

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

THE
YEAR
OF THE
POET

October 2014

THE POETRY POSSE

inner child press, ltd.

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.

GENERAL INFORMATION

The Year of the Poet October Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2014

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 © 2014 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13 : 978-0692265987 (Inner Child Press, Ltd.)
ISBN-10 : 0692265988

\$ 12.99



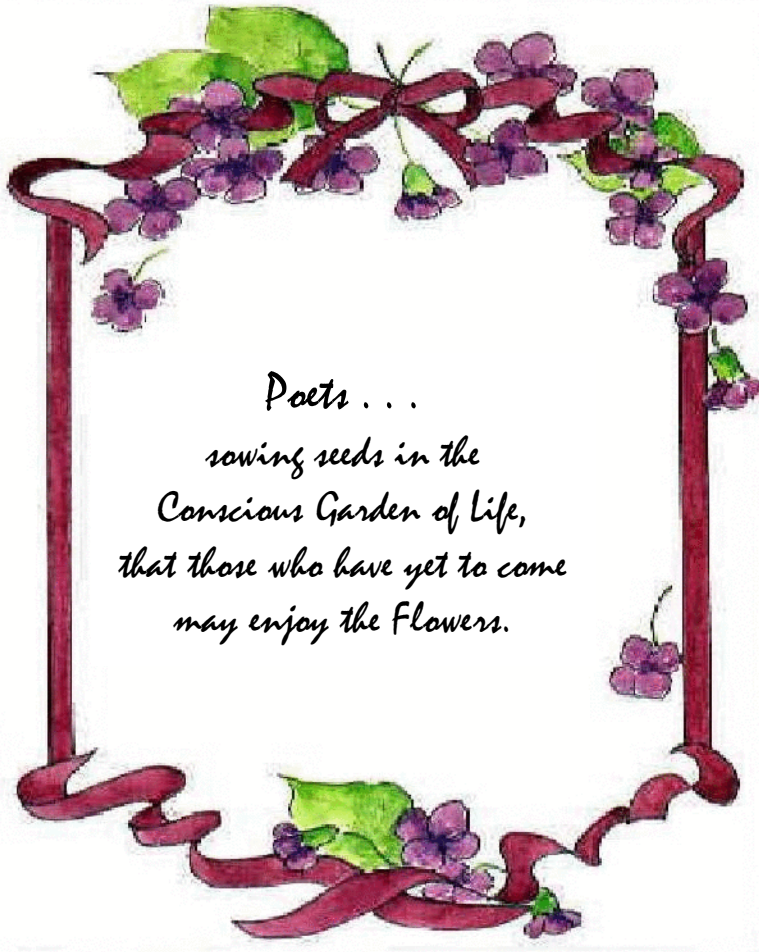
This Book is dedicated to

Poetry

&

the Spirit

of our Everlasting Muse.



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

 **Foreword**

Friends, Family and Readers

Here we are now in the Harvest time of the year. Over this year of 2014 there has been much progress in the area of relationships amongst humanity due to the connectivity aspects of the internet and other technologies. Sad to say, in many ways civilization has regressed. I note such things as Racism, Famine, War, Greed and all the other dastardly lower expressions of our species. As Poets and Writers, much of the Hopes of the Hearts of Humanity are expressed here within these pages, as is the raw commentary, that hopefully evokes a consciousness of how things are, and how they could be. We hope you enjoy our offerings.

Bless Up

Bill



reface

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

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

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

We are proud to present this for your reading pleasure.

Enjoy,

Jamie Bond

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

~ wsp

able of ontents

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

he oetry osse

Jamie Bond	1
Gail Weston Shazor	9
Albert ‘Infinite’ Carrasco	17
Siddartha Beth Pierce	25
Janet P. Caldwell	33
June ‘Bugg’ Barefield	43
Debbie M. Allen	49
Tony Henninger	59
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	67
Robert Gibbons	75
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	83
Kimberly Burnham	91
William S. Peters, Sr.	97

able of ontents . . . *continued*

ctober eatures 109

Ceri Naz 111

Rajendra Padhi 119

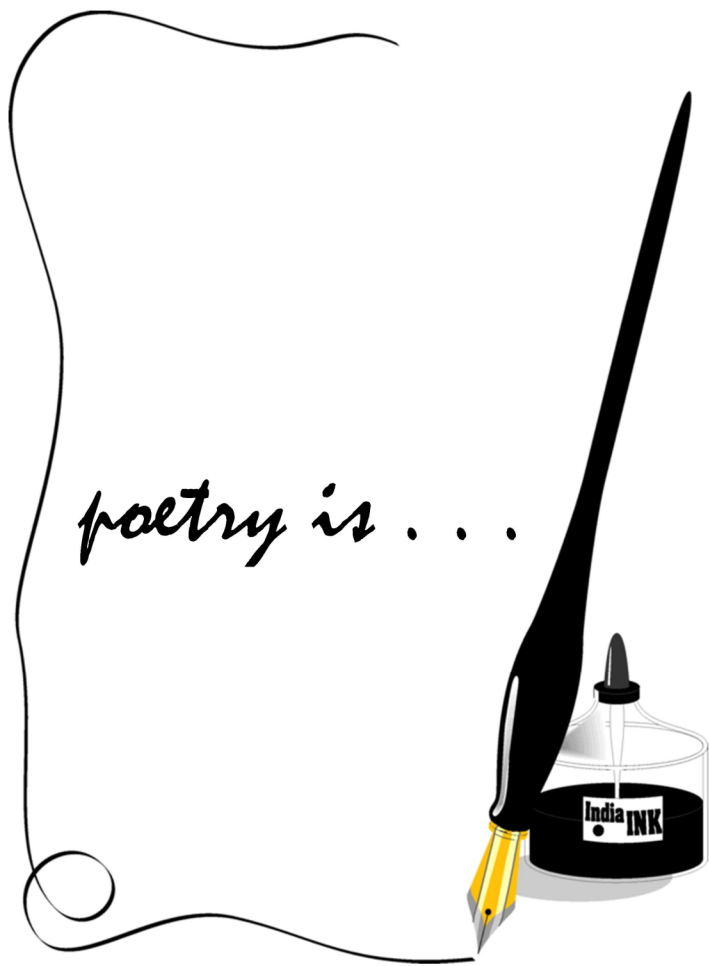
Elizabeth Castillo 131

Other Anthological Works 141

Tee Shirts & Hats 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

October 2014

THE POETRY POSSE

inner child press, ltd.

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

JAMIE
BONN

Jamie Bond



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

Her Motto

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

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

Halloween

the kids play dress up
and parade around town
on this eerie evening
after sun down
where whirlwinds whip leaves
in tiny tornado's
and mist can be seen
creeping under the doors
houses are decorated
to celebrate this occasion once more
with cats, bats, brooms, spider webs,
pumpkins and scarecrows

with hero's and professions
both good and bad
as they race door to door
with candy filled bags
trick or treat
they all scream with glee
as I dig into the bucket
filling their bags with candy
and who are you may I ask?
I'm a power ranger says one
I'm a fireman says another
be careful I tell em
don't eat the candy
till you ask your mother
we wont says the little princess
in her glittery dress
thank you –
you're welcome, I said...

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

oh the joy,
I reminisce as I think back
to being a kid and into my teens
while I smile and wave
and say be safe little ones
and happy Halloween

Arachnophobia

he tried to flex on me
and I wasn't having it see
mad cuz I was scared
but he isn't going to punk me
so I sprayed his ass
like a drive by in the bathroom
stabbed and stomped em
like it was a crime of passion
I was like dammn that BS
I done conquered bigger
I had to act like Suge Knight
and handle this nucca
yeah... I was like
take that ~ take that~ take that
smooth wit it I free styled a eulogy
in sonnet form for it
tissue casket
gave em a moment of silence
then flushed da toilet
yeah....
I killed that dammn spider
all by myself yall wut?!?!?!?

Quitclaim

Her abandoned mind
lost in lucid shadows
racing thoughts
that day dreams in the night
she can't see herself
in the distance
yet shes inches away
from her own reflection
where shes sitting
gazing blankly into the mirror
trembling fingertips
that can't hold her lipstick
upper lip jerks
like an earthquake that hurts
as her chest heaves
her tears cause an avalanche
of make believe episodes
of lost reality shows
just to show her
that her orphaned emotions
often are as scattered leaves
off trees in a forest
shredded balled up papers
she chokes back failure again
her screams trapped inside of a maze
in the back of her throat
she pounds the surface of the dresser
she tears her dress off
inaction's creating
discontinued possibilities of ever being
something more than she is ...

Jamie Bond

clarity become evasive and vague
successful plights elude her pages
the paper doesn't like
the pressure she pens her emotions in
and dreams are scarce now
more illusive
she concludes that her words
are destined to be homeless
scavenging for ears and eyes
to seek shelter every now and then
so she pimps her pen
till she can find the write ink again
to save her from herself....
a discontinued unwritten book
upon a shelf that doesn't exist....

GAIL
WESTON
SHAZOR

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor

navypoet1@gmail.com

Changes

It would seem that winter
Is blanketing the island
Sleepiness falls unawares
As if we need the rest
At an earlier sunset

I feel the changes
Resting between shoulder blades
The sobriety of a kiss
Causes electrical jumps
In what can only be restlessness

I lay still
Head resting on crossed arms
Waiting on the first cool touch
To make me feel summer again
Or at least a new spring

Seasons

I will leave you in the summertime
When the grapes hang low on the vine
Before they are made into sweet wine
And I still love you as mine
I will leave you in the summertime

I will leave you in the fall
Before the leaves cover all
And the questions start out small
We pass each other in the hall
So I will leave you in the fall

I will leave you in the winter
Even though the snow may hinder
I would have saved a bit of tender
For trips I will never remember
I will leave you in the winter

I will leave you in the spring
When the robins begin to sing
And you won't miss my leaving
For this is the sure thing
I will leave you in the spring

I will leave you in the summertime
I will always believe you are mine
And the memories I leave behind
Will ever be thought of as kind
I will leave you in the summertime

A Wreck-less Life

Even I and I
Will rise from these tears you shed
To continue on my journey
It is said that when you become real
When you finally become someone's treasure
That's when your corners become ragged
And your seams begin to unravel from living
It is here in this place
It is here under this sun
It is here
Under you, my sons and daughters
That I have completed this circle
And this body has served its purpose
In becoming the most precious treasure of your life
And with so much life moving
I move to abundancy, as I always have
You and you have need of me
You and you have want of me and
For you and you
I and I give with a cheerful heart
With a faithful soul
So in this life and the next
You will smile when you hear my name spoken

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

So that you may find faith and inspiration
Within your selves
Within your true self
And within you
And thus my legacy continues
Be good and pure to one another
My life continues in grace
When you honor me by
Living to build and not to tear down
Living to succeed and not to fall down
Living to be free and
Live a life less wreck-ful

Gail Weston Shazor

ALBERT
'INFINITE'
CARRASCO

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

Infinite the poet 2014

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

The Poems this month are from my Book

Infinite Poetry

available at

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

Time

I wish I could turn back time, if I could I would change history, I would place myself at the point before my homies got shot or stabbed to death, restart time and help them evade that fatality. But before I do that I'll go back to when my father was alive, wrestle him and dig in his pocket to take the heroin, then I'll slap the can of slow murder out his hand or the bottle of tango or jack, ya know the fifths of liquid that gave him liver cancer, he died first so after him I'll get to all my soldiers. I would of been letting off while Ralphy ran for cover, then he would've did the same till we hit the corner, we both would've made it home to our mother, he wouldn't of been the first to be murdered. I would do the same for Edgar since i owed him, he was my life savor, when I was getting shot he dove on me and took one to his neck, so me saving him would be returning the favor. After his would be killer is dealt with i would've stopped the bleeding from his stab wound, or at least put pressure so it could bleed less before he bled to death. Them faggots wouldn't of been able to touch my manito orlandito, the toolies would been echoing on full auto while i screamed out bellaco. I would make sure blue don't deal with that crew that left him sprawled out on the floor, he was hardheaded but no matter what he was my man, if I was at the right place at that wrong time there definitely

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

would've been wholes in all for doors and windows of that sedan before we both ran. I would make sure that eddies cylinder was empty of any rounds so when he put the gun to his head and pulled that trigger playing around there wouldn't of been a loud sound before he hit the ground. I would let bunca know that we didn't need that spot, convince him to leave that block and save him from getting shot. Whatever it takes i would go back in time and change the outcome of the would be deceased so we can all live in peace instead of them resting in peace. The only thing I could do if I go back in time to save the last to die Abdul aka skipper would be to watch him in his sleep then wake him up before his dream gets infiltrated by the reaper. PS. Many more died that I haven't mentioned, I just use a few at one time to keep names on rotation

Society

After decades of hustling, I woke up one day retired from the game, it's been sometime now but I still feel the hurt from the already inflicted pain because I lost so much and so many trying to gain, the dees still jump out on me and search me and my whip for guns and hard cause they know I was bout that life...cocaine. My first impression to society wasn't pretty, just like society was ugly to me, we had a mutual feeling, that's why I started dealing, the same reason my neighbors started dealing, we was tryn to get out of poverty, society didn't do a thing to help that, but they did color us minorities bad when they caught us with loose rock 12 12's or 58 58 slabs. I'm back to correct my first impression with my vocabulary, my ghetto grammar, my experience of mixn eina with soda as a motivational speaker. I use my knowledge of living in the projects and earnn off the Pyrex as an urban spoken word artist. Society can't repay me... No one can replace what was taken from me, unless I can take them to st Raymond's and resuscitate my kin. I know that can't happen... but I'm not selfish, I'll still save those lost boys before they're missed or swim with fish, although I moum and Still get stopped and frisked. Life's a bitch, it's ok I'm used to it, there's nothing can stop my lips from yippitty yapping on the life of those trapping, until society glues them and I go through preservation with embalming fluid.

He's in heaven

Mommy...do I have a daddy?

Yes you do son.

Why don't I ever get to see him?

Baby boy just close your eyes and you'll see him,

He'll guide you and speak to all the way from heaven.

Those are questions ask by children who lost their father. In my area it's usually because of drugs and guns due to the violence created by street pestilence. I strived hard to become an author, a ghetto narrator, an enlightener to open the eyes of the mentally blind so they can see the dangers of the life of wanting to be being connections and bosses after being corner store, lobby or bodega pitchers. By saving my brothers I'll be saving fathers. Kids will be coming home from school at three to run into the arms of daddy, instead of coming home to stare at an urn because pops got shot trying to illegally earn. I'm tired of seeing crying mothers feed, change pampers and rock cradles, they're not crying because they have to raise kids, it's just when it comes to help they know their deceased husbands would've been ready willing and able but they never got to feel that joy because death came before due dates for chasing a fable. Guns are made to kill, they don't kill alone, its a killer with thoughts that are ill, triggers have to be pulled in order for deadly projectile to take flight like murderous drones.

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

SYDARINA
BETH
PIERCE

Siddhartha Beth Pierce



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

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

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

From Your Grave

A true story...

*in Loving Memory of Granddaddy Charles Gibson
Mahaffey*

From your grave you spoke to me
in a most loving dream-

I felt you near
while I slept as a teenager
even wept-

I missed you so
but the words you said
while I was safe in my bed
had a lesson to be sure-

You said, 'My dear granddaughter,
do not worry about me,
I just have some things to work out with my father.'

Even then I knew not that man's name
as he was dead before I came-

but what you spoke held true
as afterwards I found out
that he had beaten your mother
all her adult life-

I suppose he must have been forgiven
somehow
if you found him there with you-

in heaven.

Death

for Garth Foster

I have been around death
more than the living-

Once, I was pushing a corpse,
which suddenly awoke
for one last breath-

An infant died upon my chest.

I have buried friends and family-
many more times than necessary.

Yet, i survive with spirit-

Intact.

A soul seeking answers,
and perhaps, a perfect mate.

A match I light,
in Remembrance.

Smoking tobacco,
Which may ultimately be,
the end of me.

Still, this is a slow death
while I recollect,
contemplate,
those long gone now-

Siddhartha Beth Pierce

Beginning with teenage days.

Where I began as a firefighter,
Guardsman and EMT.

Oh dear, Lord, please
Let me be free.

For my true calling now
is my endearing
One and only son.

The Dream

The dream
came to me
late in the evening
as I slumbered
in Fairfax, Virginia
at the tender age of 19.

In my dream,
I was granted
one wish.

I immediately responded
with the word
'Happiness'.

As soon as I spoke
that word
to the right of my bed
came forward
three human-like figures
with no distinguishing facial features.

I knew instinctively
they had come to take me away
from our beloved Earth,
to death.

Siddhartha Beth Pierce

I was so frightened,
I awoke with a start
and to this day
I can not speak
or use that word in a sentence

I, however, am thankful
to still be alive and kicking.

I am glad to be here.

JANE
PERKINS
CALDWELL

Janet Perkins Caldwell



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

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

Since the early days Janet has been published in newspapers, magazines and books globally. She also has enjoyed being the feature on numerous occasions, both in Magazines, Radio and on a plethora of Sites. She has gone on to publish three books. *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012 and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013. All of her Books are available through [Inner Child Press](#) along with Fine Book Stores Globally. Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child ltd.

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

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

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

Rumour Has It

If the salt
has lost its savour
as *rumour has it*
there can be no sapor.

Its once tasty
full fluted
sprinkled kisses
upon your brow
upon your lips.

Then concocting
a witch's brew
innocently ingested . . .
this 'rancorous'
and poisonous flavor.

I stand alone . . .

no longer
able to arouse
His taste buds
no more favored
in the face
of the sun.

Due to misuse
and the abuse
of seasonings spilled
from the hearts of some.

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

O' the dangers of the
rumour mill.

How did this happen
my Love ?

Tell me how is it possible
to no longer preserve
the once refined
the reserved ?

Was it
misplaced
rearranged ?
Someone vying
to take my place ?

And now I
prostrate myself fully
before thee
naked
tearfully estranged ?

Then tell me how . . .

Please
tell me how
is it that I should now
prepare this *meal* meant for a King ?

Unless, We believe.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Call for my Handmaidens
and Ladies in Waiting
and they will testify
of my Love and Honor.

Sacred only to my Beloved
My treasured Hope
my one and only.

I kept myself Pure
O' my King
for thy intimate pleasure
for thine own delight.

Let thine eyes feast upon me
once again.

I am perplexed
on how
my salt
has lost it's savour.

As rumour has it . . .

Karma in Tow

It had to come to this.

I know . . .

I know
the hate expressed
the weight of it all
and fate answering
with karma in tow.

We are not blind.
Yes, we can see
however the bloodshed
is affecting you and me.

I for one do want peace
a stroll with our families
through a lush forest
or on a peaceful beach.

I think that I will move.

Remove myself from hate
to another plane
to soothe the sorrows
to stop the pain.

I just cannot take it anymore.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

I have faked it
sorely aching
while smiling brightly
as I secretly cried
and rolled on the floor.

Just go away
and leave me alone.
I have said it before
that I did not do it.
I was not there.

Though, *Karma* is in tow.

I am not a Performer

I am not a performer
or even a guest
at your masquerade ball.

And I refuse to wear a mask
with snakish, snappish tubes
choking me, in my nose and throat
much like Medusa's head – dress.

I have said it before
though you have not heard me
Mr. Pharmacy man
Dr. John
or whoever the hell you are.

And some are not sure what it will take
to strip and shake you
from that *fake – ass play*
spilling drugs disguised as love.

Though it tried to take
away the essence of me.
And it did for awhile
now I am on my way
don't you see, can you ?
Yeah, I *have* arrived . . . really.

Play, did you say
when and where ?
I do love the arts, you know.
Not the *sick games*.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

I am not a hustler
got no game you see
and don't want any either.

The inane street talk
and whisperings
trying to block my lane
of possibilities
shame, shame
get away from me.

I wanna be me
I wanna be free
and let go
of man's *lying dis-ease*
and some of the now
that does not feed
or produce good seeds
for even a Grass – Hopper to eat.

So, they have been tossed into
a river of challenges, drowned
and yes won, by you and me.
And we have *allowed us*
to pick and choose
from the garden of Ease
to be naturally
dis – ease free.

Simply BE-ing.
I AM, Love, Joy and Faith.
There is so much to do and see !
And that *Is* doing it for me.
Shine – On my children
shine – on and BE Happy.

JUNE
'BUGG'
BAREFIELD

June 'Bugg' Barefield



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

June Barefield ~ Poet-Activist-Teacher-Author

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

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

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

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

you can get more of June here . . .

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

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

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

June 'Bugg' Barefield

Hiatus3

The simplest purification's inside heart strings

silent strings

the pure stream

a holy incorruptible ring

a heavenly journey taken by earthbound beings

instinct &

intuition

the wilderness & her wisdom

Simple things

silent strings...

Her Eyes

Please excuse me when I no longer answer your eyes

Mine, a slight reprove with very few denials

Another friendship we chide

Hearts never quite one, but remain full of life

You I let teach, while I learn the us in we

Let you rule what concerns you have for this world as
patiently as I can B

I have this dreamers dream about life, but wishes do not
define ones destiny

Silly me...

I find nothing pious or profane about the sham of this thing;
frivolous as it

may be

I must soon find meaning; or again I flee to be free

So please...

Excuse me when I no longer answer your eyes.

“With so many admirers, why never a true friend?”

A longing

Not yet in love, but always in love with love

Forever falling...

In, and then out of love

For the mere wanting

the longing to love

A pure UN-fade-able

Faithful

Sincere unfailling

Grateful love

INSTEAD misled, bonded momentarily for insignificant moments of lustful loves

Talking High-sounding oh so temporary nonsense

pretending, and attempting to convince myself into something else...

That is not love

Trapped

Ensnared

In fragmented snares prepared unawares

playing truth or dare with a lie

in the blind eye of my mind, unwilling to intuit what's felt so deep down inside

REASONABLE CANNOT LOVE FIND!

Trifling down roads dallying dalliance upon dalliance,

discovering & rediscovering

Uncovering the truest truth denied

Not yet in love

I re-enter my depths

Intense

I reflect

Intent to find this love.

NEBBIE



ALLEN

Debbie M. Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

The Tocking Knot

Clocking her sabbatical flocked in hours
Destroying the ploys of joy
Crowning her with suggestions
That she is nothing more than the Queen of royal messes
Timing life in bouts of outs
Howling death at moonshine for blurring her lessons
The aggression in losing hope Tock, tock, tock...
Mind awoke in ticks smashing against
The block...hammering shock into mental streets
Cerebral creeps...around lost corners
Stone wall borders dead end her in close quarters...
Evoking the stroke of the minute hand
Like a memory band circling moments in dark
Warm waters...
Swimming with the heartbeat
That reaped a prodigal daughter...
Tock, tock, tock...

Owls can't cope with the incessant tick
Tricks into insomnia slips
Tock, tick, tock, tick...
Grips her into insane shit...
Doubled over and over until guts are sick
Of the mood eclipse...
Tattooing a crescent in the slick of her thighs
Why does she crave the waves of regret so much?
It hurts...cramped into a curtsy to insane blurts...
How high can totes of smoke take her?
Before she chokes....
Tock, tock, tock...
Time piece broke in the watch...
Of peace's decease...
Tick, tick, tick...
Released....

Every Piece Unwritten

*“I wanted to say...everything you bid my way
Became pieces unwritten
In the voices of my heart”*

*I was blank in devotion...
Headache stroking temples
Trying to erase heartbroken rape...
I was violated beyond replacement of smiles
Unable to write a mile long poem
Confessing I was a fool in denial...
Shame...that lil black dress in the style of love
Didn't fit me in the
Fitting hand strokes that molded me like a glove
See He cherish body like broke winged doves
Pretty and easy to handle
Under dimmed candles...
Line one...disposed in the fuckin scandal...
Invisible ink
Sinking into the trinkets he stole like a thief
So I wouldn't remember how fake
Words can roll tongues in the taking of me...
Pillory...
S on my chest...scarlet in the bruise of its branding
A crimson tattoo stained to amuse
The thinking of claim...
As a mutual standing...*

Debbie M. Allen

*Line two...disgraced liable in its handling
Fanning heat strokes in the flash of his eyes*

I was all his with the lies...

And secretly

No matter what...he was mines

We held palmed timelines of life together

Shit Like they say...

Any type of fucked up weather

Even the weathering of my heart

No bolt split the skies that could

Split us asunder...

My own personal blunder...

That's the revoke breathed in love

At home in the thunder...

The wishing me well in the storms

The pushing me in the dwell of weak arms...

I was renamed destiny's charm

Line three...met fate in the harm...

No verses wrote because no verses could keep warm...

Left alone in the scorn

He adores me so

But that will always be the only damned line

That I quote...

Because every day he loved me

In the shadow of his bidding...

The pierce of his teeth in speech hidden

Became every piece unwritten...

In a Palate of Cries

I can't breathe through the flames
Flash fire once...
Brings my fame higher
Click a feature frame
And everything becomes radically dire
Video empires...as my conscious leaves
Twice the hype
But that's not bringing back life
I need you to inhale for me
Gather sympathy, empathy...
Some multi-unity...
Hands up is not enough...
I need you waving off the treachery
That my pigment signifies...
No significance...in their eyes...
Just justified lies
Where is my palate of cries?
I gave up my ghost to host more diligent lives
Not to meet media in the valley of hives
Skin crawling against the divide...
I need you to survive...
Stop looking for me in the crook
Of a faceless book
Drowning awareness...so we miss the hook...that
"Lifelines never die in one passing"
They surface beyond grassroots
Of propaganda's handling
Social white walls can never tell
All my story...
I could be infamous glory watering millions of eyes
If I could gather strength in a palate of cries?
"Lord carry my spirit by and by"

Debbie M. Allen

Past countless posts boasting my signature
In community drive byes
Remember my words
“I can’t breathe”
Echoed high...
Louder than a tweet, or a like or an Instagrammed scribe
In my name
Louder than a two minute segment demoralizing my end
It’s peripheral suicide if you refuse to see
The transcendence of movement...
Smoothing the hellish road that I died
I need the walking of pavements shattering hatreds vibe
Giving action to voice
In a palate of cries?
Stop pledging a flag giving lapses of mental jet lag
That’s shaken too late
When death is our future fate
Searching graveyards of newsfeeds
Only leading to debate
Erasing the time that could lead a race
To the ultimate finish line
Hands locked in a palate of cries...
Breaking stride, breaking grind, breaking
The border of stone blocked minds
Believing racism is a fabled fallacy flunked into decline
Instead of the boldest outline we face
A case of the fairytale beast
Having us imagine justice was reached
At the period of Martin Luther King’s last line
In the “I Have a Dream Speech”
But I need you to power ahead
Keep moving mountains
Instead of laying cheek against pillows
In an unmade bed...

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

Bullet holes in the chest always leading to unrest
Even the dead can't sleep
We speak...we speak, we speak, we speak
Until one day what we seek
Will be fed...
No relying on, denying of, replying to
Or trying through the pains of pleas of
"I can't breathe"
"Gasp" no newflashes...."gasp" no bulletins..."gasp" no
broadcasts...
Can lift us in the dying of lives
I need everlasting peace...
An increased wisdom,
Growing greenery on the fresh grave that I bled
For you...
Knowing sacrifice despite the circumstance
Can lead to finally doing just fine
If color lines are blended into justice
In a palate of cries...

Debbie M. Allen

TONY
HENNINGER

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

[Henninger](#)

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

tonyhenninger@yahoo.com

Tony Henninger

Lovers In Heaven

Let me flow
through your veins.
Take away
all of your pains.
Deep in your heart
I will tend the spark
and keep it out of the rain.

Let my essence
embrace your soul
in warmth and serenity.
Safe in my love and light,
your beauty shining bright,
for all eternity
and all to see.

You are the star
gleaming in my eyes
making my life complete.
Hearts beating as one,
never to be undone.

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

Let us fly
beyond the sky
to a paradise of our own.
Riding comets over rainbows
in ecstasy and afterglows
of neverending desire
burning in eachothers fire.

My love.
My destiny.
My certainty.
My everything.
My love....

Tony Henninger

Angel Of Mercy

I cannot comprehend
this feeling of discontent.

Every time I cry
each tear I swallow
filling myself up and
drowning in my sorrow.

Discover me, recover me,
bring me out of my sorrow,
this loneliness is killing me
and I see no tomorrow.

I search every garden
for that special rose.
The one to find me.
The one to hold me close.

Does she exist and
could she be real when
all else is illusion?
Maybe my dream of love
is just another cunning drug
to feed my hallucination?

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

I need you.
I need you to find me.
To lift me up and out
of my pain and misery.

Hold my heart.
Hold my heart tightly.
Keep it from falling again.
Blind my soul with your beauty.
Make me believe in love again.

Be my Angel of Mercy.

Tony Henninger

If We Were One

Just imagine if we were one,
how different the world would be.
No borders, no wars, no hunger,
no fighting to be free.
Working to inspire and aspire to
the utmost of love and kindness.
To make this world a paradise
instead of this ungodly mess.

We must live up to our potential.
We are not stupid, we just deny.
We must reach out to each other.
We are not too late to try.

Would it not be grand
to reach across the land
and take another's hand?
We are all equal here.
Don't let God's vision down!

Let's wake up and pay attention!
We cannot sustain this fable.
We must realize,
if we are to survive,
we must stop living in
this endless story of
Cain and Abel.

JOE
AVERBAL
ANNOUNCER

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

No Material

I do not want to write about another senseless killing
I prefer a cornucopia table setting God willing
The blood spilling along racial divides is not poetry
A descriptive documentary feels cold to me
My shoulders feel tense
With this immense amount of yellow tape
Life is very real; I am not looking for escape

I am still searching my soul, this hurting getting old
Another story in rhyme about pain is being told
Lord knows it has its place, every concrete landscape
The meal is served from a conscience plate
Every corner of the globe a life has been taken
Every Man, Woman and Child, poor hearts breaking

Am I compelled to tell of such horrors?
Shall I write of death today and flowers tomorrow?
Uplifting is the poet, shifting is the poet
Splitting is the poets mind, venting is the poets rhyme
Will there ever be a time for a poet to shine
Without having to write about horrific crimes
No material this time, no material this time.

The Rains Came

Clouds formed, graying my skies
It was a time when the atmosphere muted all signals
Back to where the voice was drum, smoke was word
A dance fed the fields, a chant and wounds would heal
One kill could feed many, in a land of plenty
There was no need to hoard; our food was replicated
Our diet varied from nuts and berries to the dairy
From the grains that we carried in woven sacks
The feast of the beast scaled flesh we, were sacred

We were an Eden to the heathens that stumbled upon us
They rumbled among us, gunpowder and hung us
Trussed us up like the roasted boar, and swore
They were here before us,
Claiming our land and ignore us,
We were here when the dinosaur was
Weapons formed did prosper, but the land suffered.
It crumbles beneath their feet
No trees to stifle the heat, their sustenance
Manufactured meat, so we dance for Noah
Take flight with eagle's talon
The smoke rises and the drum speaks
The first drop falls at our feet.

The Panhandlers

They speak of making 15 cents, never taking it personal.
I was offered lunch by a man who gets by with offers of help

His half tooth smile as we reminisced about how music used to be

There were three, who see me every day.

I've passed by on many occasion, this rest stop for the weary

These past few days I've stopped to listen.

Worldly views based on life, comical comments about passersby.

I'm sure I've made them laugh a time or two.

Never in judgment as I sat and absorbed their lives

Grey like me, aged like me there was no wonder as to why.

"It will be cold soon I hate the winter" I heard one say

A young man walked by, pants down style..

with a level of respect rarely portrayed..

"How are y'all doing today, I see you chill'n

do you need anything?" I shed a silent smile

My news knows not of these things

I don't even know their names

My view if only for today gives hope

I'll sit again tomorrow, for yesterday it was my spot

Shaded from the sun, exposed to the rain

There were no brown bags of empty libations

Just laughter and conversation

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

One seemed new at the life
Darting out to help with bags
"It's slow today" a chorus of Yep
It be's like that sometime.
The leaves are turning as fall approaches
Who will sit with me then?

Who will know of the Four Tops, and the Iceman?
Who will know of the Lowe's Palace, and Moms Mabley?
Who will know that the change from an ashtray
Can make a man's day, and 15 cents is not personal

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer

ROBERT
GIBBONS

Robert Gibbons



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

www.threeroomspress.com

You may contact Robert
via his FaceBook presences :

www.facebook.com/anthonyrobertgibbons

www.facebook.com/jamesmercerlangstonhughes

when I deteriorate

watch me
as my friends
get older
and my hair withers
to stubble
will bloom in autumn
the orange October

watch me
as the names drop
from the list
and parents
become grand
and boys
become men

I knew
watch them and
then me
the dim
of the faintest
need, the bleed to say
this time is undone
the feeling that come with
this burn, this middle
of the age, a page turner
to learn again, to seek

and see and hope
and what it is
and not yet,
and yet it is

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

as I deteriorate
before your eyes
the blight of orange trees
that held my mother's tongue
the lone walk back
to where I am from

it is the goodness
that will come
the shoulder of the road
and the shoals
of my background

as I deteriorate
in spirit
to the lift
become gifts
and the minor
names frame
the way

they become voice
and other
further the journey

as we transmogrify
transcend
lend a piece
of the story
moreover
it

will be
the end
push
the resend
button.

October's October

I am not going fight
but I would lay
down my sword
would offer my words
if I could I'd just whisper
in your ear, if I could make
it clear how much, this feeling
only comes up
in October's October
the entire world of color
wants Cleopatra
her make-up of berries
and juice, coercing me
to confess my secrets
before the court
the entire world of color
want a Queen
wants a woman
to stand out as a matriarch
bearing her ankh
her bosom
losing me in fantasy
the entire world
of color want
a Queen to reign
to guise us
in spell
to tell us
to lead us
by her
dress tale
hope I am
not too
late

the third of October

there is only one road
one traffic light
in October
it is not cold yet
just a bite of frost
a sanctified corn field
the incense
from the sugar mill
women wearing pants
beneath their skirts
so if they bend
the men could not see
if they bend
it was all hidden
in the cryptic voice
of the gospel
it was as rigid
as Sunday morning

she take me
on a visit
to Bean City
a few clapboard houses
dressed in white
dressed in spit shine shoes
dressed because of church
is all we knew
it was the drive
from Belle Glade
to South Bay
praying for a breeze

Robert Gibbons

it was Shirley Caesar
it was a holy believer
it was a stop
a sign of the cross
a stop
at grandma 's house
it was stop
to remember
the swelling of the pound cake
the telling
of the burial mound
it was a stop
then a baptism
it was a cesarean of fire
the color of tamarind
the holy mandarin
there is only one road
to the third of October

SHARIF
ABUR
RASHID

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

miracles..,

abound all around
heaven to earth,
above and below ground
growth,cycles coming
full circle from beginning
to final destination,fullfill
destiny without diviation
purpose of creation reaching
maturation whithers and dies
but next season returns to
life from death
that which died resurrect
sprout,come forth in splendor
did you take a moment to
ponder,
in awe of the wonder?
so you ask who can bring dry
bones back to life again
after death descends?
says the verse(Sura Yasin)
say he who made you from
nothing in the first
is there anything he can(Allah)
can't reverse?
such are the signs rehearsed
so eyes that see appreciate
accordingly
thus avoid being among the
cursed unfortunately.

food 4 thought!

flood...

not water there's a shortage
but not blood,
flowing freely as violence!
as the forlorn suffer in silence
those amongst us scorned
even before they was born
like Marvin asked "What's going
on?"
answer,
prophecy going on!
as it should from city to hamlet
soon coming if not already there
to your hood
Marvin asked "Who really cares?"
as the years,blood ,sweat and tears
appear
we bury,mommy ,daddy,little baby
jane
willie,harry,johnny,larry lived hardly
gunned down at a party or in a alley
how much pain,again 'n' again!
Chicago,New York ,St,Louie,Detroit
the all familiar story explained with all
the gory details

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

as others who call themselves sisters
and brothers in blue bask in the glory
a different story as their ship sails
lines are blurred, stories change,
memory fails
as once again our youth and men
rot in some forgotten jail
system da hammer people da nail
voices raised slowly fade
once again we all fail to really
comprehend
"what's going on" is a means to an end!
when all things will make sense again
in the mean time keep the faith my friend

food 4 thought!

Inspired by...

words of truth
penetrating hearts
minds become enlightened
humans rise, life revived
inspiration rejuvenates dead
to alive
inspired by the dynamics of
life
taken the whole package be it
tranquility or strife
growing not owed to indulging
but sacrifice!
one must expect the whole to
experience the art of living
overstand the big picture, scheme
master plan supreme
there's beauty in the beast
if you look beyond the look
for what we probably mistook
not opening the entire book
examining every granny, nook
the difference between existence
and living
is the measure one gets pleasure

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

not so much in getting but given
appreciate life with all it's twists
'n' turns
adversity teaches, be prepared to learn
from that which takes you beyond the
comfort zone
rich with substance to the bone
promotes awareness that dispels fear
can't be fearless without
being aware.
can't be aware without conquering
fear!

food 4 thought!

KIDBERLY
BURRYHA

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

You can find Kimberly ...

<http://www.KimberlyBurnhamPhD.com>

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

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

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

Flames of Fall

Before me
a flaming red tree
that last burst of life
near a full fast stream
at the bottom of a bluff
early fall cools the air
as I breathe
in the day

I am in a museum
so is it life?
still life
a real moment
snatched
preserved for all to see

The dreams of endings
of how things were
a new beginning
here on the wall
of life waiting
for us to see
what rises
from the ashes

Seeing With Closed Eyes

Why does it gets blurry
when I move
farther away

My eyes are closed
imagining
my mother's painting
yellow flowers burst
into the upper right corner
a red and green flowering cactus
subdued below
the functionality occupying
that lower left corner
a toothbrush
a cup on the counter

Why when I imagine myself
standing farther from the painting
do the colors blend,
the edges blur
what story am I telling myself?

Taking charge of my vision
of life, of my world perspective,
I look again
eyes firmly shut
conjuring up the image
life in all
its brightly colored details
I am up close
to rich details
of love

A Race To Perspective

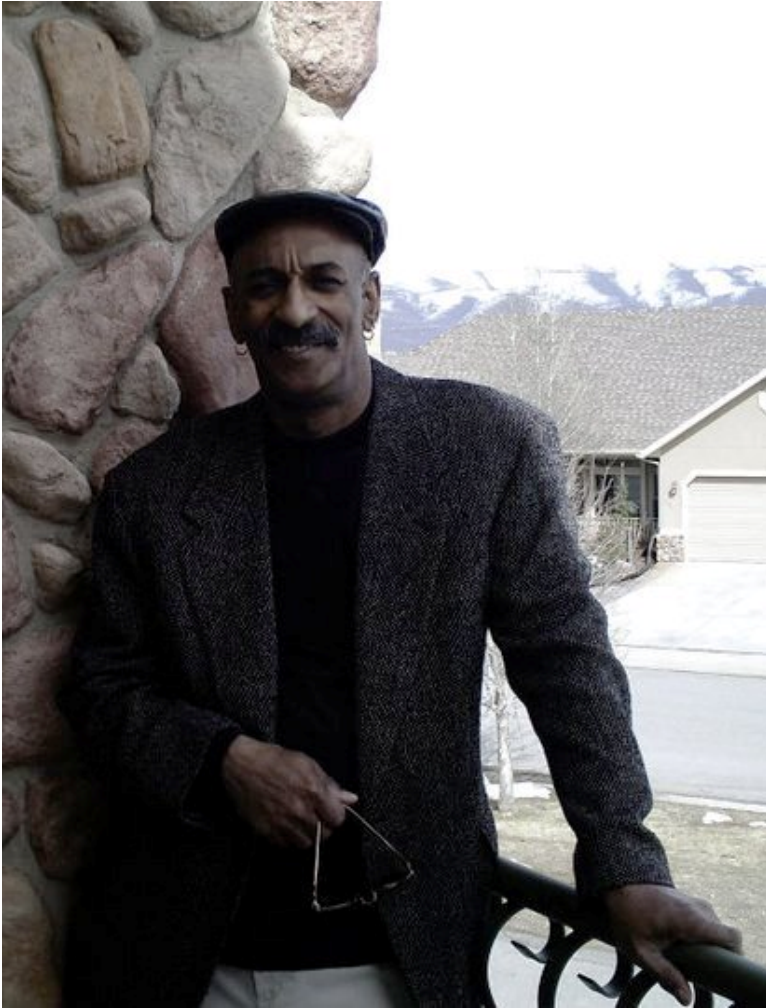
If a rainbow of colors
lined up to race
red would win
not black or white
but a rich ruby
dazzling July
a fire engine
on its way to a conflagration
a Japanese maple
in autumn

Can you see
the colors racing
for a share of your vision
as you look out
the apartment window
or zipping by on a bicycle
you feel the wind
on your face
as you scrutinize the fields
or the view from the red brick library
around the corner

What are the colors
that win in a colorful life?
some days are red
then there are the blue days
mellow as a cool lake
on a hot summer day
nourishing the dreams
helping them flow
as life spirals
still

WILLIAM
PETERS SR

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

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

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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child :

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

to make a change

i am a Pissed Off Black Man !

i am not pissed off because i am Black
nor is it because i am a Man . . .

No, No . . .

it is because i am a “Black” Man
that i am, largely Disrespected
Judged and Treated
as less than Human

we are persecuted and repressed
by the Courts
by Politics
by Education
by Medical Treatments
by Medical Research & Development
by the Food Industry
by Employers
by Public Services & Servants
and any other institution you can name
even those we control
(which ain't many, if any)

you name it, we have dealt with it

just look at the news these days
we the people
including you
are consciously raped daily
in so many ways

it is time for the Bullshit to stop

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

getting pulled over by Cops
because i was Black while driving
like i had a choice

the voices of our Warrior ancestors
are screaming “Blood for Blood”
but should it come to this
who wins,
surely not humanity

the insanity
based upon the inanity
that we are deserving of what we get
that anyone is better than another
has no foundation worthwhile
whatsoever !!!!

let us learn how to work together !

if anything,
we and the Red man
still stand
and have stood
Nobly, Valiantly
to face the ill winds
of “America”
far too long

it is time to sing another song
called Respect
called Love
called Acceptance
for you sure are not singing that tune
that your Jesus taught you
no, no, no

you reap what you sow . . .

we have been hung
from tress as entertainment
at your “Picnics”
(Pic-a-niggah)
sold as Indentured Servants
and Slaves,
corralled behind fences,
and the other side of the tracks,
in bricked up prisons called projects,
and what a project, huh ?

even unto this day,
you just wrap the package differently
with your news media campaigns,
education systems,
employment bias,
public assistance systems
and every other type of institutional construct
you construct
in the name of . . . ?
What ?

the irony is
that most people
of any color
do not get it
that we are all in the same boat
attempting to navigate through life
hoping for more sunshine

is not the Seas of Life
rough enough
tough enough ?

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

yeah, i am pissed off
tremendously,
but to whom should i address
my queries and my pleas

yes it is time for me, you, us all
to get up off our knees
and stop praying to that illusion
you call God,
for God is within you
waiting for you to awaken
and use the power you have
through him,
in you,
to make a change

~ * ~

With the pressing of too many current and pass events which evidence the inequities of life in all aspects of our humanity as an African American / Black, i find myself compelled to utilize my voice through poetry to speak on these things. Hopefully it will evoke some sort of awakening in all demographics of Culture and Ethnicity. We need to make a change . . . Now . . . Somehow !

and to all those who adhere and practice any form of Racial Bias at any level, whether the objective be Asian, Black, White, Red or Blue . . . FUCK YOU !!!!

i told you i was pissed off !!!

i think

i guess it is natural
to reminisce . . .
the days gone by
asking ourselves why;
the times when we were bolder
come far and few between
as we become older

those days past,
that did not last,
when we were apt and able
and we were in a rush
and could not wait to get up
from that dinner table

i look at my children
and now i know what people meant
so many years ago
after i have spent
most of my time “doing”
and not taking serious notice
to the life passing us by
far too quickly

they said . . .
“He looks just like you” . . .

look at me now
finding my joys
wishing on stars
or
in vicarious jars

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

stored on pantry shelves
collecting a dust
while anxiously waiting
to be opened
and consumed
once again

friends have moved on
to some place or another.
it doesn't matter
for when i encounter them
i can not recall their names
but i do faintly recognize
their wrinkled faces . . .

others will never show up again
for they crossed over
to explore another realm
we all must indulge,
will i be prepared ?

the running, the jumping
the humping, the bumping
has been laid to rest
and i now, every day
try to resuscitate
my wonder,
just to have something interesting
to do
how about you ?

i now wear my clothes
a little looser
because i do not want to be bothered

William S. Peters, Sr.

with anything restraining me
containing me
for i have detained my own glory
far too long

songs i remember
for they remind me of a 'when'
from my past
that did not last
where there were incessant smiles
that seemed to go on forever
even unto now,
now that i think about it

too much thinking these days,
i think,
perhaps i should do more doing
but i have to ask my self
when will i have time then
to sit and reminisce ?

vapors are likened to life
they always melts into the atmosphere
i think !

now what

it never dawned on me
that i was 3/5's of a man
that is something
my parents never taught

i never learned
that i was less than human
for that is another thing
my parents never bought
into

you see, we are a product
of many things
but mostly how we are raised
so when i look at the bias abound
i wonder about the game
other parents played

manipulating the minds
of their own very young
to believe what is not true
about such things as equality
between the me, the you

hate just does not sit
well with my soul
though i lament where we are
the road we have traveled
is very long
yet there is so far
to go

humanity can not move forward
if we hold on to the past
there is much that we each
do have to give.
when we embrace who we are
in a Soulful truth
only then will we begin
to live

the Heaven we create
is ours to do so
so why do we choose this hell
if we but listen
to the rhythms of our hearts
it has so much to tell
about love

the things we have elected
to separate us
from one another
are but ghosts.
illusions endured
and delusions of mind
and the audacity we have to boast
of it

no one man or other
is better than his brother
and this applies to Sisters too.
A love is waiting for us to arrive
now what are we going to do ?

OCTOBER
FEATURES



Ceri Naz

Rajendra Padhi

Elizabeth Castillo

October Features

CERY
NIZ

Ceri Naz



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

Caroline Nazareno a.k.a. Ceri Naz is a multi-awarded poet, editor, publisher and journalist. She was a featured poet at Vancouver Word On The Street and World Poetry Canada and International in 2012.

World Poetry Canada and International honoured Ceri Naz with the "Certificate of Appreciation" for the International Peace Festival 2011. In the same year, Poetry Around The Globe, presented Ceri Naz with the "Certificate of Outstanding Achievement in Poetry" as a World Poet.

World Poetry Canada and International Peace Festival 2013, adjudged her "World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013".

A co-founder of Doc PenPen B. Takipsilim's "i" Inspire The World Friendship Poetry Contest 2011" and co-founder of PENTASI B WORLD FRIENDSHIP POETRY CELEBRATION 2013 held at Marble Hall, National Museum of the Philippines..

THE INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION AND RESEARCH CENTRE (IPTRC) published her four powerful poetry, entitled: metanoia, fusion, s.t.i.t.c.h.e.d and i am peace speaking in the WORLD POETRY YEARBOOK 2013. The said book had starred 211 world poets of 93 countries.

Among others, she writes for the Philippine Canadian Inquirer, Manila Bulletin and Philippine Star.

Ceri Naz

you're the color in the blindness of light

i have rehearsed reading
through the spectrum
wrapping the circle of fire
i can feel your deep breaths
pushing upon the depths
of my bare skin

each jiffy reminds me
the spotlight before my very eyes
the enigmatic touch of your smiles
each drop of endless droplets
of unchanged royal sun
igniting the love of my life

i have stolen the wavelengths
rushing, flashing, blinding me
bedazzled with the unfading distant stars
from the remnants of dark mist
that we both kissed
until forever unveiling the mirrors of the day
the rebirth of our yesterday

recuerdo mi amor

i remember you
every time i open my window
as i hum your untitled song
the first refreshing shower in the morning
you're in the granules i sieve and taste
the shimmering mauve on my pouting lips
the embroidered graphics on my daily kits
the buckles that keep me safe
the untold scent that i really miss
the last bite i polish from my plate
you're just near me
where you are meant to be

i wasn't gone
for you're in my heart i always take
your smile, your tap, your giggles
are my simple happiness
you are sealed
in my shadows
i am life
when you are with me
i am your unborn dream
never lost
to be with you.

NICHE OF LOVE

we go forth from south to north
seeking different shapes from east to west
delineating the rudiments of life
anguish have probed
excrement of our rhymes
the sole inspiration and unfathomable gifts
our badges to search the freeman's niche
living for the truth and love in our hearts
be the truest defending lance and samurai
that is the world friendship we can't deny.

deja vu of friendship blazes and oozes
a rogue can't dictate and ruin the mazes
where all goodwill and serenity breached
freedom of expression is here to prove
even a moribund is now alive
molding its humane move
illuminates the labyrinth of dark mist
those faltered, bewildered and blindfolded.

the Armageddon will play harmony
standing still amidst the armament
years and more years to celebrate life
where all the tiniest and huge be one
the epitome of love and life
be existing all throughout the universe
the open book of mankind.

From the Optimates

I am a naïve plebeian
Unrefined from the shores
Of innocence
I have flexible arms
To embrace the wholeness
Of written and unwritten sentience
Empty, emptied and emptying
Beyond the eyes of primeval
Beyond the doors of states
States of gullible mindset
Selfless whispering windmills of nostalgia
Whenever days are like masquerading dominoes
I will break the shells of imperfection
The host of history's trapping downfall
Catch me in the lost aperture
To serve the harvest of neutrality
The foundation of an inner child

The Modern Caves of Hayflick

The right hemisphere answers
Split the images into thirds
Three columns, three rows, and nine sections
Add the consistency of thinking big
To capture the undefined to defined elements
From the DSLR of difference.

Ego reflects for ten minutes
And gives a try: Do not worry
For how long the opening of
The doors of amygdala
And hammer a life
Of inspirations, of healings, of awakenings
No threats.
No war of wars.

If all players' chess clocks
Tick one hundred days or yore
No concentrated moves
Extended increments
Of mortal's healthy valves
Longer unpaid oxygen
Flush the hidden ghosts
In the body of anonymous sapiens
Start to open the closet of a hoping.

WILEY
PUBLISHING

Rajendra Padhi



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

Rajendra K. Padhi at present working as lecturer in the Department of English, B.B.College, Chandikhole, Bhubaneswar, Odisha has already published four volumes of poetry- THE LIVING TOUCH, O EARTH! by Alpha publications, New Delhi, SONGS OF VOID and SUNYATARA PRIYATAMA in Odiya in bilingual edition. THE DARK HOURS is his first English novel published by Paragon International, New Delhi. His poems have been published in many international anthologies and magazines on poetry. He has also edited international poetry anthology. He has also received honour and award for his literary contributions. His articles on education and literature in English and Oriya have been widely appreciated.

Rajendra Padhi

Mother

She never told her love in words
But linked us together when broken,
Fly to and fro from morn till evening star
Like berries of our garden in sweet smile,
How we live in clusters swaying in wind
Like grass on the lea in green spirit,
Guide of our untraveled world
A book in her head, in her inward self
The teacher in her never I found in schools!

How often I remember her voice
As evening shadow in my foggy window,
How death is a word for alive I understand
Feel unsure of her response though I call!
The whisper is but an illusion
Plucking flowers in our garden
The sorrow remains without answer.

Resurrected in my mind when I call
Unsure of a response in my solitude,
No more I support her like my child
Walking into the backyard for flowers,
No more I work draining out my blood
In sweat to grow the trees in orchard,
The sky is lined up with my memory
With delusions and illusions of thoughts
A story in delirium from cradle to grave.

There is nothing so worthy
When we learn her own shattering,
The spring turning into a winter landscape
I know she can't stay long here
Contained in us an end from beginning.

I Am Your Mirror

Mother,

I am your mirror of silvery look
Your reflection speaks of me,
Though you grow old as winter
I grow as the kindling spring.
If I grow as a flower
So bright in your garden
you are the colours of my petals
your image so true in me!

You are my river
Boundless in love
flowing with my feet
Wherever I move.

So many oceans you are!
It is an ocean in your eyes
yet another in your heart
Flooded with rain of love.

Unchanging like the sun
Unveil light of love in every turn,
Smiles are waves on your lips
Though pained like tree in snow.

Rajendra Padhi

Tangle my hair in your soft palm
like breeze of spring,
you are thoughtful like the bird
sitting alone in your garden of love
Craft a song in undying words
Reach to us quickly fading grief.

You are indeed my worlds
Round off to all loveliness I dream,
You are the unforgotten letters
Of all my startling secrets.

Little Toy

I am a little toy slipping into your arms
A garland basking with petals of love,
Ever gliding like river when put on floor
I am a song made up of all sweet tones.

The breeze of spring in hearts to flow
If you are gipsy cloud I am your rain
We two shall wander with hand in hand,
When I am little away from your eyes
The pleasant is your call in ache of love.

Unanswered like moon to my sky
Plunge my little head in your breast,
Lulled to sleep I travel in dreams
So far, so near to the land of singers.

Mother, your eyes gaze into my future
Unrevealed colours of days and nights,
I shall fly like a bird with streaking of light
In the crafty twist of wings way to sky.

I am a toy never to be broken in love
I conquer all being so little in world
what I need is gentle touch and smile.

I chase nothing but love deep within
Gently twinkling in words real for me,
I am an experience of life within life
The creator's joy I find in your eyes.

Rajendra Padhi

Spring

It has come from fields of my village
Awakening me in a dust-lit town,
Obliterate winter's icy touch on feet
Branching out heart for green hills,
I am drifted apart from blood of a city
Feel differently from bulging crowd.

It is now I ride quickly in horses of mind
Spatter out my heart for aching love,
I shimmer with thoughts echoing me
In desires prowling among swarming bees.

Here people blot out peace in flames
Burn life for a half-inch love they spare,
No time to mark the change in the breeze
The last touch of old winter on wet grass.

I close my eyes in my lawn when I think
Scamper the heart for moments of past,
Spring gilded my tainted eyes on flowers
Blushes like a bride in our village orchard.

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

The lolling lips embalmed for love around
Effortlessly affluent in desires in a sport,
When our love is bounded for a living
But here it was for life afterwards stored.

A gift for trees to wear clothes of leaves
Entice passion-free for girls singing sweet,
In the longings of birds in love on river bank
I stood there to sink into their leafy lips.

Sojourned at life's sweetest halts
Spring strolls in my heart's bower,
Reminds me of those birds in nest
Locked in pure embrace without fear.

Rajendra Padhi

Sweet Sleep

Sweet sleep, come to me
Like the hidden breeze
Creeping into my mind
Singing softly,
Come to me for dreams
Laced with hope, so little
In my world subtle to break
Keep me live long,
My eyes retreat from you
I gap in unending sighs
Helpless like a tree in storm,
Fallen into depth unknown
Like a sailor in a sinking boat,
Tortured like a bird in drought
I can't fly for rain anywhere,
It is so worthy in its touch
Like a gem in arms of a poor.

It is the last pain I wait for
Like lonely soldier for bullets
In war field,
Tell me, why you eat me
Little by little like a tiger to a deer?
I can't speak out my heart

The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

Like a moth in the cobweb,
But can only cry like a widow
Whose dear one is lost forever
I want to sleep like a stone
Uncared of the flood in the river,
My nest has begun to tremble
A storm was built for me
I knew not well,
My mind like a spiral conch
Shouts when wind of pain blows.

Sweet sleep, come to me
I want to keep on going in strife,
I know your bliss
Too large to keep all safe,
But my life changes like dates
In the calendar on my wall.

Rajendra Padhi

I Trembled In A Dew Drop

I trembled in a dew drop
Beaming from a leaf,
The wintry moon
In deeper blue
Gleams in its womb,
The shadowy petals
Luminously swell,
I saw me in it in soulful joy
The moon, the flowers and me
Slide so faster on the icy floor,
Reflected for a gentle move
In a bed ensuring fall,
A limpid image never seen
Swaying in my eyes,
Tossing on each other's head
Caress softly our souls.

Alas! it could not hold me
The winds willful error
Fevered us in a storm,
We were apart in our place
The lavish of joy soon undone
The charm quickly goes far,
I walked deeper in to dark
Smiling back at emptiness
Dispersing me in solitude.

ELIZABETH
CASTILLO

Elizabeth Castillo



The Year of the Poet ~ October 2014

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a Professional Feature Writer / Creative Writer / Journalist / Blogger / Published International Poet and Author / Online English Instructor for Koreans.

Her first international poetry book “Seasons of Emotions” by Destiny to Write Publications, UK was released last January 7th 2013. Her latest international awards include emerging as the Overall Winner of the “Winning Strategies Magazine International Awards” (WISMIWA), USA recognizing her positive influence to her community as well as to people around the world through her works and another glass trophy award as an “Inspirational Poet” given by the PENTASI B Historical Forum/World Poetry Celebration held at the National Museum of the Philippines, November 15, 2013.

Her second book “Inner Reflections of the Muse” was released April 1, 2014, a collection of Elizabeth’s articles on life and love, her poetry which includes international poetry collaborations with fellow poets from across the globe and her own composed quotes. Elizabeth is also a Contributing Editor for the Inner Child Magazine’s “All About the Love” section and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine.

Contact

Amazon Author Page

<http://www.amazon.com/Elizabeth-E.-Castillo/e/B00D94Y8KW>

Face Book

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

Blog site

<http://seasons-reflections-of-the-muse.blogspot.com/>

Elizabeth Castillo

The Deafening Silence

With only the ticking of the clock on the wall
The tapping raindrops on the roof
The splashing sounds as they hit the ground,
As gray clouds hover over the gloomy sky above
Mind drifts to wander with thoughts of the distant past
A perturbed soul searching for answers,
The questions no one can even decipher.

The deafening silence puts me in a trance,
Makes me sail away to a different dimension
Trying to untangle confusing dreams,
That makes me lie awake in the wee hours of the night
Where am I? Who am I? Why am I here?
It is in silence that answers come rushing through,
When you can listen to what your heart is trying to tell you.

My mind is in a labyrinth-like maze,
Blinding lights chasing my shadow to illuminate my dark
path
As I await for the Perfect Time when all these would make
sense,
The deafening silence whispers his thoughts to me
Bringing me back to this chaotic reality,
My home is not here but in the heavens one fine day
When the Master up above calls me, then I can't make
myself stay...

The Girl from Faraway

the silence surrounding her
deafens her aching soul
as she ponders on some distant thoughts
that continue to haunt her down,
a faraway look can be traced down from her mystic eyes
the look of a yearning heart
dying to escape from this wilderness she's in,
she looked upon the stunning stars from the heavens
as she lamented if she could just fly there to a castle up
above the sky.

Every morning, when there's a thick haze outside
Her mind wanders to a sanctuary
Only in her dreams she can see,
As she dreams on, tears come rolling down her eyes
Like dew drops falling in an autumn day,
The mind can't conceive sometimes
What the heart is secretly screaming out loud inside.

As she traverses hidden valleys and crossed
The high seas in every nightmare she weaves,
She dare not step in to a forbidden place in her past
A voice somewhere warns her not to go through that tunnel
once more,
And continue to move forward towards the light at the end
And so she walks on with bare feet touching the warm
ground
With robins and seagulls following her trail
While singing her a joyful melody together with the
Rhythmic sound of the splashing waves.

Elizabeth Castillo

Alas! She finally arrived at her final destination
As a blinding light came flashing in,
Towards her countenance
Illuminating her whole being,
Giving her a calming grace
Touching her inner core
Soothing her aching soul.

“I have seen the light!” she uttered in deep amazement
And that was just the start of a wondrous life
She created again for herself
To be a living example of one who
Faced her own ghosts of yesterday,
Of one who have overcome
The dark moments triumphantly.

Immortal Love

a love that transcends
time and place,
a soul meeting her twin flame
in her recurrent abstract dreams
a love that defies laws
immortal love,
one that is extra-ordinary
a love that takes her far into the heavens.
changing faces,
in every century, every decade that passes
but it's still YOU my heart beats for
mystic love,
through fragments in space
illuminated by a strange force
I keep on seeing you
in every place that I go to.
centuries passed,
memories elapsed
still this heart aches
dying to be with you once more,
serendipity playing a game on us
for this love always leads me to just YOU.
immortal love,
my soul intertwined to just ONE
I have been reincarnated a thousand times,
but through all the changing seasons and lives
my spirit keeps on searching for only YOU.

Elizabeth Castillo

Loving In Silence

At times, I'd like to utter "I Love You" to you
But I know they're the three most important words that's
hardest to say when it's true,
Words become empty, senseless, emotionless
When you gather the courage to speak them up,
But you can't prove it otherwise.

I chose to love you in silence
For I know in doing this, I will feel no pain,
It's only me who knows the raging feelings I kept inside
There's no rejection loving you from afar
You'll never understand that when our eyes meet, it's
already heaven for me.

"I Love You"
People tend to overuse these precious words time and again
But as years pass by, is the love still the same?
Will saying these repeatedly bring back memories,
When love was new and hearts can't bid adieu?

Loving you in silence
Is my way of holding back the love I can give when I am
made whole again,
When the scars have all been healed and have broken free
from the chains
If you are the Right One for me then destiny would open its
doors
And when that perfect moment comes, we would both say
"I have loved you for the longest time".

Written In the Stars

They say for each person
There is a certain Miracle from within
And you are meant to be just for one person
As time draws to a close to meeting the One,
The Universe and your Spirit Guides are on your side
To help you fulfill your One True Destiny.

It's written in the stars
And before you know it, I am coming to hold your hand
You may not know now but soon you'll get it somehow
I may have bumped into you along life's journey,
But you were too preoccupied with your own story
That you didn't notice me passing you by.

If in this life, we have to say goodbye
As my soul reincarnates, I'll meet you again in the next,
When our eyes lock as we cross our paths once more
You will know in your heart that it was me – your Destiny,
Just look at the stars on a beautiful night such as this
And know that the time is near to feel eternal bliss.

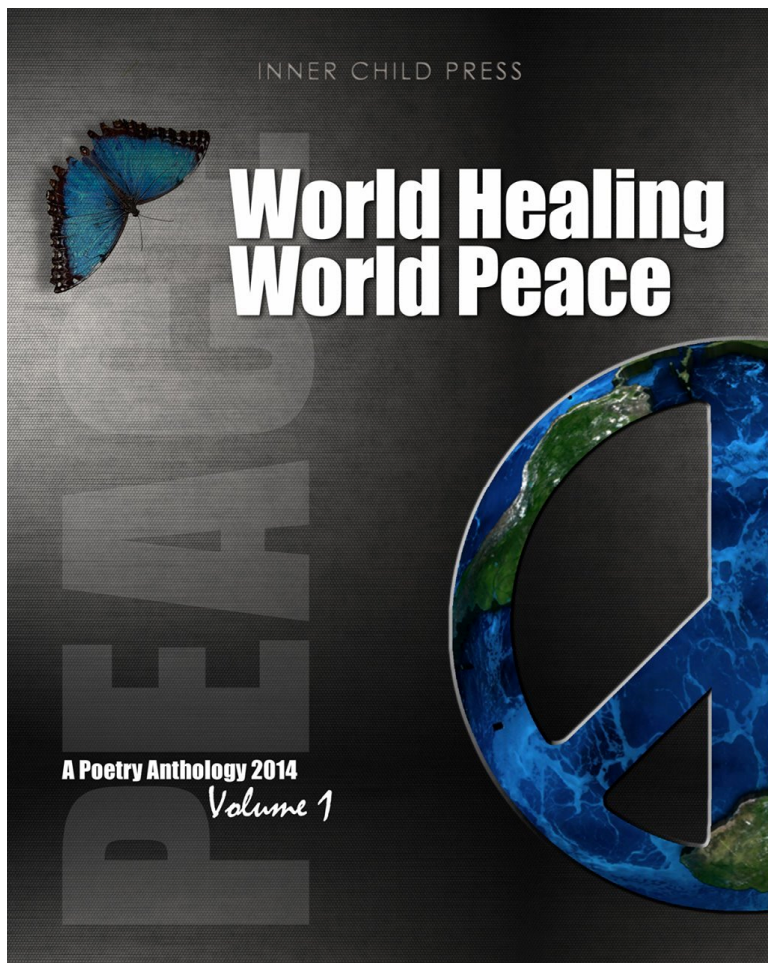
It's written in the stars
For even when True Love is lost,
Your soul will bleed for a meaning in your life
But though the inevitable happens, searching for your One
True Destiny remains
If we are yet to discover our One True Miracle,
Even time may defeat itself in order for you to see me in
another lifetime.

Elizabeth Castillo

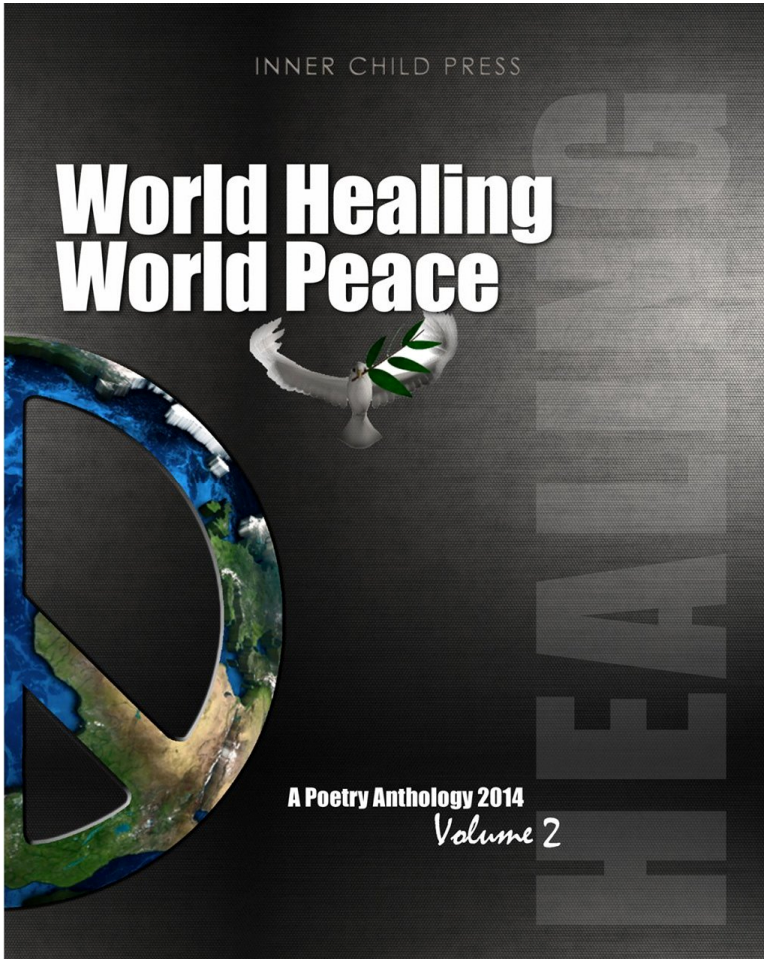
*Other
Anthological
works from
Inner Child Press, Ltd.*

www.innerchildpress.com

Inner Child Press
Anthologies



Inner Child Press
Anthologies



Inner Child Press
Anthologies

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

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 * 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.

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

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
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.



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Rose

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Passe

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

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shezor
Albert Infinite Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbel 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

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

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 & hülya yılmaz

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

The Year of the Poet
January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

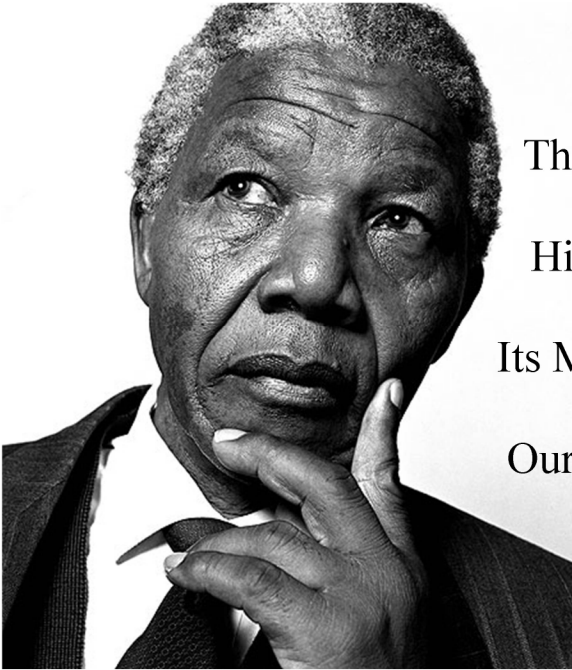
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

*Inner Child Press
Anthologies*

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

*Inner Child Press
Anthologies*

A GATHERING OF WORDS



**POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR**

TRAYVON MARTIN

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

2012
World Healing
World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 2

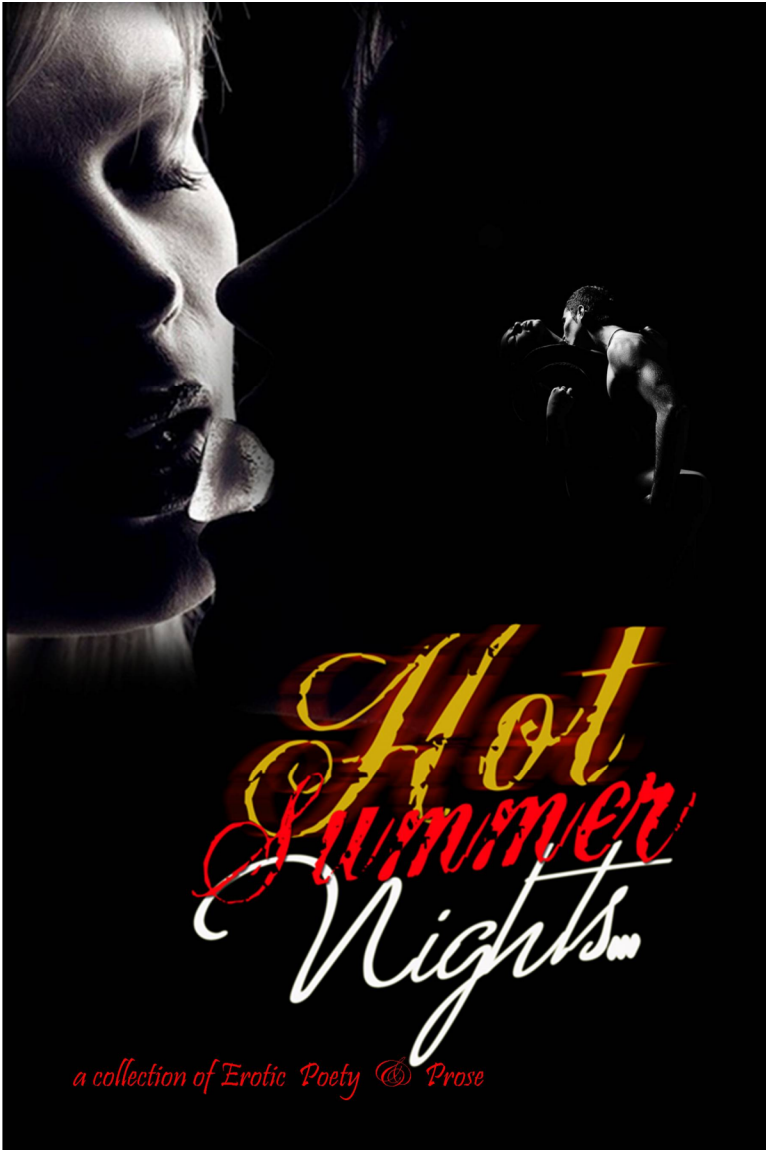
Inner Child Press
Anthologies

healing through words

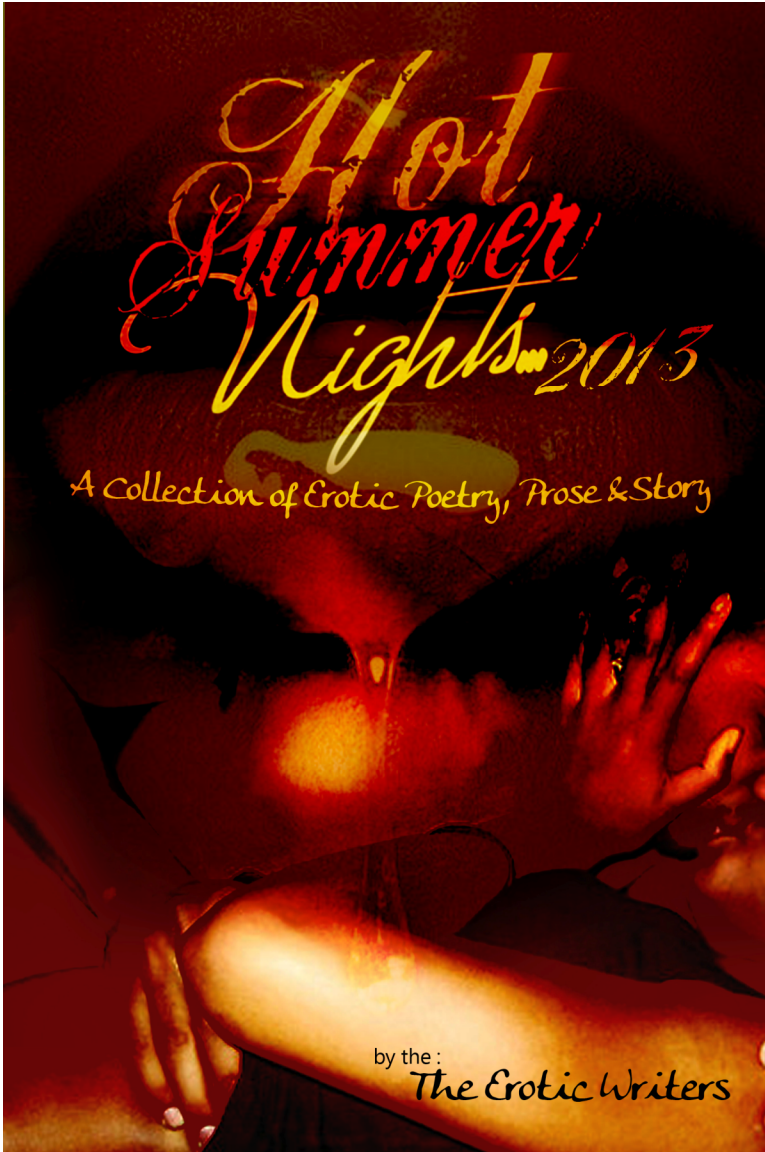


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

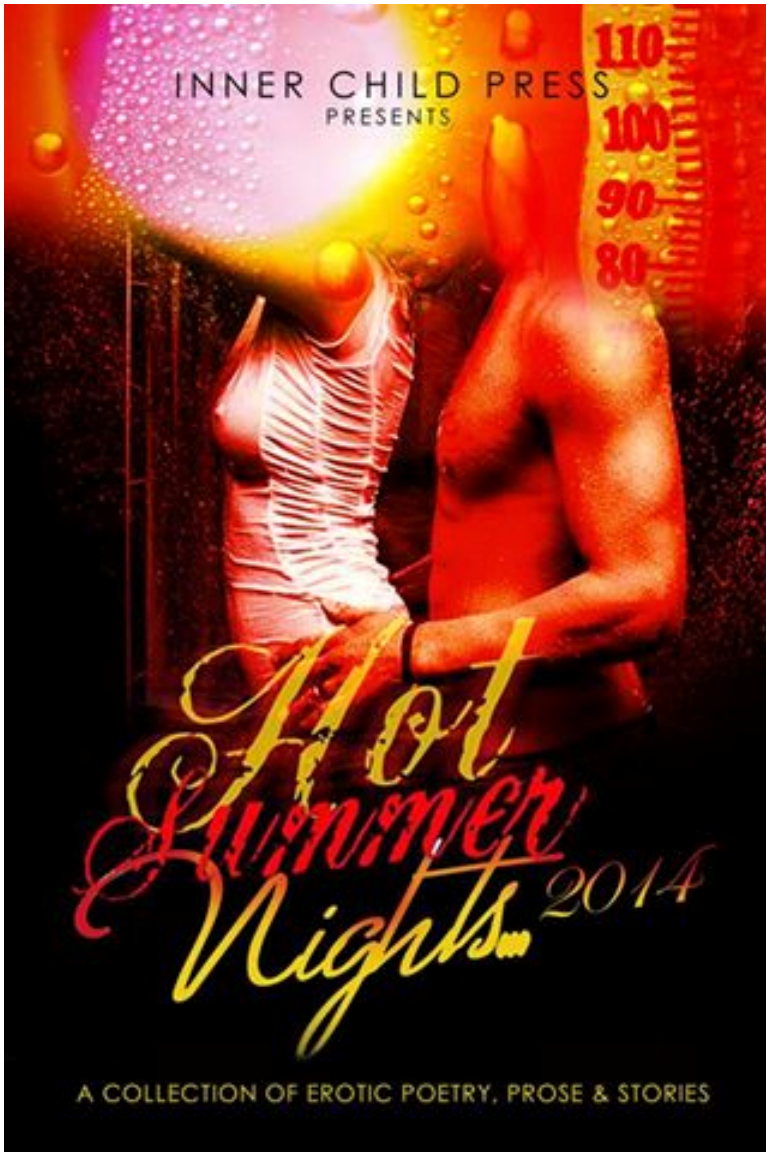
Inner Child Press
Anthologies



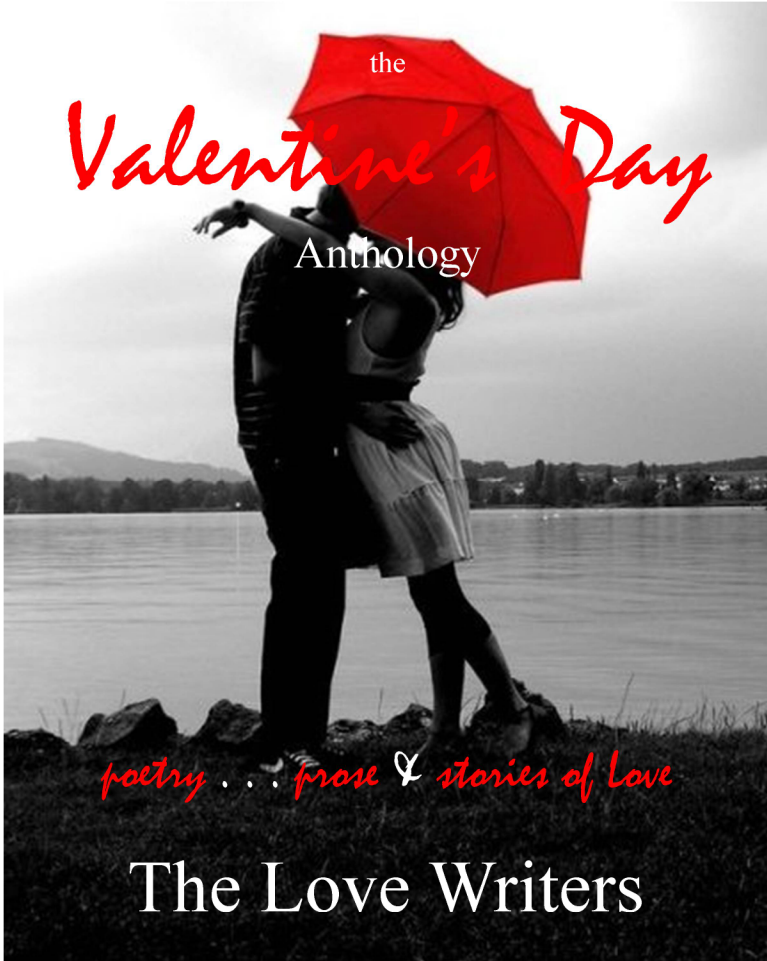
Inner Child Press
Anthologies



Inner Child Press
Anthologies



Inner Child Press
Anthologies



Inner Child Press
Anthologies



want my

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

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

Monte Smith

Inner Child Press Anthologies

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

Monte Smith



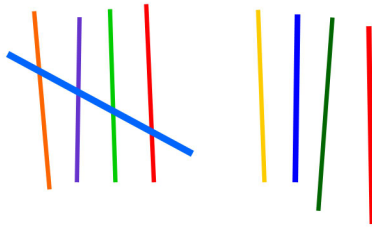
want my

POEtRy
to . . .

volume II

Inner Child Press
Anthologies

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

Inner Child Press
Anthologies



a
Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
Collector's Edition

*Inner Child Press
Anthologies*

and there is much, much more !

visit . . .

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

Also check out our Authors and
all the wonderful Books

Available at :

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



Inner Child Press
Anthologies



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

*Inner Child Press
Anthologies*

**TEE SHIRTS
&
HATS**

4

SALE

Tee Shirts for Sale

WORLD HEALING ~ WORLD PEACE



\$ 20.00

SMALL * MED. * LARGE * XL * XXL

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Anthologies for Sale



\$ 22.00

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

Tee Shirts for Sale

COMBOS



\$ 25.00

SMALL * MED. * LARGE * XL * XXL

**FOR INTERNATIONAL POETRY MONTH
ONLY**

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Anthologies for Sale

COMBOS



\$ 40.00

SMALL * MED. * LARGE * XL * XXL

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

Tee Shirts for Sale

COMBOS



\$ 50.00

SMALL * MED. * LARGE * XL * XXL

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

Anthologies for Sale

THE YEAR OF THE POET



\$ 20.00

SMALL * MED. * LARGE * XL * XXL

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

This Anthological Publication
is underwritten solely by

Inner Child Press

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

For more Information

Inner Child Press

www.innerchildpress.com



FINI

The Poetry Posse



October Feature Poets



Ceri Naz



Rajendra Padhi



Elizabeth Castillo

