



want

my



etery

to



volume 3

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

Monte Smith

I
Want
My
Poetry
To . . .

inner child press, ltd

Credits

Project Manager

Gail Weston Shazor

Cover

Inner Child Press

Publisher

Inner Child Press

General Information

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

Poets of the World

1st Edition : 2017

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

Publisher Information

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

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

Copyright © 2017

ISBN-13 : 978-1970020090 (inner child press, ltd.)

ISBN-10 : 1970020091

\$ 12.99



www.wallpaperscatolicos.com/cliparts

Dedication

we dedicate this volume to

Janet P. Caldwell

and all the other fallen

Poetic Soul~diers



my dear Lorde . . .

open my eyes

that i may see

the purpose you have

just for me

Table of Contents

<i>Dedication</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>Preface</i>	<i>xi</i>
<i>Foreword</i>	<i>xiii</i>
<i>he found poetry</i>	<i>xiv</i>
I Want My Poetry To . . .	1
Gail Weston Shazor	3
Rebekah Townsend	4
Sunanda Bhadra	5
Annie Mitchell	6
James K Blaylock	7
Brianna Malone	8
Santos Taíno	9
Ms. Jessica Hughes	11
Mlungisi Nxumalo	12
Wynne Henry aka “Poetry Dancer”	14
Larry F Nigh	15
Ike Zion Unplugged	16
Kerry B	17
Anthony Arnold	18
Bob McNeil	20
Langley Shazor	21
Kimberly Burnham	22
ShareefAbdur-Rasheed AKA Zakir Flo	25
Juanita Betts – Graves	27

Table of Contents . . . *continued*

Dat Tru Gemini	28
Lonneice Weeks-Badley	30
Tony Henninger	31
Marshall G. Kent, Sr.	32
Gail Weston Shazor	34
hülya n. yılmaz	36
William S. Peters, Sr. aka 'just bill'	39
Langley Shazor	42
La Shawna Griffith	43
Cheryl D. Faison ~ Sublime Poetess	44
Jill Delbridge	46
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz	51
Monte Smith	52
Poetess Queen aka Lana "LJ" Joseph	53
Gail Weston Shazor	55
Janet P. Caldwell & william s. peters, sr. aka 'just bill'	57
Janet Perkins Caldwell	61
william s. peters, sr. aka 'just bill'	64

poetry is . . .



Preface

So why do a volume three? Is there anything left to be said after two very full, very relevant volumes of the very soul of the poet?

Monte Smith, the Street Poet asked us to bare our goals back in 2012. The very same year we said goodbye to the likes of Adrienne Rich, Ernest Borgnine, Joe Paterno, Don Cornelius, Trayvon Martin and welcomed in the second term of Barack Obama to the highest office in the land. If that did not move your pen, Inner Child produced *World Healing, World Peace*. We were all asking the same questions, how does this craft change our world?

In 2014, Joe Sample took his leave along with the grande dame Ruby Dee, Eli Wallach, Mother Maya Angelou, Amiri Baraka, Robin Williams and on July 14 we all collectively learned that "I can't breathe" meant that none of us can breathe. The world around us moved and fell off kilter and the ink flew from our souls. At the end of the day we were all left wondering who would speak for us, for them and say the things that they said for the ears that needed a good word.

So why do a volume three in 2016? Because quite simply, there are things left to be said, situations that need to be addressed and lives that need to be touched. We grow clarity when we choose to put down roots for others to harvest. My season may be different than yours but I plant them none the less. Two years ago I penned that I wanted my poetry to prepare you for death. This year I want my poetry to prepare you to live. Janet Caldwell, Kevin Bingham and others penned their last but has not spoken their last. Who do you miss in our community? How has what they left fed your spirit?

What will you leave to inspire, mentor and challenge the reader? That is what we do!

Words are our finest, renewable resource. Even water will erode metal and stone but words live beyond ages. Let us be clear about who we are, who we are becoming, what we want and how we want to color our world.

Gail Weston Shazor

Foreword

When a Poet takes the time to reflect, become introspective and consider his or her life path we must at some point reconcile with our soul and our purpose for choosing poetry, or should i say poetry choosing us. Purpose is something man has sought since the inception of time. One may say our purpose is simple, it is but to live. Others may say one must add a cubit unto life. Then there are those who never question such things. For a Poet, i think the quest for expression presses us to examine the boundaries of our lives and how it may integrate into many aspects of life. At times we will speak of the human condition from a physical perspective, or sometimes it will be from an inspirational one. Then there are times that our expressions are abstract. We can be subjective, objective or fluctuate betwixt the two. I believe as a poet that we are compelled to always seek a particular clarity through our writing. I know for me that pretty much sums it up.

In this offering you will have an opportunity to peek inside the spirits, hearts and minds of many poets who have chosen to open up and share with you their perspectives about their verse Perhaps their words may strike a resonant chord within you that moves you in a way that ‘adds a cubit’ unto your life.

In closing, i offer to you my gratitude for taking this journey with us.
Enjoy . . .

Bless Up

Bill

he found poetry

he wandered and wondered
down the pathway of his life
in search of Joy
and her family

his soul was beckoning
to speak of
a certifiable peace
it had managed to remember
from its days of old

his heart was weak,
yet he trudged on
in spite of this malady
for somewhere within him
he heard the voices whisper
that this was all but an illusion

somehow he felt noble
and knew that there was something
in the spirit of his being'
that was formidable
and could not be destroyed

yes he like many
was immersed in the travail
of an empirical life
whose only respite
was brief
or
could only be found in death,

and his solace was like the fleeting wind
that had journeyed from lands afar

bring forth promise and pain
for him to indulge in . . .

one made him stronger that he may endure,
the other soothed the angst he had accumulated
along the way

to say convolution was a part
of this experiential-ness
is a gross understatement
for he and his brethren
and his sisters
were seeded in a womb of peace
which seemingly abandoned its children,

but he would not succumb
to the wily and wicked ways of this wayward world
for there was much that he saw
that offered redemption
and was worth saving
in his memories eternal

he often spoke of these things
while railing against the mist
and the errancies and crookedness
that prevailed
day by day.

his limited and biased judgment
believed that “Euphoria”
and her Utopic family of Love
were absent . . .

but little did he know

that they awaited his arrival
and that of the many others
whose souls yearned
for absolution from their delusions

he prayed daily
without cease for peace,
not only for himself,
but that the enigma
which he and his siblings were embroiled in
would come to an end . . .

and this is when he realized
he was divinely blessed
for he found the words his being had always sought
ensconced in the whisperings of verse . . .

he found poetry . . .
and then he danced !

william s. peters, sr.

I

Want

My

Poetry

To . . .

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

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

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to . . .

change lives

save lives

find doorways and windows

breathe

cry

scream

dream

laugh

and be

heard.

Gail Weston Shazor

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to . . .

...Lift my perception of reality out of the darkness to remission.

...Let the negativity flow like the darkest, richest, crimson fluid from my innermost depths to the pulp of the wood upon which I write.

The malignancies of the reality my emotions boil are, at times, inoperable, impossible, unable to be contained...except in my anxieties.

Itching, bleeding, searching, breathing, all with this inevitable terminality that my mentality finds inescapable.

Yet, knowing the prognosis is irrevocable, I sink deeper into this illness. I want, I need, my poetry to provide a sense of amnesty from these dark masses, give me back my peace of mind, replenishing my vitality back to a normal health.

The mutations replicate, while searching for a cure, does one travel to the light or down the rabbit hole? Vitals are taken and the prognosis seems positive. Only time will tell. If there's any time left...

Rebekah Townsend

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to . . .

Heal the world and woo
With its mellifluous words,
Like the songs of melodious birds.

I want my poetry to-
Be a tranquilizer in our lives,
In pains and pangs,
And be a boon instead of the bangs.

I want my poetry to-
Be a mode of escapism,
From life's realism,
And tour one to poetic fanaticism.

I want my poetry to-
Educate the world with a pleasure,
With knowledge of mankind and Nature,
Through its pregnant verses without any measure

I want my poetry to-
Be a platform to voice my thoughts,
To eradicate social evils,
And fight for the truth to be unveiled.

I want my poetry to-
Visualize my dreams,
Through my verses,
Before I bid adieu and turn into ashes.

Sunanda Bhadra

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to . . .

be scattered ashes among the dead
leaving their soul to strike
a note with the words said
reach deep down into the
mighty universal
blackness
they call a black hole
force power to their hand
where no longer blood flow

lead them away from this land
filled with dirt and mud
shackled within their prison with no bars
teach value rid them of life's rotten scars
remind them they were dealt the raw hand of hate
negative consumed in pure fate
influence nowhere to run to fast
too reach heaven's gate
written words to kill the pain
nourish their belief in thyself

once again
bring them back
give the world
another chance
peace shall be found
for it is a long time to be
left rotting under the ground.

Annie Mitchell

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry too . . .
to reach into the lives of those
having been shattered or broken.
to teach people that pain and sorrow
don't necessarily mean, chase death
to feel others coping with the victim mentality, that dominates breathing
to heal another hoping to overcome
unhealthy deals and open tomorrow

James K Blaylock

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

i want my poetry to . . .

touch the hearts of the young children without a father as guidance in their
lives

i want my poetry to..

make young men learn how to treat women so they can cherish, love &
respect their future wives

i want my poetry to..

make the world realize that you can look at one in the eye and see all the
pain they disguise

i want my poetry to make young girls love the skin they're in

i want my poetry to tell people that God will forgive any sin

i want my poetry to show even the biggest skeptic that you must believe

i want my to poetry to show that you will succeed

i want my poetry to make the weakest strong

i want my poetry to let everyone know that they do belong... even when their
choices may have been wrong.

i want my poetry to show that blacks matter too

I want my poetry to make you see that not everyone has the best intentions
for you

i want my poetry to inform that if you're not equally yolked.. you may be
poorly influenced

i want my poetry to show you all have the brightest futures & become aware
of your intelligence

~asé

Brianna Malone

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to

touch you

Let me softly serenade you with sonnets...

Kiss you with poetry and make love to you in fairy tale form

I wanna make your body move to those slow songs our bodies create

Let us surf upon each other skin and ride each other's waves...

Let my hands wander the wonder of what is you

Let my fingertips caress those private places and enter places where only the intimate are invited

Baby don't fight it ...

just let yourself go

Let's get lost in each other !

Close your eyes relax and let me love you

Take a deep breath

exhale

I promise it'll feel real good when I enter you

I want to look into your eyes and feel your nipples upon my fingertips

Let me look at the rise and fall of your chest as I caress your breasts slowly

Exhale for me !

I wanna feel your breath on my skin and the tightness of your walls when I'm within...

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

Baptize me in your moisture
Between your hips I find paradise...
Between your legs is my kingdom...
you make me feel like a king

This day call me Rey...
I wanna play in your castle

You can be my queen !

Let me make love to you morning noon and evening

I want to spend my day within you !

Let me go deep

Let me softly serenade you with sonnets...
Kiss you with poetry and make love to you in fairy tale form

I wanna make love to you from beginning to end and begin again from the
top of your head to the bottom of your feet

I wanna ride each curve on your body

And adorn you with my love

Let me softly serenade you with sonnets...
Kiss you with poetry and make love to you in fairy tale form

Til forever

Santos Taíno

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to . . .

evoke thoughtfulness
vibrate the inner self until the winds blow
trees lean forward as leaves are shaken
Beam the mind as it smiles from sweet gesture
like helping hands uplifting America
healthy hearts beating as one in love
So much thoughtfulness the spirit soars
upon magnetic energy, the beginning
of a golden river
Flowing as water from my pen, through
the human portals of body and soul
I want my poetry to be a festival dance
a perfume scent on his or her legs
a magical romance shared among friends
searching the passion that's within
From breaking free from reality to living
inside a fantasy world
I want my poetry to be everything the heart adores

Ms. Jessica Hughes

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to . . .

touch souls and touch lives.

Like a boy from a church choir,
I hit your ear-drums with my drumsticks of poetry.

Brother, you cannot resist this lure of art.
You see, if fate twinges off any energy from my blood, like a nail cutting
through the stomachs
of a car tyre; know that I gave it my all.
This ink I refer to as blood, tirelessly drops and clots,
On these sheets I'm scripting on.

Brother, I need you to drink this cold addiction of mine that is poetry, so
read through.

Know I hit the gong hard, for lucidity to echo through your head.
I'm looking at these men after albinos' heads, through my glasses of wrath
and abhorrence.

These feelings we harbor like ships, are wrestling their qualms.
Ferociously, they have just broken out of the bottle.
You've been keeping them bottled up all this time!
Oh! How about we let the hands of poetry touch on gender based violence?

We water the soils of our hearts with optimism.
Let us change. Let us love each other.

You see, this bacterial infection is curable, because I just injected “change
antibiotics”,

Into the stream of Ill-treatment that flows through your lousy personality,
Because you seem like you're unable to produce enough antibodies to fight
off this disease

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

termed as Gender based violence.

We need more men like him and myself.

Men that know it's possible to live off, by just breathing life into these words,

Rather than peeping and breaking in through the windows,
To see what's hidden behind the closed doors at trouble's home.
Slaying albinos for their body parts,

Slaughtering rhinos for their horns and elephants for their tusks.

All this for what, Money?

That's just pure greed and it requires no distillation!

Mlungisi Nxumalo

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to . . .

take you on an unexpected journey
on weightless flight
with no room for slow moving souls without destination
when you follow me.

I want my poetry to be your traveling companion
where the only music
is the sound of urban air beneath your feet
as you listen to the rhythms of underground metal against heartbeats
as you dance with me.

And when this voyage is over
I want my poetry to leave you writing your own story
before the dust settles on this earth
and we are gone
so walk with me.

Wynne Henry aka “Poetry Dancer”

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to . . .

sing a song
Remembrance of what was and could have been
The dreams and fears of how it went so wrong
Still conjures your missed visage long unseen.

You took a treasured place within my heart.
We spent a time as long lost friends of yore.
That ended much too soon, not on my part,
For reasons lost and gone for evermore.

You live your life, do what you wish to do,
Deserving your most joyous love unbound.
And why should such as I who loved you too
Regret the grace and joy you now have found.

Only the best for you my dearest friend
That's what I wish until your one life's end.

Larry F Nigh

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to . . .

dare these memories from my past, moments evergreen, then it hits like a kick in the nuts, hard as a metal, smashed over these bells in my head, jingling away my sanity, So charmed, almost to think I am real, hypnotized by this fake appearance, impulses, running through my veins, tireless, all to convince me I am real, until I pass from womb to grave, from not to not.

From birth to death, in between, where the music played, where I danced, where I danced, all for not, from birth to death, where without my consent, to fight, to love, and to hate, all for not, all for not, from birth to death, where with not, I come and go, so charmed, almost to think I am real, hypnotized by this fake appearance, impulses, running through my veins, tireless, all to convince me I am real, until I pass from womb to grave, from not to not.

Ike Zion Unplugged

I want my poetry to . . .

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

be a testament for the voiceless.
As the words flutter through one's mind,
Time has somehow slowed down for a moment.
The artist looks at the blank canvas,
The future masterpiece ready to be born.
It starts with one line,
A statement that sets the tone.
The flow of words begin
As the ink drops a tear.
The calligraphy appears before me,
While my pen paints those very words.
I pause,
Wanting the reader to read with their own understanding.
The rain continues across the window,
I listen to the wind's spring overture.
I write,
Due to my obligation, which demands me to.
A pen with no paper has no purpose,
While a blank canvas stands with no passion.
I write as I am near the bottom of the page...

Kerry B

www.kerrybpoetry.com

I want my poetry to . . .

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to inform
To let people know
We are not sheep
To be led to the slaughterhouse

#blacklivesmatter

That in spite of the world being against us
That in spite of our own being against us
Despite everything being against us
No weapon formed against us

Shall prosper

I want my poetry to rage
To let the world know
We will not fade into the darkness
That we are and always will be

A force not to be taken lightly

I want my poetry to mourn
With those who have lost loved ones
With those whose hearts are broken
No matter the color of their skin

I want my poetry to rejoice
To celebrate the joy of life
To love one another

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

To realize the dream

I want my poetry to...

Anthony Arnold

Facebook.com/AATheTigersDen

I want my poetry to . . .

Make readers and listeners

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

Awaken their understanding
Of Respect, Love and Democracy,
Then it should squeeze
Their aortas for Compassion.

Moreover, my poetry must
Make readers and listeners
Oust this Mount Rushmore of Misnomers:
Poets do not enjoy suffering.
Poets suffer because Existence is an Editor
That sometimes passes on our intention-inflamedverses.

Bob McNeil

<http://frankandpoe.blogspot.com/2014/04/first-place-poem.html>

I want my poetry to . . .

drift

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

Amidst the debris of derelict vessels
Where war was waged
Arriving at the abyss of abandonment
Albatross' abnegate aspirations
And lo, the sparrow seemingly uninspired
Sings songs sprouting seedlings
In this barren wasteland
We await the return of olive branches
Begrudgingly brash, we bare badges
Insubordination
Mutinous melees mangle mere mortals
To what end shall we see sons' severed souls
The volition of the invariably violent
Let us dare to dream of days devoid
Hopeful of happiness for the helpless

Langley Shazor

I want my poetry to . . .

add rocket fuel to peace

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

make you feel
crunching boots of the other
flesh and bone bioluminescing
lighting up the distance
revealed there between
you and me

We are here
this same boat rocking
trying to find a sweet spot
cooling the blue green earth tones
warming fiery hearts
with purple charm
imagination linking
you and me

From another
rich textured perspective
a mountain peak
wild flower spilling over
a rainforest's leafy tree top
chasing the horizon
where everything is
better seeing that we are
here in this place beyond
mind's eye
you and me
at peace

Kimberly Burnham

<http://www.nervewhisperer.solutions>

I Want My Poetry to . . .

Change the world with me

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

in a three minute exercise
imagine
a line of people,
as you tell your story
then moving along I have two
short minutes
time passing sooooo quickly
faster I speak the same words
kneading letters into space

Along the line I move
facing you with a single moment
what will I share
knowing this may be
our only connection point
I breathe my heart to you

My tongue no longer able
to compress the words
my spirit takes over
choosing a few short messages
hoping for later
moments to satisfy urgency

Don't go, change the world with me
I know, I know there is pain
and a world of hurt inside the skin
flow rivers of choice

blood and sweating
the pain out
calmed by gems,

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

by fertile earth

Don't go, now that you hear me
listen we can change the world
and if you cannot stay
I hope at least these last words
speak of love and hope and change.

Kimberly Burnham, PhD

<http://www.amazon.com/Kimberly-Burnham/e/B0054RZ4A0>

I Want My Poetry to . . .

Wake up sleeping sheeple

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

dem conciousness feeble

I want my poetry to..,

be food4thought for the people
who bought
into the lies they been taught
give pause to examine the flaws
say that's enough
don't want no more
fluff, phony stuff

i want my poetry to..,

be a testimony to the love of truth and justice in me
my way of speaking out against tyranny,
racistconspiracy,evil hegemony
be the voice deep inside my soul
shouting out truth to power
when the earth and its people are in a crucial hour

i want my poetry to..,

help remove the yolk of ignorance
around the necks of simple everyday folk
thatdem become empowered.

i want my poetry to..,

be a dawah (invitation) to all mankind

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

and their nations
to be engaged in the great fight
first within ourselves to forbid evil
and enjoin what's right!

i want my poetry to..,

be tight, know what i mean
like a how a size 8 fits on a body
that's a 16

i want my poetry to be..,

mean!

Peace!

ShareefAbdur-Rasheed AKA Zakir Flo

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

I want my poetry to . . .

Enlighten your soul, and have you say um' that's deep

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

which will guide you into your realm of love and peace,
and give you sunshine on that cloudy day -
to show you the truth in the midst of false prophets -
which allows nothing but substance versus emptiness,
to share all that God has created for man,
and have God give my gift *an* abundance of originality to breathe joy into
your lungs,
for it will make you shout for Jesus,
and glide like the clouds, and flow like the birds in each sentence

I want my poetry to...

Make you smile throughout... til eternity.

Juanita Betts – Graves

<https://www.desiremydream.com>

I want my poetry to . . .

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

fall in the form of words to a sheet
Making me tearless
And my poems the tear streaks

They are the tantrums I throw
The emotion my heart leaks
The sobs in my throat
The words I can't speak

My pen is the duct that produces
Wet visions of my pain
My notebook is the face
That depicts evidence of, obtained

My scribbles are my screams of anguish & frustrations
Lungs still filled with oxygen
My poems are breathless with cries of damnation

They are red hot expressions
Into which, my countenance refuses to contort
They are the shouts and exclamations
Levels to which my tone never wishes to soar

The ink of my utensil
Is the blood pressure rising
The paper keeps notes
On anger that's thriving

My felt tip is moody

In a sudden shift
It chalks giggles & rifts
In sadness & anger

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

Exposing joyous chortles & chuckles & side splits

It records sheer merriment
Even though I'm not afraid to share it

It jots down poetic pitter pats of love
Scribes the fires of lust
It formulates images of

My verses bare witness

It speaks of chills in the creases and
Communicates shivers along spirals of its bound thesis
Then indites its warmth between pages
Describing what it is to become twitterpated in stages

This poetry composes my delight
My quill is the author
And the papyrus illustrates for sight

My poesies are emotional oddities
Allowing you to read me through artistic expression

Affectively

Dat Tru Gemini

www.facebook.com/tremellstevens

I want my Poetry to...

Show the great enthusiasm and love I have for Almighty God

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

As I share His LOVE to ALL of you
Knowing God's LOVE is so true

I want my POETRY to...
Reach and teach humanity through my writes
to have a loving life; as they read, see and feel
His LOVE in their inner being
Encouraging, comforting and LOVING
them in between --do you know what I mean

I want my POETRY to...
Heal the hearts of so many that's lost
in mind, heart and soul; knowing not which way to go

I want my POETRY to...
Help them feel a newness of God's great ecstasy;
called LOVE my neighbor in my poetry

Lonneice Weeks-Badley

I want my poetry to . . .

Quench the thirst

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

of a lonely heart.
Whose arid, windswept
Landscape of hope
In the search for true love,
Has left it feeling
Like a blind wanderer
Looking for all the colors
of the rainbow.
May my words of love
Open a light-filled path
Leading the soul to find
Its missing other half.
To give hope unending
to the forlorn dreamers.
To give love unrelenting
with every line to readers.
I want my poetry to
Show that love is
everywhere,
for all to share.
Unconditionally,
Eternally.
Whole-heartedly.
and finally,
to know
Love is all there is.
All there was in the beginning.
All there will be in the end.
Filling one heart with love
my words are wisely spent.

Tony Henninger

I want my poetry to...

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

Be the power to heal the past
and show that love
is the only thing that lasts.
For love is the fiery passions' eternal flame
and the only thing burning that remains.
I want my poetry to...
Give proof to the fact,
we hate what we feel we lack.
The things I hate in others
are easy to see:
They are the same as I hate in me.
I want my poetry to set you free!
I want my poetry to...
Show the poet's brush is:
A cacophonous roar;
A whisper tiptoeing across the floor;
A distant bell;
Of jasmine- a smell;
The fanning of light as it passes through the trees;
Your child voice asking why of the breeze.
I want my poetry to...
Show the poet's brush is:
Oranges that both satisfy and sting;
A heart rages then becomes serene;
A twinkling star as it dies in blackened skies;
As He calls forth the sun to arise;
And twilight is the look in her eyes.
I want my poetry to...
Show the poet's brush is:

Drops of ink on a page,
A Conjuring-in some rage,

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

For others power to assuage-
All mankind, actors on Broadway's stage.

Marshall G. Kent, Sr.

I want my Poetry to...

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to
Call forth a reckoning
Be a call to arms
Gird your loins for battle
Upon every awakening
For each day is a new day
Unpromised
Untested
Unlived
I want my poetry to make
You want to shout at the sunrise
To let the world know
You are here, ready
For action, for verbs
Give you reason to speak
Right a few wrongs in this world
Play a game with a small child
I want my poetry to
Ignite a bonfire on the beach
In the middle of the projects
And in every cornfield
In the life of the winter
So that every person is warm
Inside their hearts for once
I want my poetry to
Be a revolution
Without need for swords or guns
Leaving behind the bombs and profanity

The racism and sexism and classism
Where men take their place in order

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

And women teach us the wisdom
That my words can be
Where each one can become
What I want my poetry to
Embody in every life
I want my poetry to live

Gail Weston Shazor

i want my poetry to

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

burn tears in your hearts
then bring them to the surface
before you decide you'd better cave in
to the pain and suffering etched ever so resiliently
in your past, present and future memories
when it's time to have that wail explode
letting out that desperately patient standby "enough!"

i want my poetry to ease you then
into the arms of a selfless child-bearer
whose lullaby will tuck you in safely
under a snuggle-obsessed blanket-sleep
after having raised you from a darkest deep
together with the gentlest touch of other souls
which learned to utter only the tongue of love
their aura will entice you into a burial ground of ashes
where to lay to rest your ire and your innermost fears
to shed all your chains to be free of also the tears
which have been fiercely carved on earth
on its every hidden nook and cranny
since the birth of humanity

. . . be a break from life . . .

i want my poetry to weld with steel
the vital holes on your pails so frail
for you to be on your steadfast way
to flood in the universe with no delay

its tamest of waters on nature's path
will gather for you to help you cleanse

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

your self-unforgiving self foremost
but won't let you once forget all else
which you may have cursed in wrath
they will amass for you serene drops of bliss
to bathe under each the bitter ghosts of your ills
chafing away your immense boulder's mass
for a modest few little whiles at last

. . . be a break from life . . .

i want my poetry to hold your hand
every time you must weather a storm
so that you know i too have been marred
the craftiest kind left me barren with all its might
hail rushed and wedded bloodcurdling thunders
lightening was only watching from afar at first
but then it exalted their union in a raucous roar
even snow flurries of my most loyal delight
showered the procession in a sliest twist

. . . be a break from life . . .

i want my poetry to waft you in the end
inside a cloud that is mate to the mild zephyr
to undiscovered lands as well to the Seven Seas
to the faraway councils of breath-taking skies
to the communes on the many luminous moons
to the cometic homes of ancient curiosities

in pursuit of the suns of the Egyptians
of the Hindu the Chinese the Japanese

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

of the Greek the Aztec the African
of the Navajo the Inca the Inuit
of the Sumerian the Roman

even though i don't sing of elation alone . . .

hülya n. yılmaz

<http://authorofrance.com>

i want my poetry too . . .

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

2016

i want my poetry to make you think
pour a cup of spiritual correctness
and have an everlasting drink

i want my poetry to be liberating,
defribulating,
become the inundating,
deregulating,
stimulating,
articulating
manipulating
scintillating verse
that awakens your divine consciousness
and gives cause for you to speak
from your heart of love
at all times

i want my poetry to
remove the scales from the eyes of my readers
that they may come to the realization
that they hold the key
that opens the door
to the blossoming of their “Right Consciousness”

i want my poetry to persecute,
crucify,
and resurrect errant minds

and resurrect our celestial rightness
that we may see that salvation from our selves

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

is a necessary evolution
if we are to survive . . . US !

i want my poetry to be a catalyst
for movement,
a progenitor of change,
a father spewing its seed
that the fruit of the womb
of mother
will be naught but
the sweetest of harvests

i want my poetry
to cut through the quick
like a hot knife through butter,
to melt away our inhibitions
to love one and other

i want my poetry to make the sun shine
even in the darkest of your nights

i want my poetry
to reinvigorate the dead,
make them dance
and sing
and skip
and offer joyful praises unto life
and unto the paths we have tread
and those before us

i want my poetry to be a movement
that become infectious

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

that speaks to the pens
of my brethren
and my sisters
that only the purpose of goodness
love and beauty
is espoused
when we execute
without refute
our truths

yes, what can o say,
perhaps i want my poetry to do too much,
but i will not be disheartened,
for i believe in poetry,
i believe in you,
and what we can do,
if our “i am” is conscious
about what our poetry can do !!!

you have to believe !!!!

William S. Peters, Sr. aka ‘just bill’

I want my poetry to . . .

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

float effortlessly
Carried by wisps
It shimmers atop euclidean opulence
tiptoeing through battle with the grace of Achilles
Striking at the heart of Xerxes
Its Spartan precision unmatched
Unrivaled
Unparalleled
Garnering Aphrodite's envy
Casting solidified serpentine stares
It swallows you
Cronus
Have you been deceived
Or merely enthralled
My dear Socrates
As we recall our last days
In this platonic splendor

Langley Shazor

I want my poetry to . . .

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

Empower
Educate and uplift
Because poetry is my diary
My diary
A beautiful work of
My inner thoughts
My perception of the world
My deepest secrets
I want my poetry too
Pave a new path
Just like Moses did with the Israelites
I want my poetry to be bottled with light and hope
Show persons that poetry..
Is a way to express your thoughts
In a beautiful rainbow
Where thoughts can room the page
Like midday traffic
Each car a beautiful simile of life
Love
Bonds
And family

I want my poetry to
Illustrate that life is a beautiful thing to be savoured when one rises
With your hands in the sky
Enjoying he rays coming from heaven
I want my poetry to touch everyone
Inspire and bless them

La Shawna Griffith

I Want My Poetry To

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to...realize
the dreams of generations before
to stand for justice, equality and freedom
from shore to shore

I want my poetry to...be a light
on your dimly lit pathway
to wrap you in love, peace,
and humility every single day

I want my poetry to...reign true
to the being of my soul
to always lead, guide and direct me
toward the higher goal

I want my poetry to...fill my cup
with kind compassion
to allow generosity to be
my style not a trendy fashion

I want my poetry to exalt
the goodness of mankind
to be the bravest knight
of courage in fearful time

I want my poetry to
rail against the status quo
to eradicate the ignorance
of those who don't know

I want my poetry to be
a lighted beacon in the darkest harbor
of your life's trials and tribulations...
to give you hope when
your soul is starved of motivation....

I want my poetry to be preserved
in all things history...

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to
reign century after century
I want my poetry to remind
generation after generation
that the power of the pen
is mightier than the sword
and if we wield our words
right we can motivate the
masses to fight for all the
voice-less people in need...
Because...I want my poetry
to remind us, we are all
created equally free!

Cheryl D. Faison ~ Sublime Poetess

I want my Poetry To

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

motivate and elevate
victims into survivors
procrastinators into negotiators

followers into leaders
and spear-headers
into team-players

I want my nouns and verbs
to be heart caressing words

utilized as Love weapons
expanding across oceans

stirring a commotion
of Love mused emotions

a Unified Love hug
an inebriating Love drug

mending bridges
of affliction
a mission
for the "Invisible Children"

I want my poetry
to expose the Joseph Kony's

provoking -inciting
compassion ,humility,
empathy ,positivity ,
and victory

a Love slap of reality

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

words to pick you up
and choke you up
simultaneously

I want my poetry to
be uninhibited

an impassioned
and unadulterated voice
and a choice

for the unknown
making their plight known
families without a home

peace of mind for

the child left behind
veterans and elders
without health care

for ,We are NOT the minority
We are the majority

I want to obliterate
presence of hate

negating the force fed
lies of the dead
and living dead

re-teaching the ugly
but, necessary
truth and history

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry
to be passion and desire
to inspire
the passive
into the masses

assertive and hungry

soldiers of Love
within the power of Love

common cause Humanity

Peace ,ONE Love ,
and Unity.

Justice and Equality
for each and every one

I want my poetry
to speak graciously

whisking away tears
abolishing fears

without resentment
uncensored but, with respect
brazenly yet , intelligent
and eloquent

of the 99%
our entitlement
our battle
day to day struggle

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry
to be empowerment
not for a moment

causes of my rhyme
to be present for a lifetime

I want my words to weave
a reprieve

truth exposed and told
factual and bold

I want my poetry
to be
my children's
and their children's
children's legacy

his and her story
Our story

I want my poetry
to be
Love
and instill Love
and its utter beauty

I want my poetry
to be a tool of conscience
and common sense
setting aside differences
of the misunderstood

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

and over-stood

a coming together
for the better
and greater good

gently yet , passionately
re-awakening, musing ,
and haunting
your mind
time after time....

Jill Delbridge

i want my poetry to

i want my poetry to become exoplanets
so it can create worlds beyond our systems
far from vengeance, far from hatred
it will be a habitable zone of infinite verses

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

with or without Kepler telescope
one poetry shows the same face
of enormous, sun-like love.

i want my poetry to reach 51 Pegasi b,
the wobbling sun-like star, so close to the parent star
there will be no distances, no separation
that it will offer a Great Square of Pegasus
connecting all hearts to our reborn EarthSky
and all poetry will be brimming
one reflection that become part of you.

i want my poetry to live
in all walks of life,
walking and walking again
through the mazes of humanity
and if it needs to walk alone
and find the planets beyond the walls
let the sun-self crown you wonders
the haven of a beautiful soul.

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz

<http://writerscapital.org/caroline-nazareno-gabis>

<http://www.realisticpoetry.com/poetry-blog/caroline-nazareno-gabis>

*I Want My Poetry To . . .
Rebel Poetry . . . The Chant*

Maybe it's me, but I don't wanna be non-threatening like the poets you see
on TV

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to scream truth and rights
I want my poetry re-read at night by younger generations ready to pick up
the fight
I want my poetry to bite, rip and hit
I want my poetry to give you the fits, the sweats, the shits

It's got to radiate with the same energy as the air in an uprising, no
compromising

I want my poetry armed and ready to attack
I want my poetry to scare the rich into giving it back
I want my poetry to leave you choking and gasping for air
I want my poetry to remember brothers like John Sinclair

I don't care what you think of me, listen to the words... its rebel poetry

I want my poetry to burn bridges and draw lines in the sand
I want my poetry books and recordings outlawed for being contraband
I want my poetry well trained and ready for reaction
I want my poetry to leave blood in your eye in memory of George L
Jackson.

Monte Smith

I want my poetry to...

I want my poetry to be an epic literary piece of soulful art,
with a generous supply of rhythm.
Poetically, I want to breathe life into the lifeless,

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

isolated and brokenhearted.

I want my poetry to add relevance
to sleeping and weeping souls;
especially to those who have given up hope.
Passionately, I support those who trust God.
I stand as a bridge for life, love, faith, unity and peace.
Truth speaks through my shadowy cries of golden verses.

I want my poetry to help change the world,
by making a positive difference to the human race.
I want my love for literature and language to resonate
beyond the surface areas of life.
Through our spiritual realm,
my hope is to reach youth and adults.
Happiness grows from within...
that special place where God resides.

I want my poetry to be liberating
bringing peace to mindsets drenched in uneasiness;
unmasking soiled veils stained in purple red rain,
empowering and inspiring beautiful spirits.

I want my poetry to scribe a permanent space
in the hearts and souls of the masses.
I want to leave a legacy of love for all God's children,
while poetically kissing souls through poesy.
I honor beloved kings and Queens;
I honor gods and goddesses;
I embrace oneness as my family.

What I hope to achieve with my poetry,
is perhaps a mystery and a bit grandiose.
But, for human beings feeling trapped inside
and beautiful souls uplifting people all the time,
my prayer is for opportunities to shine my lit light.

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

And to sign my name into hearts and spirits;
loving souls beyond nationalities, cultures
and socioeconomic statuses.
These things I have shared are vital
to the core of my very being.
These eXpectations I put forth into the universe
are what I want my poetry to do.

Poetess Queen aka Lana "LJ" Joseph

I want My Poetry to....

i want my poetry to
wrap around you and your
nightmares that come from fairy tales

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

You may struggle against me and
My struggle is just to hold you
still and breathing against me.

i want to thank you for this gift of life

Through the tears and my doubts
my words find
the laughter and joy that i find hard to scribe

i treasure this
tucked into our quiet moments
i will love you
even if i don't to
i will love you
and find the words to speak of you

and they will come
if we are brave

i always thought i ready and smarter maybe...
than this broken world
and it wasn't until you
that i knew how to be set apart

I would've loved you sooner
I would've have listened long ago
Even now
when you speak
in the middle of my busyness
and i am forced to listen

i would watch your pull
against the moon and the sun
to create

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

As fingers would dance and write and move beautifully
building upon everything,
brick, stone, mortar and sun
testimonies
with such grandeur.

I would watch you, love
Push aside my fear and
love me...again

I've been thinking
Maybe I should learn to be brave and love you
for my poetry is my life.

Gail Weston Shazor

I want my Poetry to . . .
a Collab with Janet & Bill

Janet

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to knock the wind out of the lungs of hate

I want my poetry to feed a hungry soul and change a doomed fate

I want my poetry to be in your face and get your attention . . . irritate
like nails across a chalkboard screeching if needed for racism to . . .
eradicate

Bill

i want my poetry to be
orgasmic
cataclysmic
metaphysic
a-rhythmic
siesmatic
as it makes you
automatic
in your procreatic
attitude
to change our world's
longitudes
and latitudes
i want my poetry to change
attitudes
and platitudes
with gratitude
i want my poetry to be

cinematic
and get you involved
in the show
you know what it is

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

Janet

I want my poetry to be a healing salve for the world's ails
I want my poetry to blow life and love into death and hate
throughout the world on a Unity sail

I want my poetry to grow love from the finest grain of sand
and that one day soon, we shall walk in the garden together, hand in hand.

Bill

yes . . . i want my poetry
to be the garden
where your love
for life'
for one another
buds, blooms and blossoms
and yields a sweet fruit
complete
replete
that we all can eat
of the goodness of life
my words have planted the seeds
it is up to us all
to do the deeds
that my poetry pleads for
let us open that door

i want my poetry
to touch your core
and forever more
you understand
that you, i, we

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

have the key
to what this world may be
i want my poetry
to move in you
move in me
and help us to see
the power of “we”

Janet

I want my poetry to express the power of we
for together we can move mountains, and
love humanity as was intended to be.

I want my poetry to be a light in a shadowy world
I want my poetry to help you open and your beauty unfurl
I want my poetry to help you recognize your power
every moment, every min, every sec, every hr of your life

I want my poetry to live

Bill

i want my poetry to
always give unto you
an understanding
of the power of you
and i

and how if we vie
together
through the storms
the inclimate weather
we are the better for it

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

i want my poetry to tell you
we can not be denied
defied
regardless of the lies
no matter
who
may step to you
for in my poetry
i want it to speak a truth
that stands up
and fills your cup
with love

i want my poetry to be
Poetry

Janet Perkins Caldwell
william s. peters, sr. aka 'just bill'

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to . . .

Stop!

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

Let us not take life so seriously.

Allow my poetry to teach us
to giggle and sing.

This world is but a shadow
with brightness, not hidden
but to be to be gleaned.

Find it!

Third eye open to receive
the blessings and joys of
a childhood lost and found

when

I dipped my toes in the dew of Spring.

And . . .

Danced naked in the garden like David
while people stared on, thinking me insane.

Smile in the now
play . . .
today and every day.

This is what I want my Poetry to do for you.

I Want My Poetry To . . .

I want my poetry to make us stop and think.
I want my poetry to re-educate
and to enlighten the globe.

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

I want my poetry to exude peace
show you, me and them,
we are not a disease.

I want my poetry to help us understand
truth, make us see . . . that we are
created by ONE energy.

I want my poetry to help
regurgitate the BS lies
that we've swallowed our entire lives.

I want my poetry to expose forced
Propaganda, it is far reaching and alive.

I want my poetry to shout loud, in your face that
Racism thrives, digesting “stories” passed
down as a celebrated meal, come on
now people, get real.

I want my poetry to show you
there's zero color or creed, in love . . .
stop spouting this insanity!!!

We are ONE energy, get it together Family
no more C'est la vie.

I want my poetry to start a movement,
and today is the day. Ignorance is not bliss
think... it draws a line in the sand.

I want my poetry to make you stop and think
to re-educate you, and to enlighten you.

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

One love, One Race, One Man.

I want my poetry to manifest my dreams.

I want my poetry to radiate a love beam for eternity
to dissolve hardened, lacquered hearts
rearrange you and me.

I want my poetry to . . .
Evaporate borders, to the finest
mist. . . ONE . . . zero degree.

I want my poetry to help us see
that we are getting nowhere
without the laying down of arms
at a table meet.

I want my poetry to stop the spilled DNA.
dangling from our cerebral seams.
We skein and thread, prick our fingers
and bleed. A quilt is not made,
that will cover you and me.
Lend an ear . . . blanket us with peace.
As it is, we are all freezing.

I want my poetry to manifest Peace.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

i want my poetry to

a Rebel Poetry the chant

i want my poetry to touch your soul
i want my poetry to fill that hole in your heart

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

i want my poetry to move you to action
just like mr. Jackson
i want my poetry to make you stand up
be counted

yes . . .

i want my poetry
to make you rip the flesh of your delusions
from your false realities, bias and prejudice
that you may perhaps get a glimpse
of your higher self

i want my poetry
to be that key
that unlocks the chains
of your enslaved thoughts
i do hope you can read . . .
hear and listen

i want my poetry
to make your soul scream so loud
that it expands and explodes
and the noise of it's voice
pollutes the world with Truth

i want my poetry
to hold the hands of your dreams
upon it's breast
and for you to feel
the heartbeat of joys not yet spoken
that is labeled with your name

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

i want my poetry
to kiss your aspirations
with smiles of happy butterflies
that i may watch you simply dance
because you can

i want my poetry
to open the floodgates of your reason
that your limited perspectives
of difference and deference drown
in the cascade of the waters of unity

i want my poetry
to till the soils of your spiritual garden
with possibilities
and plant ever abundant new seeds
of exponential-ness
so that all previous preconceived boundaries
and limitedness
will dissipate
into the eternal ether of nothingness
and you learn to laugh at your self
again

i want my poetry
to compel you
assist you
in the removal of your mask
to compel you to rip your clothes off
to compel you to

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

dance in the streets naked like David
that we, you can see who you truly are
and be affirmed that you are
fine
and
divine

i want my poetry
to teach you and me
the divine art form
and purpose
of spiritual masturbation
that we may learn
to no longer condemn the holy
which resides within each of us
and we learn to forgive ourselves

i want my poetry
to eradicate our reluctance
to love each other,
to lose the inhibitions we have been taught
indoctrinated to embrace as the right way
and learn a new way
this day
of how to love

i want my poetry
to be loving
kind
to be enduring
accepting
non judgmental

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

uplifting

enlightening

embracing

empowering

i want my poetry
to reflect the beauty of creation
i want my poetry
to reflect the best of who i may be
i want my poetry
to be poetry
and help you become
a Poem

a Monte Poem Prompt

william s. peters, sr. aka 'just bill'

i want my poetry to . . .

open the gates
to our considerations
of what could possibly be
between . .

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

you and me
and all
of humanity

let us dance again
smile again
sit and spend some time
and converse
a while

my intent in my verse
is to touch you
touch me
in a way
we either
do not remember
but need to
or a way
that is new

let a new day
be ushered in

let you and i
become the friends

of creation
and each other
once again
for we are kin – folk

we are Brothers and Sisters

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

of an exquisite possibility
that is filled with certainties
and exponential-ties
beyond our understandable
probabilities

may my poetry
open that door for you
find that cure for you
and i
as we open our eye
with a singular vision
that you and i
are the poems of life

i want my poetry to
assist in the reawakening
of us all

let my poetry be that call
to arms
and charm us into
the conceivable
believable
achievable

future
where we will no longer
forsake
our divine birthrights
to joy

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

let us open the gates
go into the garden
and dance

and this is what i want my poetry to do . . .

william s. peters, sr. aka 'just bill'

i want my poetry to . . .
again

i want my poetry to
be cataclysmic
be rhythmically artistic

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3

give me, you
the courage to become
linguistic
and speak
the altruistic
aspects of goodness
into life

i want my poetry to
unleash the power
behind your
acrostic attitude
give unto you
some cosmic
altitudes
as the platitudes of your comforts
begin to dissipate
and elevate you

*please think about it . . .
what do you want your poetry to do ?*

william s. peters, sr. aka 'just bill'

I Want My Poetry To . . . Volume 3



Inner Child Press

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

For more Information

Inner Child Press

www.innerchildpress.com

intouch@innerchildpress.com



I Want My Poetry To . . .

Volume 3



Inner Child PRESS[®]
Let Us Share
Our *Magic* With
You

www.innerchildpress.com