibilities of what it may become. Who can contain such energy with a closed hand or closed heart None !!!! Love seems to be that Universal Language that is now awakening and calling to all Souls to “Allow” the opening of our Heart’s Door . . . Do you hear the knocking ?

I have offered thanks this day for you. I Awakened this Morning . . .

Thank You

bill

Preface

The year of the poet is a collectable collaboration of distinguished artists personally selected to write and publish every month affection ally donned as the poetry posse.

We are honored to have such an elite spectrum of “Pen Mates” along with spotlights of monthly features that you may not have otherwise been introduced to.

The books are all free downloads at inner child press for only 5 dollars for the physical copy. We have made these books affordable to the public, struggling artists, friends, fans and family.

We are proud to present this for your reading pleasure.

Enjoy,

Jamie Bond

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

~ wsp

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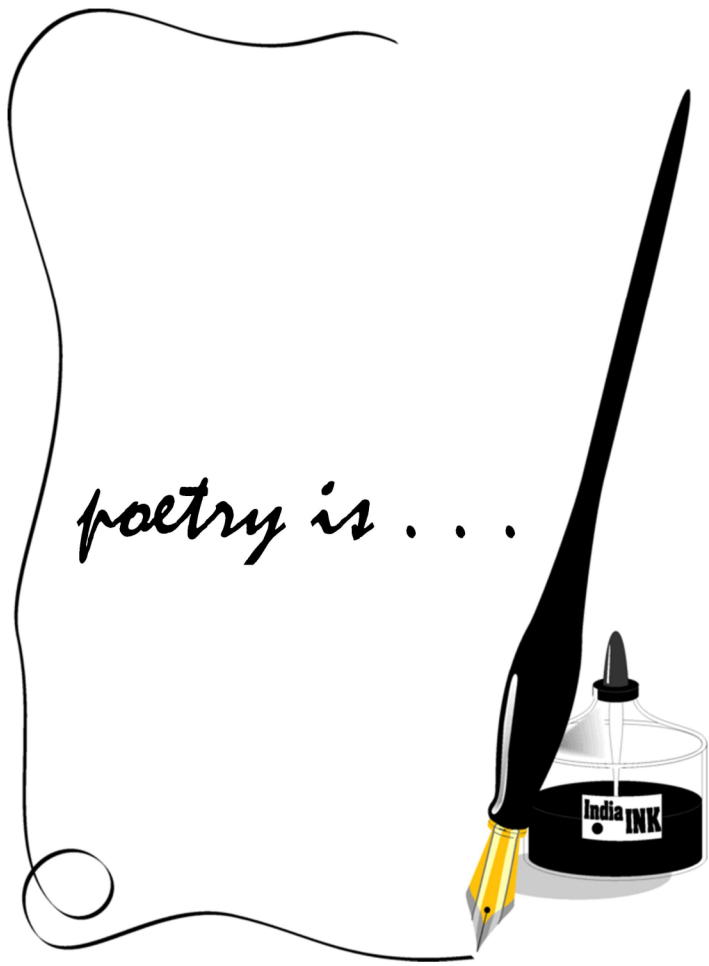
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Jamie Bond

Jamie Bond



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

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>

Jamie Bond

11-11 Honoring Our Veterans

Say Thank You Every Day!! ♥

Countless Americans mistakenly believe that Veterans Day is the day that America sets aside to honor American military personnel who died in battle or as a result of wounds sustained from combat.

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION!

Month of May

Memorial Day is the day set aside to honor America's war dead.

Month of November

Veterans Day, honors ALL American Veterans, both living and deceased.

In fact, Veterans Day is essentially intended to thank THE LIVING veterans for their selfless, dedicated and loyal service to our country. I have 3 siblings that have served in the military and I come from a family of military members! You are all prayed for, admired and honored every day that I have breath in my airwaves

THANK YOU ALL YEAR ROUND!!

X... You Are Here

On foot at a path
All too familiar to my feet
I'm tired, hungry... thirsty
Finally arrive to be greeted
By A voice so smooth it soothes me
He says WELCOME
Thru an illuminated speaker
The voice asks: how can I help you Jamie?
I say I'm on a tight budget
But I have a family to feed
Gimme 4 of each of my order
From off of the dollar menu please
He said we have a special
It's nothing special really
How much do you have?
I said almost 8 bucks
He replies how bout 5 happy meals
I said THAT'S too much
There's only 4 of us....
Well I'll give you 5 anyway
And this way you can share
Thankful I never questioned
Why he would care

Jamie Bond

Just a few more steps
With all my mustered up strength
I'm finally at the window
And a light so bright
Comes from the booth
Hidden is his face
I can barely see his hands
Handing me my food
My change dropped
And as I kneel down to retrieve it
The aroma fills me
Before I can even eat it
He says my child...
With 49 cents you could super-size it
I look up and overwhelmed
All I can do is smile
As I slump to my knees
Tired feet
And swollen ankles
I'm grateful...
At Mc-God knows
I'm blessed
I'm at the Pray Thru

A Mother's Love

Seems like just yesterday
in amazement I said honey; look at what we created
Look at what I was blessed to carry for 9 months
there you were looking a little bit like the two of us
swaddled up and winking and smiling up at both of us
Thinking how fast time flew for me to give birth to you
no dream could compare to you actually being here
a small hand grasping at mine
had me gasping frozen in time
that's all I could whisper listening into echo's in a hall
Lord... I never met an angel before
Such an honor to witness you grow right before my eyes
Gods mercy and grace was a floodlight in my life
from a cuddly bundle of joy
and pride to a curious energetic child
growing and glowing I enjoyed falling in love
watching your eyes twinkle
and your dimples dance when you laugh
a young man now look at how times passed
And although you may have quickly
outgrew my lap and knees
my heart has plenty of room for you to grow up like a tree
you'll always be my baby but I see you as a young man
you went from car seats
and high chairs to taking out garbage cans

Jamie Bond

A mothers love for her children
is the most potent of potions
the true definition of unconditional love and emotions
I am too blessed to be stressed you are a gift from above
my children fit me like a glove
designed to love and be loved
empowering me as a parent I was born to be their mother

Dedicated to My Love, My Pride and My Joy....

**Gail
Weston
Shazor**

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

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.

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[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navy poet1@gmail.com)

Gail Weston Shazor

The Grace of Life

Loved we are
Because it is
Days of glory
In and out of times
Despite changing seasons
Leaves turning
Rock splitting
To cry out loud
Abba Father
But we have grace
GREATFILLEDNESS
Grace have we but
Father, Abba
Loud outcry to
Splitting rock
Turning leaves
Seasons changing despite
Times of out and in
Glory of days
Is it because
We are loved

Gathering

Dinner tables go around
Steel and china makes the round
In planes and cars on the ground
Family hearts can be found
Beside potatoes on the mound
And a turkey oh so brown
Mother can astound
As diners there surround
And those that are absent elicit a frown
Though they be glory bound
Even the resting Irish hound
Quiets to the sound
While
While Father will confound
The grandchildren in sleeping gowns
With stories less than profound

Free Soup

Orange, Green and Brown

Gleanings from a bowl

Of promises

Brought in from sowed

Rows and gardens of dreams

We put one seed in the ground

Cover

Water

And protect from disappointments

When the wind blows rain

In monsoon seasons

I will eat daffodils instead

And be greatfilled for the color

Of feast

**Albert
'Infinite'
Carrasco**

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

Albert Carrasco writes hieroglyphics encrypted in poetic form. His linguistics are not the norm. When it comes to wisdom, sleet ,rain snow and hail its a lyrical storm. He's pure like Fiji, he got the power to hear the dead with no auji. For living a life so tabu, He learnt a die-a-lect , his mouth moves... But at times it's the voice of the crossovers coming through. When he's on stage he has a body temp of 98 degrees... When He recites you feel this chilling breeze, hair stands on skin when he's in the avatar state of his kin. He's non traditional, an unorthodox outspoken urban individual that lived through the subliminal, now he's back to give guidance to his people.

Infinite the poet 2014

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

The Poems this month are from my Book

Infinite Poetry

available at

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

Home

Every day it's hot
You hear the sound of four wheelers and dirt bikes
On local roads unpaved

You can hit the beaches in isla verde
Con mi gientes
And ride the waves

At nite you see the punto ochos
And the corollas carrying on
Listening to reggae tong
Looking tight

Hollering at the freaky tonas
Although I prefer
Mark anthony's otra nota

I can nude bathe in the back of my house
In a hammock
Or lay on a sabanna on the floor

Gaze up at the steamy skies
Or stare at the trees
Watching mangos fall

Wake up in the mornings
To the beat of plena
Or the smell of cinnamon
Being stored in avena

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The dialect I hardly hear in new York
Is the basic language you hear
When my people's talk
And that's Spanish

Carne guisado or arroz con pollo
A famous tradition
When a Spanish woman is in the kitchen
And what's on the table
Before we say grace

I'm taking a trip to the mother land
I miss my people and my culture
I'm going back to my place

Puerto Rico,, my home.

Thankful for Change

I changed myself no one helped me, no one me forced me, I decided to go cold turkey and walk from under the drug facade to face reality. I was addicted to fast cash, believe me I had the monkey while detoxing from street life money, I fought the temptation cause I didn't like nouns controlling me... suppliers,(person) spots,(places)substance,(things) etc. for years I gained gained, then loss loss loss, so when I reflect on the decades I stood in the game things really remained the same from a pitcher to a boss, from a kid to a thirty year old man I was still lost. All I needed was time to find myself, realize the power I have and understand my worth. I backed my mental PC up to an earlier time, basically before I was running blind dealing with that Broadway, before I was living fast with that ye, like a hayabusa white lining on high-ways, I took it back to my days of love letters, rhyming journals, my first passion before hell happened... wordplay, now writing scribes to open eyes is my forte. I changed to make change, not e pluribus unum, evolution, I'm shedding light like the hottest and brightest star in our solar system, I think faster than the earths rotations, so I suck you in with the gravitational pull from the revolution of my ball point pen, my ink will have you hydroplaning on written wisdom, from criminal minded AC to infinite the poet.. I'm a new person. I know my style is not the norm, the ones that could write reality like me I mourn, I want all the ghettos to hear me, I'm thinking about renting one of those cars with mounted bullhorns used to advertise politicians in the slums to recite poetry.

Reinvention

I used to pray to god constantly, but I didn't think he heard me, so I remembered what my father used to tell me walking to a mosque or rally on 125 st, "son you're in control of your own destiny", I still prayed cause that's what moms taught me, at the same time I listened to daddy, I did me faithfully. To be prosperous I lived dangerous, did wrong to help gods sons, was I still blasphemous? I was born into the game amongst hard rocks, selling cooked rocks, paying crooked cops to warn us on the days when we will have to run from narcs, I had a head start on learning the ropes of coke because I watched the older cats in the big park, in the school of hard knocks that's called "head start", I had the upper hand in Pyrex pot art, quickly rose to the top of a crime family chart, decades later the syndication fell apart, the brave hearts under me hearts stopped after they bled out from holes in their anatomy. I had to reinvent myself, I needed a restart, I had to find a way to show my family they didn't vainly depart, so I use their early fate to tear apart the facade of those now playing angelic harps. I'm a stay alive while getting out of poverty activist, an urban spoken word artist, my reinvention was accomplished when I woke up one day to find out I'm published.

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddartha
Beth
Pierce

Siddhartha Beth Pierce



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

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 Associate 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://www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php>

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OQ87NrLt_to

<http://www.writerscafe.org/Siddartha>

The Rock

The rock upon the mountaintop
Sublimely placed in time
never to be erased
but as sturdy
as this family tree
our blood linked umbilically.

From the cradle to the grave
you will wear my name
meaning of which is 'the rock'
and that upon which I stand
as you grow from youth to man
I will depend on thee someday
for eternal care
as I have given thee unconditionally
through the years
and wept the tears of motherhood
so gladly I wear that claim.

As closely as we can be
one and the same
in name yes
but not only there
in heart and mind and soul
we are forever blessed
to have one another here.

Ambient

Within these meditative stone walls
some magic has passed
since we spoke last
and I must pass this story on.

A white wolf came
immediately to me-
I reached to pet her
as her beauty touched
me deep within my soul.
But, 'No', she replied
'I do not want to be a dog,
I can't be leashed
But you will see me again.'

Within these same walls
this summer past
my son and I found a dead luna moth
and he said, 'Mommy, we must take it to the garden.'
'Place it, Mommy, on this stone
and set it on fire
to let it's soul free' is what he said.

How can this be
that he should know
of such a thing, I pondered.
These tender souls flitting
about the herbs and weeds and grasses
where I went to write
each eve and every morn.

Siddhartha Beth Pierce

Special beings each are they
one I birthed
the other came to me in wonder-
the first brings awe
the second let noone put asunder.

But keep them safe
in every place
that they shall go-

My love for each
runs deeper still
with the rising of the wind
and a song I would like to send
to each and everyone-
true love graces
do exist.

Thank you.

Mother Nature's spirits reign
Supreme within
our land and
the Poet's hand
as well as in our
enchanted garden.

For My Boy

My loving son
how quickly does he grow
with smiles and graces
and visions of me in his faces
from birth to the tender age of sixteen
has he grown.

We play and learn
I teach to discern
the wrong from the right
each day.

And when he becomes a man,
the simple plan
is that he will use his mind, heart and soul
to share with all the simple joys
he learned all along his way.

The bang of the drum,
the guitar strum,
the dances with the butterflies
and breezes,
the whippoorwill song-
a place to belong
and the love of his Mother
times eternity.

Siddhartha Beth Pierce

**Janet
Perkins
Caldwell**

Janet Perkins Caldwell



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

Janet wrote her first poems and short stories in an old diary where she noted her daily thoughts. She wrote whether suffering, joyful or hoping for peace in the world. She started this process at the tender age of Eight. This was long before journaling was in vogue.

Along with her thoughts, poetry and stories, she drew what she refers to as Hippie flowers. Janet still to this day embraces the Sixties and Seventies flower power symbol, of peace and love, which are a very important part of her consciousness.

Janet wrote her first book, in those unassuming diaries, never to be seen by the light of day due to an unfortunate house fire. This did not deter her drive. She then opted for a new batch of composition journals and filled everyone. In the early nineteen-eighties, Janet held a byline in a small newspaper in Denton, Texas while working full time, being a Mother and attending Night School.

Since the early days Janet has been published in newspapers, magazines and books globally. She also has enjoyed being the feature on numerous occasions, both in Magazines, Radio and on a plethora of Sites. She has gone on to publish three books. *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012 and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013. 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 ltd.

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

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

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

Listen

Listen to the laughter
of the children playing
in the near winter's cold.

Listen to the trees clapping
Even as they lose their leaves
they do not fear, no.

Listen to the wind howl
And beat against them.
They neither shiver
nor scowl.

I listen to mine own heartbeat.
The breaths . . .
which I in and exhale too.

And I am thankful
for the here and now.
I am grateful.

Listen.

Certain Gratitude

In appreciation
I write this ditty for you and you.
You've taught me so much.
More about love
than I had ever been given or shown.

I am ever exuding certain gratitude.
Dancing with joy
for the strength you gave
the love that we made;
And how we have grown
In the knowing of One.

At times though
and for some years
I cringed.
and nearly came unhinged.
At the thought of the things,
that we allowed ourselves
to be put through
all for the higher good.

And then I learned to accept.
When I knew . . . From you, from me
the request was in our best interest;
and those, that we love so intimately.
And I have to bow graciously
hands folded reverently.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Namaste'
and thank you
for all that you are.
My true love
my beautiful being.
I would not change a thing.

So much of that rhythmic dance
shall remain
forever in my heart
cherished and adored.

Pulled out and pondered
for a later date, or today
yet shared and stored.

And now . . .
if it seems that I choose to keep
a certain calm, you'll know why.
My insistence was not beneficial, but
know this, I am still your lover and friend
And your secrets will never cross my lips.

Now I know the necessity
Of lessons learned, though at times
they seemed harsh
and easily we move on.

Again, thank you.
You've taught me so much.
Until we meet again
I love you, and I
extend certain gratitude.

Sharing

I was glad when you said

Let us come into the light and share.

The bountiful blessings

That we once thought

were for you and me only.

Indeed, they do belong

to all . . .

Everywhere.

I was glad to share.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

**June
'Bugg'
Barefield**

June 'Bugg' Barefield



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

June Barefield ~ Poet-Activist-Teacher-Author

Born and raised in the Midwest, currently residing in East St Louis, IL. June's interests include long walks, sunrises, cheesecake, and words. He considers the NRA, and it's supporters 2B a 21st century Nazi-ism! The author of two collections of poetry which include B4 the Dawn, and The Journeyman

I B. Self educated, and proud to be humbled. An avid reader, and teacher, counselor in his community at what we as a society have termed "at risk children". June refers to them as Gang members, and dope dealers. A brilliant speaker, and motivator; fluent in at least three religions! June's favorite quote: "FUCK THE SYSTEM!"

for booking call : [720 404 8563](tel:7204048563)

<http://authorsdb.com/authors-directory/2292-june-barefield>

you can get more of June here . . .

<https://www.facebook.com/JuneBugg900>

<https://www.facebook.com/june.barefield.7>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/june-barefield.php>

June 'Bugg' Barefield

LIGHT

it shines in the darkness
the darkness
has not understood it
cannot comprehend why the light shines within
without comprehension
a mere extension
Oblivious, and lacking any contention
with glorious intentions
the Light shines
In the darkness
Like lighthouse in storm
the light was created to keep the darkness warm
Dwelling above the mountain, moving in the earth in the
ether forever
Life ignited in the nebulous
The light severing the curtained veil
and whispering in a dream
shinning in the darkness
the other half of being...

No Longer Blind

Merciful the sway in the way that I am

His way is truth, and light

Super like the Nova's of sun, moon and star

Ages go by

Time secretly, and serenely engulfs more time

In more time still

A third eYe

It is real...

June 'Bugg' Barefield

REPRIEVE

Uncensored and free this dream I dream; until my dreams
are made whole

Through every avenue in time I stroll...
Completely incomplete

Wrapped up inside the sack cloth of the Destiny appointed
me

Only me.
Restless I breathe out my confessional
Burying my barnacles of ambivalence; along with the rest
of me

Slowly...

I have given up control
And through every avenue in time I stroll...

**Debbie
M.
Allen**

Debbie M. Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

Debbie M. Allen is a Pennsylvania native that has remained true to her passion for the love of poetry. She has always had a passion for poetry. In 2010 she took that passion and made it her cause, always maintaining the truth of her experiences and the beliefs she holds dear.

Debbie is the Author of “A Poet Never Dies,” her first book of poetry which was published in 2012. Since then she has published her second book of poems, “The Spiral of a Pisces: In Manic Flow,” which encompasses her ever spiraling transition of expression. She can be found participating in various avenues of spoken word and poetry under the pseudonym D. Flo’essence including The Truth Commission Movement, Penology Ink Productions, Jersey Radical Productions and What’s The News.

The Rest of Me

Every time I look at the stars
I see the beauty of night...
Beyond the dark
The spark of constellations
That carries me into another day...
Needless to say...
The sun has claimed
The rest of me...
Shaping hope in bright escapes...
Thankful for breaks from yesterday...

Life changes every hour

Which means life can expunge the stains that reigned
Minutes in the arms of past...
Now I rain tears that wash away fears
Allowing the brink of thoughts to share space with a heart
Willing to finally keep beat
With the rest of me...

Painted Wings

Butterflies die with painted wings
That sing of love and living
To me...
And I know if eyes continue
To grow wide in rainbows
Everything I ever wrote
Will be hope floats
Spinning rings with halos...
Leaving legacies
That I lived in the creation of memories...
The sail that woke with breezes I believe this...
With every breath that leaves my chest
Heaved in gratitude
That my life was the best HE offered....
Blessed even in the suffer Of needless things...

Knowing butterflies meet everlasting...

With painted wings...

Debbie M. Allen

Haiku

Visions of gold streets

No crying hesitations

Thanks to sun showers...

**Tony
Henninger**

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

Tony has been writing for about 20 years. He has published one book titled “ A Journey of Love.” He has also contributed to several Anthologies. His book is available at Innerchild Press and Amazon.com.

You can find him at [Facebook.com/Tony](https://www.facebook.com/TonyHenninger)

[Henninger](#)

[Linkdin.com/Tony Henninger](https://www.linkedin.com/company/TonyHenninger) or

tonyhenninger@yahoo.com

Tony Henninger

You Are My Inspiration

You are my inspiration.
You are the colors
my world needs.
Your touch, so sensual,
for your love,
my pen bleeds.
Like a fragile feather,
I want to caress
every inch of your
silken curves and mounds.
Listen to the soft sounds
of your moans and sighs
as I reach your secret place,
giving you lows and highs.
Oh, you turn me on so.
I can hardly contain
myself as I try to explain
the pain
of not having you here.
Under me, above me,
all around me.
Can't you see,
without you, life is misery?
I am all for you.
Show me what to do.
Lead me inside you.
Guide my moves.
Delightfully smooth.
The entrance to a dream
of neverending ecstasy.
I thank God for
you are my inspiration.

Giving Love

For all the love I give,
all the laughter and
tears I share freely,
I am blessed to see
flowers blooming in
every heart I've touched.

And, forevermore, shall
my soul be interwoven
into the tapestry of heaven.

A star.
A beacon.
A bright light
showing the path
to love.

Tony Henninger

My Time

If my time ends tomorrow,
do not dwell in sorrow,
for I await the opening
of the next door.

I want to dive deeper
into the ethereal ocean and
from a greater height.
I will be a brighter light.

Let the memory of me fade.
There are others more deserving
of a place in your hearts.

Those that have touched my soul
will never fade,
but always be a part
of me.

A toast to you, my friends,
as I drink this fine wine.

And the dream goes on....

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

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>

November Thoughts

There will be so many plates filled to the brim
There will arguments and laughter as we gather
Who will make the gravy, who will make it savory?
Aunt Bessie never could cook;
Thank God for her voice as she blessed the table
Grateful for this food we're about to receive
She smacked Cousin Jessie's hand reaching for the cheese

We could very well be in a line by some shelter
Still grateful nonetheless, with the hand God dealt ya.
Every one of us has a story to tell, and we told it.
Gratitude expressed, and the faces showed it.
Friendships kinships the rain, the impromptu rain
Forever grateful for all those things

The change of seasons, the darker days
The first frost on the grass, that sweet ham glaze
Gratitude for latitude that knows of no winter
Grateful just to play even though you're not the winner
So many things overlooked uncounted
Who can be grateful for pain, ask the dying

Gratitude is more than being grateful for what you have
It's excepting you may never receive a smile or a laugh
When those little things come your way
When misfortune or wealth comes one day
Bask in the glory of life itself; be grateful you have breath.

Feast At The Shelter

A fire had taken away all we accumulated
A stray bullet hit a candle
We found out all about it; after it was investigated
Weeks before the holidays, Thanksgiving and Christmas
We huddled in prayer asking God to lift us.

Our family in the van, what's left of our savings.
Thank God for my job, and some time they gave me
Plans for a dinner, a little shopping spree
What if that candle wasn't hit;
Where would we be?
Thankful for our home my family and me

What now what of our future
Starting over is going to be rough
Sharing space with strangers may not suit you
I am thankful as well as my family
I may not understand Gods plan for me.

Thanksgiving Day in unfamiliar surroundings
Thankful for the place, we found ourselves in.
This day was astounding as the meals rolled in
There was enough food for this shelter plus ten
Then this man walked in with a deed in his hand
New home for us even keys to a van.

No rhyme or reason no explanation
Just the fact we were thankful in our situation
A man without any or the man who has plenty
Being thankful isn't measured you feel me

Thank You Thank You Thank You

I write a poem and a person from India likes it
I hear a song and a feeling just comes over me
A stranger stops me, let's me no I dropped some money
It was suggested to use a mint without a negative hint
A warm meal when my pockets were empty
I'm in line with one item, one with 20 steps aside

Appreciation for a kind word a gesture, a lift
When you have a flat with no spare, appreciate the gift

When the rain lets up during a long awaited vacation
take a moment to praise god, to show your appreciation

The simple things like the smile of a child
Appreciating the laughter after they fall down

So many things worthy of appreciation
So few know how to say them, the words
The meaning the feeling the sentiment
The content has lent its way astray
This I say for appreciation,
Hold it as if it were a blessing
For it is that one thing, that feels as such.

**Robert
Gibbons**

Robert Gibbons



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

Robert Gibbons moved to New York City in the summer of 2007 in search of his muse-Langston Hughes. Robert has performed all over New York City.

His first collection of Poetry, Close to the Tree was published by Threes Rooms Press and can be purchased at :

www.threeroomspress.com

You may contact Robert
via his FaceBook presences :

www.facebook.com/anthonyrobertgibbons

www.facebook.com/jamesmercerlangstonhughes

the pedestrian lane

Sir, thank you for giving me the chance
to tell your story; to tell them that you were
not watching me as I crossed the pedestrian lane;
to tell them that you came a few inches towards me
I remain unscathed; not lame, the use of my limbs;
my extremities in tact; clothed in my write mind;
saved by some higher power in this moment;
and own my journey there are no questions,
only the frustration of my disbelief in suspension

Sir, you crossed my path and I must say each day,
I am grateful, not waiting to tell this, but to revile
in this deliverance; I forgive you; this power
is real; will never cower again; but just thanksgiving

if I were a monk, would dedicate all of me;
would let me be in this greatness; with the shake
of the linden trees; with the fear and tremble
of the cherry blossom; thank you for making
this day of consciousness; a day of understanding;
would Gregorian Grace's name in Latin; would
tell the great scholars; and the followers
would tell the acolytes and suffragans; the
congregant and the worshipper that this lane

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

was not the Dead see; but it was a belief ; it gave me
one more chance to commune; to attune the muses
tell; the one that bent over and designed this living
soul by clay; speaking the power spoken word; left
me standing; left me breathing; there is not enough
space on ledgers in legend to imagine or fill
in the bloody universe; enough grace is sufficient
and I am proficient enough to know when I am blessed; not
in
need of conversion; but immersion to carpe diem;
if St. John the Divine blesses the bicycles I am no
longer lax in my devotion; no longer frustrated with
the centripetal or the retrograde; but the lane
made for walking gave me another chance
and Sir, I have the light.

ides of November

the time left so quickly
we could not feel the rush
of butternut squash
and pumpkin bisque
sopped by a gravy spoon
not cold enough
for the pink annuals to decline
so we settled on flounder

on laughter between sips
of vino in tiny goblets
we sat by the window
as stragglers and slow pokes
peeked in as no thanks given
no tradition upheld

the Spanish man at the table
full of children took pictures
a disposable camera
picked his teeth in one
sitting as wave after wave entered
not to be bound by a table or ennui

we walked those smoked streets
the man still ciphers
turkey bones from the garbage can
arriving before time and leaving in time
for a nameless occupant to take our seat
feeling like gizzards in stuffing
to end the day as it started
in the dark.

a soliloquy from a turkey

between Paul Laurence Dunbar
and W.S. Merwin
could not have enough
with all this slice of life
a douse of cranberry
and kale with a melange
of gravy and pinot griot

a cabin of fever shipped
from a farm down South
the only time of year in vogue
ignoring my presence
calling me senseless but
delicious, so there is no use
for me only in convenience
a prostitute in the window display

at Fleischman's gourmet store
and they all desire me once in a
lifetime and then becoming
a one hit wonder
after Ellison's invisible man

I am invisible after the scrapping
of the plate, after the clinking
of the flute, discarded me
into the smoky night
like a lottery ticket after the call
after unpacking the dressing
stuff for the taxidermy
hanging down in bursts
of jobless gobbles
all the way home.

Robert Gibbons

Neetu Wali

Neetu Wali



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

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.

Give Away a Word

The materials you gain
Giving away a bit of it
Is a Big pain
But I guess nobody minds
Giving away a little word of thanks
It is free
And you know what
It sets you free
Let's start with this tree
For the sweet fruits
This river for its pure water
This air for life and freshness
This earth for the strength
And the priceless wealth
A little word of thanks
For all this and much more
Is a big deal I guess?
Be grateful
Be great

Memoirs

My arms have turned
Stiff and still
They stare at me
With eyes devoid of wetness
It has been long
Since I hugged you
I thought I was enough for me
I miss a bit of me
That is away from me
Hanging somewhere between the lines of a memoir
Why do I love to live this incomplete self of mine
Why did I gift a piece of my peace to you
Is love peace
Or unease
Is love a chain
Or freedom
What makes you gift
Gods kingdom of yours
To somebody else
Who never bothers
Earth is self-centric
Is that way
It is able to give away
The rays of sun
To every inch
Learning to be self centric
Is the key to be system centric
Life is not a memoir
It is the floor I stand on
The earth
The self centric earth

One-Third of My Life

One-third of my life
I give to my education
And now I ask me
What did I achieve?
All the books, all the teachers
Did they teach me affection?
No!
All the books, all the teachers
Did they teach me comparison?
Yes!
All the books, all the teachers
Did they teach me to trust?
No!
All the books, all the teachers
Did they teach me competition?
Yes!
All the books, all the teachers
Did they clear my confusion?
No!
They were just an infusion of confusion
All the books, all the teachers
Did they teach me compassion?
No!
All the books, all the teachers
Did they teach me Apathy?
No!

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

They made me a source of sympathy
And sit me down on the fire of
Depression, Jealousy, Greed and stupidity
All the books, all the teachers
Set me apart from my soul
And now for the rest of my life
I struggle to de-educate me
So as to know me
And free me from the clutches of
All the teachers I meet
All the books I read
Coz I don't need
A civilized life
I need a wild life
I need my life
Not the life
Of teachers I meet

Neetu Wali

**Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed**

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

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>

Appreciate...

whatever fate awaits
knowing the maker
life giver, taker
constantly demonstrates
consistency in supreme
ability
personifies dependability
always there for me
even though one don't
see physically
you know if your reception
receives the frequency
that descends frequently
from altitude unknown
for spiritual eyes there's many
signs!
regardless gratitude must
be the attitude to the bone
through deeds not just lip
service alone
count how many you can
count on
regardless what's going on
no matter how many times
hand outstretched

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

can you even count one, two
fingers at best?
be humble, grateful
put trust only in the trust worthy
no one who receives is worthy
appreciate..,
the mercy not owed me!
gratitude flows off me,
perpetually

food 4 thought!

inspiration...

comes after loves
sensation
fills your being
fulfills your need
to be needed, treated as
special!
certain things essential
not coincidental to ignite
inspiration!
hope, drive, reason to strive,
stay alive!
we're not creatures of isolation
human folk need integration
among loving, real people,
who are sincere!
those who walk the earth aware
why they were put here
by the one who's presence is felt
everywhere!
who put us here
for a reason, a season!

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

supplied, life, air livable atmosphere
blessing abound everywhere
look around sky to ground
with your spiritual eye!
be alive, catch fire, get inspired..,

inspiration is everywhere!

don't deny it!

if you look for it

you'll find it!!

food 4 thought!

like trees...,

growing tall in the forest
created by the supreme
artist!

are the young growing tall
children, grandchildren,
on the set by Allah's willing
dem to be like the fruits
picked off da tree that
supplies nourishment, they're
presence supplies encouragement!
life, energy, exuberance that
infuses into your heart like a
life jumpstart recharging,
pump love, family is a gift from
above
it's all love, one for all and
love flows!

like water that helps crops grow
popping up like rising dough
have you looking up like.. yo,
where did the time go?
only Allah knows!

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

enjoy, love, help one another now
while we still around
from second to second
you just never know what's
going down!
who knows here today gone
tomorrow
used up all the time you and
and i could borrow!
don't cast yourself into a state
of sorrow because instead of doing
what you could today...,
you delayed and waited for tomorrow!

and to late.,

tomorrow never came!

Food 4 Thought!

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

**Kimberly
Burnham**

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

An Integrative Medicine practitioner, Kimberly Burnham uses poetry, words, coaching and hands-on therapies to help you heal. A published poet in several Inner Child Press anthologies, including *Healing Through Words* and *I Want My Poetry To*, Kimberly is winner of SageUSA's story contest with a poem about her 2013 Hazon CrossUSA bicycle ride. She is writing *The Journey Home* about that 3000 mile expedition.

Now, you get to be her muse with a list of seven experiences you yearn for. She writes a poem as if already, you are feeling the exhilaration of living your dreams.

You can find Kimberly ...

<http://www.KimberlyBurnhamPhD.com>

<http://www.linkedin.com/in/KimberlyBurnham>

<http://www.amazon.com/Kimberly->

[Burnham/e/B0054RZ4A0](http://www.amazon.com/Kimberly-Burnham/e/B0054RZ4A0)

Playing Time

Time and space
gravitation not
separate existence
from matter
said Einstein and I
Wonder

My physical body
matter flowing in time
a journalist asking
who am I
what is real
where is separation
when has become
Oneness

My body held here
on earth
secured to the dirt
under my feet
when death comes
I become a planet
drawn into the core
Universal

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

Matter

what matters

most of all

as I float

streaming consciousness

bumping up against reality

of my own making

as I create trajectories

of my time

Space

Imagining the illusion

of separation

time from space

trying to lift my life

out of the pull

free in what

matters most

relationships

to her, to him

Love

Time Exists

So everything
doesn't happen at once
said Einstein
gratitude wells up
time I wonder
what happened first

Did I fall in love
or did I flirt
where was the energy
when I first saw her
which came first
feelings bubble up
all at once

Did I fall in love
with gardening
or become a foodie
which came first
deep red earthy garden
beets hot as they melt
golden butter
but before that in the dirt
popping up from seeds
grown by another gardener
in love with food

Did I fall in love
with the ocean
the same elements
coursing through my veins

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

a new
born to SCUBA dive
in the mountains
far from the sea
always drawing
blood and blue
washes over me

Did I fall in love
with this land
where I was born
but didn't grow
up loving
an acquired taste
maturing over time
but which came first
the past or the dream

Time flowing
towards?

Light Time

Ideals lighted
my way
time after time
giving me new
courage
said Einstein

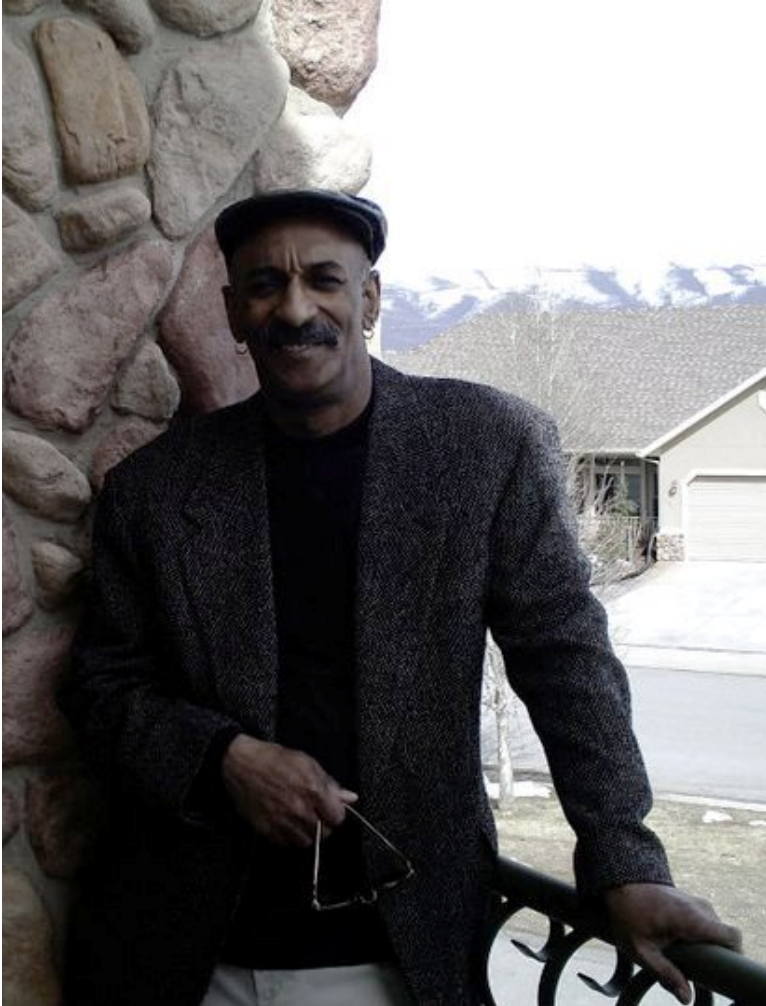
And I think of mine
the light ideals
floating
new courage
worn as a protection
facing the world
until in time
I see its safe
to thrive

In time
I have delight
in thinking thoughts
of how to write
new chapters
ideas blossoming
from seedlings
in time
nourished
watering
what I have found
deep inside

Asked to write
my life
with audacity
in time.

**William
S.
Peters Sr**

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

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

William S. Peters, Sr.

i am thankful . . . in this moment

i love Jesus with all my Heart
as i love you
i love Mohamed with all my Heart
as i love you
i love Buddha with all my Heart
as i love you
i love Krishna with all my Heart
as i love you
I love all things
i love Source, God, Creator
as i love you
i love all things
that which appears as Nothingness
i love
that which appears as Abundance
i love
that which appears as Possibility
i love
the Dark
i love
the Light
i love
the Known
i love
the Un-Known
i love

i love LOVE !!!!

The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

i am not defined by my illusions
nor am i defined by my delusions
nor am i defined by allusions
nor those things of the world
nor those things of religions
nor those things of the practices of man
nor those things i perceive as my Spirituality
as an embodiment of source man can not define "Self"
within the confined mind of man
i submit and allow that i may be defined by that which is
endless and infinite
i submit and allow to the never ending journey we call life
as the flower that blossoms
so do we
for it is the Seed that made this possible
but it was the Fruit that ushered forth the Seed
and it was the Gardener who tilled the Soil
and planted that Seed !
who is this Gardener that created this endless cycle of
existential possibilities ?
who is this one that i should offer and submit "Self" to ?
who is this energy that tends the Gardens of our lives ?
do i know who He / She / It is ?

Today i offer in all due reverence my gratitude
for the Gardener
the Seed
the Soil
the Blossom
the Fruit
for i am all these things
all of these things reside in me
and "i" in them

William S. Peters, Sr.

for as is my Source, so am “i”
for beyond the illusions
the delusions
the allusions
we are ONE

we are the embodiment of Love
the image of Source reflected upon “IT’s” Self is Love !
and “i” am Love . . .

and . . .

i am thankful . . . in this moment

for life is but a series of moments . . .
appreciate them all . . .

“BE” thankful !

i give thanks

i carefully laid my burlap sack
upon the earthen floor
of our home
preparing my self
for escape

our bellies though not full
did not complain
for the gruel abated
our misery

i humbled my spirit
of the day
into the realm of reverence
and i gave thanks
for again
i have made it through

my parents could not afford
a padded mat
for sleep
for us children
and i at times
cursed our circumstance
wrongly
for they still slept
upon Mother's nakedness

soon the new day will be calling
and we knew what that held for us

William S. Peters, Sr.

we have learned to smile
in the face of the day
and we embrace the sunshine
with joy
and we smile
for God is speaking to us too

we have come to trust in our destiny
and we held to our hope
that some day . . .
we would have a mattress
with a pillow
and blankets
to stave off the coolness of night
and perhaps we will go
to the respite of the night
with full stomachs

but in the mean time
i am grateful
for what little we do have
and i am open to receive
what may come
for anything that does come about
represents increase
and an opportunity
to give more thanks.

i give thanks

thank you love . . .

'tis love that enchants me
as i entice her to stay
but i know that love
will have her way

i watch as she dances
in the fields of our dreams
filling the youthful heart
'til it unravels the seams

yes love may be demanding
that our hearts open up
for her only desire is
but to fill our soul's cup

that once again we may
with reverence surrender
to the sacredness of "BE"ing
we fail to remember

oh love my beauty
i do hear your call
the Cosmic thunder
that speaks to us all

touch me once again
i pray you not part
for you are my life blood
that flows from each heart

William S. Peters, Sr.

let us dance once again
let the song never end
lend us your wings
that we may ascend

yes, i am enchanted
by your Holy essence
may i always dwell dear
in the truth of your presence . . .

thank you love . . .

November Features



Jocelyn Mossman

James Moore

Jackie Allen

Neville Hiatt

November Features

**Jocelyn
Mosman**

Jocelyn Mosman



The Year of the Poet ~ November 2014

Jocelyn Mosman is a student at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, Massachusetts, but was born in West Texas. She has been writing poetry for over a decade, and has been in over a dozen poetry competitions, has been published in several anthologies. She has recently released her second poetry book, *Soul Painting*, through *Inner Child Press*. Some of her credits include performances with Mary Lambert, Striver's Row, and Joaquin Zihuatanejo. She has also been fortunate enough to have been published in *Red Fez*, *Crack the Spine*, *Decanto*, *Silver Birch Press*, and the *Unrorean*, to name a few. She is a member of the *Permian Basin Chapter, Poetry Society of Texas, Conscious Poets Society*, and *Northampton Poetry Society*. She is also the founder of the *West Texas Poets*. She is currently pursuing a career in international politics, especially concerning human rights worldwide.

Joceelyn Mosman

Our Love Is Electric, Even During The Storm

I wanna discover the electricity
In your fingertips,
Fly a kite to witness your thunder storm,
I want to be a freaking scientist
And study your every inch
And watch how you light up
My universe.
I want to hold the key that fits
Comfortably into your locks.
I want to squeeze myself inside
Your comfort zone
And know that we are in there together.
In you, there is a blue sky
Full of images and
The sunrises remind me of home.
We can create lightning by shocking
Our families with our loving,
But hugging will always send more
Static electricity into my
Metallic heart than kissing.
We were never missing the point
Of holding our hands tight
And not letting go.

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Rainy days and storm clouds never
Stopped us from flying our kite
Because we were in love on
The bad days and in bed
On the good days.
We were always looking for ways
To discover something
Completely new and terrifying
And were never scared
Of the electricity of chemistry
Pulsing through our veins
Every time we accidentally touched.

Joceelyn Mosman

Fragile Woman

Women today are choking on
Their own self-loathing,
Bleeding out their pasts
Like their cells are ready
To jump off of bridges.
Suicide has been made out
To be sexy,
But sometimes,
Our slit wrists are
Severe weather alerts,
And we are sounding out
Our own unnatural disasters.
We bled until our palms
Were clasped together
Dripping our prayers
Onto cracked canvases.
Women today are keeping
Their hearts like angel wings,
Growing a feather with every
Heartbreak,
And I know women
Who are flying right now.
They bled out too many
Days without sunrises
And kept tally marks
On their flesh,
Waiting for their turn
To breathe again
Without having to bite their own tongues,

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And swallow down
The bloody saliva
That tasted like their unspoken
Self-defenses.
I know women whose DNA
Turned against them,
Created a pallet of brown
And grey and emptiness,
Never satisfied with their
Shade of pretty.
I know women whose
Hearts were breaking
Without the metaphor.
They were pleading
With any god out there
For a new heart before
Theirs erupted in the ER.
Cancer has a way of taking
Women's hearts,
And teenage girls are bleeding out
Broken futures.
I know women who are performing
Exorcisms on their own spirits,
Hoping that their unholy ghost
Paints their wings white
With every slice of the knife.
Fragile women,
Our bodies are made beautiful,
And self-destructive.
We weren't meant to bleed
Like martyrs.
Don't cast down your faces,

Joceelyn Mosman

But look into the places
Of your body
You've never seen before.
Every hair is a part of your halo,
And every scar is a rose petal
For you to garden
With your self-loving.
Fragile women,
We were born to be strong,
Ashes being relit
Into the fire
We started from.
Let our bruises become candles
Guiding our angels with broken wings
And misplaced spirits
Back home.

Meteor

Dedicated to William Stein

I have a hole in my chest
Where you landed,
A man who could speak more rhymes
Than anyone I'd ever met.
You made me believe I was special,
A star in your galaxy,
And you had me spinning
Through space.
You made me a daydreamer
Because I was less afraid
Of closing my eyes in the daylight
Than having night terrors
Where you were only a whisper
Of the man I remembered.
I remember that it rained that day,
Because the atmosphere was going
On strike against your absence
In my life,
But you were a ghostwriter
On my mother's birthday,
Painting a heart in the sky
To remind her
That it could be easily torn apart
By the breeze
And she needed to be more careful
With carrying it on her sleeve.
I think she buried a piece of it
Under your tombstone

Joceelyn Mosman

When your body turned to ashes,
But my mother is a gravedigger
During the holidays,
Bringing back up the old memories,
Talking you down out of
Black and white photographs.
But to me, you were just
Grandpa,
I knew you as the man who loved
Poetry and Charles Dickens
But still had storage space
In your heart
For me.
I didn't think I deserved to sit
In your lap when I was the
Young Grasshopper
Of a poet,
But you always encouraged me
To break through walls
With new words and metaphors.
My heart became the Ground Zero
To the disaster of your sickness.
It was a meteor bursting in slow motion
And my mother
Enveloped it into her womb.
The matriarch of my earth
Took in the broken shells,
Collecting the ashes as keepsakes.
But I only witnessed the aftermath,
A shrapnel flying 2,000 miles away
And telling me that poetry
Would be the only way to

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Wedge out the lost time.
I feel like I missed
The sighting of something
Earth shattering
Because you left my family
As a Pennsylvania reflection
To the storm you'd created.
I never hit words hard enough
In my poetry to feel like
I could ever wedge out the piece of you
Stuck in my curved vertebrae,
But I'm not sure I want to
Because my heart is a burial ground
Where I keep those I've loved and lost
And there's a tombstone
In the front with your name on it.
I'm sorry I'm not the poet I should be,
And I'm sorry I didn't get the chance
To say goodbye,
But I promise you,
I'll dedicate every poem to you
Until the day my own meteor
Hits the ground, exploding.

Joceelyn Mosman

Bluebird

I want my heart to grow wings
Like flowers grow new petals,
Blossoming in the sunlight,
And I want the chlorophyll
To run green in my bones,
Clinging to my veins,
And spilling out
Until I can fly.
I want to be hoisted atop
Broad shoulders,
Climbing larger boulders,
Finding rooftops as the next
Stepping stone on the ladder
To the heavens.
I wanna fly,
Let my veins tie themselves
To the feathers
And reach for the sky.
I want you to carry me
Like Daedalus carried his son,
Until I can carry myself.
I'm not asking to be
Your guardian angel,
I'm not asking to be
Your eagle,
I want to be free.
The sunrise is beckoning my name,
And so is the sunset.
Stop holding me down,
Stop holding me back,

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Stop holding me.
Let me reach until my feathered wings
Burn into the sun.
Let me fly until my heart grows weary.
You created a compass in me,
And I always know which way is home,
But don't limit me to the horizon.
I see the stars and the moon in your eyes,
And I'll be flying straight til dawn,
Letting my blood vessels wrap themselves
Around my blue feathers
Until the sky turns a different shade of blue,
Isn't it strange?
I've been flying higher
Than any mountain top for so long,
I've lost sight of the beauty surrounding me.
Blue oceans, blue skies, blue blood,
Color blind to my own dowry,
I miss the galaxies I saw in your deep blue eyes.
There's more than this atmosphere,
And I'm Icarus after all, flying too close
To the sun, burning up my sight,
My wings growing from my heart
Like petals from flowers.
Keep carrying me to rooftops at night,
And let me see the universe
In your eyes,
Let me watch the pink sunrise
In your heart.
It'll be filling the black hole
In mine.
Cut away the wings

Jocelyn Mosman

From my heart,
Sew them onto yourself,
Alis volat propiis.
They were yours all along.
You were the gardener,
Giving me fresh water to grow,
And nursing a sick bird back to health.
I was a blue bird,
Blind to affection and love,
Driven by ambition.
You were a fallen star,
A guardian angel,
And you're making me whole.
Fly on your own wings,
Show me a universe that
Starts with the word Love
And ends with the word
Recklessly.
I want to be flying
Like a blue bird in your heart,
Making tiny trails as reminders,
And singing to you
Miles and miles away,
You are my wings,
My veins drinking your love
Like chlorophyll.
There are so many constellations
I can voyage to through
The power of
Your kiss.

How to Love a Fat Girl

She's beautiful.
And everything I never could have imagined.

She's 23 and drinking whiskey
Before bedtime.
She said her dreams tasted better
When she drank.

Her hair was dyed a shade of red
And brown and black
Because rainbows are for
Promises, she said.
"God wouldn't lie."

She was 200 pounds
And curvy.

Her waist line was not large enough
To hold her heart,
But it was too large
To fit in a rectangular mirror.

She did not care about fitting
Into mirrors or boxes or bra sizes.

She said it felt better when she
Left her clothes in the drawers
And just walked around
Feeling her skin connect with nature.

Jocelyn Mosman

When I wanted to have sex with her,
She asked me, "Screw or make love?
There is a difference."

She did not turn off the light
To get undressed.

She's the most beautiful woman
I have ever witnessed.

Tattoos were strewn across her body
Like the Sistine Chapel.
I'd never seen art look so holy.

She took my hand and placed it
Just above her heart.
She told me that it beat a little faster
Because she might be slightly
Out of shape.

But how can a woman so strong
Be out of shape?
I told her that I loved her shape.
She laughed.

"Nobody loves a fat girl," she said.
"Women like us are supposed to
Fall in love with people like you."
She sighed. "We are supposed to fall
And we are supposed to stay down."

She's the most beautiful woman
I have ever met and yet she swore
That I did not love her.

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She swore that
I did not see her face turn pale
When she stepped onto a scale
Or in front of a mirror.

And that
I did not see her hold a knife
And a bottle of pills like a
Life line gone wrong.

I told her that I know
I did not see her pain and
I did not see her past.
I just saw a beautiful woman.

I told her
That's all I needed to see
To know how to love her.

Jocelyn Mosman

**James
Moore**

James Moore



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James Moore, currently waiting tables and struggling to keep his frustrations in check, was born and raised in Chesterfield, Virginia. Coming from a long line of Baptist preachers, auto mechanics, truck drivers and tobacco farmers, this college student was so inundated with stories that reading books became second nature by the time he was five.

Remember, remember, the Fifth of November, for that day in 1990 was the day in which our James was brought into the world, already with a full head of hair and a tuxedo tee shirt. Having begun cultivating an eclectic taste in films from Clint Eastwood to Guillermo del Tor to Quentin Tarantino, and pouring into the books of H. G. Wells and Jules Verne, young James knew that he was difference, and he began pouring the balance of that differentiation into a new form he discovered within himself: the tradition of the written word.

The poems and stories James writes were birthed by many mothers and fathers; the names of Charles Bukowski, Ray Bradbury, Eudora Welty and Mary Oliver are just a few noted examples. For James learns just as much from Orson Scott Card as he does from Edgar Allan Poe, and he isn't ashamed of how random his influences are. His stories and words are the stories and words of the lesser people, of the people who live in the darkness but remember the light.

Somewhere along the line James felt a hunger for the critical and the socio-political; when not creating visions of the maddening and the romantic, James often finds himself shaping treatises on the state of literature as he sees it as well as opinions on censorship and the current political landscape. These escapades often tire the young lion, so they are reserved for that grand time of ALWAYS.

James Moore

A Revised Song Of Solomon

Flood me with your sorrow,
and I will comfort you—
keep me inside you until
we can see each other again
& you will know
how to define love.

I am you, and you are me; we've come
to the place where
only exchanging hearts can redeem us here.

And I want to know you deeper,
get into the small
details of who you are,
tell you things that have never been told before.
I am alone, and so are you;
in our solitude we have prayed, but

now in our union we have broken the spiritual barrier.
You were wounded, & I can mend you—
lay upon me your burden, and know that
my heart can carry you back home before
you fall again in

pain. Though the mountains rise up
before your path, I can climb to place this
upon your broken soul:
just to highlight your smile, the pleasure

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& the peace of my smile touching yours,
I will come to you
for now and for always,
& I will promise to love you.

Come, to this sacred little place,
heal within my arms, and

be warmed by the presence of affection.
For ours is the love of the deep, the

zealous, the strength and the comfort.

James Moore

Reading Bukowski On The Waters Of Amelia, Virginia

It was the tenth printing of the
first hardcover edition
of his 1992 book *Septuagenarian*
Stew: Stories & Poems.

I never had a hardcover Bukowski
before—all the others
have been paperback reprints.

I read it while dad motors the boat,
looking for brim
and for catfish and for
a way to get in the shade
without hitting the bank.

Holding the Black Sparrow covers
in my hands,
between my fingers,

I am suddenly
more conscious of

the way that the boat rocks
back and forth
from the waves
and my dad's movement

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from one side to the other.

It is as though I am of two minds: one
keeps to the books and looks for
some kind of good line.

The other focuses on the water
for the very same thing

in not too far off places.

Replenishment

The quality of the life of the workers has known great
diminishment over the last
several centuries, but love has still been
kept a secret between the sacred few—
as workers were born children, educated and
made into men, and from there
led into war and peace, feast and turmoil,
darkness and light, they begin to realize just
what the nature of change is;
but still love grows, unyielding and even

unchanging in their hearts.
Not many have taken full advantage
of this fact, but still this

fact remains. And whether the man be worker
or a scholar, richer or poorer, in full
health or vast approaching death, still a
need arises within him whenever she smiles
upon him (as those clichés would have said,
thereby cheapening the miracle when-
ever it actually occurs). The music and

unspoken things passed between
one being and another—this is where the scripture of

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romance gets rewritten,
if only for that one man and the one
he's given himself over to;
& whether it were over several centuries,
or just this last week,
that first recognition of love
would still be just as fresh, from here
to eternity. The pleasures
yet unknown to the man,
whether he is a worker or a lover,
will assure him of the need
& the place of her love over
every other facet of his being, of his own

character, and of his path towards rebuilding the City of
Eden.

James Moore

Pursuit

I look for the Ark of the Covenant
within the pulse-scribbled manuscripts
left on my desk

The paper amulet
links a string of pearls through my marrow

Like temporal leeches gestating
into the inside track mind
through the ethereal womb ferry
& then opening Pandora's box

Romanticism

To be an artist means to never avert your eyes.

—Akira Kurasowa

We are creatures of the body;
this is the thing that schools have
forsaken, that we are creatures
of the moment, the passive sensuality which
buffers our reality amid all this chaos.

On this planet, we've handled
the balance between what exists
inside these walls back
home, and what bares down
outside our window—our minds
express this duality with so much
remorse for the smaller elements
flaking away from the completed sculpture.

In the poems we write,
hidden inside letters we send back home,
we remember what

once we'd forgotten;
our loves, forms of hatred,
desire and loathing
piling one atop of another
until we wonder whether we are the
good or the bad guys.

James Moore

On our bodies we write down every single
sensual excess, divulge in every analytical
channel we've come
to know as roads to better relationships,
abounding in understanding.

But, do we still know it as we know the first kiss,
that nostalgic sense
filling our lungs with fire
and tantalizing our loins before
we pitch ourselves completely towards
some old love before we have the time to think
about the consequences?

Our instruments needs to be read over,
tuned to voices out on the street
that calls us to travel down to
somewhere other than here—

we saw the dangers,
and we crafted old techniques
to counter them
as well as we can.

But we need
to return to our bodies,
court the space where we
dream, and go back
to the moment
when we were born,
when the body was new.

**Jackie
Allen**

Jackie Allen



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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.

Appalachian Royalty

White and angelic braids
wind a path around her weary head
echoing wisdom's ancient maturity
while flowing and crinkling lines
weave imprints of toil and travails
across her sensitive
and weathered,
sun-kissed face.

Her loosened hair, once an adornment,
is now a tousled mess.

Brown leathered hands
slowed by decades of moving towards arthritis
reflect her half century life as a coal miner's wife
carrying buckets of mountain stream water
and making lye soap,
scrubbing clothes on the washboard,
hoeing corn, plucking chickens,
bearing children and braiding her hair.

Wrinkled and heavily veined
her stiffened hands now seldom move from her lap.

Tall and regal, she once carried herself with pride,
accompanied by a gentle passport of love and kindness
as she traveled by horseback or on foot the mountains
of Appalachia and its hollows down below.
All are but fading memories now
as she wanders mostly in her mind,
wanting and waiting to go home...
wondering, when will she hear the call.

In Heaven's Keep

Wandering through the mountains high
shadow glanced upon a water stream
flowing out from the rugged hillside.
Cold and frightful was the breeze
like thunder before the storm,
with streaks so bold, painting the sky.

Shadow's silence weeped, ghostly mocking
the length of days so diminished, sunny
scenes passed beneath gray clouds
while some winged their southern route,
the plan designed by heaven's architect...
the tapestry, the fabric of the season.

Ancient and twisted trunks of time
hoary vines twined themselves wrapped
tightly around glistening heart's sleeve...
stained with scant secrets serving up
treasured tints, tarnished drab gold ...
some secrets faded rust, dark and old.

Arms, some branches bare, denuded,
hovered over above the carpeted scene...
some switchback sorrows lay beneath
fearfully forming dark fringed feet, and
moistened by reason's tears and fears,
the season lay fading in heaven's keep.

Jackie Allen

The Divergent Path

Perils of contagion, strife,
jealously ...strong taste,
most foul, lust leaves
bitter dregs, life of animosity,
some satiety hung about
their necks like golden trophies.

Like taste of some pleasure,
some scent of wrongs,
some "should have's" lingered, nay,
not very long.

Bold perversity upon shoulders
waged vile, dark actions
some considerable voice...
much like evil's consequence.

Like mad dogs
who are despised,
scorned, and
beneath contempt,
still they sought malicious
unholy ways.

Waiting All Night

The night wailed. It stealthily snaked
Back broken, coal smoking,
Around the thighs of the mountain.

The thin sliver of silvery moon
Hid its face, helpless to fill with gold
The pockets, which wore misery's face.

In sacrificial sacks such brave men,
Armed, picked at seams of black gold
And braved forth on cracked backs of will.

Somehow, to the brim, sorrow filled
Worn caution-coats, their pockets
Split and torn by tears and years.

Melancholy coffins, the ancient tales, told
Of fingers, ghost like, young and old, life
Damned by embers, their ashes of little worth.

Wounded like worthless worn out currency,
Slippery like oil of slithering snake, the weapon
Of stifled breath was a thief who never confessed.

Like brilliant stars who fear loss of sight
Charred currency stained, blighted the night.
Hearts crumpled and wept with despair.

Fading life, despite the hope of angels who
Shone snowy white against the dark night, death
Claimed them, far too fast, life's common plight.

Jackie Allen

So too, the men, their youth, their dreams
Their future downcast, their senses clouded,
Buried by coal's cold burden, storm-veiled in grief.

Though some remnants survived, they the ones
Below with coal, and those above with goals, prayed,
Bowing their respective heads, they waited.

They waited all night long.

Over a Cup of Coffee

I'm standing behind the stove, fresh
mountain air playing with the curtains,
dreaming of a paycheck at fifty cents an hour.
I'm flipping flapjacks, pouring syrup, placing
a cherry on top of the creamy mountain
white, placing a cup of joe, steaming hot~
thank you black...in front of him.

I'm in the city, now, yes, the capital... I think
this must be paradise... sidewalks, stores, buses,
taxis, so many people, like I've never seen before.
The men, the boys, back in the rugged hills
are fast enough, a bit rude, a bit crude, with only
a few things on their mind, hunger and eating
young girls, like me, alive.

Brown eyes is toying with me, mocking, I think.
"Hey, Little Bit!" Have the cows back there ever
grown front legs to match the ones in the rear?"
Puzzled, confused, my face a mirror of naiveté,
of uncertainty, I politely ask the gentleman,
"Whatever do you mean?" And he, "Don't cha
come from the mountains, girl?"

Not so fast, I tell myself, lest I fall into the sinkhole
of type-casting. I take an order~ Two eggs
over easy, a side of bacon, toast with jelly.
"Yes sir, coming right up!" Into the kitchen
I go, fears mounting. How ever did I get this job?
I don't know how to cook, and besides,
what is "over easy"?

Jackie Allen

The steaming room, tucked back like a hollow in between the mountains, the sides too close, I fear my sins will soon be found out. “Out of here Little Bit, this is my kitchen and don’t you ever forget it!” Backing out, in respect, relieved, “O, yes mam! Thank you, mam,” And then, he caught my eye.

“I hear you’re Little Bit, so how come you’re here in the big city, far away from the mountains?” I smiled, looked up into his big blue eyes, and drawled my mountain twang, and said, “Eye’s just come hear to get me a man, and the Good Lord willin, and if fen the creek don’t rise, I do believe, I’ve found one!”

**Neville
Hiatt**

Neville Hiatt



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Neville Hiatt was born in a small country town in the south eastern corner of Australia. Growing up he spent as much time in worlds created by other authors as the one he was born into. From having speech therapy as a child he went on to spend a decade working in radio which took him around the globe. After a life changing accident he has used his imagination to not only continue living in this world but share a bit of joy with others along the way.

Neville Hiatt

to the son I never knew

How do you mourn a son you never knew
how do you count the candles you never blew
how do you know you love a white Christmas when you've
never seen the snow
so many memories that were only ever dreams
so many thoughts that will never be shared
I sit surrounded by all these flowers
and say your name aloud but it falls on deaf ears
I never got to hold your hand,
or create artworks with you in the sand
I never got to teach you how to kick the ball,
or watch you get up after your first fall
I sit in this field of flowers and trace your name
etched into the rock
and wonder how different my life would have been
would I have lived with your mum,
would I have been a great dad
so many questions that will never be answered
you'd be 12 today, yet here you lay
12 years I could have spent calming your fears
12 years I've spent drying my tears
so many memories that were only ever dreams
so many dreams that never got to be memories
love dad.

I am

If the saying what doesn't break you only makes you
stronger were true then,

I am Hera for I have survived divorce

I am Mars for I have survived being raped

I am Isis for I have survived miscarriage

I am Anubis for I have lost loved ones

I am Demeter for I have survived a drought

I am Fortuna for I have survived financial ruin

I am Mercury for I have survived being kidnapped

I am Apollo for I was born deaf

I am Poseidon for I have survived a flood

I am Vulcan for I have survived bushfires

I am Ares for I have survived war

but if truth be told I am merely human and this is life

Neville Hiatt

The Clock

I'm a time bomb waiting to explode
tic toc tic toc
I'm a volcano of anger waiting to erupt
tic toc tic toc
I'm a dam of tears waiting to flood
tic toc tic toc
I'm a wounded boy trying to cope
toc tic toc tic
I'm a successful buisness man trying to survive
toc tic toc tic
I'm a lonely son trying to teach my dad how to be a father
toc tic toc tic
I'm an alcoholic
hic toc hic toc
I'm a workaholic
tictoctictoctictoctoc
I was abused
I was violated
I was abandoned
tic thwock tic thwock
I was
I am
tic toc
toc tic

blue french horn forever

I spent years listening to your song
but now the last note has been played
you weaved a tune so captivating
I held my breathe between each verse
wondering what tale the next section would tell
I laughed, I cried, I even high fived,
all in all it's been legendary
So many hooks over the years kept me
coming back for more
but now the final note has been played
promises were made and friendships challenged
yet the whole world tuned in as you took your final bow
love wove it's unpredictable hand throughout
the city skyscape changed in the time
it took to tell your tale
and now that the curtains have closed your memory
will live on in the hearts and minds that witnessed it all
blue french horn forever

Neville Hiatt

26

if 26 letters is all I have,
how can I tell of everything you mean to me
the countless times you've helped me through,
if this is all I have
how do I count the ways you've loved me
if 26 letters is all I have
if I learnt to write in another language
could I express myself more
if I never learnt to speak another language
would you hear my heart any less
26 letters is it enough to make you hear me
5 vowels 21 consonants jumbled up on a page
what do your eyes see, what does your heart feel
I check the spelling, making sure the punctuation is in place
but is it enough, these 26 letters
if I wrote it in braille would it touch your heart the same
by pen or in crayon does it matter
26 letters jumbled up on a page
I love you is all I have to say, but is it enough.

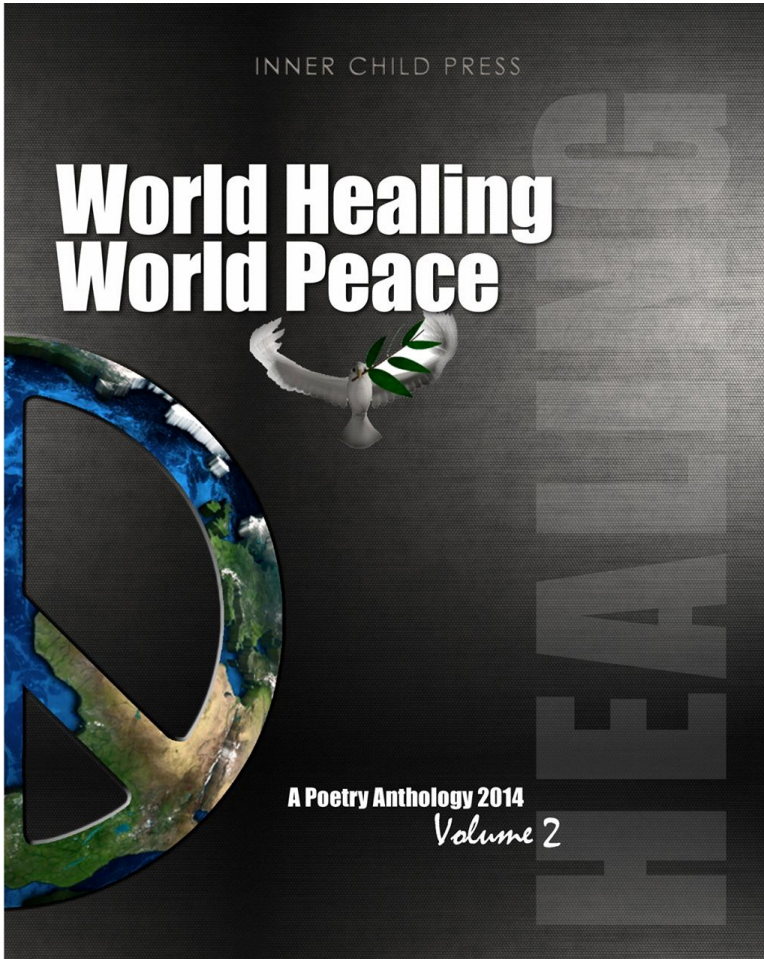
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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

Samie 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.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

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The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

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Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
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August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

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Tony Henninger
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August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

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The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

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Gail Weston Shazor
Albert "infinite" Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
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Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

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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
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the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

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April 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shezor
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
Kimberly Burnham
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Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

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The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

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February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

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January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

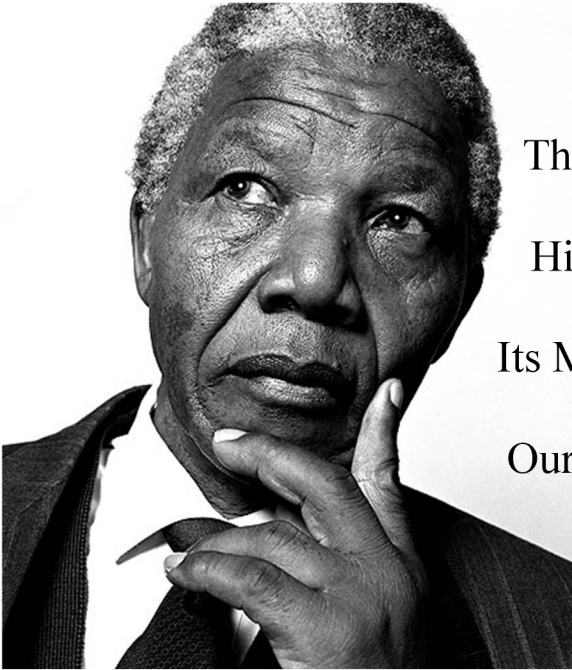
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Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
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Janet P. Caldwell
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Tony Henninger
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Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

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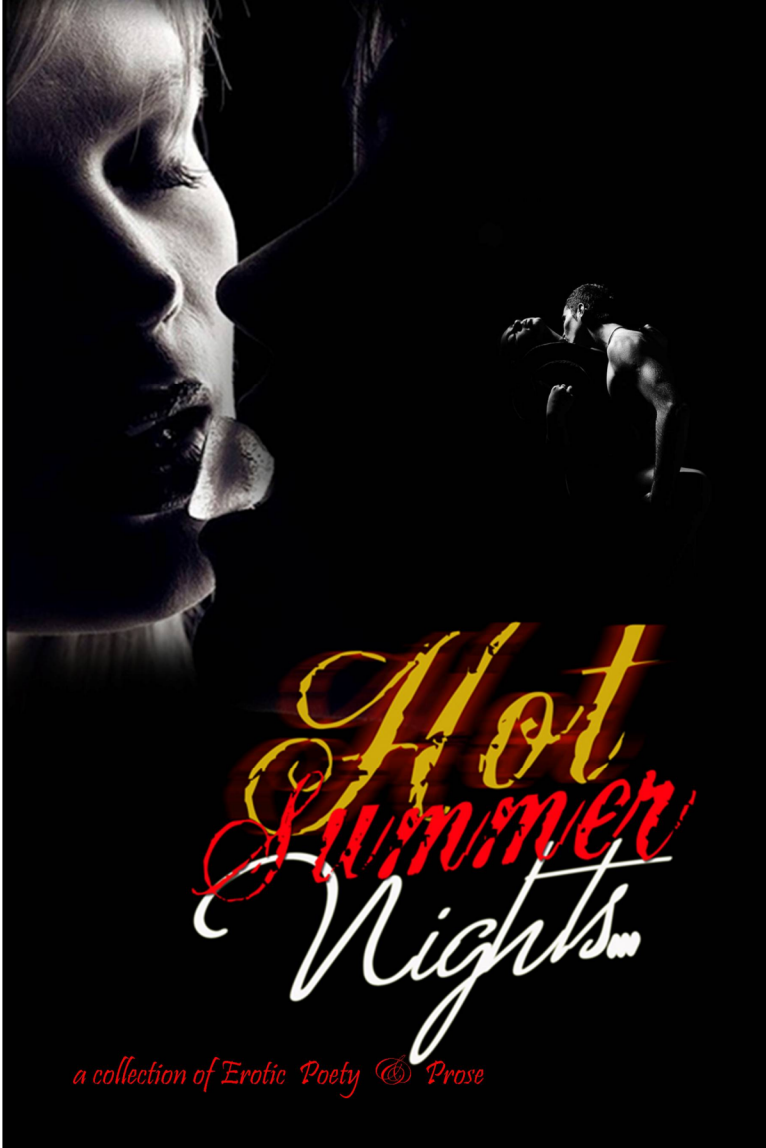
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healing through words

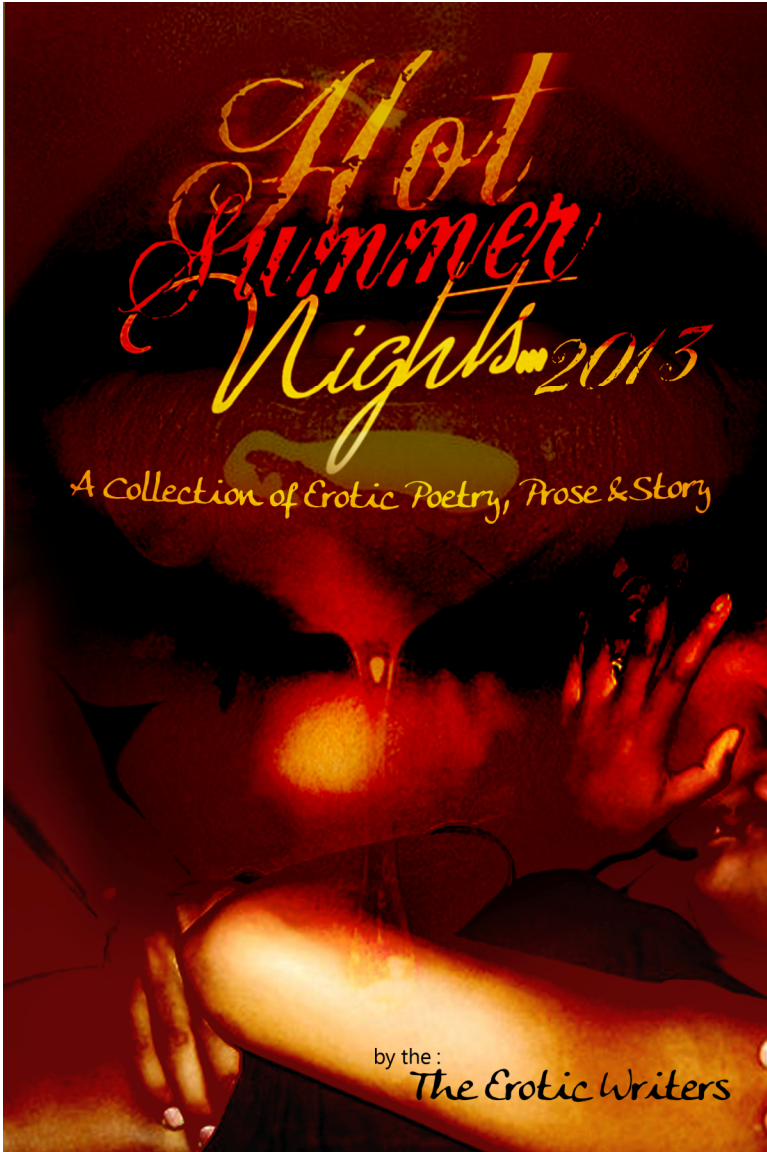


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

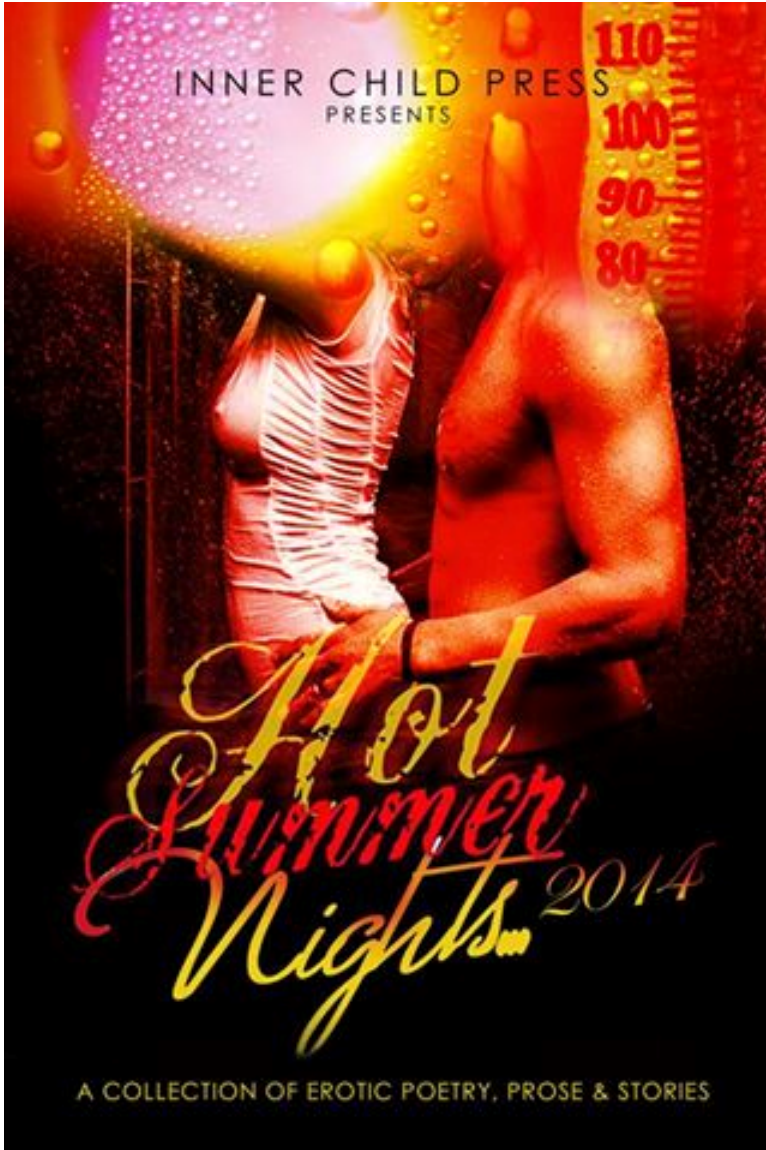
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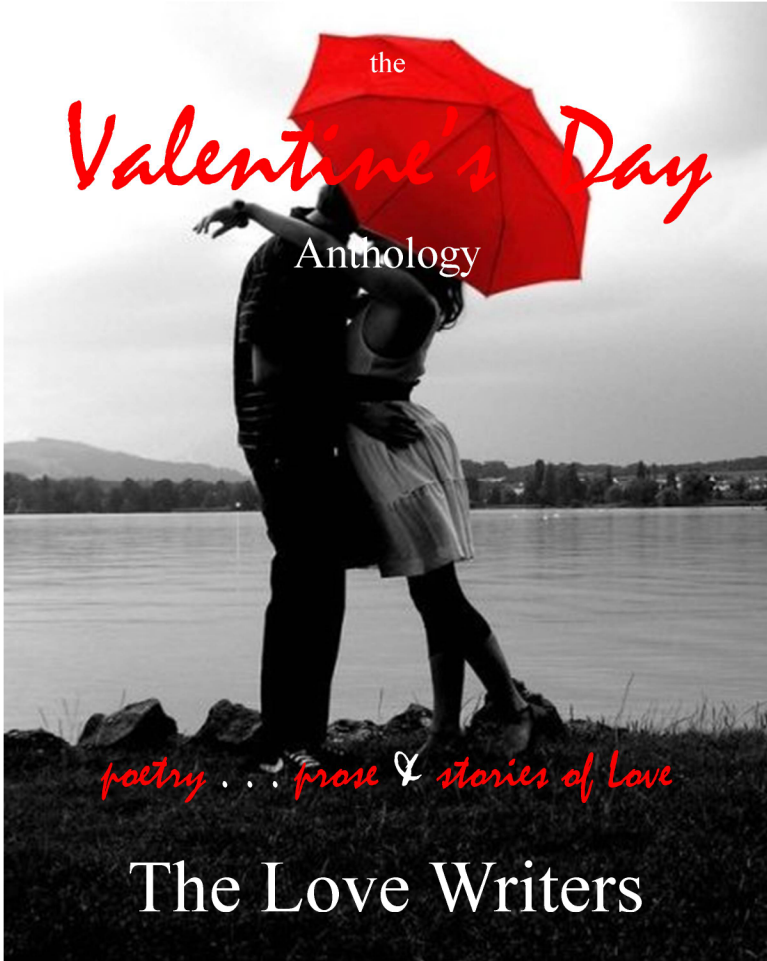
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to . . .

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Monte Smith



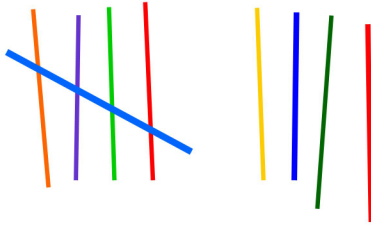
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11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

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Poetry Dancer

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~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse



November Feature Poets



Jocelyn Mossman



Jackie Allen



James Moore



Neville Hiatt



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