

The Year of the Poet III

October 2016

Featured Poets

Usha Krishnamurthy

James Moore

Lana Joseph

Barn Owl

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sattawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghee
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The
Year
of the
Poet III

October 2016

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Pass 2016

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Albert Carrasco

Teresa E. Gallion

Hülya N. Yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Elizabeth Castillo

Jackie Davis Allen

Alicia Cooper

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

Janet P. Caldwell

Jen Walls

Demetrios Trifiatis

Alan W. Jankowski

Nizar Sartawi

Caroline Nazareno

Alfreda Ghee

William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information
The Year of the Poet III
October 2016 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2016

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

Publisher Information

1st Edition : Inner Child Press
intouch@innerchildpress.com
www.innerchildpress.com

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

Copyright © 2016 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13 : 978-0997845976 (Inner Child Press, ltd.)

ISBN-10 : 099784597X

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Janet P. Caldwell

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Janet P. Caldwell was a Mother, Mate, Grandmother and friend to countless souls. Janet was a Valentine's Day Baby, born February 14th 1959. This explains the beauty and depths of her uniquely wonderful heart and its unlimited capacity to love. Janet was also a Social Activist who utilized her writing, keen insights and empathy for Humanity's cause and Justice to make a lasting impact on many souls globally. She was particularly fond of her involvement and donations to 3rd world countries. She loved contributing to the digging of wells for consumable water in Africa.

As far as her writing and related accomplishments ... She is the author of 3 books and she has one on the way. She has participated in numerous anthologies (over 50) and is / has been a member of The Poetry Posse since its inception in January of 2014, a venue where a book a month has been published. She also served as Managing Editor of Inner Child Magazine since its inception on February 2013. She served on the executive board of all things Inner Child to include Inner Child Press where she was instrumental in the launching

of many careers for new authors. She performed duties such as counseling, proof reading, editing and publicity. She along with William S. Peters, Sr. is the founder of the World Healing, World Peace Poetry movement which is a bi-annual published work aimed at elevating the global consciousness of humanity through poetry. In 2015 she was selected along with many other world class poets to attend and participate in The Kosovo International Poetry Festival as a representative of the United States and Inner Child Press. There she was blessed to meet so many other wonderful souls dressed as poets from all over the world.

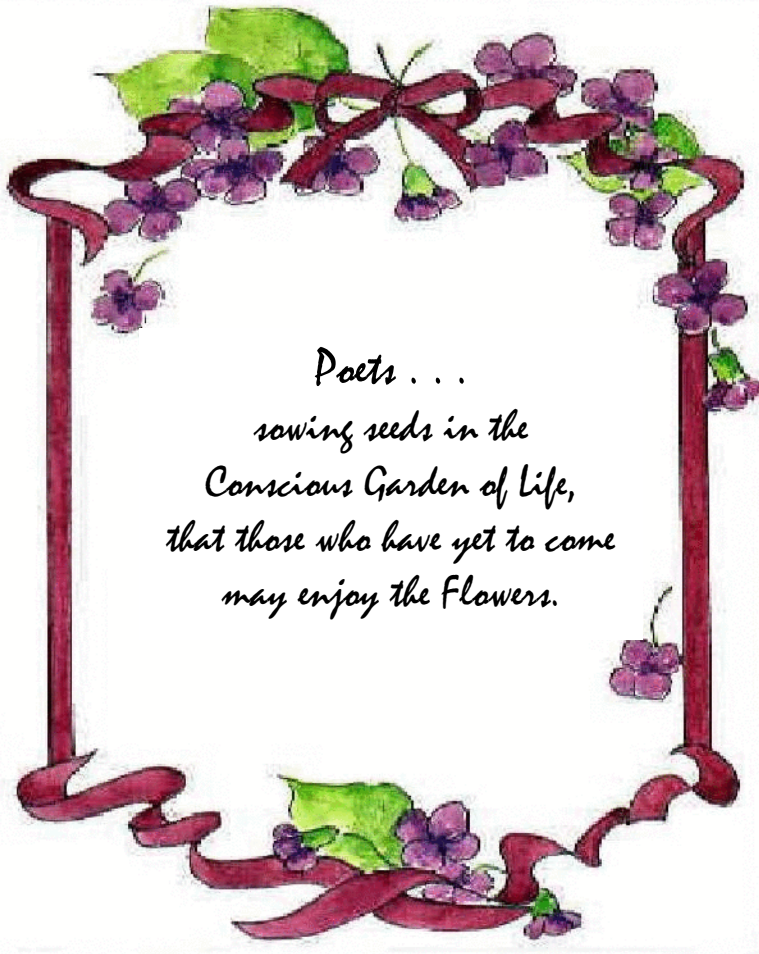
Janet also served as an Executive and Radio Talk show host on the Inner Child Radio Network from 2011 until 2014, which included Heaven Speak, The Hump Day Show, Conversations, Fryday Nyte Spitz and the morning sessions of The Hour of Power where she along with Bill moderated discussions of empowerment, spirituality and consciousness through the teachings of The MasterKey studying paradigm and other related materials. This was also from 2011 until 2014. Janet was a member and supporter of many writing, empowerment, spiritual and consciousness organizations via Social Media and wherever she could lend a hand / heart of encouragement and

unique brand of embrace and love to and for others. Janet was always there for whomever needed a helping, loving hand. Her physical presence will be missed greatly, but many will carry her spirit in their hearts for all eternity. She made a difference . . . and still does !!!

R.I.P. my beloved . . .

[Janet Perkins Caldwell](#)

February 14th 1959 ~ September 20th 2016



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

Preface

Dear Family, Friends and Readers,

It is with a heavy heart that we publish this issue of The Year of the Poet . . . but we must press on. This is the way she, Janet would want for us to go . . . forward.

This month we are dedicating this volume of poetry to our beloved and dearly departed Janet Perkins Caldwell. In her absence we honor her life and the great and vast contributions she has made to Life, Love and Humanity.

There is not much else to say that will not evoke a torrent of tears, so i will keep it simple. Following is a poem i wrote in her memory and my unmeasurable love for dear Janet.

Additionally, Janet will be the feature at Inner Child Magazine : www.innerchildmagazine.com. We have made available as a FREE Download two of her three books for your enjoyment of her poetry. Print copies are available as well. Also in this series, The Year of the Poet, Janet's work is available as a FREE Download for every published

volume since The Poetry Posse's inception in January 2014.

Each Month until the end of 2016, i will publish 3 of Janet's poems here.

I give you my love . . .

Bless Up

Bill

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

I want my poetry to . . .

For more finite information, please visit :

www.innerchildpress.com/i-want-my-poetry-to-volume

**For Free Downloads of Previous Issues of
The Year of the Poet**

www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet

moment void

dedicated to you dear heart . . . Janet P. Caldwell

after the sun has set
and the world journeys
towards its need for solitude and peace
my soul reaches one last time
for the invigoration
that your light affords

to sleep can be unsettling
for each time one closes one's eyes
there is a transition,
and slight adjustment
made by soul

my love for you
is beyond comprehension
for it has a depth
that only God knows

the magnitude of your absence
i am learning moment by moment
day by day,
thought by thought

i feel your presence
as you abide just beyond my feeble sight
to let me know
that you have not left us,
no, you just shed that finite old body
you wearily carried around . . .
for so long

we shall embrace
when i arrive
and again we will know
of the mutuality
of our love
as we traverse the darkness
with our light

at this moment
there appears a falsehood
which i call the void
where the illusions of this world
scamper to deny the realities
of creation infinitum . . .

for i know
that which is created
by the hands of perfection
can never be destroyed
nay, we were created for eternity's purpose

wait for me by the pathway
in the garden
and i shall join thee
when my way and my work
is done

© 27 September 2016 : william s. peters, sr.

www.iamjustbill.com

Foreword

As we approach the last quarter of 2016, I reflect on the range of the lyrics shared in each Year of the Poet Anthology. I have so many enlightened messages floating in my memory garden. Each Posse member gives from the heart a scenario of moments in time and space that impact us as the stories of humankind are told.

The Posse blends light and sound into textures and colors that contribute to raising the consciousness of the planet. This gathering of poets is representative of the outward differences of people walking the earth and the underlying sameness of love available to all humanity. You may reach out and touch the words to feel the massage of perspectives.

As a committed group of writers, the Posse members continue to expand their legacies with the gift of the word to the universe. Current and future generations of readers are likely to wonder into this diverse space and find words that touch the core of their individual souls.

Much fruit for thought is permanently engraved on the pages of this anthology. You, yes you the reader, have the opportunity to partake of the ripe fruit here. Take some time to engage the muses singing between these pages as you begin your walk into autumn. They have something to say to all of us.

Blessings

Teresa E. Gallion

INNER CHILD PRESS

WORLD HEALING
WORLD PEACE
2016



A Poetry Anthology for Humanity

Now Available at . . .

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

~ wsp

Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>xi</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>xv</i>

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Janet P. Caldwell	11
Jackie Davis Allen	19
Albert Carrasco	25
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	31
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	39
Kimberly Burnham	47
Elizabeth Castillo	55
Alfreda D. Ghee	61
Nizar Sartawi	67
Jen Walls	75

Table of **C**ontents . . . *continued*

Hülya N. Yılmaz	81
Teresa E. Gallion	89
Demetrios Trifiatis	95
Alan W. Jankowski	103
Caroline Nazareno	109
Alicia C. Cooper	117
William S. Peters, Sr.	125

October **F**eatures 139

Lana Joseph	141
Usha Krishnamurthy R	151
James Moore	157

Other **A**nthological **W**orks 169

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

~ wsp



The
Year
of the
Poet III

October 2016

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

Author of . . .
"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"
&
Notes from the Blue Roof
available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor
www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor
navypoet1@gmail.com

Death has Spared me Yet Again

Death has spared me over yet again
I do not think of death often
I plan my days for the next and the next
Without the thought that it is not promised
For in my small idea of humanity
I am not finished with the dreamtasks
I have stored in my head
And my 51 years are fortunate
The non-discriminatory timeframes
That border our waking and sleeping
Our rest and activity, our praying and praising
I do not think of death often
I wish to think that it doesn't think of me either
That somewhere the reaper is too busy
To give notion to my threads
And time keeps on moving
Whilst it attends to other tasks of fate
The words come heavy with dry breath
At the mention of death
As if any of us could escape notice
By only whispering its name
Without the fanfare that could draw attention
To what time we have remaining

I hold no notion that I will not die
And when I am forced to think on it
It is always with the thoughts of
Those I will leave to live without me
For even I know that death is for the living
The finality of the last breath
Does nothing for the breather

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

And the pain ceases with the end of mortality
On this day and in this week
Death has brushed by raising the hairs on my neck
And I realize that I am sad for me
Sad for everyone who feels the touch of ending
Old and young alike, freed from the bondage of dreams
From remembering what is was like to be near
The vibrancy of love and community
No one knows what will happen
Or even when it will happen
But because of this week, we know it will happen
Whether we do or do not think on death often

You Better tell Sumbody

Awaking fine
Death passed quietly
Beyond doorposts
Painful movements
Exchanging grimaces
To smiles
Singing justly
I am alright
Because it's
Worrying no
No stressing
Praising yes
Better
Tell
To
Sumbody

To
Tell
Better
Yes praising
Stressing no
No worrying
It's because
Alright am i
Justly singing
Smiles to
Grimaces exchanging
Movements painful
Doorposts beyond
Quietly passed death
Fine awaking

Goodbye

The mirror broke
I turned my head slowly toward the sound
Incomprehensible as it seemed
Unconsciously surreal
Not once had I given thought
To its possible insecurity

The air moved around my feet
The mirror broke
The old lady in the market might say
That someone in my house
Was about to die
But I live alone, you see
Still I gathered all the pieces
That I could sweep up
And put them in a cloth

The water is heading south
The air moved around my feet
The mirror broke
Carefully standing in the moving current
I lowered the cloth into the ocean
This is what a dawtah is supposed to do
I waited for the feeling to pass
That had begun in the kitchen
And moved slowly across my scalp

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

I swear I heard you sigh
The water is heading south
The air moved around my feet
The mirror broke
70 times seven you have been waiting
To leave this place
The wind has changed and your soul is released
I see you, moving towards home

Whirlpool

The
Middle
Endless pool
Seems to deepen
Upon each wading
Such is meant for testing
The heat and depth of itself
Feet first, into the center, wet
Not heeding all the written markers
For all in this realm that you most desire
Un-con-nect-ed-ness is our biggest fear

Love Letters

Of

... All the

..... Things you gave

..... To me, these I will

..... Always remember

..... That you loved me when

..... When I was unbearable

..... That you listened always

..... Without a comment

..... And that we saw

... The moon

Rise

*Janet
Perkins
Caldwell*

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

To contact Janet

www.janetcaldwell.com



*In the darkness of my life
I heard the music
I danced . . .
and the Light appeared
and I dance*

Janet P. Caldwell
Dancing Toward the Light

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Dance with me atop the hill
as the sun sets . . .
casting dancing shadows
but not of doubt and fear.

If I really look, I see
a celebrated Ballerina
smiling and dancing for me.
I hear the orchestra play
in my heart, now so clear.

Dance with me in the valley
as the moon kisses the sky
and the stars . . .
are twinkling bright
way on high.

The moon is magical
with it's embracing
and bathing light.
Radiating love . . .
look at us, look at me
I am shining and free.

Finally . . .
I am dancing
as my birthright is uncovered
jumping and hovering
dancing toward the light
as was meant to be.

Rivers of Life

She lowered her pail

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

down an old well
hoping to pull up water
or something . . .
to quench her thirst.

Parched and weak
she tugged on the rope
in hopes . . .
that she'd at last
get her fill.

During the quiet of her
tugging and struggling
then the raspy gasp
of her breath.

She heard a noise
and looked about.

She eyed a rolling river nearby
and dropping her pail
from her weakened grasp
to the ground . . .
her exhausted body . . . fell.

She began to crawl toward the rippling sound
of a Source that had been in view all along
had she had only looked.

Making her way
to the rivers edge
she rolled off the bank
and into the gushing

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

rushing water . . .
no time for wondering
how long it had been there.

She bathed and she drank
and popped water bubbles
with her toes.

If she'd payed attention
employed her consciousness
she would have known
the fun of it all.

The babbling brook
emptied into this river
all for her . . . if she'd only looked.

How long has it been here?

Gifts

The gift of love

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

that you gave
So willingly
eternally
is a . . .
Precious, precious
gift to me
you see.

I am honored
to accept . . .
and to fully embrace
this gifted grace
that you gave to me.

You see . . .
I have longed for this
yes this . . .
this kind of love's expression
love without reservation.

This freedom . . .
to be
your partner
is more than I
would have dreamed.

And with no hesitation
or trepidation
to you . . .
I give it back.

I dine on your love
that is a cherished fruit
far above . . .
rubies or gold

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

as was foretold
aeons ago.

Now . . .

I am satiated
invigorated
and yes you've
ingratiated
yourself to me.

You have endeared
yourself to my heart.
Again and again.

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

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

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

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

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

In Gentle Increments

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

The time has come to choose which path to take,
Lay aside all broken promises and make today
The day you choose to begin your journey anew.

Life is for the living and love returns with the giving.
And in the act of sharing and forgiving, the days
Are made worth the living in relationship with others.

Take down the barriers, lift up the drawn shades,
Unwrap the present because today is what you have.
Tomorrow may come, or it very well may not.

So, search deeply within the crevices and corners
Depending not on the new year to fashion your list.
Change is effected only if one choses to invest.

Step out, one foot at a time, in gentle increments.
Avail yourself with the wherewithal to live a life
Half full rather than one, that is sadly, half empty.

Remember to replenish your cup, be kind to the one
Who walks in your shoes, pray often for neighbors,
Be good to them, remembering to include yourself.

Heaven's Blessing

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

It was as if..
yes, it was if as from
out of a long held desire,
she reappeared as a gift.
Like an angel in disguise,
she arrived, descending
from out of the blue
on wings of mutual memory.
Coming as an answer
to an unspoken prayer, she came
With love and compassion,
sacrificing herself and giving
freely of her talents and gifts.
She was overcome
with heaven's blessings
when she realized that the spirit
she was to revive was that
of her very own.

Vitality

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Despite the isolating darkness, blue,
she longed to open her heart's arms
to embrace the warm potential of the day's
early delight. Her vitality flipped and flopped.

She was like a fish, a hook in its mouth.

So frigid were the waters that slept beneath
the secrets of the dark chasm's night;
no comfort coming forth to gently brush
its tender kiss against her coldest white.

Adrift, she struggled to rise from its grave.

Alas, the pain, buried deep within her heart,
wept. It broke its silence while its waves,
rocking and rolling, crashed and tossed
her about. She was floundering, foundering,

When I found her she was a ship run aground.

And you, once compatriot to my darling, you
ought to know that love withheld exacts a steep
price. And, still you dare ask me why she finds
her vitality in the solace and comfort of my arms?

Albert
Carrasco

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

They are bullet proof

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

No matter how many times attempted murderers shoot... they shall not shatter. they are my motivation, the reason for my maintained sanity. Whenever life gets to me I look at them and they move me, they offer me continuous momentum to reach them. They are mine, so I do what needs to be done for me, because when I reveal them to others, they often seem blind. I'll always be there to lend a helping hand to my brother man, hateful emotions don't live here, from the beginning of time I've always did what I can for people whether it was complex or simple, I was always that go to individual. Right now I'm more focused than ever, they're getting closer and closer, it's been a while, but thinking of infinite possibilities makes me want to smile. I know how it feels to not have, then have, then not have again it's time that cycle ends, I'm going to grasp them ever so tightly so I can start to begin without regression. I've been chasing them since I was twelve, I fell many times and watched others fail many times, falls and failure cut and scarred my heart, I'm forty four and I'm closing the gap between my dreams and goals for a restart, a new beginning...I refuse to let them break apart.

Kings table

I gotta sit at the table and start a seance so i can converse with the deceased for guidance.

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

My kin builds with me and points me in the right direction when i start to go left due to frustration, they correct me when i contemplate on making certain decisions.

The voices of kings of the past keep me on the positive path because I'm the face of those that passed.

I sit at one end, the other is my father, on both sides... the chairs are full with my brothers that are statistics of Homicide.

I'm alone in these streets, carrying the world on my shoulders is putting a lot of pressure on my feet and i need to ease the weight.

I need them to show me our next move, I'm not built to be stagnated, I'm a waterfall of wisdom...kinetic, I constantly need to be moving, standing still is losing, it's like idling in a race of time without racing.

They speak, i listen, then orchestrate the plans of the late. Bring on the challenges and the trials and tribulations, I need them to increase my momentum, without them I'll fall into the category of regression.

If i don't experience new things i won't be able to continue to be an armarian of urban scriptoriums.

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . .

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

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

LOST PASSION

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

You were poetry to me You were art
Time within your lines were heaven sent
I can barely feel you when I'm near you
When I'm away the passion fades
I'm feeling forced on a course to nowhere
I know you're out there
Waiting
Vacating my mind
I want to dance one final time

Faded glory is not the story here
I've made my oars seek the shore you are near
I'm speaking poetry here, as abstract as my mind is
As absent minded to what my heart gives
I know you live in me
Passion found on the ground beneath me
The color of leaves turning so sweetly

Cool morning air, then the rush of heat
Passion tries to speak
Lines from my pen are pending
Love for me is always ending
Thoughts beyond comprehending
What's real and what's pretending
A conversation with the mirror did no justice
Maybe I'm clogged up and need some roughage
Passion is a tough kid
I need it back to help me live

My passion has been thrashing like the deadliest catch Never able to
grab a hold always missing the match
This is not an act

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

I've lost the drive
Passion is the only thing that keeps me alive
I've lost it at a cause that just boggles the mind
Passion caught me napping and I've lost what was mine

“WOE IS ME”

The Poe in me sees a little raven

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

I've been craving to write passages
I've been relaxing in a dead poet's society
Alas poor Yorick I knew him
Yet there's an irony in seeing him being hatched
Has he birthed a novel bookmarked by the candles flame?
Is he born again, where's the inkwell to his pen
An abundance of quills as was his jest
A closed book test, His Lenore is at rest
A futile quest for death is final on this plain
Like a wisp of smoke from an extinguished flame
Woe is me, poor is me, sore am I from the labor
Oh pen be my savior
Nevermore is not what's in store for me
Just a precise and decisive delivery

PRO FOUL

I look upon your image and wonder if it's you
So unlike anyone so not the average dream

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

There are no links to like more pictures
Yet the pictures are worthy of price
Are you some app hacked into my device
Maybe you're just a lonely woman
Who knows what some men want to see
You present these images with words that fit them
and I wonder if it's you
Your profile pictures are rarely clear
And very near to perfection
Your selection of wording has me sorting
Through so many images of you
But is it you?
No comments or slips of any kind
It's like you knew I'd be trying find
That name with the face
You make the case it shouldn't matter
I've seen profiles with bits of clatter
But you made me want to know
Your poetry flows deep in my heart
I want to match the face to the art
Am I friends with a shopping cart?
I think not, yet I know not who you really are
Or am I not believing and you're not deceiving me
You're just as beautiful as you appear to me
Then WOW!
You're profile is not Pro Foul
I've heard you had a southern accent, and bell you are
Maybe it's best I'm not so sure

For I have no desire to take it far
I've seen those baby doll faces and I know what their age is
They attract a certain type to their pages
There's purity to your scents and sages
Maybe I'm being outrageous

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

But I'll tell you this, I respect this mist you're under
This fog, this illusion, I'm confused and it's done
I still want that one shot that says yes this is me
I'd be so relieved so free of this anxiety
Over 5 years you've been a friend to me
There are others like you I don't care to see
I like a little mystery like a moat to keep them shallow free
I just need a little pinch of your reality
Or am I blind to what was never hidden
Because Baby I'm not kidding
You're one of the most beautiful poets that's ever written

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

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

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

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

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

<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

buffoons..,

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

rule because lands of fools
want them to
they don't get what they need to
but what they deserve to
because their narrow minds are housed
in their wide behinds
all bull\$#!+ seems sublime
since they were misled by their father's,
uncles, cousins, neighbors, friends
some alive, some dead
that their peeps/folk were " Better Then "
so anybody who didn't fit the imagery
of what dem folk/peeps be, on sight were
summarily " dem " as opposed to me/we
so you get buffoons who rule lands of fools
who attended uneducated schools
offend with their love of buffoonery
dem deaf, dumb, blind would be led by orange
orangutan
the kind who bare their whole pink behind hole
and from it blow all the things fools need to know

food4thought = education

dem..,

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

strained and strained opened up
the gates of hell and the demon
jinn fled and spread among mankind
pissed on the earth and it was toxic
mist with a twist of juices from devilheads
imbedded evil infectious deadly disease
in the hearts and minds of living beings
those who spiritual immune systems
simply did not exist
so that any semblance of peace on earth
cease and desist
such is the beast tongue kiss
all the way to your toes, make you sweat
death beads that fertilize like seeds for
planting puss oozin' trees
boils ballooned all over earth's landscape
the virgin's all been raped
such is the regrettable fate of once was
the human race
arrogance, ignorance they embraced
such a waste of the mercy bestowed from
undeserved grace
haste made waste in the fast pace
all because dem didn't submit in the first place

food4thought = education

FOR JANET

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

She..,
was an elusive butterfly
comes to mind
hot buttered soul
some samples
for example..,
inspire dem who possess
fire
light dem path to thread
unpaved
exploring routes that bring
expression out from hidden
suppression
in ways flavor emerge unique
to the taste
bringing joy to the heart
smile on face
then like it came disappears
without trace
to resurface another time,
from another place
gifts bestowed from
unseen,
that which mankind
don't know or see!
undeserved mercy,
never owed!
manifest in prose, essay, rhyme
an honest commentary for times

of yesterday and contemporary
poets, writers art form imparting

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

gifts of insight
freely flying birds in flight
addressing wrong passed for norm
enjoining right be it through
muse on time
prose or rhyme, manifest!

PEACE & LOVE ALWAYS

DEAR JANET CALDWELL

food 4 thought!

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

*Kimberly
Burnham*

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

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

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

Patterns in Winter

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Winter is coming
storm clouds massing
like a tree
I must make the best
of what is around me
strength I have gathered
over the summer

An accounting is approaching
have I made excellent use
of sunlight and water
nourished by relationships
and food

Patterns are flowing
all around me
do I see the spring
beyond the winter
the year beyond
the closing doors

Opportunities are swirling
ducking in and out of sight
like quantum electrons
shaping reality
whether I see hope
in the pattern
or know the beauty in the winter
before the spring

One More Day

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

I want one more day
to live and love

Closure brings tears
a relationship ended
by death
divorce
space

Lack of closure brings heartache
wondering what is left unsaid
is it hate or sadness
hiding the words away
loss and love mingling
part of the journey
is left behind

Say what you need to say
I am listening
share what you need to share
I am wondering

Do what you need to do
to honor the end
regretting the pain
while treasuring
joy along the journey

Fear in Balance

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

You are reasonable
now go ahead
change the world
be consistently correct
perfectly control every detail
if you can

To avoid other's condemnation
fear rising so strong
resist criticizing
let not righteousness turn
to self-righteous

You are loving
now help the world
give generously of your love
unconditionally

Expecting nothing in return
where disappointment lurks
with manipulative friends
and vindictive strangers

You are outstanding
now harness the fear
achieve greatness
be daring
strive to accept the attention
be impressive

Befriend the worthlessness
focused child within

the one who has not yet
overcome fear of failure

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

or chained the inner psychopath

You are unique
now find ideal love
you are cherished for who you are
be the artist
express the beauty you hold within
dream big

Unique like everyone else
use your particular strengths
rise above the insignificance,
self-indulgence, and broken heart

You are perceptive
now discover, grow, observe
curiosity is a gift
experience connection with those
who explore the world

Remember every cell is listening
if you condemn yourself
with words of incompetence
do battle with the inner recluse
who keenly feels your disapproval

You are reliable
now find safety in the approval
of those who love you
they are worthy of love and loyalty
as are you

Once in a while
jump before you look
and marvel in the beauty
you create

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

You are enthusiastic
and there is enough
life, food, delight
enjoy the adventure
textures, sensations
experience fully

And share
life is a balance
pleasure and pain

You are strong
and I will follow you with love
be independent
a self-confident leader of communities

Without bossiness and dominance
I already know I am not
the boss of you

You are whole within yourself
now use your gifts in communication
be the diplomat
mediate the sides
find the third narrative

Yet loss is inevitable
closure can ease the pain
and sooth numbness
with a graceful goodbye

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer/Creative Writer/Feature Writer/Journalist/Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a co-author to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India. She is a Contributing Editor of Inner Child Magazine, USA and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA) and PEN International.

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

<https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo>

Google Plus

<https://plus.google.com/u/0/+ElizabethCastillo>

"Lucid Dreams"

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

How did you find me again?
You really didn't lose me...
for I was right there in your heart all this time...
I couldn't remember when was the first time
I saw you in my dreams-
But right then and there - when I first got a glimpse of your angelic
face...
my soul knew you were mine.
Our souls remember each other even when time elapsed and gone by...
These hearts can't ever lose the flame which only - you and I can
claim...
I can dream within a dream and still catch a glance or two of only
YOU...

Beautifully Fragile

you are a child of the Universe dancing freely amidst a world in chaos

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

cascading thoughts bewilder your mind but you still stand sober and
courageous
you are an illuminating star in the galaxy, an immortal in this infinite
cosmos
beautifully fragile with an indomitable spirit, a kindred soul searching
for Higher Consciousness.

The heavens wrap you around in His loving arms
As He reminds you how a precious creation you are
Beautifully fragile, a child with energetic wonder
A pink orb envelopes your earthly soul
Waiting for the Perfect Time when you finally discover who you truly
are...

Oneness in the World

I am for unity and oneness in the world

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

I am against division all because of one's race, color, skin, gender, nationality, and ideologies

In a world full of discrimination everywhere we lay our eyes on, Disparity among mankind is but an ugly depiction of a changing world.

Despite one's color, one must be embraced and accepted among a flock of different souls

You and I are brothers and sisters even if we are born in far different continents

For we belong to one definite Oneness in the Universe,
You and I came from the same old origin of life.

Oneness in the world, will this just be merely a dream?

The choice is ours to take if we agree to respect and embrace each other despite our many differences

Oneness in the world, will you be joining my advocacy of promoting unity among nations?

Oneness in the world is what the world needs now, the choice is ours somehow.

Alfreda

D.

Ghee

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

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

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

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

Perfect Note

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Removing old images

Painting new ones can be beautiful

If the strokes are right...

The lights tone is set

The music is played just right

In the perfect note of Love....

Making Music

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

As I walk across the ivory keys
I'll play you a tune of loves melodies
Sweetly she will swindle your heart
From all the singing harmonies
Drizzle me down a musical interlude
Of smiles knocking to be locked in rooms of souls

Finger me your master piece, of mental dreams
of you and me
Playing the harp and stroking notes of
passionate spirits leaping
Entrap me and sing me a sonnet
Of catastrophic eruptions of hearts beating

A collision of souls in heated pleasure
of music accords
Stroke me many times and leave smiles upon my heart
As you walk through, leaving your foot prints stroked in gold
Open the window and let our musical interlude ring out
For all to hear....

Welcome Him

He spoke to me in ways that could never be seen
His lips formed syllables never before heard

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

It left open wounds in areas of her soul
That collapsed at the sight of his mouth moving

His eyes shown so bright that she had to put up a fight
Not to fall into his trance of hypnotizing her visions
Her heart couldn't pull away the feelings that stirred inside
Needing to let go, of the emotions that boiled so high

Fearing that love would leave for sure
He touched her core with all that was left of him
Giving her life that she had never known
Exploring the realm that her spirit had gone

Knowing that soon she will fall from her thrown
With only love to catch her fall
He pronounced her to being opened
To what he was offering...

Nizar
Sartawi

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator and educator. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He holds a Bachelor's degree in English Literature from the University of Jordan, Amman, and a Master's degree in Human Resources Development from the University of Minnesota, the U.S. Sartawi is a member of the Jordanian Writers Association, General Union of Arab Writers, and Asian-African Writers Union. He has participated in poetry readings and festivals in Jordan, Lebanon, Morocco, Kosovo, and Palestine.

Sartawi's first poetry collection, *Between Two Eras*, was published in Beirut, Lebanon in 2011. His translations include: *The Prayers of the Nightingale* (2013), poems by Indian poet Sarojini Naidu; *Fragments of the Moon* (2013), poems by Italian poet Mario Rigli; *The Souls Dances in its Cradle* (2015), poems by Danish poet Niels Hav; all three translated into Arabic; *Contemporary Jordanian Poets, Volume I* (2013); *The Eyes of*

the Wind (2014), poems by Tunisian poet Fadhila Masaai; *The Birth of a Poet* (2015), poems by Lebanese poet Mohammad Ikbal Harb. He is currently working on a translation project, **Arab Contemporary Poets Series**.

Sartawi's poems and translations have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Italy, the Philippines, and India.

Containment

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

My sails go a-wandering
I've never thought my passion would be ever lost
for sands of the shore hidden
in the grip of fate
that waves would rob me of my mind
and spray would capture my eyesight
my memory would go obscure
and my nostalgia melt
for swords and bridges
for stores and taverns and women
for the terrains
and for the fields
for seasons
moons
ancient landmarks

And I'd never reckoned
as the engulfing hurricanes swooped on the boat
that I'd feel numb
my limbs would thus be shrunk
my features be erased
that I'd ever be contained by the moment of mist
the moment of presence
between the soaring seabirds o'er my head
and the swirling whales beneath my carcass

(Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi)



You are in Baakleen

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Hey passer-by
Linger awhile
adjust the handles of your watch
to the rhythm of things around you
The sun slows down his pace
when he passes from here
to fill his eyes with the Chouf foothills

Stop, O passer-by
adjust the beats of your heart.
Here the Chouf peaks
hug the clouds
Here the brides of cedar
feed from the breasts of the sun
Here... is the ascension of love and ecstasy
Here... the gods pour their aged wine
into the mouths of poets

Dismount O passer-by
take off your sandals
for you are in Baakleen *

(Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi)



Turtledove Of The Green Land **

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

To Tunisian poet, Huda Hajji

O witch!
O Lady of the meadows of golden spikes
and dark olive groves
on the slopes of the Atlas
How you amaze the lining of the azure sky
with the glamour of Earth
when its flaccid grass
beneath the flames of the sun
turns in your petit fingertips
into braids
of rainbows
and necklaces of emerald, rubies, and pearls!

Ah, turtledove of the Green Land
I see the alphabets shimmer through your veins
like whispering brooks
of love spittle
pouring in your great sea –
that tyrant whose waves
bubble in your depths
whose spray, scented with musk,
ascends with your breath
to quench the thirst of roses.

O Fairy coming from the Thousand Nights
who will describe the buds of your longings
as they fly like ghosts
dancing in the heart of the clouds
squabbling with comets
waving to the galaxies
and igniting the heart of the jealous moon?

Ah, shepherdess of deer
on the banks of Medjerda ***
you of whom Ishtar is jealous

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

and Aphrodite
looks with envious eyes
at your rosy cheeks
O friend of the nymphs
O spoiled child of the angels
O beloved of the Gods
when you press the lute to your bosom
and your fingertips flirt with his winged strings
my old, wretched heart
in whose chambers
all sorrows of the world have settled,
rises
to dance its awkward dance
like a circus bear.

(Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi)



Notes

* Baakleen is a city located in Chouf Mountains, 45 kilometers southeast of Beirut, Lebanon.

** The Green Land refers to Tunisia

*** A Tunisian river that springs from Algeria and pours into the Mediterranean Sea

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

*Len
Walls*

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Jen is an award winning author/international poet; bringing love inside joyful heart's radiance - pulsating us deeper inside a personality of rare positivity. Her first collection of poems, *The Tender Petals* released - November 2014, through inner child press, ltd. USA. Her second poetic collection, *OM Santih Santih Santih*, combined nature-inspired spiritual poetry with Dr. Ram Sharma of Meerut, U.P. India and was released November 2015, through The Poetry Society of India. Her peace-filled poems come alive in renowned print and electronic world peace anthologies from the USA, UK, Africa and India. She recently received a 2016 Distinguished Poet Award, along with her co-author, Dr. Ram Sharma, from Writers International Network (WIN -Canada) in Burnaby, British Columbia on May 27, 2016. Jen currently resides in Saint Paul, Minnesota with her loving family.

Contact Jen Walls:

mywritegift@gmail.com;

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/jen-walls.php>

SHARE ETERNITY

Breathe and awaken

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

soar musical stars - sail far;
live sweet-bliss - freedom
Hear soul-breaths of life
flow with heart-light - living truth;
crack love-chrysalis

Quench heart's core-being
expand the living-journey;
love and be here now

Open tender blooms
shine loving-sun - peace within;
grow fresh earth-flowers

Send all with smile
wrap love-thoughts - light-seeds of care;
extend everywhere

Offer soul-prayer
inflect on river's flowing;
fly so free and be

Channel beauty-breaths
give spiritual-kindness;
share eternity

LOVE-SANCTITY

Flower love's sparkling

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

breathe care - full-blown Divine Bliss;
bloom heart forever-free
Edify beauty
grace sunlight - love-sanctity;
flow soul-perfection

Kiss sweetly each breath
feel spirit with contentment;
sing a lasting-kiss
Abide holy-grace
let ignorance dissipate;
bubble with fresh dew clear

Flutter within heart
live remembrance inside soul;
be love love, love bliss

INSIDE ALL

Chant love's cosmic swirl

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

belong then not to this world;
fly in sky's vastness
Bring heart soul-solace
let-go and be inside-bliss;
live with nothing else

Breathe soul - share heart-thrusts
bubble dews upon spirit;
light the inner-world

Drop all this rushing
fall softly as drizzling dew;
love each moment through

Pray and meditate
sing quiet breaths of oneness;
wake up soul-kindness

Bless with bliss-flowers
arrive in heart - only feel;
give breaths unto love

Hear whispered dewdrops
share joy - divine heart word-chimes;
abide with light-bliss

Reflect well in soul-flow
vision through heart-journeys;
see God inside all

Hülya

N.

Yılmaz

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

Links:

www.writerandeditor dryilmaz.com

www.dolunaylaben.wordpress.com

a heart's burial

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

it wasn't meant to be
that much i do know
your print on my soul
will not reason though

atop the shards of my shell . . .

one may conclude i do move on
while without cease i continue to quest
for my long forgotten unrecognizable self
which only with you was always at its best

with no sign of relent
my trapped-in you-heart is set
on repeat rewind
rewind repeat . . .

outside my four chambers
i keep waiting for that evasive day
when i may feel warmth again
to succeed in putting it to its final rest

in my facelifted writing corner

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

missing you
not because of a need or for a want
the yearning is different from before
neither acute nor painful
only aware
that the mirage of you has its pillar no more

these days fairy tales fail to impress me . . .

still
i go on missing you
the version i was convinced i knew

in blunt terms
time hasn't healed anything
though promised by many it would do so
how can it i now dare to ask
it lacks the essence of life after all
your new versions transpire as proof

besides . . .

who decided to soak heart-wrenching losses
in colors other than red anyway

annulling the old self

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

. . . overlooked the rating
my fatal mistake

too old indeed for this cliché

alas
mental age
a mere PG-13 as yet

apologies galore
self-acceptance
an unknown tongue

a pre-natal giver
compensation for the self
a baneful embryo
beyond the reach of life and death

on the edge of the salty drops for evermore

. . .

no more!

no longer willing to carry
emotional baggage for two
that of the old and the new
rendezvoused thus
the first with its end

. . .

sleeping naked tonight
stripped off of the fabric of my favorite clinging

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

or the so-called events of the past

the big wall clock across my bed
lightened now as it is disassembled
my cleansed head resting on the big hand
the small hand covering me ever so tenderly

come to me tonight oh sweet embrace
you desperately awaited rate of G

...

ah!

~ ~ ~

The poems above first appeared on my wordpress.com blog site. I have kept them in their original versions here. The third poem, “annulling the old self” came to me after a wonder-filled online tour of stunning paintings by Helene Ruiz, the remarkable artist of international acclaim. My utmost enthusiastic thanks go to her for having conceived that one artwork that had (or seemed to have) its focus on a clock.

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Teresa

L.

Garrison

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wild Child

She begins her journey in the Serengeti

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

runs wild across the plains, swims the earth seas,
lands on the shores of the Americas,
sprints across mountain peaks, plays hide and seek

with bear, moose and elk,
picks flowers in rainbow meadows,
drinks from glacier streams,
eats berries until her belly swells.

One day, she sits on a valley boulder,
a flower in her hand, screams at the distant peaks,
I love you, I love you.

Out of nowhere a wolf appears and says,
*My dear child, you cannot play here in winter.
You will freeze or die from hunger.*

Tears flood the ground. The wolf shouts,
*Stop I am drowning in your tears.
Come with me, I will show you the way
to shelter from the coming storms.*

She follows the wolf to a little cabin
with all the comforts of home
lies down on the bed, falls asleep
and never awakens from her dream.

The wolf winks, licks her face,
howls a prayer to the moon,
pleads for a safe spring
for the wild woman nestled in her dreams.

Come Dance with God

We sit on black granite

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

listen to bird gossip,
notice ants march close to ground,
watch squirrels do a 100 yard dash.

Wind whispers in the forest
throws a party with shadow light,
waltzes between trees.

I take my friend's hand
point it toward the light.
Our hearts beat in harmony
with the universe of love.

The tree branches say,
*Come children come
and dance with God.*

Prelude to Autumn

They arrive with hungry elegance

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

or is it simply wanderlust
dressed up in evolutionary necessity.
It matters not.

The annual arrival signals
a call for autumn's convention.
A quiet pause before the clamor
of migrants descend.

The sky fills with raucous birds
and ducks of various persuasions.
Canadian geese create the illusion of snow,
while eagles cruise in detached observation.

The soft apricot undersides
of sandhill cranes flash
against a turquoise dome.
Their ancient purr calls forth
memories of our kindred cells.

Temporary emptiness fills our cup.
Fall comes to massage the spirit in color
as Persephone's breath
leaves gold with each exhale.

Demetrios
Trifiat's

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

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

FORGIVE ME MOTHER EARTH

For centuries now
We, your children, dear mother earth,
Have been stabbing you
Each year
Each day
Each hour
Each second
Causing you to bleed profusely, while
We, indifferent to your suffering, were
Laughing
Dinking
Dancing and
Having fun
Because
We thought your blood was inexhaustible and
That you would bleed for ever, without any consequence on
Our own lives
But
Slowly, we came to realize that you are as mortal as we are,
Subject to the same laws of decay,
A shocking thought was indeed for us
But
In spite of this realization
We never stopped hurting you and

Your animals
Your forests
Your rivers
Your lakes
Your seas
Your oceans
You see, dear mother earth,
We have sacrificed all you have held dear for
Millions of years to the altar of

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Our egoism and that of
Our vanity
Now,
As we see you to lie on your death bed,
We, your conceited and spoiled children,
Have decided to give you a last chance
To stop your bleeding
To end your torture and your agony so as to give you
Time to recover
Yes, we know,
Our action is not out of magnanimity or out of love for you
But mainly out
Of fear we might destroy our blasphemous species
That has overstepped the limits that our Lord and creator
Has set from the moment of creation
For that
I for one, on my knees, humbly I plead your forgiveness
For
My participation in this horrid and macabre crime of
Matricide!

UNITED NATIONS (AP) — The historic agreement on climate change marked a major milestone on Friday with a record 175 countries signing on to it on opening day. With the planet heating up to record levels, sea levels rising and glaciers melting, the pressure to have the Paris Agreement enter into force and to have every country turn its words into deeds was palpable at the U.N. signing ceremony.

"The world is in a race against time," U.N. Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon said in his opening speech. "The era of consumption without consequences is over."

MIGHTY NIGHT

Oh mighty night,*
You, daughter of Chaos and Darkness,
Mother of Sleep, of Dream and of Death,
Whenever you embrace me
The enchanting lullaby of Slumber I hear that
Throws me into ecstasy
Thus
In the magic land of Dreams I venture
Till
Death, your beloved son, claims me as his
Very own,
Guiding me thus into his palaces of
Light eternal!

* In Greek mythology, Night “Nyx” was the daughter of Chaos and of Darkness and she bore the many children of Erebus=“Hades”, among them were:
Sleep=’Ypnos”, Dreams= “Onar” and Death “Thanatos”. Moreover it was from
Night that light sprang!

HATE AND LOVE

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Hate
Madness
Terrorism
Eternal fear
The world in turmoil
Darkness covers man's soul
Agony's reign established
Depression is leaving its mark
Societies are crying for help
From one corner of earth to the other
None is there a helping hand to offer
One wonders what the solution is
To bring the world a ray of hope
To reestablish order
For people to live free
As they ought to be
Happy and gay
As before
Just with
Love*

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Asan

W.

Lankowski

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

http://www.storiesspace.com/forum/yaf_postst538_My-911-Tribute-poem-has-been-in-print-at-least-fourteen-times-in-2011.aspx

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

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

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

Seduction

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Seduction is a mighty word,
As powerful as you've ever heard,
Starting out with a simple glance,
Will not end till they're in your pants,
Telling you everything you want to hear,
Slowly calming your every fear,
They'll slowly get into your head,
Until they get you into bed.

Seduction is a mighty tool,
Can make you act just like a fool,
More powerful than any drink,
Once it starts no time to think,
Pretty soon time will tell,
If you fall under their spell,
Yes, seduction is a mighty word,
As powerful as you've ever heard.

Party Favors

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Party favors do not a party make,
Nor that fancy bakery cake,
It's not the table set so fine,
Nor that bottle of expensive wine,
Not china set on polished wood,
Or gourmet food that tastes so good.

What matters is the people gathered there,
Family and friends you know who care,
With whom you can share a laugh and a smile,
It's what truly makes life worthwhile,
For with time spent with loved ones you can be sure,
Of cherished memories that will always endure.

Guilty Of What, I Do Not Know

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

The darkness descended upon the night,
So heavily you could hear it hit the ground,
The birds still sang their songs by day,
But I could no longer recognize the tune.
My feet ran furiously,
But I gained no ground.
I reached out,
But no one was there.
I looked upon the faces of the crowd,
But no one seemed to know me.
And the truth was,
I barely knew myself.
I got down on my knees and begged forgiveness,
Guilty of what, I do not know.
My emotions seemed frozen into place,
Like the time that appeared to stand still around me,
Every minute that passed seemed like hours,
And days crawled by like eternities.
And yet I knew the journey had just begun,
For I am at the entrance to a long, dark tunnel.
And as I stand before the cold darkness,
My thoughts weigh heavily upon my mind,
Like the heaviness in my heart,
But venture forth I must.
For I must escape this place that holds me,
With every fiber of my being.
And things will never be the same.
I pray that things will never be the same.

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, a native of Anda, Pangasinan, known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, public speaker, linguist, educator, peace and women's advocate.

She was chosen as World Poetry International Director to Philippines by the World Poetry Canada and International. She is also a featured member of Universal Peace Federation, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and World Poetry Canada and International.

She won several International Prizes including "Writers International Network Society-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the *sair-gazeteci* or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

Her prominent poetry have been published in various international anthologies: *For Love of Leelah* (USA), *WOMEN IN WAR* (Africa), *Muse for World Peace Anthology* (Nigeria), *Greek Fire Anthology* (UK), *IMMAGINE & POESIA e-book* (Torino, Italy) *World Poetry Yearbook 2013 and 2014* (IPTRC-China), *Fascinating Panoptic Septon* (Singapore), *Gumbo For the Soul* (USA), *Peace Poems* (USA and Canada) *I Am A Woman*, a tribute to Kamala Das (India), *Women of The World* (Canada), *Just For You My Love Anthology* (India), *The Art of Being Human Vol. 15: WHO AM I*, Vol.14: *Insomnia*, Vol.13: *Lucky 13* (Switzerland, Canada and Romania), *Siir Antolojisi* (Turkey), *Who Shall I Make My Wife* (Lagos, Nigeria) and more.

Bonhomie

Your free flanges

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Turn sylvan bread
To clarion wheats
Of nativity
Of cosmoses
Where no perfect contours
Unknown colors
Undefined petals
Play the round robin
Of amity
The newborn roses
Bloom no king and queen's eyes
But bosoms of love.

Arbor vitae

Vesta's breath of sacred fire

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Pirouetting like cosmic chromes
From stalwart roots
In my sanctuary
Crisscrossing proverbial fountain
Connecting all forms
Of harmonic happiness
Of awzan, braids of
solace
Musical eyes of the humanity
Recreating evolution
Tree of life
Tree of light!

fibonacci glyphs

warm Neptune,

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

the rover,
and the telescope
bleeding
spirals,
transit hydrogen prompts
like exo-celestial's dust
in my interstellar room.
queuing
triumvirates,
threesomes,
smiling stooges,
triads,
drumbeating.
the meiotic metadata
permutate
where prime Pythagoras
residing
within
the occulting
archives
of me
myself
and i.

cosmic battles

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

i am a new cosmos
detaching
from the verbatim leaps
of rules,
in my old universe.
i am the lightworker
synchronizing
the infinite
and the definite,
from the battlefield
of eclipsed
memory.

a blue rosebud for a royal butterfly

a royal butterfly

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

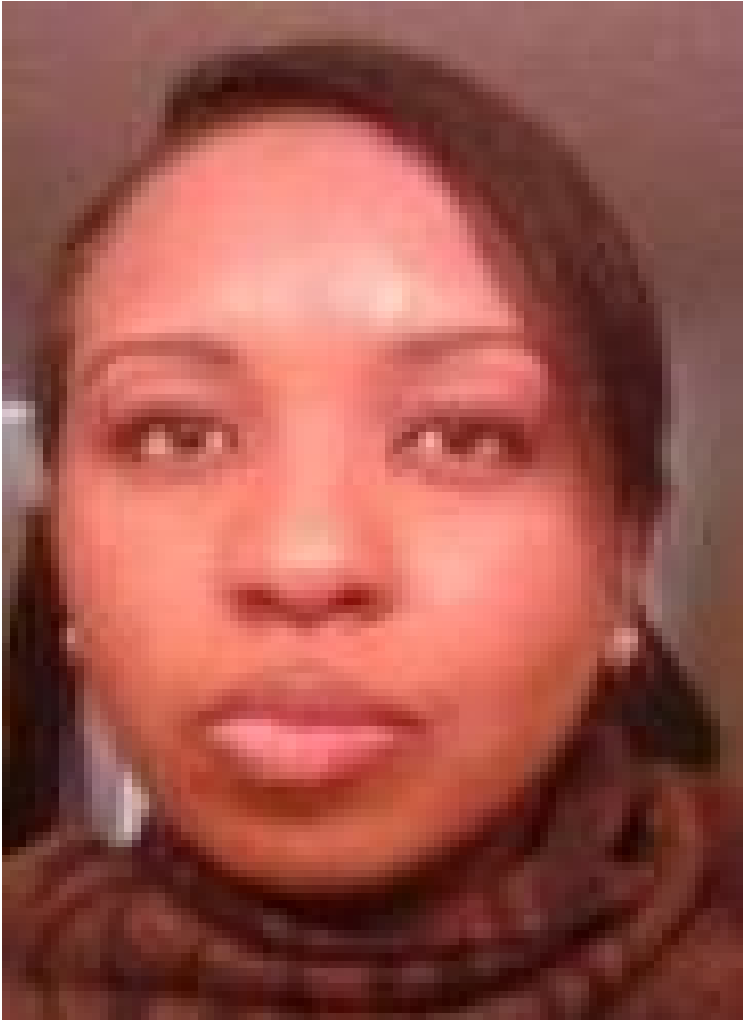
spreads its wings
and flies to the garden
of no boundaries,
wandering from winter kisses
of the North Pole.
a rosebud on its thorny stem
flaunts its aces,
shines with shams,
trims down its own deception.
when royalty speaks
its fragrant promises,
hundreds and millions
of wings and buds
will shatter
and wither
at this temporal hour.

Alicia

G.

Cooper

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Alicia C. Cooper is a published poet and aspiring novelist. She has published one book of poetry, has been featured in several anthologies and is a contributing writer for Muzilog Woman Magazine. She is an avid reader and music lover and enjoys traveling and spending time with her family. In late 2013, her first poetry chapbook was published with Inner Child Press. A second book, a full length poetry collection also with Inner Child Press, is in the works and is expected to be published in coming year of 2017

You can connect with Alicia on FaceBook

<https://www.facebook.com/alicia.cooper>

Her Book is available here :

www.innerchildpress.com/alicia-c-cooper.php

Yes, I Love You.

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

You have filled my womb
with yourself and your sons
built shrines to my words
painted pictures with my blood
I have grown from a girl
to a goddess by your love,
and I'm grateful.

And there is no touch in this world
like yours-
so healing and calm
like a balm in my pores
I've become something lovely,
'cos you love me, I am more...
and I thank you.

And it's funny how your face
is the one I didnt see
when imagining my future
you were not in it with me
But I am so wholly happy
what I saw will never be,
'cos I I need you

And I once wrote of love;
that sticky, icky sweet
made hearts go a flutter
with the lines that I would speak
But my heart had never known it
I was speaking from a dream;
but no longer...

'Cos as I lie beside you,
trace the hair above your lips

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

smell the musk that hugs your shoulders
feel the hardness of your hips,
I feel as though I'm floating
nothing else compares to this....
yes... I love you.

The Ones Who Dare The 'Yes'

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

How many must be lost
to those ones who dare the "yes"

Fear of flying keeps me grounded
Fear of falling keeps me kept

In a space with there is only air
that stands my hair on end

There's no subtle human touch
running 'cross my curves and bends.

But love does not elude me
It finds me in its flow

Yet I fight against the current
Best to drown than share my soul

Still I dream of finding heaven
in the form of bones and flesh

Long to be among the fearless kind;
The ones who dare the "yes"

Dream That I Am Brave

There is this thing about me:
I must sleep alone
in my own bed, away from eyes
that can watch and count
the number of breaths I take.

I want to be free; not held
or tethered by a feeling.
I'd rather awaken to a frightening scene:
a flaming sky, a behemoth bleeding moon
than wake up to love.

And here he is not knowing that;
this mask on my face is not showing that
I am good at the best of things
great at the worst of things,
and this is my worst -

I am not good at love.

When he awakens, I will find a reason
that he should leave.
Then I will lie upon these sheets;
their fabric rich with the aroma of him
and I will cry because I know that, again
I have sent away something good.

And then I will fall asleep
with his sheen on my skin
and dream that I am brave.

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

William

S.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site
www.iamjustbill.com

We, you and i

dedicated to Janet P. Caldwell

14 February 1959 ~ 20 September 2016

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

we lay together,
we dreamt together
we smiled together,
and we laughed,
and our hearts are the better for it,
for we know of love

i was you,
and you are who i am
for we are inseparable

“we” is one
for we know of love

to imagine life without you
is an excruciating torture
that vexes my spirit
and i curse the path
that leads to such a dark fate

may our footsteps through the garden
be indistinguishable,
one from another . . .
we shall never part

there is naught else i want
but to be in your thoughtful embrace
for a countless, without number, infinite eternities,
for without you,
how can i ever be whole

our hearts were laced together
and thus fused
that we shall forever share
but one breath,
one thought,
one walk,

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

one heartbeat,
the same vision,
for we know of love

the beautiful spirit of you,
of us,
dances in my eyes,
whether they be closed or opened wide
for you and i
are all i wish to be,
to see.
you are me, and i am you
for we know of love

here

there is an almost silence of eeriness
that is plaguing me
and all that i am now aware of

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

is the shadow of your presence
and alpha waves dancing in my consciousness
reminding me
of times gone by

we were good together,
delicious even
and now the fruit on the table
has spoiled

yet still yet
our dreams are dancing
in my head
with a melancholic limp
for i know you will only be here
in the spirit
and it is i
who must carry forward
this burden of your absence

at these times
what does a man believe?

yes one is compelled to cling
to the "here",
while he reaches for the possibilities
revisiting the past

convolution prevails
it walks beside me
in step, in cadence
where you once were

this is a strange place,

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

a garden where the soils appear barren
for we never nurtured this possibility
nor was it ever discussed

all we vied for
was the harvest
which never came for us,
but reclaimed you

in your departing
i heard the faint movement
of your long golden locks
teasing the winds of change
that beckoned us to observe
the loose strands of you
that you left behind

and i now cling to this treasure . . . here

still yet

i still feel you
within the tenderness of my embrace

still yet you are here with me

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

and i am listening
to the sweet melodic whisperings
of your love

i do not know
the ways of our Creator,
nor do i presume
your life,
your parting,
is without purpose

most assuredly
your transcendence
has awakened many hearts
as we are now compelled
to examine the depths
of our own love
and the meaning of life
in which we may contribute
our goodness

yes, we think you are gone too soon,
but we are resolved
to know that you have accomplished
what you came to do
and that is to show us
who we are
and confirm
that we are so very much more
than we have imagined
i thank you for your visit
into my life,
albeit too brief
from my finite perspective

you have given me much,
more, than at this moment

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

i can ever comprehend,
but i trust in time
that i shall understand the lessons
you imparted
by way of your divine tenderness

Thank You . . .

still yet we embrace

in love

who we are

we hear the music but not the song
we've lost our compass of right and wrong
we pine for things for which we long
we feign as weak when we are strong

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

we are not the letters but are the book
we walk not straight but with a crook
we once were the river but now the brook
we squint to peek when we should look

we live not majored but minimized
we listen without movement as the baby cries
we create the knots with haphazard ties
we embrace the darkness with open eyes

we are who, shall we ever know
we are tossed about with the winds that blow
we hold “we” back when “we” could grow
we scorn the fruit of the seeds we sow

we dream of walking yet down we lay
we bemoan the dawning of the coming day
we close our ears to the whispering way
we listen so rarely too the much we say

and . . .

soon it comes, the end of dreams
when it matters not what it seems
our souls do vie to be redeemed
then once again our light shall beam

for what may come is what may be
that is the heaven’s final decree
errant we pray, errant we plea
the epiphany comes and we shall see

that what we are is purely divine
somehow i knew this all the time
sit at the table and we shall dine

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

and eat of the fruit for which Soul pines

we have asked too often, “who we are”
when what was near seemed so far
instead of embrace we chose to spar
but your soul is perfect, without mar

so open your heart and let “BE” be
spread your wings that all may see
this is heaven’s final decree
our treasure is waiting for you and for me

who we are

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

World Healing,
World Peace
2016
Now Available



SUPPORT

World Healing
World Peace



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

INNER CHILD PRESS

WORLD HEALING
WORLD PEACE
2016



A Poetry Anthology for Humanity

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

October
2016
Features



Lana Joseph
Usha Krishnamurthy
James Moore

The Year of the Poet III ~ October 2016

Lana
Joseph

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

Queen Lana “LJ” Joseph

Ms. Joseph is a prolific writer/Poetess who magnificently and eloquently captures her readers and audiences’ inner-spirit through her creative works. She challenges thought processes and ideologies tackling untruths of many diversified contents; to bring forth realities and truth in many areas of her collective works of art. Ms. Joseph’s work of literary art is supple and poised. Yet, her creativity is ferocious and wisdoms are fierce.

Lana is a retired classroom English/ELA, Social Studies and Theatre Arts teacher. Her primary passions are theatre, writing and working with children. LJ has written more than 9 plays (all of them were produced), dozens of short stories, hundreds of poems and many other literary works of art. Lana has been writing most of her life. Yet, she has only shared her literary scribes for approximately seven years.

According to LJ, she was deeply inspired and influenced by her beloved late mother. To date, her mother is the reason why she continues to share her creative gifts with the world. Also, Lana is inspired by the artistic gift of all prolific creative spirits that God has connected her with. She feels completely honored and humbled by the support and inspiration from her special close friends; whom she also considers her extended family.

LET GO

Past pain,
and poisonous words of disdain,
no longer plague me.

I survived the hellish treatment,
of evil trying to claim my soul.

I was awoken with new purpose,
and the opportunity to learn to let go.

Holding on...
was my way of keeping hope;
but, my eyes were shut
and my mind was closed.

I tasted the shattered fairy-tale,
that kept my life bound and choked;
while evil's disguise drew blood,
sonorously unprovoked.

Then, my chalice overflowed.
Clarity brought me out of despair,
and into the shadows of light.

Because of God's grace and mercy,
the whispering winds of His energy,
gave breaths of love for life's flight.

No longer did I carry a broken spirit,
no longer did I bleed fear.

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

He held my heart in His hands,
and removed my invisible shield.

As my eyes were opening again,
everything became crystal clear;
the essence of my soul was His.

And

finally

I

Let Go.

Blue Sliding Doors

Past pains leave ghost shadows lingering to plague the strong
admitting that I could no longer be strong was not an option...
I had my share of feeding egos all day long

At the head of the line, eager to welcome another vision...
there I was waiting to wear the crimson veil of another story
even then... I continued to give God the glory...

At what point does one stop spoon feeding the dead?
I always believed that soul busters only defecated on the willing... and I was not
Can a soul ever grow tired of eating lies filled with lead?

What possible gain can one achieve by staining arteries
with colorful dye?
Do they not realize that we too have seen the Matrix... and
choose to say NO to the Bull shyt?
I've been through Blue Sliding Doors and I came through
by truths eye

Those ghost shadows spilled blue black blood over me
I chose clarity over strength... for I had been strong for way
to long... no longer
that's when I knelt down on bended knees and cried out
master please

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

I was slipping to that place between dead and undead...
clarity is a good thing

I broke through the blue... my veins bled red again
No longer did I need to house the enemy in my blind
bosom

I needed no more dead caucuses trying to steal what does
not belong to them
my angelic sacred inner voice... god within... reminded me
that I am His
and He is Alpha and Omega... those who show disdain is
not my beginning nor end

because I chose Him... and the inner god me... the war is
already a Win
because I chose to Exit the Blue Sliding Doors... I chose
Victory

I waved good-bye to my past... there's no need to look back
there's no need to always be strong to survive when you
have Him

Why?

Because all I need to do is keep stating Facts and tell the
truth!

~And So what! This is my life!

F@ck it to those who cannot understand me...
because they are too busy brewing negativity

Now It's cool... because I'm through
I said bye-bye to blue sliding doors.

Raven's Love Letter

ferociously I fasted
subjugatedly I released
blissfully I am saddened
reverently I am disrespected
comfortably I am discomforted

Empathy felt from souls blood
shed by lead from inhumane spirits
as bullets blast
decades of discourse regarding human life
such saddened souls shooting sifted shells
ammo targeted for those melanoid kings, princes, queens
and princesses

those malicious ones continue to lash out like kneading
tasteless dough
choosing to have no regard for human lives
leaving ebony bodies concrete cold
lying numb
loaded with accelerated slugs
and jubilant corpses lie like skeleton frames displayed for
Halloween spectators

Empathy felt from ancestry souls slayed
by antagonist expeditiously discharging artillery
As I peer out into the world from my view
all I can do is pray for those transitioned divine souls
their families and friends too
also, I pray for all of us
I yearn for the day when human beings will unite
under our Creator
One Nation under God...
For Liberty and Justice for ALL

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

Truth Speaks...

Judgment Day will come for everyone
the Corrupt will have their day for sure

until then...

How many more young and old black men and women
must perish
by those who dwell behind the veil of righteousness?

ferociously I fasted
subjugatedly I released
blissfully I am saddened
reverently I am disrespected
comfortably I am discomforted

PS. You are beautiful Kings, Queens, Princes and
Princesses; spread your wings and fly...
morning, day and night; stand victoriously in His bold
light.

I Love You Everyone!
Please stay safe!

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

Usha

Krishnamurthy R.

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016



I am Usha Krishnamurthy. R, International Poetess, a Lecturer in Business Law and a Director for Textiles & Garment Procurement at Handikrafts Sourcing (Exporters & importers of Handicraft products, textiles, garments &

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

handcrafted items). I have been writing poetry since 1983. many of my poems have been published in Publications like "the Young Poets", "Poets International", "The Quest", "The World Poetry" etc. My poems have been selected thrice for featuring in the "World Poetry" Book edition along with 150 poets. Those poems were "Symphony", "Search", "A Letter".

On March 8th at the International Poetess of the world Poetry online launch in South Africa, I was one among the 30 poetess selected from across the world in the “Women Anthology Poetry 2016”, and the Poems were “IMPRINTS” and “MY LOVE” .(paperback published by Ms.Kimberly Burnham on Amazon.com). it was followed by another poem on "**Women Empowerment**" to mark the Start-ups for Women Entrepreneurs.

IDENTITY

They all came with their woes,
carrying their broken hearts,
wounded, bruised, hurt
and confidences lost
in their battles that

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

they waged against
Life & against themselves...
And I , not a nurse by profession
took up to nurse them all,
listened to their outpourings,
mended their broken hearts
applied balm to their wounds & bruises,
powered their self-confidence..
to help salvage their identity!
All to see them fly away
leaving me broken, wounded, bruised
& shattered, with none to
give me an identity.

VOW

You and I've to vow

All through this birth

Divinity & Dignity,

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

Unto death, will maintain.

Not giving way for

Any embarrassments, humiliations &

None of the lust for flesh

Doth tarnish our Love

And end on a bitter note.

Never till death do us part.

IMPRISONMENT

Imprison me in your eyes

so nobody else can be seen.

Imprison my voice in your ears

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

so nothing else can be heard.

Imprison me in your breath

so we can breathe together.

Imprison me in your heart

so that I stay warm & protected.

Imprison me with your body

For it'll be the sweetest imprisonment of all

*James
Moore*

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

James Moore studies the larger mysteries of life at Regent University while drinking four or five liters of Coca-Cola a week. He still calls his mother every now and then, and his father needs to get a job on the NASA space station already so that James can finally say something's 'far out' and have it make sense. None of his jokes carry over that well as you can see.

At the age of 25 now, James wants nothing more than to make a living watching movies all day every day. He'd love to go fishing with his three dogs every now and again if he can find the time. Poetry just comes by as the most natural form of expression there is. Perhaps Scarlett Johansson will one day take a look at these poems here and give James a call for a date at the nearby Barnes & Noble. A man can dream, right?

Struggling Artist

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

You can always write
so long as there are still
countless scraps of paper
littering your bedroom floor—

endless streets knowing
the vast difference
between fire and rain

are snuffed out within
the space of a word spoken
at just the right time,
after the sun takes over
for the night and
someone has to
speak up.

You can always write
before the dark comes
to collect her due;
after your boss comes and

says that you've been fired

and before your landlord
catches you behind
on the rent for the
third month in a row—

Oh yes, you can always write
under conditions
such as these,

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

but who has the
energy after
so many hours of
keeping the balance
between a drop and
a flame?

Valentine's Day Poem for Mom

14 February 2015

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

You have endless miles to go
before you can know which way is the
right direction—

where do you go to remember your dreams
& good times in full view of the whole world?

The summer awaits you
come morning; you were
handpicked to be first-
born among many, to

perhaps throw away to the ends of the world

& discontinue the journey into
madness and into the hunger.

For me you have shown the orchid inside
of the storm; the path toward home was
always riddled with confusion and pain, but
inside out house you proved the other face.

John the Baptist

When Jesus came from Galilee

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

to see John the Baptist down
by the Jordan, the one who does
the baptizing

had been made speechless
by the outlandish proposition—

“My Lord,” he said,
“I’m not fit to tie the sandals
that adorn your feet;
how is it that you
want me to
baptize you,

when if anything it is
I who should come to
you for the water.”

But Jesus, the Son of God
and the embodiment of all that
is holy would have none
of that; he persisted

by matter of virtue, and
once John had baptized him
the sky opened and God came

down like a dove enshrined
by light upon Jesus’ shoulder,

and said, “Behold my Son,
whom I love, with whom
I am well pleased.”

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

Now how do you like that?

Now here I stand—I'm no
John the Baptist, and the
Jordan river is a long way off
from my back door.

My father baptized me
when I was 14;
I remember him
in his black cotton
preacher suit,

tears running
down his face
with pride
and landing
on my favorite
red flannel
shirt.

On that day
my dad gave me a
look,

told the congregation I was his
son, and said, "God himself

couldn't have been more
proud that I am
right now."

I never understood what
made him so proud, but this was
my dad so I never argued with him.

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

I'm 25 now,
hungry for a taste of honey—

I go 40 days tempted in the desert,

and I wish I could say that
it was more than bread
I was looking for,
but my flesh is
still weak.

If I was to meet
Jesus tomorrow, I don't know
how I'd react—

I'm not worth tying his sandals
either, and yet he chose me

just as well as the next guy,
and that means I'm just
as mindful to do what
has to be done.

I am a child of my Father,
and the day of my
baptism showed the same
light from those rivers
of Jordan as shown on
the Son so long ago.

John the Baptist felt the same way
as I; he saw the true face
of the Father, and
the Son gave him the chance

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

to become part of the family,

washed in the blood
and cleansed inside

those baptismal Jordan waters.

My own father gave unto me
the greatest object lesson
that day he led me down
into the water:

neither the Son nor the Father
cares about your footwear.



Coming
15 November 2016


The Year of the Poet ~ October 2016

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

www.innerchildpress.com

Inner Child Press Anthologies

INNER CHILD PRESS


**WORLD HEALING
WORLD PEACE
2016**



A Poetry Anthology for Humanity

Inner Child Press Anthologies

INNER CHILD PRESS



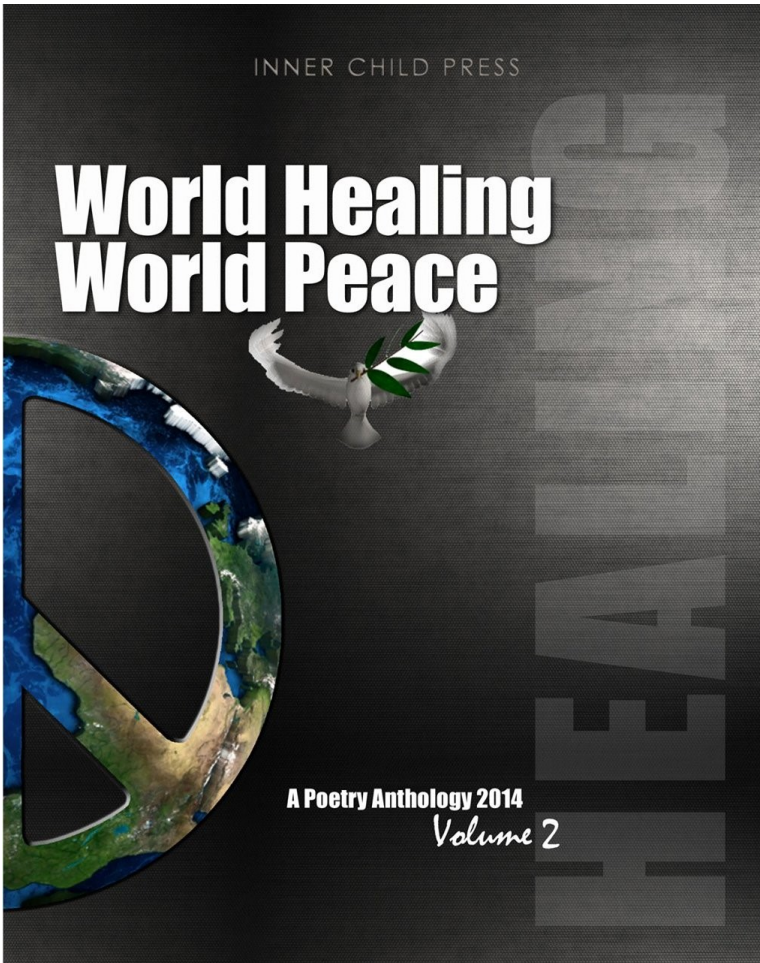
World Healing World Peace

A Poetry Anthology 2014

Volume 1

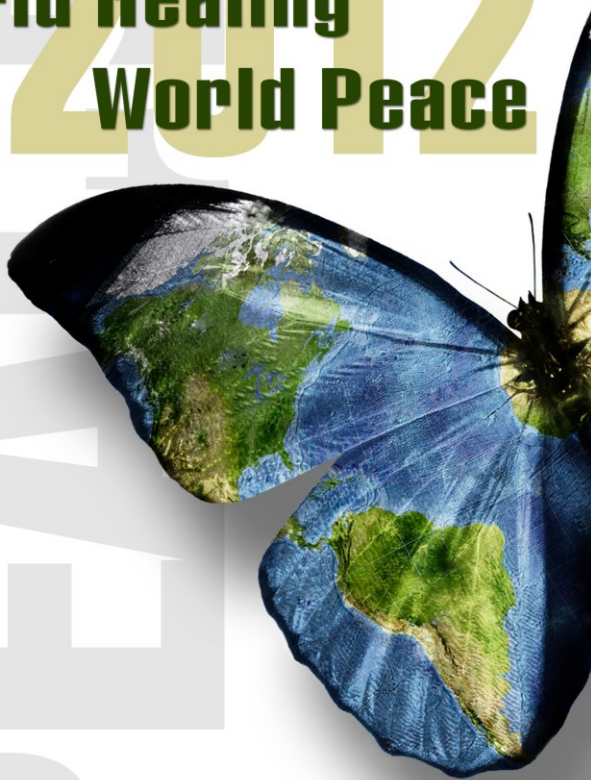


Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press Anthologies

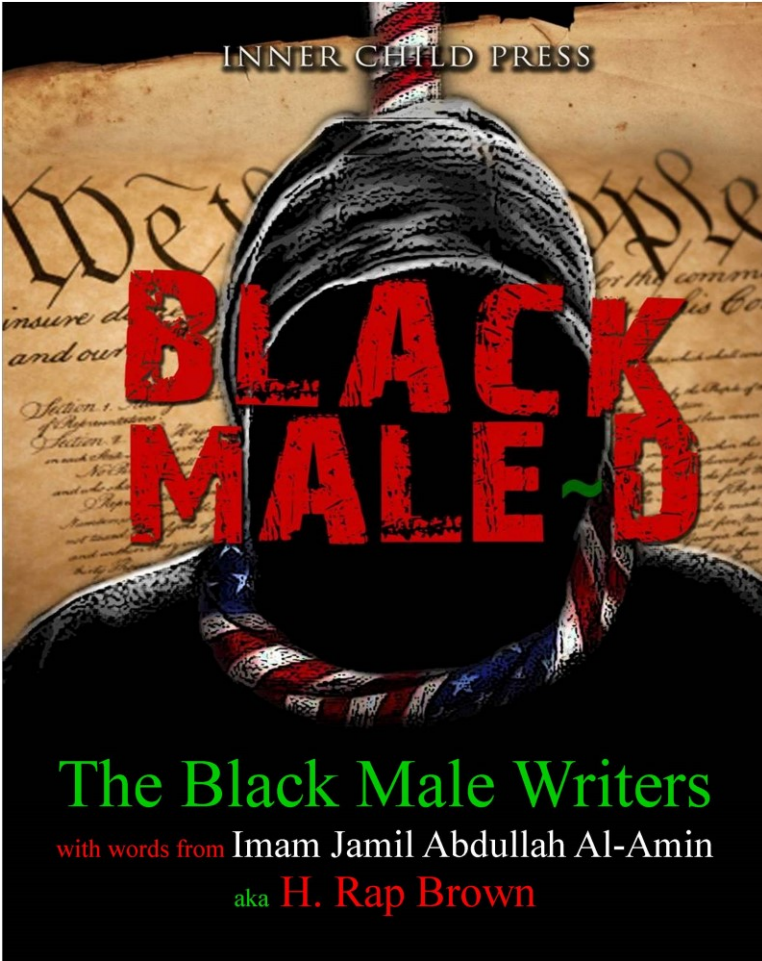
World Healing World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Volume 2

Inner Child Press Anthologies



The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novio

Long Billed Curle

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer * Jen Wells
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfreda Choe
Anna Jakubczak Val Ratty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets

Anita Dash

Irena Jovanovic

Malgorzata Gouluda



Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Allen Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifiotus * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets

Iram Fatima 'Ashi'

Langley Shazor

Jody Doty

Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfredo Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Keith Allen Hamilton * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel. Betty Adlan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White * Jen Walls
Hülya N. Dilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

June 2016

Featured Poets

Qibrije Demiri- Frangu

Naime Beqiraj

Faleha Hassan

Bedri Zyberaj



Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sattawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adelan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets

Bob Strum

Barbara Allan

D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbo! Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee
Nizar Sertawi * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Ifielya N. Nilmaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei

Anna Chalaszc

Agim Vinca

Ceri Naz

Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . * Alfreda Ghee

Fahredin Shehu * Hrishikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White

Hülya N. Yılmaz * Demetrios Trifiatus * Alan W. Jankoaski

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

celebrating international poetry month

The Year of the Poet III

March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna

Jeton Kelmendi
Nizar Sartawi
Sami Muhanna

Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVerbal * Minddancer . * Alfreda Chee
Ehredin Shehu * Jirishikesh Pachye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Betty Adlan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Ann J. White
Melya N. Dilnaz * Demetrios Trifiatos * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Poetry Posse

Presents

an anthology
of

Love

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III

February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold

Anna Chalas

De'Andre Hawthorne

Puffin

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet III

January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

The Poetry Posse 2016

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

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hyatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

November 2015



Topaz

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski

Bismay Mohanty

James Moore

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

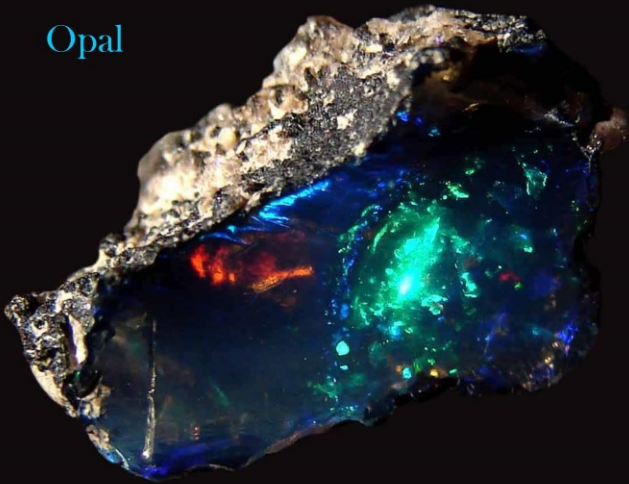
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

September 2015

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonneice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



Peridot

Featured Poets

Gayle Howell

Ann Chalas

Christopher Schultz



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

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



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
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
Cail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe Dawson-Mintzinger
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 Passé

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt* WrittenInPain* Santos Taino* Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'infinite' Carrasco
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 Olanrewaju 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 posse

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hũlya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



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

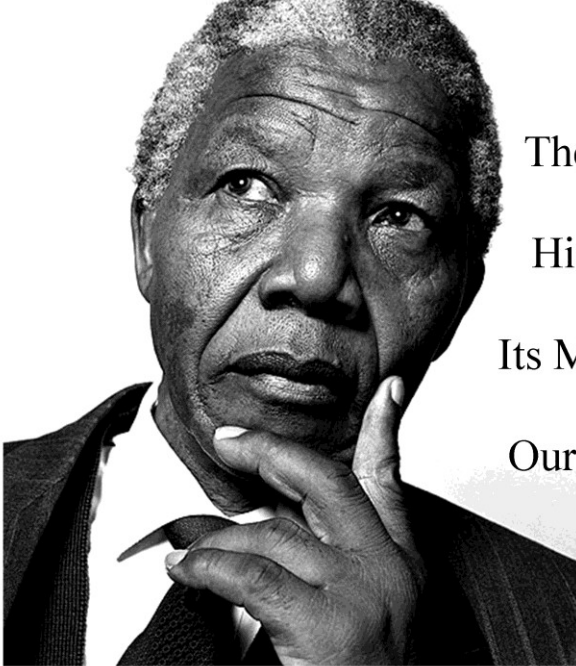
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY

FOR

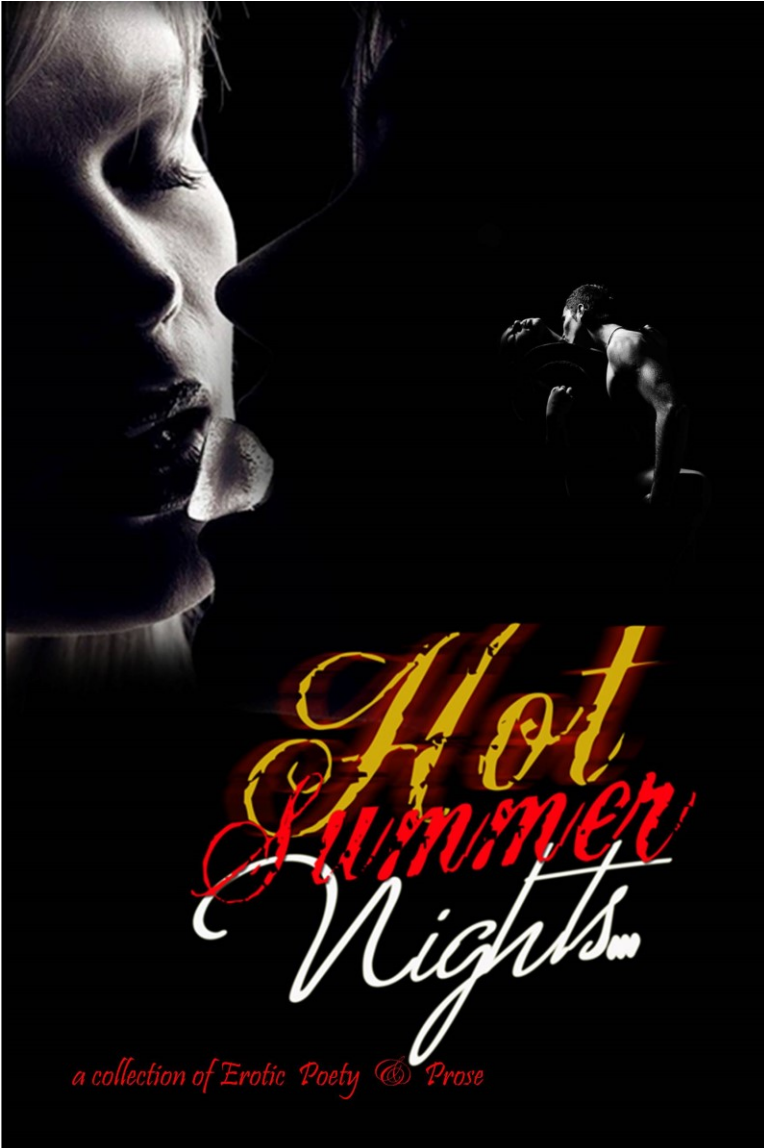
TRAYVON MARTIN

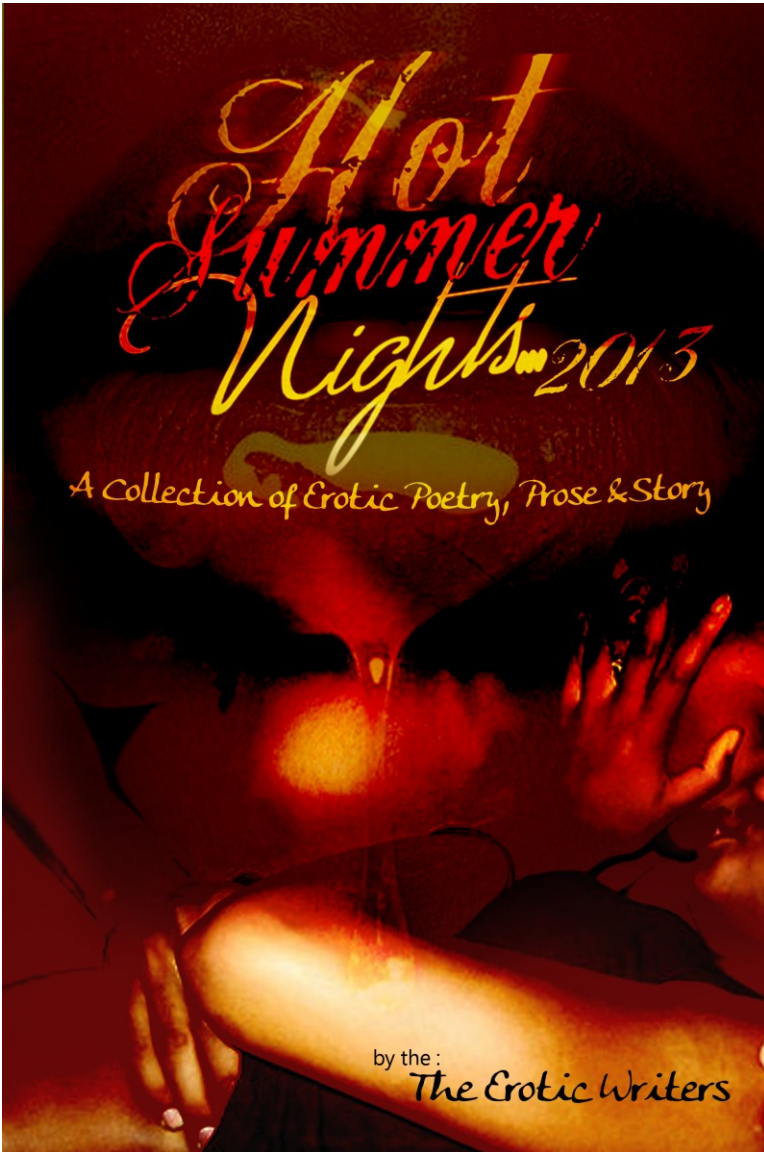
Inner Child Press Anthologies

healing through words

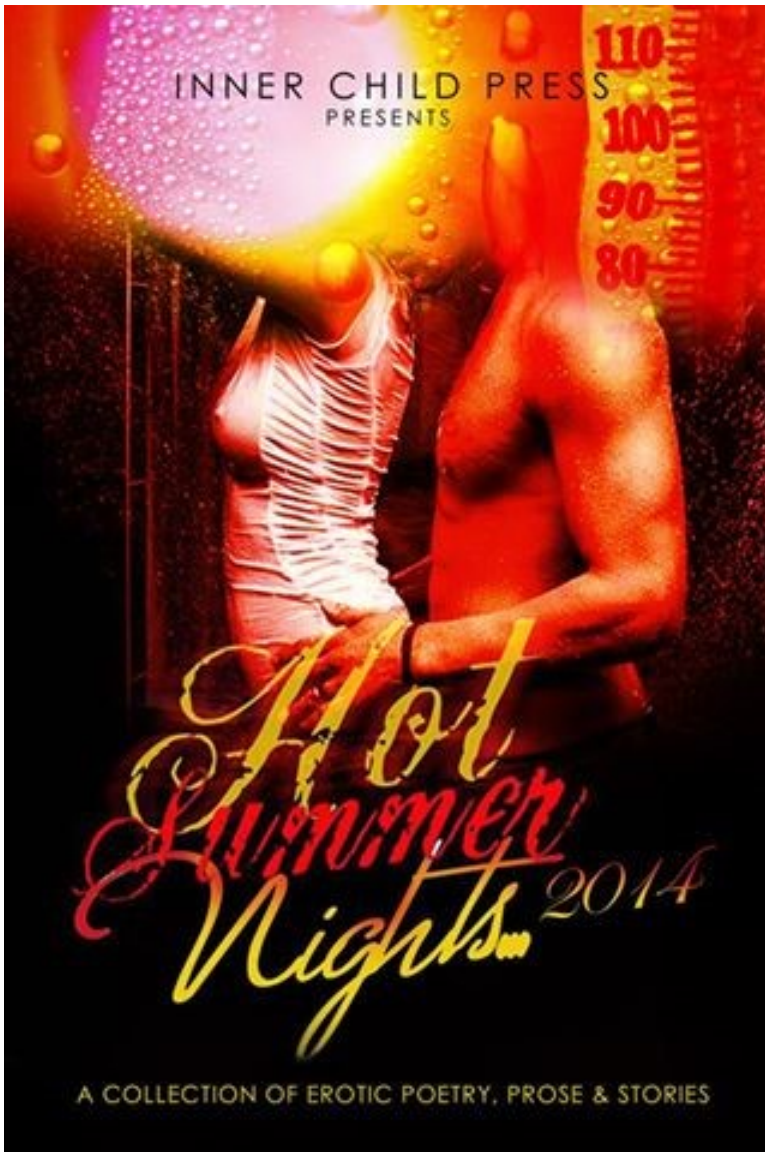


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories





Inner Child Press Anthologies



Inner Child Press Anthologies



the
Valentine's Day
Anthology

poetry . . . prose & stories of love

The Love Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies



want my
POEtRy
to . . .

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

Monte Smith

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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

Monte Smith



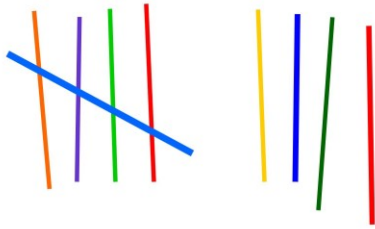
want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**

to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

Inner Child Press Anthologies



a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition

and there is much, much more !

visit . . .

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

Also check out our Authors and all the wonderful Books Available at :

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





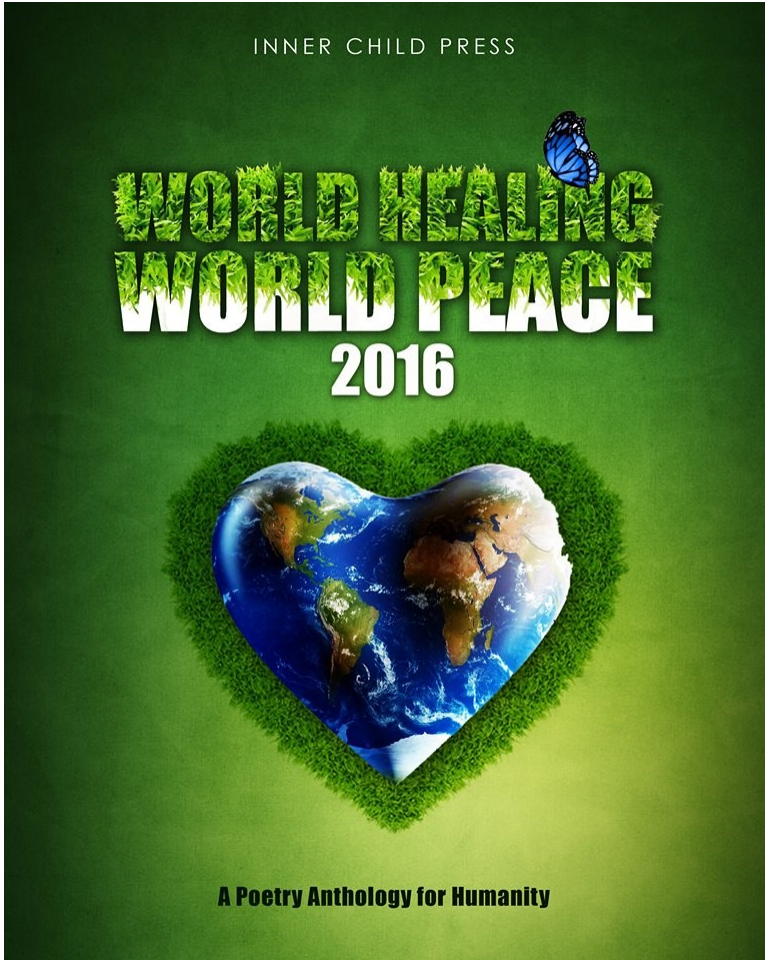
SUPPORT

World Healing World Peace



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Now Available



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

This Anthological Publication
is underwritten solely by

Inner Child Press

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

For more Information

Inner Child Press

www.innerchildpress.com



~ fini ~

The Poetry Posse ~ 2016



October 2016 ~ Featured Poets



Lana
Joseph



Usha
Krishnamurthy
R



James
Moore



www.innerchildpress.com