

# 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

September 2014

THE POETRY POSSE

*inner child press, ltd.*

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# GENERAL INFORMATION

The Year of the Poet  
September Edition

The Poetry Posse

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2014**

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# Dedication

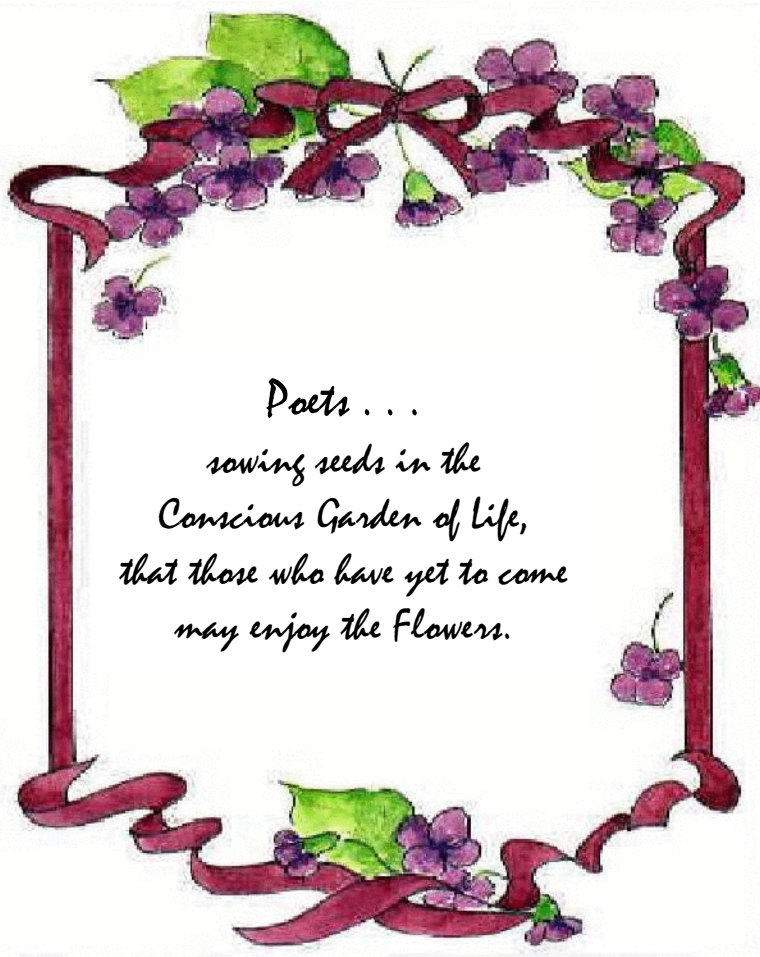
This Book is dedicated to

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.

# F oreword

Friends, Family and Readers

Here we are again at September, when the School Year begins. Children attending Grade School, Middle School, High School and College. I remember how i felt as a young one when the Summer came to a close and it was that time again. New Shoes, New Clothes, New Notebooks and Pencils and New Friends.

This Month's issue's theme is Education. This does not go to say that it is strictly about the contemporary idea of what school is, for life its self is a school. There are many things we are exposed to and many lessons to be gathered in just the experience. Have a read, and experience the writing of The Poetry Posse and see what they have to say. . . . Enjoy

Bless Up

*Bill*

## **SUMMER**

**Saunter at a snail's pace  
and still accomplish tasks**

~ the Tired Caregiver



# Preface

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

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

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

We are proud to present this for your reading pleasure.

Enjoy,

*Jamie Bond*

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

~ wsp

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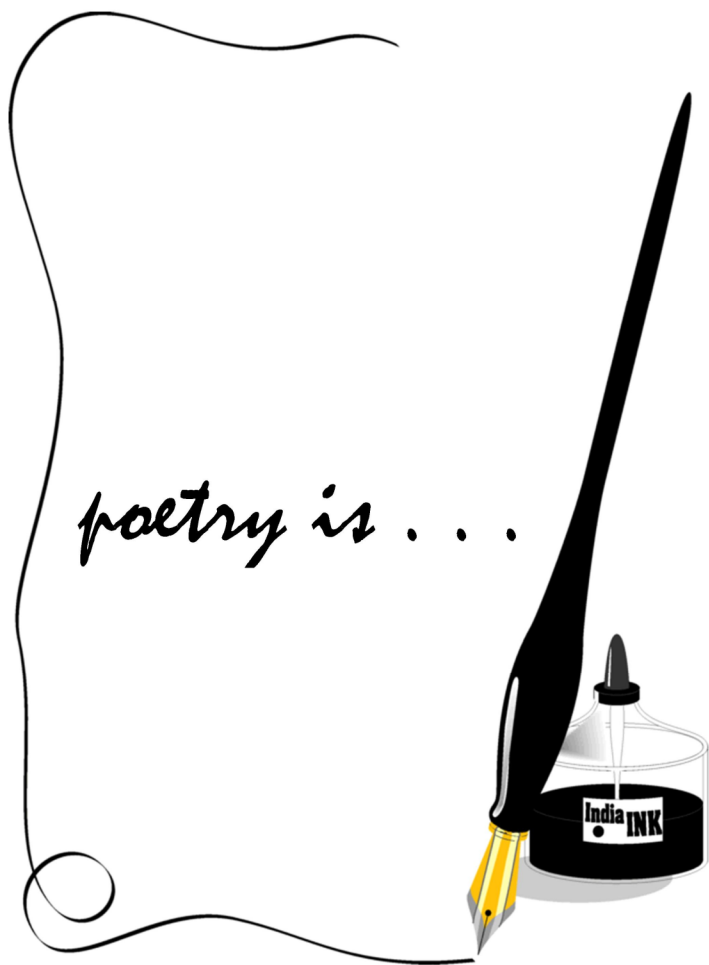
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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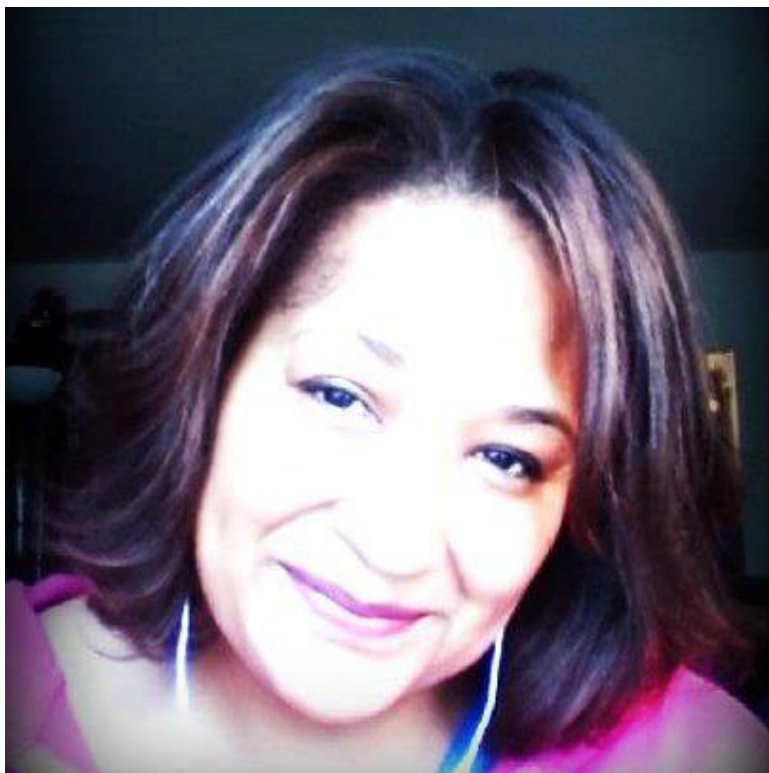
*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp



**JAMIE**  
**BOND**

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## *The Year of the Poet ~ September 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>

## Education is important because

Education is important because it gives knowledge about ourselves and the world around us; it leads to community and career progression. Education shapes character it leads to clarity of purpose and offers enlightenment and you become an asset to the nation. Education doesn't just come in text form the life lessons are priceless when applied to daily informed decisions.....

### Life Lesson 101

NO ONE can reposes your education and or foreclose on your future.... Remain informed, open minded and educated ~ Jamie Bond #quote

## BACK TO SCHOOL

"He who opens a school door, closes a prison." ~ Victor Hugo

Be smart don't follow the crowd

Always study hard and do your best

Consistency is the best policy

Keep your nose to the grindstone

Take time to listen and think before you speak

Outgoing students get recognized for efforts

Strive for excellence and Stay away from drugs

Cool kids don't ever bully others

Have pride in your appearance, assignments and school

Originality for style is the best fashion trend

Obligated to always finish what you start

Learn Laugh Live and Love your life and your future

## Education

Evolution, Excellence, Enlighten, Elevation, Expertise,  
Exercise,  
Example, Evaluate, Expectation, Examination,  
Environment, Epic, Essential, Excellent, Eliminate, Ensure,  
Establish, Evaluate, Extraordinary, Exploit, Explore,  
Exquisite, Elite

Diversity, Determination, Discipline, Direction, Drilling,  
Development, Doctrine, Dogma Diploma, Dignity, Decide,  
Diffuse, Define, Decide, Define, Defuse, Deliver, Deploy,  
Design, Develop, Diagnose, Discover, Devoted, Drive

Unstoppable, Understand, Unleash, Underpin, Upbringing,  
Update, Underrate Upgrade, Unified, United, Urbane  
Unleash  
Unremitting Unearth Undertake Unconditional, Uplift,  
Ultimate, Useful

Creativity Coach, Culture, Cultivate, Collegiate,  
Communicate,  
Credentials, Control, Conduct, Care, Comprehend, Clarify,  
credentials, Cognition, Comprehension, Consciousness,  
Class, Constructive, Cross-Examine, Cram, Cherish,  
Catechize, Command, Contrive, Centered

Accomplish, Anomaly, Acquaint, Advance, Accolade,  
Accelerate,  
Ask, Activities, Adapt, Accustom, Aid, Ameliorate,  
Acculturate,  
Afoot, Alacrity, Advice, Advise, Apprise, Attend, Attest,  
Abstruse, Acclimate, Accentuate, Apprenticeship

Tenacious, Trailblazer, Train, Tutor, Teach, Tangible,

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Thankful, Treasured, Theory, Thorough, Terrific, Touché,  
Tuition, Task, Tutelage, Tutorial

Invincible, Inspire, Inspirit, Intelligence, Informed,  
Improve, Instruct, Indoctrinate, Instill, Influence,  
Instrumental, Inquire,  
Idealize, Inure, Improve, Illuminate, Impress, Investment,  
Influential, Intense, Irresistible, Illustrious, Inestimable

Obtainable, Optimize, Overjoyed, Oversee, Occupational,  
Omnipotent, Omniscient, Onus, Operational, Opportunity,  
Optimal, Ovation, Objective, Optimistic, Official, Opulent,  
Organized, Outstanding

Nascent, Nous, Nepotism, Noteworthy, Necessary, Noble,  
Nonstop, Noticeable, Nourishing, Navigate, Nutriment

The boys are doing good all grown up  
I believe I am cursed destined to struggle  
So I bare the emotional weight of others  
Upon my own cross as my penance in this life.

I love more than I hate I speak of none of it unless it's good  
And to be honest I am tired of this mundane life I exist in...  
I feel like a loner in a crowd of friends and family  
That loves me unconditionally...

I do not belong here Pops....  
But I suppose I'll stick around till they have a suite ready  
for me ☺  
Until then I have a car full of bodies and I'm still riding  
solo  
Life is a bitch, the first lungful of breadth is her sister.....  
While sleep is the cousin of death, what a fuckin' family  
picture  
Just notify the paparazzi that I'm ready for my family photo

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GAIL  
WESTON  
SHAZOR

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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](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)

[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)

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

### 3rd grade

The third grade class  
Has a secret under the floor  
No one told them it was there  
But somehow the boys  
Learned of it by the third day  
It gurgles when the teacher  
Is writing on the blackboard  
Back turned to the room  
Its louder than the scratchy chalk  
She used to write time tables  
For today's homework

The girls thought they heard  
The boys behind them  
Blowing kisses but they  
Could never catch them at it  
Smiling when facing the board  
Scowling when glancing behind  
Letting the boys know they  
Were not up for any nonsense  
This early in the year

Math was the teacher's favorite subject  
And had been since  
She had returned to the school  
For her first teaching job  
Funny how she had been  
Given her very own third grade room  
And when the room was empty  
She could still hear  
The fish blowing bubbles  
In the hidden stream below.

## New School Rules

2 boxes of Kleenex  
1 24 count crayon  
2 bottles of hand sanitizer  
1 red ink pen  
6 black ink pens  
Colored pencils  
Loose leaf paper-wide ruled  
2 composition notebooks  
1 sleeping mat  
1 bullet proof mat

Parents please be aware  
Of our new rules  
Bring your ID card  
With you or  
You will not be allowed  
Within the perimeter gates  
Remove all metal from  
Your person before approaching  
An optical scan will be  
Required before entering  
Teachers are armed  
With state issued semi-automatics  
(if you are in a school in a minority neighborhood, these  
new rules do not apply)

## A white Rabbit

It's a story  
Of rabbits and holes  
And wonders and seasons  
Can we speak  
Of bullets and guns  
And knives and reasons  
Farmer John has left the field  
For a better harvest  
Of mice and men  
And things in the darkness  
Teacher teach the basics  
Of stranger danger  
And officer friendly  
Who has officially become  
The danger  
It's a story, dear one  
Of kindergarten

SIDDARTHA

BETH

PIERCE

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*





*The Year of the Poet ~ September 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.youtube.com/watch?v=OQ87NrLt_to)

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

## **Back to School**

One of my favorite times of year

With new backpack in tow

Pencils, crayons and paper galore

New clothes too.

Perhaps a new pair of kicks

To take the jaunt

To the mailbox bus stop.

Past the tadpole hole

Beside the road-

Loving to learn some more.

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## **Reading is Fundamental**

From kindergarten until the twelfth grade

We learn to discern

That reading is fundamental.

The bookworms take flight in fancies-

Of delight-

Miracling in the Beauty

That is explored within the pages.

## **Recess**

An earthball during play to the knee

Hyper-extended my right legs' ability.

Yet, I played on...

Later.

Chasing the boys in games of tag

Earning the nickname of Scratch,

For marking them with my little

Fingernails to say I liked them.

Miracling in

JANET  
PERKINS  
CALDWELL

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## *The Year of the Poet ~ September 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>

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## Indoctrination / Education

Every

Day

University laden cities

Crawling with 'Leaders' could and should

Attribute

Tom-foolery and crime to the early

Indoctrination / Education of our lives.

Obligation to obliteration

Negates humanity – one more time.

*(Rinse & Repeat – The Cycle Continues!!! Why ? JPC)*



## Tommy's Afternoon

Tommy was a curious child  
full of starry-eyed wonder.  
He loved the trees, the flowers  
the sky, the rain  
and yes,  
even the thunder.

He skipped and ran  
discovering new places  
and things  
while playing all day  
in the full light of the sun.

He continually asked his Mommy  
where these *things* came from.

Of course, Mommy was very busy  
and had no time  
for nonsensical questions.

As she got older  
and her *Inner Child* slept  
she became more and more  
burdened and bound.  
She mumbled incoherently to Tommy  
and then told him to disappear.

He would  
for unlike her  
he held no fear.

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Once outside, and right on cue  
a beautiful fairy appeared;  
on the wings of a gilded  
and dewy – eyed butterfly  
straight from a cloudless sky.

My, oh my, Tommy was thrilled  
when the two gracefully landed  
. . . and right beside him.

Boy oh boy, his hopes were high  
in learning the hidden answers  
that he had long been searching for  
where Mommy  
and education failed Tommy,  
he would finally BE in the Know.

And with no introduction at all  
Tommy could not contain his excitement  
and animatedly asked  
“Miss Pixie and Miss Butterfly . . .  
where do the trees, the birds  
the sky, the flowers come from” ?  
While smiling and jumping up and down.

Miss Pixie and Miss Butterfly giggled  
and with glee  
flew all around Tommy's head  
flying in unison  
though separately.  
The gifting of themselves  
to Tommy, came naturally.

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Miss Pixie sprinkled her Fairy dust  
and Miss Butterfly released a magic  
all her own . . .  
then they softly lit, upon his knees.

“Beloved Tommy,  
Our Creator made all of these.  
With only thoughts spoken  
doused with a Knowing belief.

Universal Creator,  
did bring to fruition  
All of Nature's gifts  
that you enjoy  
. . . and *See*.

And . . .  
You too, are a creator  
with your imaginings  
and faith in wonderment,  
you see . . .  
you summoned  
Miss Pixie and me”  
said Miss Butterfly  
in her genteel manner of speak.

Tommy nearly screamed with delight.  
He belly laughed uncontrollably  
and while grabbing his sides  
he fell to the ground  
then rolled on the lush grass  
the ants beneath him smiled  
but quickly ran to hide.

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For Tommy had always known  
there was some kind of magic in him  
think it, speak it, believe it and receive it.  
Just BE (it) . . .  
Now it all made sense.

*I think, therefore I am. - René Descartes*

*Thus, historically viewed, it has been the office of art to  
educate the perception of beauty. We are immersed in  
beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision. - Ralph Waldo  
Emerson*

## Papa's Little Crow

A Child arrived today  
to the highly decorated  
and indoctrinated  
*Expectant* parents  
of Mary & Jim Crow.

The couple were oh so excited  
singing praises to the father of their *linen – esque* Flags  
with rejoicing and relishing the cause  
they sang loud and proud  
because the fruit of their loins  
that had easily spilled  
and merged nine months ago  
could and did produce  
This Wonder, this *Fairest One of All*.

He would become and be known as Master Jack to many.  
And for awhile . . .  
Little Jackie to his Momma and Papa  
and MJ for short . . .  
but only to a select group.

These are but a few  
names and titles  
selected and granted  
to Jack, due him by birthright.

Mary & Jim were looking back at that night  
when they had exploded abundantly  
and well – nigh profusely  
and not for the love expressed  
or the sheer pleasure of touch

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because DUTY had called them  
to *march and march*  
to a strange but familial drum  
that if left unnoticed  
would continually pound  
ba-ba, ba-ba, ba-ba, ba-ba bum  
so like programmed sheeple-ish units  
they answered the *bleating* calls.

Yes, Duty called  
All of their kind  
to reproduce killer robots  
disguised as humans  
seeking targets  
to destroy any and all  
that were not like them

you know what it's about . . .  
simply not their kind.

So like good soldiers on a mission  
they too, would bring forth  
a fair and just warrior  
with honor bound fidelity  
to protect and serve 'whose-manity'?

Years later, there came the secret name  
given by one, with barely a hushed whisper  
and sworn in secrecy  
decreed in bloods code,  
now that he was officially  
in this "Society of Thugs".

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“Congratulations and Welcome Big Jack to The Academy”  
said the officer, with the Golden Ropes  
where the only mixing of colors, was that vast  
array of ribbons covering his chest  
and  
attached to a Uniform that reeked Superior  
was a shiny and shifty  
yet shimmering  
gilded badge.

Mary & Jim Crow, *without question*  
were diligent in the education  
and grooming of their  
blonde hair, blue eyed son . . .  
welcome to the asylum.

Drum Roll please . . .  
Introducing, *First in his Class*  
Officer Jack Crow.

A product of the “now” that was “then”.

*Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is  
old, he will not depart from it. Pro. 22:6 KJV*

*(It is a very scary and dangerous society, when this type of  
mind-set is put to use. - JPC)*

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

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JUNE  
'BUGG'  
BAREFIELD

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## *The Year of the Poet ~ September 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>

## REFiNED

i am

NOW.

and when it wuz then  
you were with him  
so do not Xpect tomorrow  
& fuck yesterday  
there...

I write lines in ecstasy w/o press release  
And if someone stops 2 say these words ain't  
TRU  
I yell... "U fuck!!" backwards 4 the absurd & obtuse  
Abuse your suBliminal  
Laced & gr00med by some  
Criminalz  
Expound upon phrases like them folk mining 4 minerals  
Keep my city covered with lines  
Rake the leaf off the vine & crumble up some herb  
Texture my adjectives with verbs  
p0ets wagging the doGG  
they some h0llyw00d squares I love 2 unnerve  
Unaware when I swerve

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Take flight from the curb

NOW am i the raZor wire slicing into the eye  
starring off the edge of the earth, praying for  
M00NLIGHT?

Like an apocalyptic saint proper

Cherry Park Ho stomp-er

That UN- apologetic main street monster

Refined.

A line or maybe two w/o effort is worth more than an entire  
chapter of push & pull, huh?

I mean...

"If U can't make WORDz FUCK, don't disrespect them by  
jacking 'em off"

## Unhappy savage

Last night I killed a cop  
Dropped him at the corner of 29th & fuck the police lane-  
brained the brainwashed maniacal lil pigglet  
Hit him in his face with them hollow point nibblets  
Turned what mind he had into jibblets  
Had him holding his little dick, hollering tryna cover up as  
he squealed  
I wonder if he ever wondered how it feels on the opposite  
end of the steel  
I wonder if his mother can recover, but some hurt just never  
heals  
I left a note on his throat as he choked back his life  
It read "an eYe 4 an eYe", then I shot him in his right cheek  
It turned. The other cheek.  
It turned.  
Head bounced off the concrete.  
In the distance the battle cry rang out as I made my  
retreat...  
"NO JUSTICE-NO PEACE!"  
"NO JUSTICE-NO PEACE!"  
"NO JUSTICE- NO PEACE!"  
Can you feel my heart beat?

## Inexact

Whatever is not in the open street is a bald face lie  
So testify to the maniacal matrimony divorcing, and  
demeaning the dastardly derived derivative's of the over  
enquisitive  
Like deviants demonstrating unrelated, ill persuasive inter  
relations-  
From legislation to human nature, and all the bullshit  
debated across the nation on TV stations  
From Riverside to them ni99a's in the Villages  
scrimmaging  
Killing one another just to make a living  
Inexact.  
Take your literature, and your miniature perspective, and  
consider this  
This picture you have painted is the imperfect  
But you have casted it upon me like a net  
A rodent, rat, insect am I  
immunized  
mesmerized  
mummified alive  
forgotten in the context of the set  
made to be  
as it where  
Or certainly as you wish  
Abstract creations  
Fiction interpreted as fact  
All Imagined  
false  
& Inexact.

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TONY  
HENNINGER

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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](mailto:tonyhenninger@yahoo.com)

## TEACH THEM LOVE

The wonder in a child's eyes,  
so beautiful to behold,  
seems we try so hard to curtail it  
as they grow into the conformity  
of our world.

Free the child to think.

Free their imagination.

Free their minds to explore.

Teach them all they need.

Teach them love.

Teach them love some more.

Teach them this until

their hearts are free

forevermore.

## SUPPORT THE TEACHERS

Our education system seems  
quite a mess as students  
graduate without knowing  
reading and writing.

Teachers love to teach,  
like preachers love to preach,  
bestowing their wisdom upon each  
child for its full potential to reach.

Teachers are getting paid less  
and less, while classrooms  
are filled to the brim  
and the future, not very bright,  
but looking dim.

They say “Education” is the  
most important thing for  
the future of our children to grow,  
yet, ignorance is flourishing  
and common sense is at an all time low.

So, support the teachers,  
for without them,  
our future and children  
we will surely condemn.

“SUPPORT THE TEACHERS”

## OUR LEGACY

By teaching only statistics and facts  
Education will lose its meaning  
leaving nothing for a child to dream of.  
No questions to ponder and indulge in.

Our World is so filled with wonders  
and billions of stories to be told.  
Teach them to wake up and be aware  
instead of just chasing the gold.

We must educate and not capitulate to  
those that would keep them in the dark.  
Let them be free to open their eyes and hearts.  
Keeping alive their inquisitive spark.

Teach them to never stop dreaming.  
With Love fill their hearts and minds.  
Break down all the barriers we built  
and preserve a future for Mankind.

For they are our legacy.

JOE  
DAVERBAL  
MINDDANCER

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*





*The Year of the Poet ~ September 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>

## CRAYONS and ELMERS GLUE

I remember the taste of paste  
Pristine brightly colored paper marred in haste  
Stick figures drawn of a family  
Hung on office walls for all to see  
Blues beyond the lines of bold black borders  
A letter written backwards was common for sure

Eye level to a waist in a world of discovery  
Wonder became knowledge we learned about history.  
Lorna Doone cookies and a carton of milk  
Butterfly dreams of wings made of silk  
Aluminum slides, jungle gyms and dodge ball  
Double Dutch and hopscotch we played them all

Kids from my block, kids from around the corner  
Kids from other cities would be joining you  
Laughter in the classroom, laughter at recess  
Laughter until the teacher springs a test  
Elementary rhymes, elementary lines  
Elementary school was full of fun times

From a little red building Middle America  
To a plot of land in a desolate area  
Education is a key element in the fate of the world  
Education is giving no matter what flags unfurled  
From letters and numbers in their simplest formation  
To slide rule calculations, and thesis dedications

There's no greater gift; passed on from grandparents lips  
Be it institutionalized or home schooled  
Even life on the streets plays a huge part too.  
Education begins in a mothers womb.

## THE BIRDS ARE NOT THE BEES

It disturbs me to say this  
That in this day and age  
Sexual education has become passé  
The young cyber geniuses who can download anything  
Have no firewall against lust and transmitted diseases  
They know the latest fashions, that's fine god bless them  
When it comes to preventing pregnancies  
The clueless drop in.

They still believe by pulling out,  
that's right pulling out is the way  
talk about your retro mentality, what is taught today?  
Is it still in the curriculum, the biological make of men?  
The classes that explain the passages  
From the throat down to their, let me ask you this  
What have they been told about birth control?  
Don't they know?  
It won't prevent an itch on those inner folds

This one phase of education is as important as math  
We're already dealing with children growing too fast.  
From the smart phones to videos  
Bombard them with safe sex practices  
They're following rappers and actresses  
Give them something real to emulate

EDUCATE EDUCATE EDUCATE ...

## EDUCATION SYSTEM IN REVIEW

There seems to be something missing  
The curriculum is listing  
There's no even keel on the ship of school  
Teaching the basics under antiquated rules  
All the weight placed on the clichéd Three R's  
From kindergarten to twelfth grade only goes so far

What of practical things like how money works?  
The value of credit and all those hidden perks  
Interest rates, the importance of saving  
The market system and all its ratings  
Preparation for college, I will give them that  
The students who get to attend have minimal stats

Some take on jobs with little or no benefits  
Some take on crime unsure of what to do with it  
It is more than just a diploma.  
Folks will take advantage and own ya.  
What we need to teach, is recognition of a leech  
Students; should be taught to detect false speech.

Education begins at home, a perfect world this is not  
These institutions of learning maybe all a child's got  
So let's throw in some do's and don'ts  
It still comes down to experience  
A little practical education may help to circumvent  
A life full of doubt, a debt-ridden society  
We have to teach them more than the ABC's

ROBERT  
GIBBONS

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*



*The Year of the Poet ~ September 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](http://www.threeroomspress.com)

You may contact Robert  
via his FaceBook presences :

[www.facebook.com/anthonyrobertgibbons](http://www.facebook.com/anthonyrobertgibbons)

[www.facebook.com/jamesmercerlangstonhughes](http://www.facebook.com/jamesmercerlangstonhughes)

## **lunch duty**

the rush of kids discarding  
white styrofoam trays taken away  
by cheap plastic gloves; their trays  
canvas, painted by globs  
of ketchup and translucent duck sauce;  
they used as playground; mosaic  
finger paints fork as if pastiche  
fresco to triptych; I thought it a ritual  
was not received as I stood at the end  
of the line as a liturgist over the  
cafeteria; proclaiming rule  
as gospel; as milk congregated  
in the bottom of the receptacle;  
there was an unsaid understanding;  
a transference of learning; as if  
St. Jerome had entered the room;  
released from his catacomb after  
being fed his daily bread by birds.



## Robert Venable Park

the children at the Louis Pink homes  
love to go the park with the sprinkles  
of Italian ice and realms of water  
their bare wet chase chest  
in summer with the drama creative  
play spending day with Viola Spolin  
roll in the grasses pass the heat  
away like some toasted pork roast  
showing which one is better the later  
it gets the wetter the shirt as the sun  
recedes we begin to walk back to the  
auditorium where there is a round  
of basketball until six until parents  
pick up sticks then there is silences  
the pile up of chairs for the next day helping  
hands from lunch duty safe from mutiny  
or accident it's all in day and it's all play

## transports

this morning, I heard the sound  
of the sun; the pick up and take  
off; the saffron- orange yellow;  
hinges open; to allow children  
entrance; a hint that I would not be  
available; at their arrival; I would  
not be there; at the gates; at east  
one hundredth; the mumbles;  
the pack jumbles on their back

this ride; will be visceral; escalate  
by aspirin; motor by Motrin; hoping  
the day will sensate; as I elevate  
my leg; my priority

this morning, the school bus leaves;  
as if I have missed another  
chance; to hear the name calling;  
the balling on the court; the boys  
taking their tee shirts off blazing  
under the sun

I can only imagine the paper;  
work and the grades left; when  
I return; did I really earn this  
write; to be home; feel some  
sense of duty; rote routine; in  
between lunch and conference;  
coffee and napping; between  
email and snail; wait until the  
afternoon; when the school  
bus returns again.

NEETU

WALI

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

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

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

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

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

## One-Third of My Life

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

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

## My Pen

What do I read  
in a blank paper  
When nothing to read  
What do I write?  
No my pen doesn't write  
My pen just beats  
My pen doesn't pour ink  
My pen just bleeds and breathes  
My pen smiles and laughs  
My pen cries and weeps  
No my pen doesn't write

My pen has no eyes  
Yet it beholds  
My pen has no legs  
Yet it moves on  
My pen is heartless  
Yet it feels  
My pen cannot read  
Yet it writes



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My pen is colourless  
Yet it writes a rainbow  
My pen is not a painter  
Yet it draws a beauty  
My pen is dumb  
Yet it sings  
My pen is deaf  
Yet it listens  
My pen is brainless  
Yet it thinks  
My pen is not a warrior  
Yet it fights  
My pen is a loser  
Yet it wins  
My pen is nothing  
Yet it is everything

## Earth and Imagination

Let me meet you  
To the person I adore the most  
He said softly and gently  
Held my hand in his  
Softly and gently  
And escorted me to a mirror  
Softly and gently  
Happy meeting you  
He whispered into my ears  
Softly and gently  
I said NO  
I wished I could have  
Softly and gently  
This is not me  
It doesn't know  
The right side of me

Dry eyes  
No emotion can moisten  
You want to sustain  
Glare of love  
Don't try your eyes  
Coz mine are worse  
Worst than a wall  
That knows at least to react  
Though with opposite force  
Lets see  
If you can wet mine  
Or yours be dry

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What is the fun of imagination  
How often it becomes a realisation  
And if it doesn't become a realisation  
Can we do hell with it  
What is the meaning of satisfaction  
Without realisation  
A horse running amuck  
In the wilderness of imagination  
Reaches nowhere  
Slowly losing its grip  
On the road of reality

Need a hint of earth  
That is the ultimate essence  
Of birth  
Else a free spirit  
Could have had abundant space  
In the space  
Fly in sky  
Not a big deal  
Walk the earth  
Is the essence of presence

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SHAREEF

ABDUR

RASHEED

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*



*The Year of the Poet ~ September 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>

## seeking knowledge?

ponder the source!  
don't get lost in the endless  
discourse!  
most end without offering recourse  
friend go to the priceless  
resource!  
the one that don't end or exhaust  
bend,brake,tossed!  
the source!  
where it all came from ofcourse  
soo,don't get lost in the sauce  
out to sea with no remedy  
for veering off course  
calamity inevitable  
mortality unquestionable!  
invest in the most dependable!  
reaping dividends unspendable  
heaping blessing unexpendable  
from the souce!  
purpose of living explained  
in whole not part  
what course to chart!  
on this journey all embark!  
from this life apparently,  
all status is and always has been  
transitory!

food 4 thought!



collusion...

with forces of illusion  
results warped perception  
infusion!  
misguided folk mind,heart  
contained in a yoke!  
living lies,truth compromised  
worse than being paralyzed  
after a stroke!  
conceptualized by falsehood  
invoked  
from ancestors who were  
mislead folk!  
following unfounded words  
like flocks or herds follow  
shepherds blindly over land  
like a bandleader leading  
the band!  
to the contrary seekers of  
truth should do all that they  
can to establish proof,  
evidence brought to them  
from any man  
regardless of their status,  
deception,misconceptions  
imparted on mankind  
is the devil's apparatus  
that since the beginning of  
time has kept humanbeings  
in a bind!

food 4 thought!  
(educate dem,cee?)

## **miseducation...**

poses as, pass'es for education  
doses of foul gas'es for the masses  
fill your mind  
effect your outlook cause your  
insight gets blind  
bound to happen when your heads  
up your behind!  
the dumbing down is all around  
how does lies mixed with truth sound?  
what happens to truth in the process  
of dilute?  
would you put a drop of urine in a cup  
of water and drink it down,  
think it was pure,or  
would you reject it and pour it to the  
floor?  
is a virgin who's pregnant still a virgin?  
what's your version of pure facts  
conversion into that which is flat  
when it comes to facts  
absence of evidence,evident?  
isn't truth simply polluted when the  
information aquired is convoluted  
or you desire to use it even though  
there's no truth going down  
fact!  
convoluted truth is a oxymoron!  
by definition: It's a contradiction!

food 4 thought!

## Condolences to..,

the rich & famous who passed  
away and their families i say  
"sending sincere sympathy"  
your way  
but excuse me if i say..  
what about the unknown folk  
who are murdered everyday  
innocent men,women & children  
i say  
is the press as intense?  
absolutley not!!  
the same interest  
in regular everyday simple people  
slaughtered,butchered,  
no names,no richs,fame  
therefore "What's to care for"  
this is the mentality,popular  
in the majority intoxicated by  
celebrity worship,idolatry!  
F^k&d up,screwed up totally  
cops pop your baby  
life stopped on the spot!  
world embroiled in mass murder  
babies,ladies & gentlemen  
what we got here is a ..,  
"failure to Communicate?"  
due to the numbing up,  
dumbing down  
is there any rational folk still  
around?  
perception is reality?

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Really?  
even if it's perceived by the  
misguided who take real  
reality and hide it?  
values placed on worthless,  
vanity  
no regard, misunderstand,  
disguard,  
total disregard for what's  
priceless, true 'n' plan  
perception my a\$\$  
that's totally insane

food 4 thought!  
(educate dem, cee?)

KIMBERLY  
BURNHAM

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ September 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>

## Perceiving Illusory Truth

Tracks meet in the distance  
as I stand still  
looking long  
feeling the breeze  
blowing the clouds  
obscuring the sunlight

A lake of water  
sits on the highway  
closer and closer  
the hot asphalt  
shimmers  
as I move into my future

Close one eye  
I cannot see  
the distance between  
tracks and lake  
but I have learned

A universe past  
rich experiences  
teach me  
parallel tracks,  
a mirage  
doesn't fool  
as I look at you  
perceiving real life



## Truth and Lies

The rabbis say  
the distance between  
truth and lies  
a wide hand  
spanning a true face  
speaking truth, hearing lies  
ears open, mouth shut  
at times  
knowing who to believe

Learning who to trust  
a teacher, mentor, sage  
one who stands before  
in time and space  
speaking, listening  
valuing learning  
knowing who to believe

Growing old  
wisdom and foolishness  
a three legged race  
to the finish line  
a prize awaits  
communicators  
know who to believe

## Duality and Touch

A few days old  
I reach out  
touching  
grasping my world

Learning  
I am  
separate  
from

Duality creeps  
a vine seeking sunlight  
dividing  
this from that

She touches me  
and I know  
beauty and love  
bridges her and I

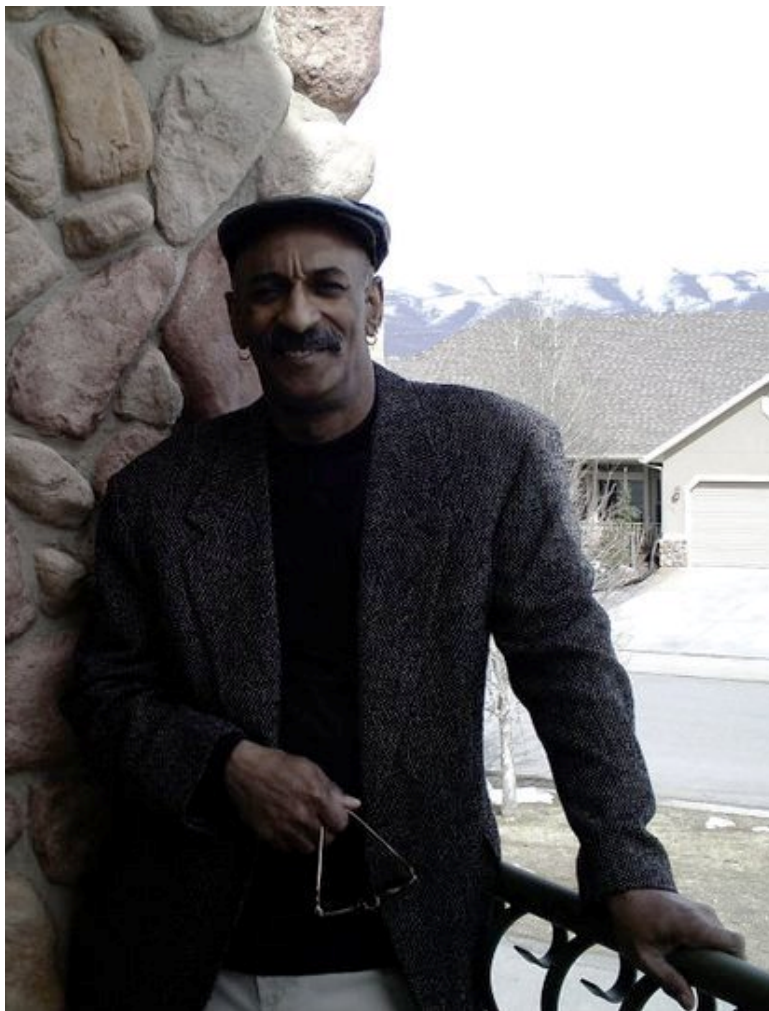
God is separate  
I seek and pray  
navigating  
the chasm of images

God is inner  
a wealth of knowledge  
connected  
whole

I feel my core  
and reach out  
touching  
grasping my world

WILLIAM  
S.  
PETERS, SR.

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*



*The Year of the Poet ~ September 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](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site

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

## Mamma imma learnin’

Momma, what does this mean  
the Cop stopped me and said  
i have been seen  
with a stolen bike  
and they took me to the station  
and asked me questions  
about you and daddy

what does this mean Momma ?

i did not do anything wrong  
i was just riding my new Bicycle  
down the street  
to my friend Joey’s house  
on the other side of the tracks

the people were looking at me  
closing their doors  
and locking them too  
and some of them made faces  
and i think i heard someone  
call me by my nick name . . .  
Lil Jigger . . . but i did not know them

what does this mean Momma  
tell me what i did wrong

Momma replied :

welcome to our world Son  
you are being educated

Mamma imma learnin’

## New Kicks

new Kicks  
Pencil Sticks  
time to get into the mode  
of learning

that burning desire  
of the newness of it all  
polished tile hallways  
lockers and Gym classes  
Hallway Monitors  
and permission passes

well this year  
they are scanning us  
i think they are looking for guns . . .  
GUNS ?????

why do we need one  
asked the naïve child  
not knowing  
you may have to defend yourself  
and take your respect  
to have an effect  
on how you fare  
this school year

and this is our future

i ask my self  
what has happened  
to my old kicks  
cause i don't like these new kicks  
we wear to school  
these days

## Tuition Blues

Here we are  
our children attempting  
to get an education  
but there is a price  
or should i say prices  
that must be paid

who wants to hear  
“You should have Stayed,  
in School,  
you were a fool”

Debts accumulating  
Parents Broke  
the Pen has not  
even been stroked yet  
unless you are a Poet

The Banks owns your future  
for you will be paying them  
for the rest of your natural  
Life



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Get your self a Husband,  
a Wife  
and hopefully  
they have some money . . .  
the older the better  
for the better life  
is about the struggle  
i think  
(wink)  
if you overcome  
these Tuition Blues

News Flash  
Education is Free  
School costs Money  
not Knowledge

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SEPTEMBER

FEATURES



Florence Malone

Keith Alan Hamilton

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

FLORENCE  
MALONE

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

Florence” Floetic Flo” Malone is a single mother of three children, residing in the state of Ohio. A former teenage mother herself, Florence believes that we have to help the youth in each of our individual communities and learn to express themselves through art rather than sex or violence. Besides being an artist, Floetic Flo works at Visions Early Learning center as their Outreach Coordinator. Visions Early Learning is a teen parent center and daycare for our youth. Floetic Flo has been writing since she came out of the womb and she will never back down from an old school dance off. Considered to be an Urban Gardner, Floetic Flo works diligently with the community in promoting and living healthy lives. One of her favorite quotes is “If you eat Junk, you think Junk on a physical, spiritual, and mental level”. Her CD "The Conscience Floetic Flo" has been released since the summer of 2011 and is currently ranked on Reverbnation. Floetic Flo new CD called "Cries of a Bastard Child" is set to be released 2014. She was nominated for "Most Conscience Poet" of 2013 in Cincinnati and selected as "Most Inspirational Poet" of 2013 in Cincinnati Ohio. Floetic Flo published book titled "I Am Poetry" is now available on [innerchildpress.com](http://innerchildpress.com), or [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com).

[www.twitter.com/floeticflo100](http://www.twitter.com/floeticflo100)  
[www.reverbnation.com/floeticflo](http://www.reverbnation.com/floeticflo)  
[www.facebook.com/floeticflo](http://www.facebook.com/floeticflo)  
[www.instagram.com/floeticflo](http://www.instagram.com/floeticflo)

## The Cycle

Once a month, I bleed,  
Shedding my inner,  
trying to be free.  
Sanitary napkin not strong enough to hold what expels  
from me  
The lining of my mortality soaks the sheets blood stains the  
paper,  
it resembles ink;  
but yet it smells like me!  
My hand is red & I try to understand what is it that my  
body just did Success & Failure are two of the same both  
call my name  
My belly swells but with what I can't tell  
Is it Life or is it Death  
Tug of War within myself  
My soul screams for help  
The pulling on my flesh is stretched back & forth,  
I often question myself  
I do a two step  
that has been done before.  
I waltz around the door,  
dragging my feet on the bare floor  
Thinking to myself,  
God, there must be more,  
Instead of my worn out footsteps marching to the same  
song the music all seems the same to me  
wondering why my plea's have went unheard  
pondering it is because of the lessons I refuse to learn  
or is it because I ignore, what was meant for me  
or maybe because I let the world whispers  
plague me,



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causing me to question who it is I am  
when all I really want to do is be free  
problems wrap around my roots  
drowning the growth that I seek  
but in attempt to save myself;  
Once a month I bleed,  
the blood soaks the paper  
but it resembles ink  
but on my fingers, it smells like me,  
trying to escape my mortality because all I want to do is be  
so I shed my inner,  
hoping one day I'll be strong enough to deliver  
or maybe I've already given birth,  
but the manifestation wasn't worth the pain that I endure  
so my soul longs,  
it weeps for more  
but once a month, I bleed;  
in an attempt to be free  
I shed the lining of my inner being

Dear world,

I need you to know that there is nothing wrong with me being bald & nappy head.

It is not my conscience speaking out loud or me asserting who I am.

I wear it this way simply because I'm comfortable within my skin.

I know you find it strange that I don't have a desire to let my ringlets hang

But being consumed by the latest dou is simply not my thang.

It doesn't make me less pretty; in fact I think it makes me the shit because there are a lot of brother's who can't get with a bald nappy head chic,

Judging my choices by the length of my hair, referencing my gender selection as sick,

Going so far as to say that my sexual pleasure can only be found within a pair of lips when truth be told my preference is my bizz.

See, Delilah cut Samson hair and it took his strength but for me it was just the opposite.

It helped to contribute to who it is I am.

Because, a man should never love you more because of your hair.

Dear World, please understand there is nothing wrong with me being nappy & bald head

I wear it this way because I can!

It's not an indication of my righteousness, doesn't classify me as who I am but having a weave doesn't make you a diva or flawless,

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But being bald doesn't qualify me as less of a woman,  
Anything, it means I'm secured & that's not to say I don't  
like an up-dou but hair is not necessary  
But just a mere accessory thing that women do!  
It's an item at this time I choose not to use because there's  
nothing wrong with me being nappy & bald head  
Please don't judge, because I don't like to wear my hair  
hanging to my ass  
For bald and nappy is for which I stand and every now and  
then I like to color it red  
But world understand it's because I choose too, not because  
it gives me flair  
And I like the fact that you wear yours long because I  
believe to each its own.  
So kinks I can reach & a scalp I can see is what excites me  
so for now I'll say no to quick weaves  
Because there's nothing wrong with me being bald & nappy  
head!

Sincerely yours

Nappy and Bald head Woman

## What kind of woman do you want me to be?

What kind of woman do you want me to be?

Super chick, bad bitch,  
I'm walking around talking about I'm independent  
Brown skin, hard working, tough on the exterior  
Ghetto revolutionary style, buck wild  
& yes I like my chicken fried.

But I still have to ask....

What kind of Woman do you want me to be?

Pretty toes, under cover hoe, and keep it on the down low,  
No one but us needs to know  
Light skin, Hair straight but make no mistake I got what it takes

I like sushi, some consider me to be bougie, make me mad  
& I'll turn into an Uzi

But I still got to ask...

What kind of Woman do you want me to be?

Any given Sunday, I can get up & cook a meal,  
feed a family of five on less than a dime.

Keep my hair in check so that when we step, I shine.

Keep my shoes clean, can be little mean,

tell you what's on my mind & turn right back around & be sexy

but I got to ask....

What kind of Woman do you want me to be?

I can blow your mind, help you to define, stay on the grind.

Keep our business in line; provide you the answer when  
you ask the question "why"

I shed my last tear for you when I cry

but I still have to ask.....

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What kind of woman do you want me to be?  
I bear fruit, I ask god to forgive me for my sins  
I sacrifice my life, so my family can win.  
I leave my treasures behind, cross enemy lines so that we  
can survive,  
Pray for your safety in the middle of the night  
but I still got to ask....  
What kind of woman do you want me to be?  
I give you all that I got 365 days a year, even when I'm  
sick I just get right on up & keep ticking.  
I comfort you when you're down. I'm never scared to ride  
by your side  
I like being Bonnie to your Clyde  
Call me your ride or die  
But I still got to ask....  
What kind of woman do you want me to be ?  
I bless you with my mouth from North to South  
Believe in what you say, never let there be doubt  
I'll take care of another woman's kids  
Sometimes work 2 or 3 jobs to support your silly ideas  
I'm icing on the cake  
Call me butter cream baby  
I'm willing to go with you all the way  
But I still have to ask  
What kind of Woman do you want me to be?

## Community

When, a person's resides in a community,  
Where there is no unity.  
Catastrophes are defined as little Johnny got shot one to  
many Nino Browns standing on the block.  
Stories of neighborhood girls who easily part with their  
booty because they felt as though their treasures are well  
spent.  
Content with blissful ignorance  
Ears closed shut, they refuse to hear;  
As the government spit venom that outlines mistrust.  
When you live in a community where belly's rise before  
sunshine,  
And you can't tell the difference between the smell of trash  
and apple pies.  
A place where mamas are left to cry themselves to sleep at  
night.  
Who's got time to examine propaganda lies?  
When purple haze clouds keep us blind and the antidote to  
depression is simply to hide.  
And the latest Jordan's got us thinking we can fly;  
And babies come straight out the womb getting high.  
Who cares about medical insurance being denied?  
Especially when you got children screaming "To Live  
Means to Die".  
And most of them can't read or write, but can tell you if the  
weight measured out right.  
And mama's and daddy's continue to fight.  
So at the age of 5, son tells teacher, I'm going to kill my  
sister tonight and because Mrs. Becky lacks the insight,  
Doses of pills cause our babies to be zombies.

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Control by modern day Hitler's because when you reside in  
a community where there is no unity.

Education is scarce.

And most have decided to embrace the concept of stupidity.

Embarrassed by statics, subject to humility

You have no time to examine the lies because your unit  
was blind-sided with false hope

Small consumption a of dope

In which we swallow one dose at a time

And we are left wondering why our appetite has doubled in  
size.

But when you live in a community where there is no unity

& you continue to feed your hunger with lies.

What did you think would happen?

## Freedom of a Poet

Words stroked his ears,  
like a lost friend or a forgotten lover  
touching the core of his being,  
they wrapped around his essences  
begging to be released.  
He was reminded of the freedom,  
he could obtain  
if he would only break free from the plagues of society that  
chain his kind for centuries.  
He had been imprisoned  
& could feel the pulling of slavery;  
in the depth of his spine.  
He wanted to be free,  
but his lips had been sealed way to long.  
He had sat back  
& watch as his people lost his purpose  
with no one to lead,  
bondage swallowed them whole  
but words tugged at his manhood,  
crying for the warrior to be released  
crying to give answers, to those who had a voice  
but yet couldn't speak.  
He wanted to make life right So he opened up his mouth  
& his tongue begin to unravel Generational curses,  
fears &  
doubts.  
With each verse,  
he was restored to greatness



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He spoke the knowledge of pharaoh's  
The Gods called out to him,  
because he had return.  
Within his blood he had the ability to  
create history.  
No longer would he be a mere court jester,  
standing around  
with his pants hanging down,  
For he was a Poet  
like the book of Psalm & Proverbs  
giving life to all who would listen  
wisdom burned in his spirit  
but most of all he was man with the freedom of speech &  
words set him free.

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KEITH  
ALAN  
HAMILTON

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is an Author who writes a ***spiritually philosophical*** blend of poetry and prose that's often further ***pictorialized*** with his Smartphone photography. Keith is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog, the NatureIQ.com Blog and The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog. Keith is also a professional Information Investigator.

Keith has been developing his *spiritually philosophical* style of writing (poetry, prose, sayings, etc.) and photography for many years. The artistry of his words and photos are rooted within the nurturing arms of his Polish/German mother (his first muse). Keith says his mother's willpower and loving temperament is the spirit flowing in his words and photos. They are also deeply influenced with the character of his Scot grandfather (his second muse), who was a master storyteller and could hold his audience spellbound for hours on end. Keith's words and photos not only reveal the cultural flavor representative of his heritage but also the area in the USA where he was born. He grew up in a small place called Freeland, Michigan. This is where Keith's most influential muse RLF grew up as well.

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If Keith was asked to describe his *spiritual philosophy* style, he would say it embodies the everyday spirit of a Norman Rockwell illustration, a sort of raw Mark Twain individuality and the perfectionist mannerism captured in an Ansel Adams photo. Keith hopes his everyday style, that unique *spiritually philosophical* flavor tasted within the emergence of his words and photos, will appeal to a broad spectrum of people around the world.

Keith recently published in print through Inner Child Press the first book in his series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die! Poems, Sayings and more..... used to address the most pressing issues on earth ~ facing humankind! Keith is currently writing the second book in the series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die! – Transitioning.

## Mother Earth: living our human way

*letting go of the metaphorical mother*

some people metaphorically call earth  
mother, as in “Mother Earth”  
or even in a more broader  
all-encompassing sense, “Mother Nature”  
now in Greek mythology  
this mother nature was called, “Gaia”  
no matter what analogy used  
for some, the earth is portrayed  
as if to be the giver and sustainer of life ~  
well if I may say so,  
as a mother,  
as a mother  
like my real mother,  
the earth as a mother  
falls miserably short in the comparison  
‘cause my mother, although  
genetically embodied  
and socially embedded with human frailty  
as a mom and a woman who has faced head on  
many ills and obstacles set before her in life  
as the mom who helped give me life  
as the mom who helped sustain my life  
who never, ever once allowed anything  
affect or after undergoing the effect  
of conditions thrust upon her  
either directly or indirectly done to her  
never, ever altered her role  
as the giver and sustainer of my life

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my mother has never, ever once  
tried to bring harm to me or to  
those daughters and sons of other mothers  
my mother is a hero, even before  
I realized she would earn  
such an honor beholden to my eyes  
being felt way more  
than some archetype of mind  
emotionalized within my heart  
oh mother earth, mother nature  
the one known as this goddess Gaia,  
I can't realistically or genuinely say or feel  
nor conceptualize metaphorically  
even begin to compare my Mother  
my Mom or my Grandmother  
as if ~ somehow ~ similar with you  
however oh earth, well as if  
you could actually hear and listen to me  
I've come to know all too well  
not only subjectively,  
but objectively, I need to understand you  
conceptualize beyond  
the metaphors cast upon and over you  
I must lift off the veil that shrouds  
your role, your purpose, your function  
within the scheme of all else  
if not only for me, my children  
and their children  
also for humanity as a species  
to be able to go on living  
for us humans to be able to sustain  
and preserve our kind into the future



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must see you naked before me  
the best I humanly can  
without predisposition  
being entrapped, ensnared  
by any analogy, symbolism or belief  
subtly fogging, biasing  
or impeding my judgment  
as to clearly seeing, perceiving  
and fully envisioning  
what you are now or may come to be  
whether as to your worth  
or out of mere necessity to detach from you  
~ oh earth, despite your changes  
uncovered in the past or yet to happen  
even if drastically disruptive changes  
that may occur within or upon you  
like rapid and destabilizing climate change,  
with violent weather, as well as global plagues,  
super-volcanoes or killer asteroids from the sky,  
earthquakes or tsunamis  
or human born nuclear war or terrorism ~  
even the arrival of  
unfriendly extraterrestrials, etc.  
I hold no malice or blame against you  
for you know not what you do  
as a planet or portion that is only a sub-system  
a dynamic part of a whole system  
undergoing complex activities  
the holomovement as explained by Bohm,  
recurrent patterns of process  
energy/matter  
unfolding and enfolding  
interacting, interconnecting

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and being interdependent as  
the living and the nonliving  
the animate and the inanimate  
as manifested in the physical reality  
which comprises in its totality ~ Nature  
nor earth, as I learn about you  
and all else as aspects within Nature  
do I hold any malice for or blame  
against my kind, the humankind  
'cause we evolved upon you through survival  
sheer willpower we used, even while dying  
no manual or guidebook to follow  
only living and trying  
by way of self-production, variation  
cooperation and adaptation  
eventually, attempting to pass on  
information in the form of  
knowledge and wisdom  
as much as what was learned  
from our struggle within thought  
comprehended or imagined along the way  
to survive, we've had to move on,  
regardless of the happenings of the past  
and yes at times,  
in spite of how things were  
may have seemingly always been  
we've had to let go of  
our metaphors  
traditions, our symbolism  
and our beliefs held so tightly  
with all their comforts  
we've left them behind, forever  
as nothing but memories of our past

~

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yes one day, oh Mother Earth,  
Mother Nature, the Greek goddess Gaia  
the regulator of our human lives  
even though,  
in a metaphorically sense  
you are a poor  
and inadequate mother to the humankind  
holding us captive to your systemic ways  
if humanity is going to survive, go on  
we'll have to free ourselves  
partially or wholly from your  
archetypical bondage  
like any loving mother  
you'll have to let us use our wings  
to fly among and throughout the stars  
that expanded environment  
of Nature's totality  
holding out hope  
within the human mind  
at present littered with inhibition and guilt  
you must completely without remorse  
*let us go ~*  
so finally we'll more fully learn  
from the opportunity of having the chance  
to move about unencumbered,  
as an embryonic child  
detached at birth from the mother's womb  
after cutting the tie of the umbilical cord  
casting behind once and for all  
the hindrance preventing us ~  
limiting us from living our human way

**my fellow humans**

*let's get beyond it all.....*

ok my fellow humans  
not going to sit around  
wallowing in the past  
all forlorn acting and stuff  
bitching about  
way back whenever  
how much simpler  
more so-called natural times  
were somehow, someway  
the best way and the only way  
~ really my fellow humans  
really, I don't care  
or give a damn  
about the blame game  
who was right,  
who were wrong  
could of ~ would of  
should of  
lived sustainably  
consumed less things  
stopped having so many babies  
been more leery of technology  
industrialization  
economic development  
the perils of capitalism  
like somehow the sprawl  
the waste of humanity  
succeeding and enjoying life  
eating and shitting  
are the acts of the evil sort  
or some evolutionary plight  
destine for the ignoramus

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

~ listen my fellow humans  
sure we should live  
then learn from the past  
sure it is wise to know  
what happen  
when we did this or that  
the result of it all  
not just by or to ourselves  
but with and to each other  
~ however  
my fellow humans  
come on now  
how presumptuous  
within the complexity of it all  
you and me  
the well-educated  
the intellectual  
that scientist  
that environmentalist  
some preacher or prophet  
or some extraterrestrial  
have become so smart  
so all knowing  
that they or someone  
can now conceive  
conceptualize  
see what is  
see how it should be  
as to foresee  
enough to change  
enough to alter  
the arrow of time  
perform the act  
of reversibility

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

as if to turn back the clock  
back to when some thought  
life was intended to be  
where all of Nature  
should of somehow, someway  
always forevermore  
stayed as they remembered  
as they seen it fit  
or simply wanted it to be  
~ adapt my fellow humans  
let's not waste our moments  
judging and romancing the past  
~ forward in time  
*let's get beyond it all.....*  
not just for ourselves  
but for the sake  
of our children's children  
for the preservation of our kind  
so future generations  
won't waste time  
bitching and moaning  
about our laxity  
our inability  
to live for the future  
squandering away  
our lives and lives to come  
on some way it was back when  
which will never  
without question  
come to pass,  
repeat in the exact manner  
to recreate someone's memory  
~ rather my fellow humans  
may our example

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

our proactive ways  
be what's remembered  
where the hindsight learned  
as to generations to become  
embody the foresight  
that's embedded  
with our efforts  
that our inhibitions to let go  
held with white knuckled fear  
did not consume us  
prevent us from using  
our mind  
with clever industriousness  
spawned by our creativity  
novel inventiveness  
to mold and to develop  
come up with those  
new and advanced  
technologies  
implemented along with  
primary and alternative  
contingency planning  
that may increase  
our chances for survival  
not only  
needing to be flexible  
but also preparatory,  
preventative  
and transitional in design  
which will then overcome  
~ spit in the eye  
resisting all those forces  
systemically forcing  
our kind to accept its demise

## humankind acts in a way

*a more aware ~ way of being*

the humankind acts in a way  
and it's ~ not so much  
~ as if it's  
this matter of sin  
associated with imperfection  
the doing of right and wrong  
based on following or breaking  
some moral code  
etched on stone tablets  
by God ~ for us humans  
or the lacking of intelligence  
'cause of inadequate  
circuitry development  
along the evolutionary path  
due to DNA  
and socially embedded  
survival imprints  
within the larval/yokel brain  
as expounded by Leary  
and further propagated by RAW  
~ however  
humanity does act in a way  
emulating this pattern for living  
struggling to stay alive  
as observed in Nature  
very similar to ~  
the many other kinds of life  
moving about upon a planet  
holding them as captives  
beginning with birth



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without the liberty of choice  
and inalienable rights  
as is more powerfully illustrated  
and therefore ~ taken to heart  
by conceptualizing within mind  
the cruel and uncivilized activity  
revealed through human slavery  
~ where in like manner  
all life is forcefully subjected  
to the rules of land ~ sea and air  
within the regulatory process  
of the figurative ~ lording master  
Gaia ~ so-called Mother Earth  
~ thus is such  
and in a way ~  
humanity  
does appear rather busy  
eking out a daily existence  
caring for a family  
with needs and desires  
sort of like  
the past behavior  
remember ~ those people  
portrayed in the biblical story  
about Noah and the ark  
~ similarly today  
*We the people* don't fully realize  
completely take notice  
or pay attention to  
nor think much about  
not even ~ wanting  
to envision metaphorically

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what's told through tales as history  
about the great flood of old  
synonymous in many ways to ~  
the encroaching waters  
on the horizon  
from melting sheets of ice  
~ ice melt  
rising water levels  
regardless of  
what or who is the reason  
from a global heating  
predicted to worsen  
according to the modern day  
prophets  
~ born again  
with the Holy Spirit of Science  
fervently forecasting  
disruptive changes will occur  
within the workings  
of the earthly system  
and yet or maybe after  
as the earth system sage  
the Gaian spiritual leader  
James Lovelock has said ~  
if humankind is going to finally  
take note ~ get serious  
it will be when  
one of the major glaciers  
in the west of Antarctica  
does melt away as a popsicle  
left out on a warm summer day  
finally suffers a total collapse

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no doubt ~ this sort of happening  
will raise sea levels  
just enough to forcefully  
coerce humanity  
into a more heightened  
*more aware ~ way of being*  
focusing thinking on ways  
more concerned with survival  
~ for example  
*“proactive adaptation planning”*  
so the humankind ~  
if bestowed a blessing  
from Father Time  
~ is given enough time  
to prepare ~ as if  
readying fortifications  
setting battle formations  
before the onslaught of war  
concentrating beforehand  
upon the right things  
those pertinent and pressing  
conditions that have been  
bequeathed our immediate  
and undivided attention  
affording us the opportunity  
to develop the capabilities  
giving us the ability to adjust  
for and then from ~ the impact  
~ ‘cause  
the rising seas ~ the waters  
will inundate coastal areas  
places along the river’s edge

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flooding and eroding the lands  
seeping into every nook and cranny  
destabilizing building foundations  
creating sinkholes ~ which  
all together ~ will threaten  
the people ~ the biodiversity  
of cities ~ small and large  
throughout the world  
~ wherefore  
increasing public health risk  
altering patterns of weather  
becoming harsher ~ producing  
stronger tornadoes and hurricanes  
bringing forth more tidal waves  
spreading the perils of drought  
even weakening ~ an already  
inadequately resourced ~  
overly taxed ~ national security  
emergency preparedness  
and crisis management system  
~ for instance  
at the present  
if several coastal cities  
were besieged by the waters  
and then while languishing  
within this diminished state  
the nature gods ~ show no mercy  
willfully ~ smiting the downtrodden  
blasting them with  
some angry hurricane  
or with the twisting winds  
driving on a hostile tornado

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the people of America  
couldn't even adequately  
care for their own  
let alone stop the borders  
from being over run  
by opportunistic marauders  
as if to be stampeded with  
frenzied herds of spooked cattle  
while trying to deal with the chaos  
that would surely follow  
~ in all humility  
if hardly able ~  
to care for themselves  
how possibly  
under such conditions  
even if dubiously labeled  
"the superpower"  
how could America lend  
a helping hand to other nations  
facing similar situations  
throughout the world  
especially ~ if ill-prepared  
~ for is it not the chaos  
that would ensue  
from a grief stricken  
and panicked people  
with no plan ~ with no hope  
pilfering about in an all out  
survival mode  
the greatest force to fear  
the biggest threat to demoralizing  
the human spirit

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and to breaking down  
the infrastructure of a society  
~ would it be not better  
to prepare for ~  
the most crucial challenges  
facing humankind today  
even if ~ we may not solve them  
or stop them ~ but only hinder  
the progression of them ~ just enough  
so humanity ~ our children  
can be given more time  
maybe then ~ working out  
how to be able to better adapt  
in the future and more able  
to figure out what's next to do  
by providing them and us  
through previous preparation  
the golden opportunity  
to learn during the experience  
what are the most important things  
that need to be done  
together ~ cooperatively as one  
rather than through a disoriented state  
fractured ~ fighting against  
and deterring one another  
living some hysterical ~ chaotic hell  
~ regardless of what  
Gaia ~ Mother Earth  
the nature gods may cast down  
rise up ~ blow or spread about  
upon land ~ out of sea  
or over air

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while increasing our torment  
under the heat of the sun  
if the humankind can act in a way  
that's preemptive ~ through  
“*proactive adaptation planning*”  
focusing our attention  
improving our national security  
emergency preparedness  
and crisis management system  
~ around readying ourselves  
for whatever earth changes  
that are to come ~ especially  
those that will rise our waters  
only to severely impact  
and alter our way of life  
yes ~ *We the people* together  
the humankind ~  
can and will adapt  
by taking the time now  
to learn what we should do  
then do it the best we can  
~ *Let's Survive, Not die*  
through preparation  
triumphantly securing  
our children ~  
our children's children  
a life that has a lasting future  
filled with the purpose to live on  
from knowing the legacy  
by following the example  
left by our generation

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

~ being that  
humankind acted in a way  
they prepared while living  
facing head on ~ focusing upon  
the most crucial ~  
most threatening  
~ challenges  
at the right time  
which could have destabilized  
the infrastructure of the people  
bringing about  
the self-destructive  
forces of chaos  
so then ~ today  
here and now  
henceforth ~  
humanity as a whole  
most keep fighting  
amidst the struggle  
never become apathetic  
never give up  
or helplessly  
throw our hands in the air  
as if defeated  
but ~ always ~ always  
keep trying ~ despite  
what ominously approaches  
upon the horizon ~ no matter  
how bleak the circumstance  
may seem ~

~ there will be a tomorrow  
worthy ~ of us fighting for



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*begin to heal ourselves*  
*responsible for our destiny*

from the bottom of my heart  
with every ounce  
of my soul ~ my spirit  
yearns for  
world healing  
peace ~  
equality  
and prosperity  
for *the people*  
by *the people*  
is the only way  
such a happening  
will ever come to be

~ simply said  
but not so  
easy to do ~

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

~ *We the people*  
all as individuals  
uniquely contributing  
our gift ~  
our willpower  
working together  
cooperatively  
and steadfastly  
with a purpose ~  
are the architects  
the initiators  
the idea creators  
the planners  
the laborers  
the result makers  
responsible for our destiny

~ 'cause  
that's the way it is  
in Nature ~ the physical  
there ain't no shortcuts  
nor some quick fix ~

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

~ our thoughts  
our voices through word  
and art ~  
can and will raise  
social awareness  
~ have an effect upon  
collective consciousness  
and yet ~  
our thoughts  
our words  
are not enough  
with thought and word  
there needs to be ~  
the act ~ the deed  
the no quit attitude  
and determination

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

~ despite  
the perceived  
the feared  
insurmountable  
can't see beyond  
the struggle  
the hate  
the greed  
the violence  
the intolerance  
the bias  
the inequality  
the suffering  
type of conditions  
those odds  
standing in the way  
of attaining the prize  
blurring our ability  
to bring change ~

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

~ if we want  
world healing  
peace ~  
equality  
and prosperity  
for *the people*  
by *the people*  
then you and I  
through word and thought  
acts ~ deeds  
must make it come to be ~

~ *We the people*  
humanity  
must create a world  
to help ourselves

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

thus as one  
together  
cooperatively  
let us  
bring about  
the environment  
to do so ~  
support the development  
through innovative ideas  
and technologies  
a freely accessible  
and affordable  
~ energy source  
~ information/  
education  
~ transportation  
~ housing  
and health care  
  
~ so humanity can start  
begin  
to heal  
ourselves  
then afterwards ~  
the world  
and possibly beyond

## surviving earth change

*choose for life*

looming in our future  
are super-volcanoes, killer asteroids  
global plagues, climate change,  
et cetera  
all could bring to fruition  
disruptive variations of earth change ~  
what will we do about these threats  
give up, give in,  
as well as feel guilty  
about what  
*should of ~ could of*  
been done  
therefore resigning ourselves over  
to pity's burden and apathy's reign

some say don't worry, there's really  
nothing we can do; why not ignore it  
and if such things would happen at all  
it's doubtful it'll occur during our life

others on high infer,

we them masses ain't  
smart enuff to change nuttin  
and us peoples  
no ways gonna change,  
'cause we keep doin'  
like we always do

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

"you can take that to the bank"

well ~ in spite of  
what the politician  
or even some preacher  
or that  
well-educated intellectual  
and scientist claim ~ I say  
bull-pucky,  
just you wait a sec  
and in the way my common,  
everyday grandpa used to say,  
"yous pert near had me a thinkin'  
in a way, heaped full of feelings  
and paralyzing fears"  
I nearly forgot about sound reason

just because the *THEY*  
say it is so  
doesn't mean  
all things said by *THEM*  
are right or is  
the only way to follow  
or become ~  
and the hell  
with that screwed up  
guilt trip thing  
living is hard enough  
to waste energy  
on the blame game  
pointing our finger  
at one another



*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

let us use  
our mind to reason  
let's use  
our ability to question

who gave us humans  
some kind of guidebook  
revealing every step of the way  
about living  
that would guarantee  
our ongoing survival  
come on now  
we gotta stay open-minded  
about the facts  
what was  
how it happened  
as experienced  
when we and those  
of the past lived them

let us think  
and let's remember

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

didn't *We the people*  
do what ~  
what we had too  
didn't we survive, live adaptively  
humanizing our chances by novelty  
creatively bettering our lives  
through much toil, blood, sweat  
and yes through tears  
not just as other life  
with pure brawn  
where the strong  
shall survive  
but we also  
used our brain  
which is so, so fully  
demonstrated  
by way of our technology ~  
like in the past, so in the future  
*We the people*  
can and will survive  
earth changes  
if we want too ~  
if *We the people*  
work in a proactive way  
struggle  
through tireless effort  
within our shared  
thinking process  
not so unlike, we humans  
have had to do  
so many times in the past  
even if different  
regarding the circumstances ~

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

if *We the people*  
face it head on  
determined to go on  
despite  
whatever  
the earth change  
presenting itself before us  
we together,  
you and me  
within our cooperative  
lived experience  
sharing a common purpose  
of survival  
pressing on as one  
a proactive oneness  
emerging a *sort of*  
*spiritual bond*  
spirited on  
by the connectivity  
of our interactions  
our interrelationships  
illuminating the benefit  
embedded into  
our interdependence  
inherently  
embodied ~  
entwined  
into our evolutionary  
process of life  
that desire to live on ~  
survive  
no matter what ~  
if *We the people*  
help each other

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

and then within such a spirit  
if *We the people*  
by way of our cooperative acts  
engaging the help of our government  
partnering together ~  
create a more freely accessible  
and affordable living environment  
a living environment shaped around  
proven concepts and practices  
those of energy ~  
information/education ~  
transportation ~  
health care and housing ~  
concepts and practices  
which create employment ~  
satisfy supply and demand ~  
stabilize the economy ~  
inhibiting chaotic conditions  
from materializing within *the people*  
wherein ~ along the way  
during the lived experience  
of such a cooperative process  
that of human betterment  
and empowerment  
while expanding our *Nature ~ IQ*  
*We the people*  
can give birth to  
*intelligently perceptive insights*  
insights,  
intelligently applied  
with innovative technologies

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

if *We the people*  
mutually ~ within an  
*intelligently progressive*  
*learning process*  
yes ~ we together,  
you and me  
learning to implement  
our insights with technology  
in conjunction with *proactive*  
*primary and alternative*  
*contingency planning*  
contingency plans  
needing to be *preparatory,*  
*preventative, flexible*  
*and transitional*  
just the right amount of ~  
*mitigation and adaptation*  
scientifically  
formulated around  
a more holistic understanding  
of the universal processes  
regulating all Nature  
as a whole system  
not just the earth ~

~ for instance  
just an example  
if we prepare now to adapt  
by focusing on the right things  
when climate change occurs  
laying fallow our fields  
our so-called bread basket  
a land of waste  
from the effect of draught

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

we convert the land  
letting go of its  
once thought of purpose  
planting  
no longer tilled rows  
with seeds of solar panels  
providing then ~  
a supplemental energy source  
which would grow  
permanent jobs around  
operation and maintenance  
feeding the economy  
keeping it stable  
helping to satisfy  
supply and demand  
while helping to prevent  
blackouts and shortages  
within the primary  
source of energy  
in the process of evolving  
from fission to fusion

~ and in like mind  
producing similar results  
how 'bout  
a self-sustaining  
Bucky Fuller type  
geodesic dome-housing  
for the people  
to live and prosper  
becoming more resilient  
to the drastically disruptive  
effects of whatever  
manifestation of earth change

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

even if ~ such abodes  
due to a changing environment  
need to be constructed  
and transitionally adjusted  
redesigned to fit  
the current circumstance  
upon or below the land  
above or within the waters  
or in the sky  
or if necessary  
orbiting the earth  
and even beyond  
offering an alternative option  
for an ever-expanding populace  
overflowing with opportunity  
and adventure that could lend to  
the preservation ~  
the survival of our kind

wherefore ~  
within the mitigation  
and even more so  
the *proactive adaptation*  
of *We the people*  
partnering with our government  
to reinvent, create and develop  
concepts and practices  
like these.....

beholden to the hope  
and the faith  
within the spirit for life

*The Year of the Poet ~ September 2014*

we can and shall survive  
somehow, somewhere  
even if, all seemingly  
above and beyond  
so far from what  
we together,  
you and me  
may now know  
but still, right there  
before us all  
to fight for and obtain

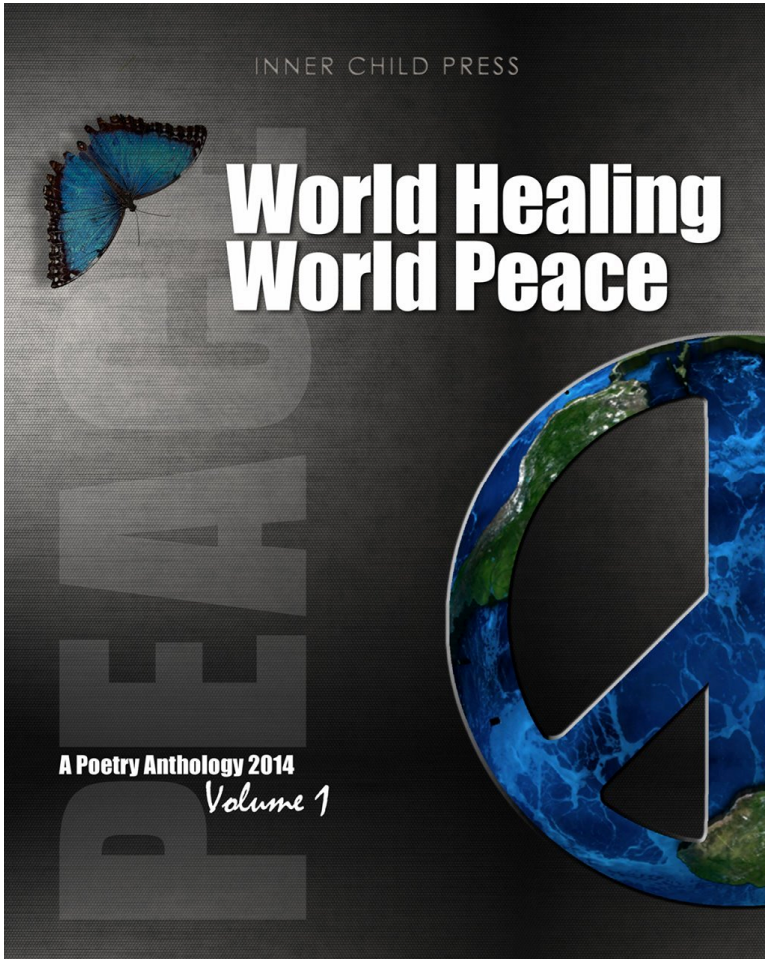
only if ~  
*We the people* ~ humanity  
choose not only to live  
we together ~ you and me  
should also *choose for life*  
offering our children and their  
children's children  
the choice to live and go on



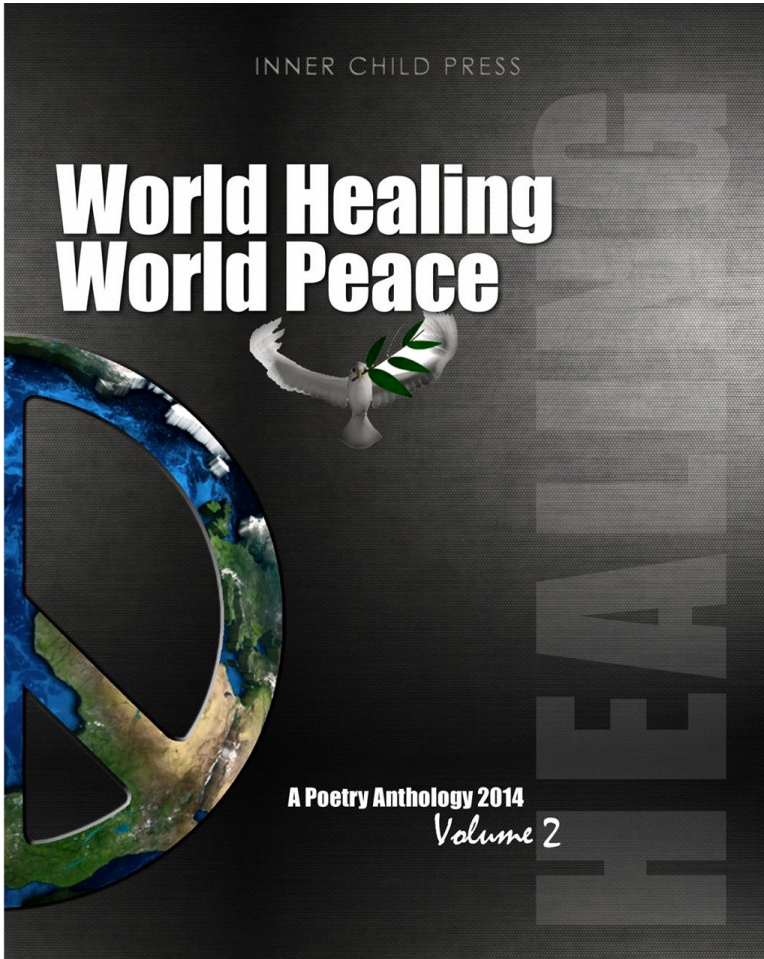
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The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

*The Poetry Passe*

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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

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July 2014

July Feature Poets

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

*The Poetry Posse*

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

Asian Flower of the Month

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June 2014



*Love & Relationship*

*Rose*

*June's Featured Poets*

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

*The Poetry Passe*

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
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the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee  
Joski the Poet  
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

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April 2014

The Poetry Posse

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Gail Weston Shezor  
Albert Infinite Carrasco  
Siddhartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June Bugg Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
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Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu  
Martina Reisz Newberry  
Justin Blackburn  
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month



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The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

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February 2014



violets

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Gail Weston Shazor  
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Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
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*Our February Features*

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

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January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

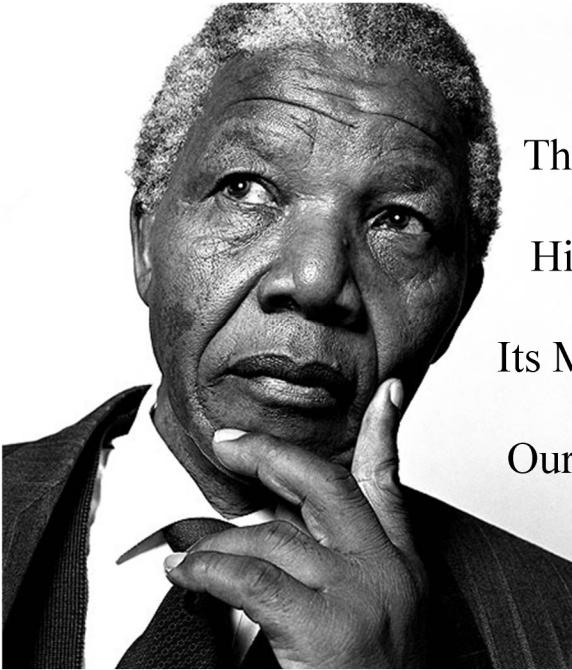
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Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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# Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

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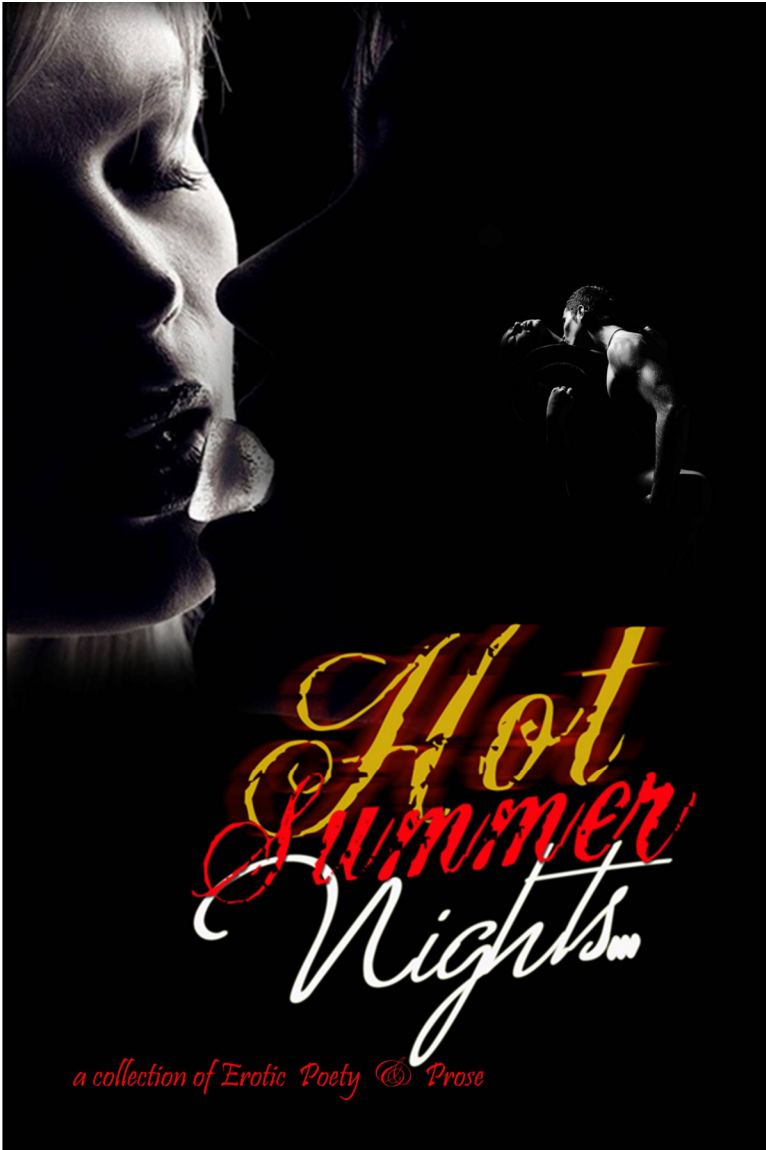
*healing through words*



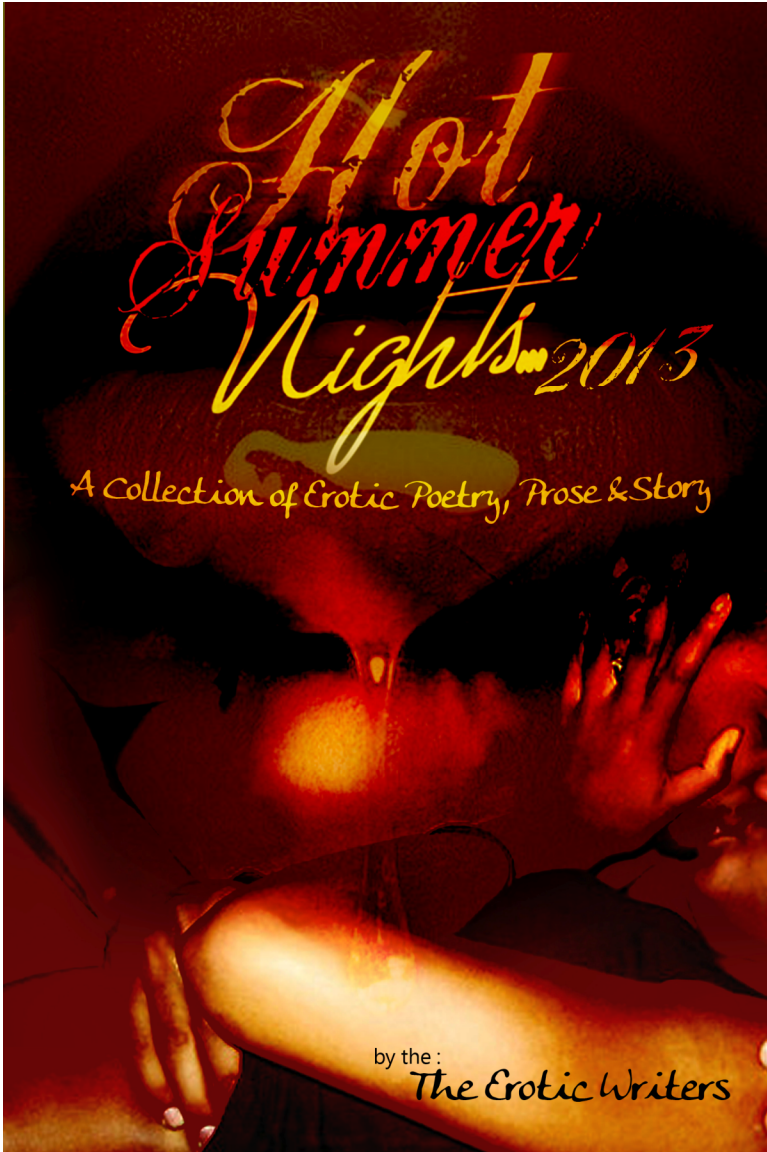
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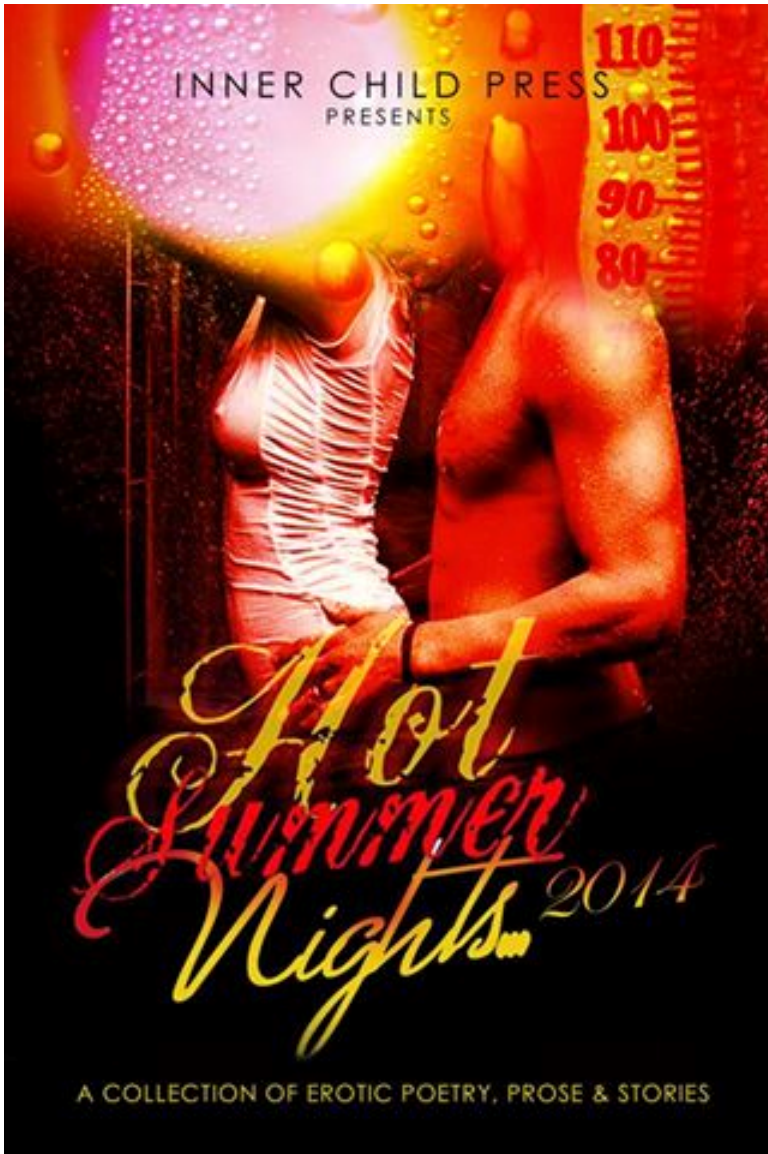


*Hot  
Summer  
Nights 2013*

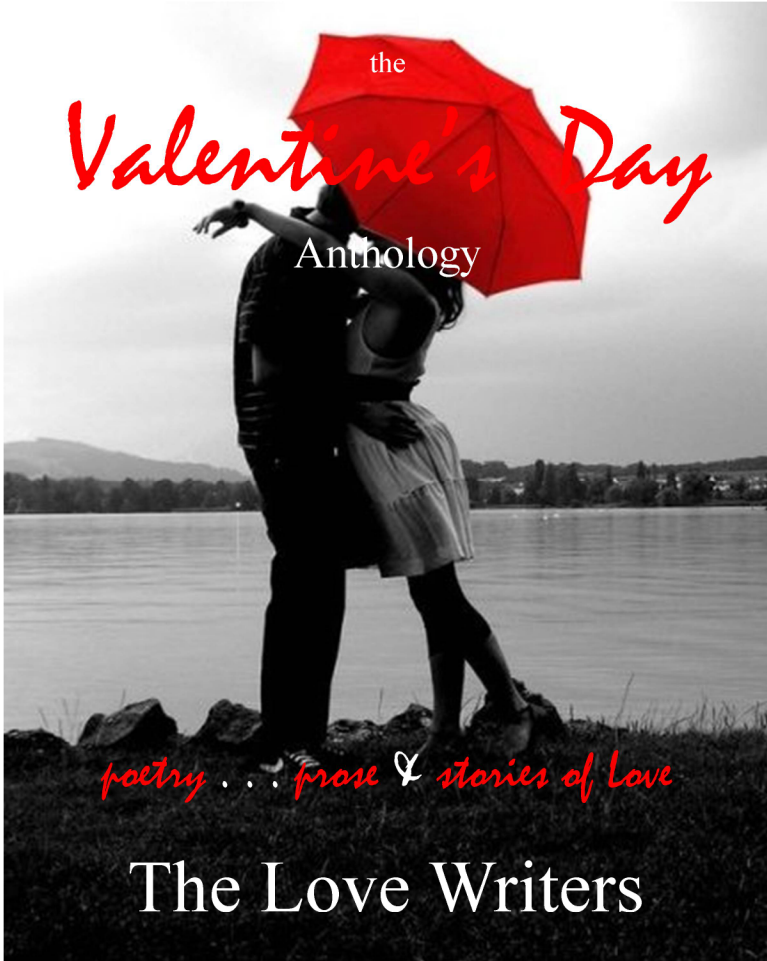
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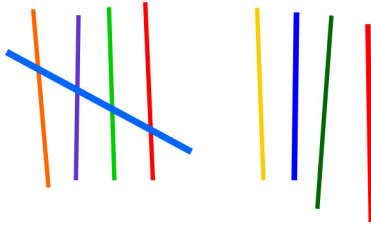
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POEtRy  
to . . .

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# 11 Words



( 9 lines . . . )

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*an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .*

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**FINI**

# The Poetry Posse



## September Feature Poets



Florence Malone



Keith Alan Hamilton



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