Featured Global Poets

Shafkat Aziz Hajam * Frosina Tasevska Muhammad Gaddafi Masoud * Karen Morrison







Curiosity Hibiscus

Fear Minulus

Lonlines
Butterfly Weed

The Poetry Posse 2025

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Mutawaf Shaheed Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Noreen Snyder Shareef Abdur – Rasheed * Swapna Behera * Eliza Segiet Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Kimberly Burnham Tzemin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr. The
Year
of the
Poet XII

February 2025

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

The Poetry Posse 2025

Gail Weston Shazor Shareef Abdur Rasheed Teresa E. Gallion hülya n. yılmaz Noreen Snyder Tzemin Ition Tsai Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo Jackie Davis Allen Mutawaf Shaheed Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Ashok K. Bhargava Alicja Maria Kuberska Swapna Behera Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Kimberly Burnham Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.



In order to maintain each poet's authentic voice, this volume has not undergone the scrutiny of editing. Please take time to indulge each contributor for their own creativity and aspirations to convey their uniqueness.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D. Director of Editing ~ Inner Child Press International

General Information

The Year of the Poet XII February 2025 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2025

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

R

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future,
our Patrons and Readers &
the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



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

Janet P. Caldwell

$T_{able of} C_{ontents}$

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Foreword

Curiosity, Fear, Loneliness

It is a fact that shortened days, less daylight, colder weather and post-holiday stress can strike anyone during this time of year. To combat these feelings, we humans tend to make resolutions about how we are going to change. Often, by February, they have all fallen to the wayside.

The tendency to make amends to ourselves for perceived shortcomings often begins with the curiosity of where we could be. As we age, we experience life from a new world view. Sometimes that view is clouded by health issues, empty nesting and a lack of companionship from either death or breakups. The need to evaluate can move us toward a harsher than necessary assessment. The manifestation of our discontent is real, and pride may make us close ranks.

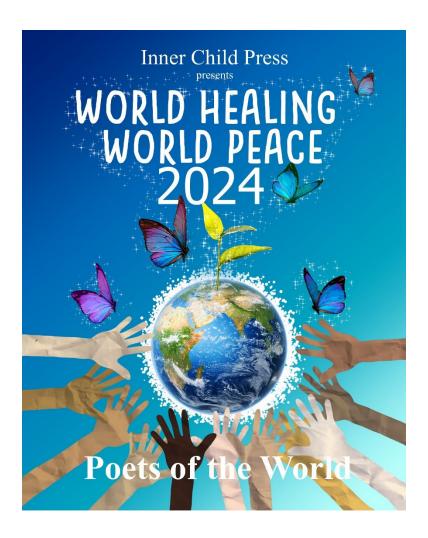
The fear of being discovered as lacking will keep one from healing. The ideal we have been existing under, in my case, for many years was simply a necessary smoke screen of contentment. It wasn't until I stepped away from that life that I was able to discover a new way of being. The fragility of a half life eroded all my visible edges. The ensuing loneliness of hiding myself from myself kept me from being all I am capable of.

Life is not easy; living is not easy. Find your curiosity of tomorrow and you can let go of the fear and the loneliness. Nothing lasts forever. The future is not finite. Our job is to create a tomorrow that we can welcome.

Gail Weston Shazor

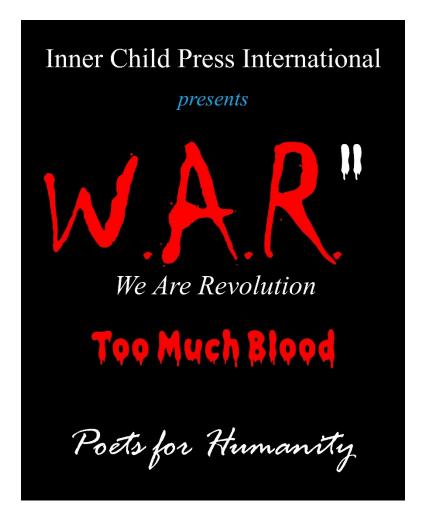
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Preface

We, Inner Child Press International, The Year of the Poet and The Poetry Posse welcome you.

As we now have entered our 12th year of monthly publications for The Year of the Poet, we continue to be excited.

This particular year we have chosen to feature a collection of human emotions. We do hope you enjoy the poets perspectives on these subjects. Read ~ Learn.

For those of you who are not familiar with our story, back in 2013, a few of us poets got together with the simple intention of producing a book a month. That was our challenge. Since that time the enterprise has blossomed and brought forth a fruit that seems to keep on growing as evidenced as we enter 2023.

Our purpose is simple. Through our lyrical words and verse, we not only wish to share our poetic works, but we also have the poetic naiveté to believe that we can assist in the growth of consciousness of the things that have an effect our collective humanity. Therefore, we welcome your readership. For more about what we are attempting to accomplish, have a look at our Publishing Web Site ... www.innerchildpress.com. If you would like to

know a bit more about this particular endeavor please stop by for a visit at:

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

Over the years, Inner Child Press has been socially active to bring awareness and catalog through literature the things that have an impact upon our world and its inhabitants. We have solicited, produced, underwritten and published quite a few volumes to that end. For more insight you may wish to visit: www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-market. If you are a writer, poet, or activist, you would be advised to keep a eye out for upcoming volumes should you desire to participate. All readers are welcomed as well. Note, that there is a myriad of published volumes that are available as a FREE PDF download as well as available for purchase at affordable prices.

We at this time extend to you our well wishes for your own personal journey and hope that you consider including us as a travel companion.

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International www.innerchildpress.com

Curiosity, Fear, Loneliness



This month we focus on three themes: Curiosity, Fear, and Loneliness.

When I think of curiosity, I think of wonder, of our ability to see the wonders of the world and the terrible things in it and to be curious about how we can enjoy the miracles and help heal the rest. This month my curiosity led me to a TED talk where Irena Arslanova asks, "Does your heartbeat shape your sense of time?" Her research showed that each heartbeat momentarily suppressed perception, but that between the beats our perception of the world is increased. We can better understand our world when our heart is resting and we can better act or move when our heart is contracting. Our heart shapes how we see and participate in the world.

Poetry can have a positive impact on heart health by helping us process emotions, reduce stress, and improve our mood. Think about your heart as you read these poems. What draws you in? What raises your curiosity? What scares you?

The opening lines of Kahlil Gibran's poem "Fear" are "It is said that before entering the sea a river trembles with fear. She looks back at the path she has traveled, from the peaks of the mountains, ..." We all have fears. The question is what do our fears push us to do or prevent us from accomplishing? Sometimes our own fears and insights into other people's fears can garner compassion and a desire in us to help. What do you use your fear for?

The health care system reports the rise of loneliness, particularly in men. Studies and statistics show alarming rates, including only 27% of men having six close friends, down from 55% in 1995. Here we use poetry to express our own feelings of loneliness and other emotions. Sharing poetry, telling the truth about our lives, and listening to the stories of others are wonderful ways to decrease loneliness and increase heart health.

Kimberly Burnham

Spokane, Washington





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 . . .

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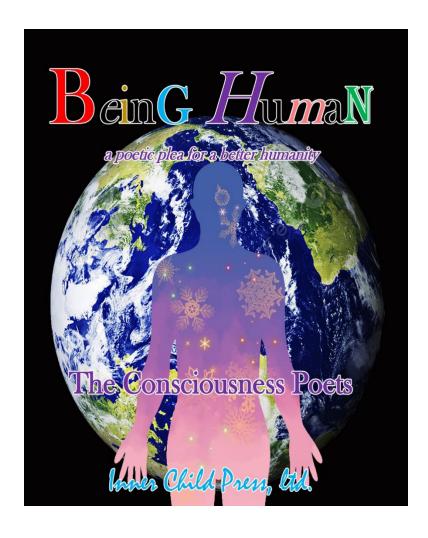




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

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Gail Weston Shazor



Gail Weston Shazor is a lover of words. She is fond of the arcane, unusual and the not yet words.

Coining words at an early age, there was often a bit of trouble with teachers, but she always had her mother and aunt to back up her choices in expression. Born in Mississippi, she spent her early years with her grandparents. Each of the four left very careful influences on her pre-schooling. She learned in turn how women worked in and out of the home and how men worked in and out of the home to support the family. She learned that a lack of proper schooling was not the only way to learn and understanding life was a great teacher. As in most rural families of color, women had a greater chance of formal learning. Both of Gail's grandmothers read out loud to the family whether it was the bible or the newspapers and important documents to their spouses.

Gail Weston Shazor has authored (so far) Notes from the Blue Roof, A Overstanding of an Imperfect Love, HeartSongs and Lies My Grandfather's Told Me. The number of anthologies is too many to list with the premier accomplishment of one of the contributors to The Year of The Poet. Gail will always lend her ink to community projects and will purchase the books of fellow poets in the Inner Child Press family.

Goodbye

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

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

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

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

Rescued

In the midst of this life I find myself needing To remember you Pictures and words cannot replace The feel of your hand in mine And the feel of my heart Echoing in your chest For whatever reason the silvery thread Of the fates unraveled Into a rushing waterfall Tumbling, buffeting and rushing Me into disorientation And when I would have clasped closer You released your grip I didn't understand the darkness Until I was brought back into the light I have caught my breath at last After lying gasping on a far shore And there are still days That I cannot catch my breath But they are no longer accompanied by pain Instead, the joy is in the knowing That it doesn't last for very long And each new one is sweeter than the last I have struggled with this for quite a while The removing of the now for the want of happy Each night I rest in prayer That I understand the lesson fully And yet I remain afraid to ask If you still love me enough For me to shod my feet once more And for you to again become My waking dawn and evening rest At journey's end.

Death Has Spared Me Yet Again

Death has spared me over yet again
I do not think of death often
I plan my days for the next and the next
Without the thought that it is not promised
For in my small idea of humanity
I am not finished with the dreamtasks
I have stored in my head
And my 51 years are fortunate
The non-discriminatory timeframes
That border our waking and sleeping
Our rest and activity, our praying and praising

I do not think of death often
I wish to think that it doesn't think of me either
That somewhere the reaper is too busy
To give notion to my threads
And time keeps on moving
Whilst it attends to other tasks of fate
The words come heavy with dry breath
At the mention of death
As if any of us could escape notice
By only whispering its name
Without the fanfare that could draw attention
To what time we have remaining

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

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

Alicja Maria Kuberska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor.

She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation, Our Poetry Archive (India) and Cultural Ambassador for Poland (Inner Child Press, USA)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in : Poland, Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary,Ukraina, Belgium, Bulgaria, Albania, Spain, the UK, Italy, the USA, Canada, the UK, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Israel, Turkey, India, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan, China, Australia, South Africa, Zambia, Nigeria

She received two medals - the Nosside UNESCO Competition in Italy (2015) and European Academy of Science Arts and Letters in France (2017). Ahe also received a reward of international literary competition in Italy "Tra le parole e 'elfinito" (2018). She was announced a poet of the 2017 year by Soflay Literature Foundation (2018). She also received: Bolesław Prus Prize Poland (2019), Culture Animator Poland (2019) and first prize Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia- Paestrum Italy (2019).

Curiosity

So many questions without answers. Another discovery is a step forward. I move slowly, blindly—amid countless question marks. I touch the great unknown. A child still lives within me, and I rediscover the world anew. When I stop marvelling, my mind will freeze like lava—harden, lose its fire. I don't want to forget what wonder and awe mean, the search for truth and the rejection of old values. I open the Akashic Chronicles.

Lost Data

I stand on an empty street. The cold wind accompanies me, tossing papers and bits of plastic carelessly. Rain lashes my face and hands like a whip. Dusk has awakened the windows of nearby houses. They stare with hostile yellow eyes. I'm not going home; all addresses are strange to me. Thoughts swirl in my head like a startled flock of crows. I remember nothing. Fear grips my throat, choking me. I belong to no one loneliness pulls me into nothingness. I don't know my name or my roots, where I'll find safe shelter. My purse guardian of privacy, remains silent. I have no documents. I have no money. Keys shine, but to unknown doors. I return from the void. My recovered identity shouts my name aloud. I push the nightmare out from under my eyelids.

Winter Landscape

I forgive you for not appearing in my dreams and for not meeting me in waking life. In a land of leafless trees, the cold whiteness of desolation separates us.

Everyone has their own solitude. Unspoken words die out, losing their greenness like unopened buds withering on gray-brown

In my dreams, color appears. Life awakens in the plant; it wraps itself in celadon. Hope, like revitalizing sap, flows through my thoughts with spring like vigour—faster and faster.

Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen or Jackie Allen, grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia. As the next eldest daughter of a coal miner father and a stay at home mother, she was the first in her family to attend and graduate from college. Her siblings, in their own right, are accomplished, though she is the only one, to date, that has discovered the gift of writing.

Graduating from Radford University, with a Bachelor's of Science degree in Early Education, she taught in both public and private schools. For over a decade she taught private art classes to children both in her home and at a local Art and Framing Shop where she also sold her original soft sculptured Victorian dolls and original christening gowns.

She resides in northern Virginia with her husband, taking much needed get-aways to their mountain home near the Blue Ridge Mountains, a place that evokes memories of days spent growing up in the Appalachian Mountains.

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

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art*, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz in 2019, *No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass*, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of Inner Child Press, ltd.

http://www.innerchildpress.com/jackie-davis-allen.php jackiedavisallen.com

Self-Reflection's Mirror

I can't breathe!
Is someone at the door?

From choices made out of anxiety, one fear often outmatches another. Alas, curiosity places on the back burner a fear that fuels flames of misfortune.

But, what if innocence could prevail and erase the mistakes of youthful years, would imagination tell truths that sound like exaggerated tall-tales? No way to back out, no way to save face, I'm not interested! You all go on without me. It's dark, the house quiet, Whatever shall I do to pass the time, until my family returns home? It's Halloween, I'm eleven years old. To myself, to God, I admit, I'm afraid. The Fall Festival is not to my liking. A skeleton, grape eyes, all laid out! Entrails of noodles: blood-red, the wet-sauce. Remembering my hands, my heart, I'm unwilling to repeat fear's experience.

I'll stay home.
I'll hide in the closet.
My heart pounds loudly in my ears!

While There's Still Time

In the throes of life's darkest despair, I revisit the acrimony swimming around in my head. I flounder, yet pay attention to that which threatens to hold me hostage.

Devoid of the light, my life, my safety is ebbing.

Into the darkness of night, like a moth to the flame, I hover in pain. In shame. Convicted of my weakness, my need, I bow down in humility, praying God's pardon.

See now how I wear my new name? More appropriate, don't you think?

No longer do I dwell in remorse. Nor do I stand in for so-called-friends. Whose highs thrive on circular cliques, that track shades of blame. May my journey point yours to a new path.

What About the Others?

What said in haste, out of curiosity, or in oversight, has become a blight. Upon our friendship

Cleansed with tears of remorse, you forgave generously. And as always, hand in hand, we attempted to follow a newer path.

I cannot help but think, despite the pain, the awkwardness, that it has been worth it The fences have fallen down.

The weeds pulled, and conversation, has begun all over again.
With only a slight glimpse into the infraction.

Would that the world be as forgiving, as generous in its offering to others. Let us follow the Golden Rule.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai comes from the Republic of China(Taiwan). In addition to being a professor of literature at a university, he is more committed to writing poems, novels, and proses. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text, an International editor of "Contemporary dialogues" literary periodical in Macedonia, and Vice-Chairman of the International Jury of the SAHITTO INTERNATIONAL AWARD in Bangladesh, and a columnist for "Chinese Language Monthly" in Taiwan.

In a wide range of literary creations, he is particularly fond of interesting stories or novels, and writing articles or poems about the feelings of nature and human beings. He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 55 countries and have been translated into more than 24 languages.

Autumn's Whisper, Eternal in Solitude

Neon reflections flow like water, counting moments lost. An old man's shadow clings to the wall, murmuring to the wind.

Since fallen leaves can cover the streets,

Why does no one remember the old poems when they are scattered?

His steps press lightly upon fading echoes,

Each leaf carried away by unseen currents.

He bends low, gazing deep,

As though only now seeing yesterday's departure—never to return.

Autumn wind floods the streets,

Its taste fills him, sweet as ripened persimmons, bitter as passing years.

He fears being forgotten, like a fig tree barren in the garden.

The television roars, a market of noise,

But a distant cat's cry strikes truer than all its clamor.

With solitude as his ink, he paints time into whispers,

Staring out toward the edges of fleeting days.

Standing in the dawn's pale light,

His gaze brushes the autumn song, still unweakened.

A faint smile graces his face, surrendering all to frost and wind.

A child's laughter drifts past,

And fallen leaves dance freely in the breeze.

His soft sigh of dwindling years,

Rises far away, merging with the faint afterglow.

Of a starless, eternal sky.

Small Town Washed Away By Heavy Rain

Rain, caught off guard

Like the sky, still in the cracks that collapse silently. The rain hits the tiles, and a piece of music sounds heavy, Streets and alleys, rolling mud,

Erase them together, the shoe prints and the past.

At the entrance of the village, the old locust tree is bent in the wind and rain.

It looks like an old man struggling to hold on to his roots. The river is out of control and intends to swallow everything along its shores.

On the river, the paper boat was left by the child, Let the river be ravaged by the angry waves.

In the square in the center of the town, the water was up to the knees,

People stood along the second-floor windows, spreading mute prayers.

A broken umbrella that has lost its ability to compete with the scorching summer heat, held by an old man,

Staggering, smiling in vain and dreaming, face covered with frost.

Like holding, a lost and heart-burning memory.

Finally, the rain slowly stopped,

The sky was still gray, now as silent as washed plain cloth. The alleys are paved with mud and broken branches, and many heavy.

The little girl squatted by the river and picked up a piece of soaked paper.

The boat she folded yesterday, now only vague traces remain.

Meditations By The Hearth

In the wild grass, I sit, rain's whispers my companion, While the riverbank loses itself in autumn's twilight hues.

The tides play their endless games,

Blurring the lines 'twixt sails and chimney smoke.

This lone stretch of water spans an eternal distance—

Can one small flask of warm wine ever rival the blaze of a roaring hearth?

At midnight, I strike the chime of verse,

Seeking fleeting moments to return me to the days long past.

But the tidings of my homeland—

Ah, how they tremble, elusive as ripples crossing the river's restless waves.

After the rain, the skies clear, the window gleams bright.

The small pavilion warms by the embers' lingering glow.

The waning candle, still with vigor,

Yet my heart clings to the tender boughs once breaking bud.

Bringing whispers of spring's first breath.

Now, I lie content amidst the lake and forest,

The silver strands of my beard unbothered by time's gentle touch.

Ever do I pluck at blossoms' shadows,

Drunk with the kingfisher,

Together we fall into spring's verdant embrace.

Shareef Abdur Rasheed



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

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

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

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

https://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1 https://zakirflo.wordpress.com

What it is?

what me curious about what makes folk tick should i peak on the other side of the fence am i that lonely for human contact considering how folk act is it fear of being alone wanting someone to look in on me to see how i be still breathing maybe humans love company with humans who have humanity is that the concern that generates fear in me so many who want to take advantage possess poison baggage be cautious about that remember curiosity killed a cat

what judy said

don't piss on my leg and tell me it's raining never mind raining it's urine flood mode the bulls#i+ flows folk in love with the okye doke so called leaders blowing smoke do i believe what i see do i believe what i hear dem out parading in their underwear here's the fact dem never deliver what dem say so the piss storm on the radar is the norm no wonder folk don't want to hear the riff's when dem always getting stiffed

plots 'n 'plans..

hang around like pots 'n 'pans doing all they can to mislead man fooling fools, ignorance rules they say " let's go and tell more lies today. You know dem believe what we say if we keep repeating it everyday. why we can control the flow what we want dem to know while twisting facts, stab truth in the back, dem consumed with hate based on myths 'n' fear piss in dem ear tell em what dem want to hear " ignorance is bliss my dear they lionize the criminal, vilify righteousness utilize subliminal try to frighten us telling ya what's wrong is right for us easy as going through butter with a hot knife is... stealing hearts 'n 'minds like a thief in the night left believing what their feeling instead of facts proven right bet if you come correct be ready to fight because plots 'n 'plans doing all they can to mislead man all day. All night

Noreen Snyder



Noreen Ann Snyder has been writing since she was a teenager. She writes a variety of different topics. Her favorite poetic forms are Sonnets, Blitz, Haiku, Tanka, and Free Verse. She always learning different poetic forms.

Noreen Ann Snyder is a poet, writer, and an author of five books, (four books are co-authored with her late husband, Garry A. Snyder.) Her poetry is in several Inner Child Press Anthologies. She is the founder of The Poetry Club on Facebook.

A Lonely Child

I felt isolated and out of place when we moved to Florida around 1968. We were the new kids on the block. Kids can be so cruel. When the teacher stepped out of the classroom, the boys would throw my lunchbox like a football and laugh about it. I was humiliated and in tears. Kids made fun of me how I talked and the clothes that I wore. It's not my fault my dad and mom made me wear these clothes. Or how I talked. I can't help it if I have problems saying certain sounds or words. It was a lonely life. I felt invisible as if no one cared growing up as a child and adolescent. But I did survive through it all. I no longer feel this way I thank God.

Like the Fireworks

As I sit here alone on our front porch watching and hearing the fireworks, I think of you and I, our love.
Our love is like the fireworks so powerful and beautiful.
Our love will stand the test of time never wavering.
You make me feel that way.
We are proof that love can be like the fireworks.

Make my Night

Where are you? You're supposed to grow old with me. You didn't. I know you're in Heaven without pain but still, I wanted you here at home pain-free m love each other always and watch the rain come down from the sky as we hold hands with glee and do activities together again.

I want to love you, touch you, hold you, I plea.

Make my night, enter my dreams inside my brain.

Elizabeth E. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

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

The Wandering Soul

In the depths of my soul, a fire burns bright, A flame that flickers with curiosity's light It beckons me to explore, to seek and to find, The secrets that lie within the shadows of my mind.

But fear, a dark and looming shadow, doth lurk A specter that haunts me, a phantom that lurks, It whispers of danger, of uncertainty and doubt And tries to extinguish the flame that burns within me out.

Yet, I cannot help but feel a sense of loneliness, A longing for connection, for understanding and for peace

For in the darkness of my heart, I find no solace, No comfort to soothe the ache that doth never cease.

So I wander, lost in thought and lost in time A wanderer, seeking answers to the questions that are mine,

And though the road ahead be fraught with fear and doubt

I'll follow the call of curiosity, for it is my heart's devout.

Whispers of Curiosity, Shadows of Fear

In the quiet corners of a mind that's keen, Curiosity stirs softly, like the rustling of leaves, With wide-eyed wonder, it beckons to explore Unraveling mysteries that the heart believes.

It dances through the pages of forgotten lore, Like a flickering candle in a cavernous night Seeking the truths that lie buried in silence, Each question sparkles, igniting the light.

But as the dawn breaks and shadows retreat, Fear lingers close, a ghost on the breeze A whisper of doubt that fills the vast void, Binding the spirit, bringing it to its knees.

What if the journey reveals a hidden abyss? What if the treasures are laden with chains? The warmth of the sun seems so far away, Lost in the echoes of unanswered refrains.

Loneliness wraps its arms, a cloak worn too tight, In the silence of thoughts, where specters reside While curiosity tugs at the heartstrings of hope, Fear breathes its chill, like a tumultuous tide.

The winding path taken is fraught with the unknown,

Yet every step forward is a leap of the brave, To conquer the silence, to rise above fear To face the tempest, to find what we crave.

In the depths of isolation, there's strength to be found,

For solitude's whispers can lead us to grace Though longing for connection often echoes aloud, In the tapestry of life, we must find our place.

So let curiosity roam through the vastness of night, Chasing the stars that once seemed out of reach For even in shadows that thickly surround, There lies a resilience that silence can teach.

Awakening the soul, a symphony played, On the strings of the heart, interwoven with care In the interplay of wonder and what holds us back, A delicate dance, a fervent affair.

Embrace the uncertainty, for therein resides, The magic of living, the spark of the new, Each moment a canvas, awaiting the brush, Where fear may retreat, and the spirit breaks through.

Thus, in this delicate balance of light and of dark, Where curiosity shines and fear finds its song, We weave through the fabric of human despair, Emerging through loneliness, resilient and strong.

Let the heart remain open, a beacon of hope, Let the whispers of nature guide pathways we seek,

For in the midst of the storm, as we venture alone, We discover the strength to confront, to speak.

Through curiosity, we learn of each thread, Through fear, we find courage to leap and to grow, In the tapestry woven, each stitch tells our tale, Of longing and finding, of ebbing and flow.

Here's to the dreamers, the wanderers bold, To those who navigate the shadows we fear, May curiosity ignite the pathways ahead, For in every lonely corner, there's beauty held dear.

In Quiet Shadows

In the cradle of dawn, where shadows blend, Curiosity stirs, a soft, gentle friend. With eyes wide as saucers, she tiptoes through dreams,

Chasing whispers of knowledge, unraveling seams.

Through the corridors of thought, she wanders and winds,

An insatiable spark in the labyrinth of minds. What lies beyond the hills? What suns in the sky? What stories are woven, just waiting to fly?

But lurking nearby is a specter—his name, Is Fear, dressed in layers of shadows and shame. He watches with silence, he breathes in the dark, In the corners of vistas, he leaves his stark mark.

He stands tall and watchful, an ominous shade, Concocting illusions, a masquerade. "What if journeys lead to a treacherous fate? What if the whispers are trickster's bait?"

Yet still, driven onward, Curiosity fights, Through the fog of the unknown, towards flickering lights.

In the heart of the storm, she reflects on her quest, "Is it cowardice, or a yearning for rest?"

Loneliness drifts in, like a fog on the sea, Caressing the edges of who I might be. The echo of footsteps, the absence of voice, In the stillness of night, where I long for a choice.

"Where are the souls who once roamed by my side?

In laughter, in sorrow, in joy, we confide. Now the silence is heavy, a weight on my chest, In the vastness of solitude, I ache for the rest."

Yet Curiosity rebels, breaks through the gloom, With petals of wonder, she scatters the doom. "Though alone I may feel, there's a world still to explore,

In the depths of the forests, on the faraway shore."

She climbs mountains of pages, of stories untold, Finding friendship in words, and the solace they hold.

For each line crafted gently, each stanza anew, Is a bridge to connection, a tether or two.

Fear may rise like a tempest, with doubts to bestow,

But Curiosity whispers, "There's more yet to know."

Loneliness, though present, does not have the sway,

To quell the bright fire, to dim the sun's rays.

So dance in the twilight, where shadows converge, With curiosity kindled, let wonder emerge. For in the embrace of what dares to inquire, We find threads of connection, and kindle the fire.

In the tapestry woven from fiber and thread, Each question ignites, as new pathways are spread. Curiosity, Fear, and Loneliness too, Intertwined in a rhythm, the old and the new.

So let not the shadows consume all your light, For in seeking, we flourish, expanding our sight. Each whisper of knowledge, each heartbeat anew, Turn the pages of life, with a vibrant hue.

In the end, they are partners—a dance in a ring, Fear cautions the leaps, while Curiosity sings. And even in loneliness, we find we're not lost, For the quest to explore, is a treasure worth the cost.

Mutawaf Shaheed



C. E. Shy has been writing since the seventh grade. He continued writing through high school, until he became more involved in sports. After his graduation, he worked at the White Motors Company where he wrote for the company's newspaper. He started a column called: "The Poet's Corner." That was his first published work.

www.innerchildpress.com/c-e-shy.php

Reading

It is hard to believe that there will come a time when I won't remember you or me or us.

That there will a complete change in what was familiar. Could it ever be I won't be hungry for you?

That I won't be able to find you even if I've exchanged eyes with a hawk?

Will I never need you again, or be in search of something, that in my present state would be considered un- delectable?

The possibility of there being no more here no more now unsettles me.

We may have to let go and whisked away to a place called there, where no time is present.

Where there is no need to count numbers that don't exist. Where is the music going to come from now?

Maybe from the place it was sent?

Death Row Show

Sitting here on this planet waiting to be granted a pardon from this place known as death row. Don't know what time my last phone call will go. Don't know what my last meal will be. Why did someone do this to me?

Dead planets surrounding me. I see, how long I live isn't up to me. Rockets bombs and planes have been responsible for my gains. I think the aliens have lied to me. Too many untrue stories have blinded me.

All the blood I shed, mixed some mud I made, maybe I can create another sick bastard like me? Hearing screams from babies not too far away. Why should I care? I live in cell block, USA. I don't care how I really got where I am.

I'm trying to figure out how I can ride a rocket or whatever else to get the hell out of here. I don't think my imagination is playing tricks on me. I've been holding the other inmates in here at bay, Until I can find how I'll get away. I can't go outside yet and jump straight up!

Took a lot of fuel from fools. Plus, all of their blood too. They know they what tell them it all true. OOPS, another piece of space junk has killed some more folks, only a few. That

device cost me 50 million bucks. I'd like to send salutations from the furthest space station, to the nation that help get away from them.

I'm still just outside the prison walls. Just be patient I'll be right back to get all y'all! I plan to go visit another prison across the milky way. I send back some pictures via a radio waves, owned by me and channel 23 someday.

Kiss Off

William tried to get in where he could fit in. He really did belong near the top of the ladder. He was smarter than all the suckers who were there.

He had the wrong kind of hair. The color of that skin he wouldn't blend in. He had to freeze with all those degrees he brought to the table.

He had to start at the bottom rung of the ladder, because they said someone gave those papers to him. They set a suggestion box right next to where he worked and said they would pay \$50 for any thing that they would use.

He got the message he wasn't a fool.

The suggestion he left them was written in bold letters. When they opened the box they were aghast, the message he

left them was kiss my degrees, all three. Then said goodby!

hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Professor Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, a published author, ghostwriter, and translator (EN, DE, and TU; in any direction). Her literary contributions appeared in a large number of national and international anthologies.

hülya writes creatively to attain and nourish a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, a traveler on the journey called "life" . . .

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outside my home

i have never been an outdoors person, appreciating nature's works from the comfort of my home one day, i dared to leave my four walls, venturing into what lay beyond so, i encountered a first-timer in my backyard

"my" yard? nothing about it was mine!

i sat on the lounge seat and turned my head first toward the largest tree i spotted something on one of its lower branches and had to put on my glasses to identify it: it was a hawk, perched on one branch, thus, not a daily sight!

my eyes opened wide i surely was outside, mind you, with my utterly enchanted insides

curiosity got to me i got out of my chair, slowly moving closer to that stately presence

it was not at all intimidated by me the merely few-feet-long divide was for me a pure delight

i took several more steps in its direction it slightly moved its head to face me, while steadfastly staying at the border of "my" land

with childlike eyes, i kept eyeing the beautiful avian on my path to approach it even more

what do they say? "Curiosity killed the cat." thankfully, i was not one . . .

it rapidly flapped its wings and began to fly quite close to the ground

i am short, you see? we, therefore, almost saw each other eye-to-eye

it then took off into the sky, leaving me, unharmed, behind

I Do

I fear fear itself

Unlike some who conquer it.

Could you tell me how?

emptied

three sets of ten years breathing in merciless tears unable to exhale

solitude, a steady companion lives passing by longing consenting to no passersby

but then . . .
sensation enters
your aged frame
attains its first-ever self-belief
your dried-up cells re-gain their womanhood
they wed your blazing passion, silenced since

heeding your longing psyche after having starved it for long you become one with your self

for a blissful while . . .

fast comes the instant to put to death mercilessly your long-awaited reunion with the self

after the magical re-birth, loneliness cannot lie anymore for you had not ever been sated before hence, the inconsolable aftermath

emptied

Teresa E. Gallion



Teresa E. Gallion is a seeker on a journey to work on unfolding spiritually in this present lifetime. Writing is a spiritual exercise for Teresa. Her passions are traveling the world and hiking the mountain and desert landscapes of the western United States. Her journeys into nature are nurtured by the Sufi poets Rumi and Hafiz. The land is sacred ground and her spiritual temple where she goes for quiet reflection and contemplation. She has published five books: Walking Sacred Ground, Contemplation in the High Desert, Chasing Light, a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards, Scent of Love, a finalist in the 2021 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards and Come Egypt in 2024. She has two CDs, *On the Wings of the Wind* and *Poems from Chasing Light*. Her work has appeared in numerous journals and anthologies.

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Loneliness is Not an Option

Loneliness is not an option floating down an ancient river, nor breathing the succulent air flowing from a mountain vista.

Loneliness is not an option when walking a soft needle trail in the ponderosa forest.

Loneliness is not an option when gratitude overflows in the heart and mist from a waterfall sprays you with love.

Loneliness is not an option when the lonely road of regret tries hard to grab your soul.

Loneliness is not an option. I resist with the force of love from the Beloved's gaze. Resilence harbors in my bones.

Curiosity is Bold

Curiosity is a never-ending spark. It pushes us to grow and expand our horizons.

It opens the windows that cover our eyes and light floods into our brains.

We cannot resist the call to seek out meanings floating on rainbows.

We chase the embers running in the wind. There is hope for a landing on the star of our dreams.

The Tao of Light

Do not be jealous of your happiness. There is an ecstatic mountain that wants to nourish your soul. You need to go there.

Start your walk at daybreak when radiance hugs the ground. Walk slowly between light streams.

Do not be swayed by judgmental stones. Stay focused on your ascent. There is a bucket overflowing with joy. It waits patiently to merge with you.

Stay open to an endless possibility of bliss. The brighter the light shines, the more pleasure you will feel.

Walk back down the mountain. Smile at all homo sapiens. They will stare in awe at your glow and know not why.

Ashok K. Bhargava



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, inspirational speaker and a literary consultant. He has attended poetry conferences in Italy, Turkey, India and Philippines. His latest book "Riding the Tide" about his battle with cancer has been translated and published in Arabic, Hindi, Telugu and Bengali languages. He is a contributing writer to several anthologies worldwide including World Poetry Almanac 2014. He has been published in numerous print and online magazines.

Ashok has won many accolades including Poet Ambassador to Japan, Kalidasa International award, World Poetry Lifetime Achievement award, Writers Beyond Borders Peace award and Tapsilog Leadership award for his community involvement. He is founder of Writers International Network Canada Society to discover, nourish, recognize and celebrate writers, poets and artists and to assist them to network with the community at large. He is the author of eight books of poetry and one anthology. He is Artist-in-Residence at Moberly Arts & Cultural Centre and also co-edits the literary section of The Link Newspaper.

Flashes of Loneliness

"The beauty and brutality of family relationships comes in many forms like splashing waves and tides".

Relations can't hold balance if gravity shifts abruptly.

We know how a falling tide leaves a coral reef exposed to emotional bleaching.

Treasures found only in the calm sea.

Counting pitfalls of others a thousand times won't change the past.

Sometimes a breath is just a breath sometimes it sustains everything.

Let's wring more out of the time that is left to live.

Bonded Forever

He sped away in his car Leaving behind shattered feelings.

Shocked I didn't know where to go.

My trembling voice asks 'What will happen now'.

I say to myself Perhaps it's the end.

Is our DNA knotted together Or could we be untied.

I see the full moon Guide me towards light.

I gather the fragmented emotions Glue them together.

Dazzling kaleidoscopic Hopes emerge, it's not over yet.

Silent Crossroads

I feel hopeful I wait for change But it misses me.

Whatever I have been I remain. It's just another day.

No response. No sign. I remain silent.

I become sigh In the long unending nights Feeling your voice.

I can't tell you what to do. I control only What I could say.

I can't come to meet you but express Only my enduring love for you My poetic sermons.

Meanwhile a young boy Dreams and waits For his grandparents.

Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, author of Velvet Passions of Calibrated Quarks, World Poetry Canada International Director to Philippines is a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, educator, peace and women's advocate. She believes that learning other's language and culture is a doorway to wisdom.

Among her poetic belts include **Gabrielle Galloni Memorial Panorama International Youth Award**2022, Panorama Youth Literary Awards 2020, 7th Prize
Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary
Festival; Writers International Network-Canada ''Amazing
Poet 2015'', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014
(Albania), Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul,
Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013
(Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of
Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID),
The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers
and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua. Her
poetry and children's stories have been featured in different
anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

http://panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazarenogabis/

https://apwriters.org/author/ceri naz/

http://www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181.html

When Curiosity Sparks

When the world was made in a grand design Hidden truths were quiet,
So questions asked the mind
A relentless journey for answers keeps going,
When the flame of curiosity upbeats,
Chasing rainbows of meanings are confined,
As we explore the causes and effects
Life becomes an open book of quest,
Where wisdom weaves and sees us through
We learn, thrive, and survive,
Driving progress all along,
As we aspire to shine,
The fire of knowing comes alive.

Why Fear Visits Me?

I didn't know about this secret friend Visiting me and whispers The shadows presence that make me tremble And my body reacts in the unknown halls. In the stillness of the night, It drives me frozen, sometimes unbidden ghost bumps Creeping to my senses. Every heartbeat, Ascending shivers, Revealing harsh pricks But I couldn't catch it, I just told myself, Master the courage In this dark carousel, Binding my mind, To my soul. I learned as I grew, The moment this feeling comes in I think of the blaze of the sun, To melt the icebergs of fear, Transform the thumping, cracking rocks Into the ocean of calmness, Here in my heart.

Don't Make Me Lonely

Don't make me lonely, Sometimes, I need your touch From the wilderness, I cry, I seek those arms to caress me, In the vast expanse of time and space, I want to hear your voice To lift my heavy load Beneath the echoes of stormy tides, Don't make me lonely, I need your presence, may this feeling subside. I can hear your laughter etched in every wall, I lost you in my dream, My fragile heart needs the constant song, You're so distant for me to hold, Hoping tomorrow will paint a smile, In your warmth, I wish to stay forever, Don't make me fall, don't make me lonely, From these chains of tears and downhills' story In your warmth, I wish to stay.

Swapna Behera



Behera is a trilingual poet, environmentalist, editor from India and author of seven books of different genres including one on children's literature on Environment. She is the recipient of International UGADI AWARD 2019, honoured from Gujurat Sahitya Akademi 2022, 2021 International Poesis Award of Honor as Jury, Pentasi B World Fellow Poet, Honoured Poet of India from Seychelles Government and International awards from Algeria, Morocco, Kajhakhstan, modern Arabic Literary Renaissance of Egypt, International Arts Council Argentina etc. Her stories, poems, articles are published in many International and National magazines and ezines. Her poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 67 languages. She has received over 60 National and International Awards. At present she is the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child and the life member of Odisha Environmental Society

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The child with the mask

"Curiosity is more important than knowledge" -Albert Einstein

The child with the mask Pondering over a task Thinking millions why, With a wooden wand

Peeps behind the paper Dreams with the nature Bright Colours of life Dazzles on the road

Why the frog eats the bug sweet toffee mother's hug Why the cow never says Good morning, Good bye

Why the money makes the story And the milk sings the Lori Why the blood flows on the road When the people fight and fight

Why the honey tastes so sweet red eyes so bitterly tweet Why the people run and run Never smile for a year?

Echo of the Epicentre

The sizzling voice from the epicentre whispers--May I earn a smile???
A smile that gives a choice,
Choice to live and love,
fly or swim,
earn fame and never a sham
put on the dawn, and never a dusk

Choice to be pregnant or to be my own self, lend my skill or express my agony, Choice to be secured,
And vibrate my ambition and desires,
Choice to be a virgin or a mother,
My existence is the thunder of the Nature
I am not a slave-

A slave of rituals, superstitions,
Fanaticism and vandalism
My womb is never ever for bloodshed
The uterus that creates
and never destroys You may dig a pit
Keep me underground
You may burn my wax clad,
Or dissect my flesh and blood
Still then----

I am a wonder woman a thunder woman My tears and blood will write The epitaph of kindness I am the lady with the lamp Healing in the battle field

May I earn a smile?? May I be surrogated with peace and love For ever and ever??

And They Say ---

"Extreme fear can neither fight nor fly" – William Shakespeare

And they say
Fear is in the air !!!
Fear that chains the feet of the women
Fear that rapes her identity
Fear that brings tears to the orphans
Crushes the creativity
Crumbles the teens
Stumbles in hunger
Covers her existence with a hijab
converts her highway into a cemetery

May I ask you dear fear??? Can you dissolve her soul? Can you melt her blood? blood that knows the worth of bloodshed--She is never a lonely star dear She can encounter billions of fears She has multiple identities, Roles on stages of life Roles that scribble in the horizon To teach and enrich self and all She is an existence, an ocean of love a healer - the cosmic transmitter She is the soul of Draupadi reborn as Phoenix with honour and valour She is in the smile of Peace- the shield against bullets She never sleeps or ever envies the blanket on the beggar The hallmark of love chorus of truth that dances with all

The luminous valley waits for her Where the cuckoo sings, the grass dazzles the fragrances intoxicate From here to there -- From you to you From one to millions

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



Albert "Infinite The Poet" Carrasco is an urban poet, mentor and public speaker.

Albert believes his experience of growing up in poverty, dealing with drugs and witnessing murder over and over were lessons learnt, in order to gain knowledge to teach. Albert's harsh reality and honesty is a powerfully packed punch delivered through rhyme. Infinite grew up in the east part of the Bronx and still resides there, so he knows many young men will follow the same dark path he followed looking for change. The life of crime should never be an option to being poor but it is, very often.

Infinite poetry @lulu.com
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Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

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Loneliness

My worse fear is loneliness. I know I was born alone and that I'll die alone, but while I'm here

I want to be a familiar face and not roam this sphere as an unknown. Loving hard is my specialty, no matter how hard life was for me, i spread love unsparingly rather than dwelling in misery. I've gained this fear due to losing a lot of sisters and brothers from everything from cancer to murder, it started when i was just twelve years old. That's the age I was, when I lost my father. I was young and dumb, i thought he'll come back, but I quickly realized that wasn't a fact, since then I've dealt with death back to back. I always wondered when it would end but it hasn't. Not even a year ago i had to say bye to a childhood friend. I've prayed and prayed... God please spare my love ones. I know what's written can not be erased, but can you please slow down time so i can spend more time with people that can never be replaced. Losing so many loved one hurts, it's and indescribable pain to have to follow hearse after hearse like a mourning train where tears fall like black cloud rain. There was times when i wished i was the first to go to heaven, rather than to feel the loneliness from the aftermath of disease deterioration and gun powder detonations. To everybody out there please hear me, when i say please don't leave me. I need you.

Sick

I'm so ill wit it they say there's no cure, "The eight spits so sick his bars surpass stage four",

I've been blessed to avoid death so I can grab mics and asphyxiate em till I take my last breath, I had a band of brothers but the fat lady ruined the orchestra singing bloody murder over and over, caskets closed like curtains till I became one of the last of the original members left.

Soul theft was a part of a game we played, we might of lived blasphemous but we prayed just like those with religion, we weren't atheist, we knew there was a higher power but we just considered ourselves Gods forgotten children. Living in hell it's hard to maintain hope so we sell or abuse to cope, we figured if we made fast money we could relocate or if we got higher and higher we could speak to Angels as we levitate.

Unfortunately a lot of men didn't get the opportunity for relocation, going from hell to heaven was their only transition. The game scarred me, I'm full of keloids internally and I have a few externally from slugs going in and out of me, the pain I've felt and was forced to see all was a prelude to my urban poetry and it's potency. I'll hit ya with NYCHA property prophecies, I'll keep it one hundred percent real and say that I've seen men get rich from the game, pockets heavy pushn beamers, benz and Bentleys, but I've seen so much more needing to be morgue I'd'd. If the reaper didn't get em the feds did and gave em life in the system.

The odds of survival are slim, if they're not dead or in jail they're out here with me witnessing evolution. Seeing a familiar face from the days of do-g and bass is rare, when I pass thru old blocks there's new dudes yelling out stamps and colors into the air. They're the new gen hustling hard to end poverty and live a good life, unfortunately they don't know history is going to repeat on these old blocks, today they're hot, tomorrow they'll be cold as ice. In the game early death is the usual fate and it correlates with bidding with no release date. I overstand that I can't change what is written but I also overstand that I can write to make change.

Short stay

We are not the same, I'm him, I pull up to pick up my lady playing surface because I want to let her know that she's my everything, but I don't sing. See I'm an old school brother, in the summer I'll throw on sweats or shorts with a wife B and a white T or light linen in all colors, in the winter it's denim or butta leather accented with anything from slippers, i's, timbs to Gucci loafers depending on the weather. The whips aroma will be from an entourage wrapped around green flowers mixed with the scent of vanillaroma, windows up, roof closed, if you know you know I stay in a chamber like a slug ready for danger, pockets are full of paper so we can do anything anywhere at anytime, I mean whatever. We can cruise New York and do what we do as native New Yorkers, or I can pull up to Kennedy or LaGuardia to go somewhere to get another stamp on our passports, so we can sit under palm trees and swim in the clearest blue water and spend a night on the beach sippn top shelf as we enjoy each other... till the next day, the sand is my Telly... that's what I call a short stay.

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert (PhD in Integrative Medicine) and award-winning poet, Kimberly Burnham lives with her wife and family in Spokane, Washington. Kim speaks extensively on peace, brain health, and "Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program." She recently published "Heschel and King Marching to Montgomery A Jewish Guide to Judeo-Tamarian Imagery." Currently work includes "Call and Response To Maya Stein an Anthology of Wild Writing" and a how-to non-fiction book, "Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets."

Follow her at https://amzn.to/4fcWnRB

Curiosities and Questions for a Puppy

Why do puppies get the zoomies why do they chew on shoes when there is a house full of chew toys

Why does my heart open in just a few days to love an animal I didn't know existed until I brought her home

What do the other dogs think about when they bark and sometimes snarl at her when she gets too close leaping and bouncing full of energy then a few days later curl up on the bed with her all snuggled up next to me

What flips the switch when she knows to use the dog door to go outside not chew on shoes keep her teeth to herself give the goats a wide berth and leave the 14-year-old cat alone with just an occasional lick to his head

Why do human beings abandon puppies leaving them to fend for themselves like wild animals in the cold dropping them for someone else to find starving and take to an animal shelter

Dendrophobia: The Fear of Trees after Fear, Kahlil Gibran

Does a Japanese maple tree fear losing her leaves is she jealous of pines' all winter green looking down as the colors fade from bright reds, oranges and yellows to a muddy brown

Does the pine fear the fire wishing instead he had been cut down cleared away before the dry winds blew in hungry sparks seeking wood

Do the winds regret their part in fires wishing instead they could pick up moisture from the ocean, from lakes and rivers carrying it to parched lands a blessing desired by all

Does the water try to find its way to all parts of the land and the forests or does it play favorites watching from a far as trees lose their leaves kindling for the fires' rage

Does the fire regret avarice a greedy obsession gobbling more and more till all is consumed as the barren land draws speculators profiteers looking for ways to benefit from destruction

Causing dendrophobia the fear of trees in homeowners

stuck in one location able only to move what fits in their cars wishing they had cut down all the trees cleared the land, created a desert around their house leaving the flames nothing to burn

Preferring One Religion Over Another

I prefer one religion over another in America I can choose where and whether I go to services and how I practice my beliefs and connection to the universe

I prefer to do it my way I am free to roam the streets to drive to a synagogue or a temple or a church for whatever events I want

But I am not always safe the streets and neighborhoods where I walk are sometimes filled with hate against me because of how I choose to see the universe here in America

Nonetheless, I am free
I do not sit on death row in Alabama
I am not a mother with a baby in her womb
wrapped in my freedom I wonder
why every person does not have the right
the freedom to practice as we wish
letting others do the same

Eliza Segiet



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy at Jagiellonian University.

Received *Global Literature Guardian Award* – from Motivational Strips, World Nations Writers Union and Union Hispanomundial De Escritores (UHE) 2018.

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019, 2021.

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020,

International Award Paragon of Hope (2020),

World Award 2020 *Cesar Vallejo* for Literary Excellence. Laureate of the Special Jury *Sahitto International Award* 2021, World Award *Premiul Fănuş Neagu* 2021.

Finalist *Golden Aster Book* World Literary Prize 2020, *Mili Dueli* 2022, Voci nel deserto 2022.

At the international Festival of Poetry CAMPIONATO MONDIALE DI POESIA (2021/2022) she won the title of vice-champion of the world.

Award BHARAT RATNA RABINDRANATH TAGORE INTERNATIONAL AWARD (2022).

Award - World Poets Association (2023).

Laureate Between words and infinity "International Literary Award (2023).

Pretending

He was discovering the world even through a keyhole. He saw fascinating – seemingly inaccessible – crystals of life.

When he realized that even the real Santa Claus did not exist, he stayed silent!

Sometimes it's worth pretending that we don't know what we do know.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Everyday Life Shuttered

It could not have been predicted before that somewhere far away, across the ocean, before the eyes of billions, a dreamed-up world would bleed out – turn into a kingdom of death.

In disbelief, he stared at the TV screen.

A plane, a building, smoke, dust, another plane...

There were also people! That's what mattered most!

They were trying to save lives, not only their own.

Until the day that began as a seemingly ordinary September morning, he had not known what fear was. Now he did!

He understood

– it was not fiction.

Everyday life that shuttered ruins the world.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Masks

Thoughts swarmed about the possibility of change.
They grew cold when he realized that loneliness was a creation of the mind.

He stopped seeking friendship
for better or for worse.
He now knew
that disappointment awakens
the desire to try again.
He instilled in himself the certainty
that one day,
unexpectedly, he would emerge from the darkness
and there would be light.
He no longer went out
— like Diogenes had once done —
with a lantern in search of a man.
The path he might have walked
was already covered with moss.

Under the sloping, wavy roof of his own house, between the pages of a dusty book – he discovered wisdom carved in stone, words that would not disappear.

Engrossed in reading, he found companionship, loneliness became a thing of the past.

There he found dilemmas similar to those he had experienced, but — also an invisible clarity of mind.

Being yourself

— is not to wear masks.

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Curiosity, fear and loneliness

Curiosity leads to exploration
For many of us . . .
For others it leads to a fear of the unknown
Which at times
Consumes us

Are not we all lonely
At some segment of
Our lives . . .
Yet my curiosity prevails
As I wonder what could be
If I allow my sails
To capture the wind

No Sense

The emptiness at times Overwhelms me, But i fight back

My favorite defence
Against self-reconciliation
Is to increase the noise
And indulge in the inner chatter,
When I do know that
Silence is the objective
My soul seeks

There is an abiding fear
We all have
Of loneliness
Or abandonment,
For who amongst us
Would shun an earnest embrace
Where the warmth is
Authentic and sincere?

I was invited to dinner, But i could not find the seat That fit me best, So I drank from The empty cup before me.

.

The offered liquid was wet But it did not whet my senses, Nor was my thirst abated, For i had a different Type of need, That only my soul knew of.

I felt empty,
Yet full of the 'bull'
That gave cause
For my skull to hurt
As i attempted to skirt the issues
That were sucking me into
The quagmire
Where all my pains,
Ills, fears and doubts
Were sired....

.

I tire of chasing the tail
Of my authenticity
In concentric and elliptical circles....
There is no ending,
Nor is there any valid reasoning.
It makes no sense.

Time ... Perhaps

Will the time ever come
When we cry no more,
Die no more,
Vie no more
For that which belongs to others

There is death on the streets, In our homes, In our schools, And everywhere else Man prevails

Perhaps,
Soon come the time
When words no longer matter,
For the 'hearers of the word'
Shall perish
And leave behind empty legacies,
For when we had the chance,
We did not
Love one and another

Perhaps,
Soon come the time
When most men
Will practice the evils
And avarice
Of hate, greed, bias,
And whatever other practices
That forge the instruments
Of a certain death
Of the soul of humanity

Perhaps,
We will awaken,
And collectively understand
That in order to survive
We must purge all the filth
That abides
Amongst us,
Around us
And within us,
Before there is no more
Us.

Perhaps 'Time'
Will be kind,
Or Perhaps
'Time' too
Will get tired
And run out of this house
Where iniquity grows
Without restraint

Who knows
In 'Time'
Perhaps ...
We will come to understand ...
Perhaps ... Perhaps.

February 2025 Featured Poets



Shafkat Aziz Hajam

Frosina Tasevska

Muhammad Gaddafi Masoud

Karen Morrison



Shafkat Aziz Hajam



Shafkat Aziz Hajam is a India kashmir. He is a poet, reviewer and co-author. He is the author of one children poetry book titled as The cuckoo's voice and one adults poetry book titled as The Unknown Wounded Heart.

His poems have appeared in international magazines, anthologies and journals like Inner Child Press International USA, AZAHAR anthology Spain, SAARC anthology, Litlight literary magazine Pakistan, PLOTS CREATIVES online literary magazine USA,, Prodigy, digital literary magazine USA etc.

Her Love

I lost my beauty for the harsh time of my youth,
Yearned to rare it for my name after demise,
She didn't aid me to preserve my beauty.
She longed to preserve hers that would be mine too –
For this she did like me but alas! my harsh time.....
I had to bear it alone,
Her love was for my summer when fall reigned me.

The Lost Dream

The lost dream, I dreamt again,
Couldn't fulfil it, oh! it caused pain.
Its beauty was not altered a bit,
Not even my desire for it.
I dreamt it again but untimely.
I could only cry helplessly.
My cry and sigh it could hear,
Though it yearned, it wasn't fair
For it to be the dream of mine again
As like me, him it would cause pain

I Am Not Barren

I am not barren.

My fecundity has not dwindled yet,

Enough as before to bringforth blossoms of all sorts and I do.

Alas! Frequent invasions of atrocious autumn

Debilitates their potency to bloom in full

To show my greatness in their daintiness and redolence

That would once captivate aves from overseas

To warble in praise of my nature.

O Heaven! Free me from this brutish autumn,

Can't endure it any more.

To glitter with my flair,

Let clement spring reign over me.

Frosina Tasevska



Frosina Tasevska, hailing from Shtip, Republic of Macedonia, is a versatile poet and writer proficient in English and Macedonian. With two solo poetry collections to her credit, Frosina's literary prowess extends across national and international platforms, including magazines, journals, and anthologies. Recognized with numerous awards, she seamlessly weaves her words into compelling narratives. Alongside her literary pursuits, Frosina serves as an educator, bringing her passion for language and creativity to the classroom.

Deep Thoughts

I am a dried springhead among a meadow flower. You are a playful stream amidst desolated wastelands. Could you please be a bright drop that flows? Flow down my enclosed stones and destroy all marginal impurities. You are like a dark room among an illuminated fireplace. I am a luminous lantern amidst a dark silence. Let me be, at least a beam to penetrate through the dark windows and ruin the faceless apparitions! I'm that kind of end without an ending between two distances. You are a bridge between two eternities. Please be the clutch and connect those two distances between two eternities!

I am a springhead without water.
You are water without a springhead.
You are that room without the light.
I am that light without the room.
I am a long distance without an ending.
You are a long ending in the distance.
The one that belongs to the other.
The one that cannot exist without the other.
So I wonder, why are we still alone?

My Horseman

In my thoughts, you never stop riding, although without armor and a sword without a blade. My eternal horseman!

The darkness is your turret of a staging battlefield with all the distorted silhouettes of the time. You whittled away every sandstorm and thick snowdrift always to protect me and preserve me, so I could stay clean and unharmed.

And if I remember, and I remember well, it has always been like this.

You were my horseman with a lion's heart, I was your barefoot girl who looked just like you. You're my constant blacksmith of a life's trickery, I was your reflection on overgrowing.

Now, we are separated by two eternities, two different worlds without a bridge to connect. But you never stop riding in my thoughts my eternal horseman, my beloved dad!

Don't Give Up, Don't Quit

If you're feeling down, shattered like an empty cup No matter how complex your path is, *don't give up!* Remember that anything worthwhile takes time No wings to fly, but two feet to scale and climb. When you feel like you're at the end of the rope Don't ever underestimate your strength, and have hope. People might try to talk you out of pursuing your goal But only you can calm the insecurity inside your soul.

If you feel like you can't go on, don't you dare quit Rest if you must, take a deep breath just a bit For your breakthrough is just around the corner And in all disorders, there is a secret order.

Life is not simple, it has its own twists and turns but you must live and love the light that burns. Never let your head hang down and grieve but stand up proudly and fight for what you believe!

Muhammad Gaddafi Masoud



Muhammad Gaddafi Masoud obtained an intermediate diploma, specializing in theater arts, from the Jamal al-Din al-Miladi Institute in the Libyan capital, Tripoli, in 2000. He writes poetry in Arabic, and his poems have been published in various Arab newspapers and magazines. His collection of poetry was published in 2007 in Libya for a single edition. Some of his poems have also been translated into English, Spanish, Italian, Albanian, and Chinese, and published in newspapers, magazines, and websites in Italy, Argentina, Greece, China, Spain, Serbia, Romania, Bengal, and America.

A number of Arab critics wrote studies about his poetry and various critical readings published in well-known international newspapers and magazines, and his poems were among studies published in books and encyclopedias about poets in the world.

He extends his thanks to everyone who supported him by publishing and translating:

Professor Angela Costa. Albania Dr. Abdul Hadi Saadoun. Iraq Writer Suzan Ibrahim. Syria Professor Nina Al-Sartawi. Libya Ms. Raja Naqara. Tunisia

Cancer Sun

They agree at the end
They cry what falls out of the
nests .
They weave with tears the gardens of
Distant wishes .
And their hope is a luminous moon
Waiting for it with old gear
And laughter that broke
On a patience that has aged and remained his way.

Glorious.

The brown one sprouting in the grass Frost rose.

Aisha.

The butterfly of colors in the pastures of the soul A shadow of

After the disappointment

i watch it, it doesn't rain i come taken, with what i carry from certainty then after the disappointment except the dream.

Tale

on the verge of a tale seagull fell, in the water.

Messages

boiling the messages the end invisibility palm trees, are falling in the valley of the flutes

Her gaze

were broken our lips on the sight of her gaze.

lumberjack

gather firewood bleeding sun selled the horizon at auction.

Happiness

lump from barking the happiness

Division

divides the laughter itself on itself who closes the door of, a-ha

Translated by Neina Al-Sartawi

Childhood

Childhood
Immersed in the childhood of my mistakes,
Cannot distinguish an earthworm
From its mole.
I told the tree; my beloved
Then it bent to the wind

* *

I thought the bird was a bullet, I threw myself on the ground, When it flew away.

* *

I slept with the clock, So orgasm arriving late, At the Viagra time.

* *

I tried to hide behind my shoes, But it betrayed me, Moving aside.

* *

I walked crookedly, Throwing shadows with a stone, It bounced back as bullets and bleeding wane moons.

Translated into English by Suzan Ibrahim

Karen Morrison



Karen Morrison, an American Jamaican, is a singer/poet/writer and aspiring playwright. In 2007 Morrison began performing as a Reggae artist, opening for Maxi Priest, The Mighty Diamonds, and others. Dedicating her life to Christ in 2015, she rebranded herself as "Bryck Rose" and commenced working with Jamaican Gospel group, CREW 40:4. Her debut Gospel release titled Uoli Uoli Uoli (Holy, Holy, Holy), was a collaboration with Ethnodoxologist and Gospel Artiste, Jo-Ann Richards; she is currently producing her upcoming Gospel album, "Mountains". A reflective writer, Morrison proudly, published her anthology of poem, 'DEWDROPS: Heartical Poetry - English and Jamaican Patwa' (2021).

The Show

The rain came this afternoon
And played a song upon my zinc
A lullaby backed by the sweetest choral of Parakeets
Dressed in violet, amber, majestic blue and royal pink
Tapping out notes, unique and never to be heard again
Every rainfall, a new melody it sends
Rainforest green covered my bed
Drunk like a sailor, intoxicated with nature, I rested my
head

I forsook my days duties to capture the time Feeling blessed and Inspired, I wrote this precipitational rhyme

But before the ink could dry, the music stopped I stood in the doorway to catch the final drops The band had changed as the Robins began to sing Out came, butterflies, earthworms and all kinds of creeping things

I truly thought the sun was jealous, the way He made his presence known

But I realized as He cast His rainbow He, was the promoter of The Show

The Mighty Pen

At war with silence and solitude in this place With my pen I take revenge, not a word will I erase I scream upon the paper, I laugh at loneliness What my mind could not contain I released with strokes against the surface I made it my servant, for the world to read Paper was my playground The ink had set me free Permanent is the stain, going forth like a bow If I am too careful, the truth you'll never know Insult by ink, blunt trauma on paper The tongue is very mighty but the pen it is no safer By kings and ink prisoners have been loosed From chains and bars authors are produced Through sight and sound we deliver Things we cannot retract Ocular and audible emotions so exact I write no lie. I write no fiction I release my cogitation with precise mechanical diction For once we could not read, we were not to be enlightened But now I rule the alphabet, my enemies are frightened Insult by ink, blunt trauma on paper The tongue is very mighty But the pen it is no safer

Seven

Seven days to sow, seven days to reap
I ain't got seven, only three minutes to speak
Lord I'm calling on you seven days a week
Hear my cry, humble and meek
Jericho walls fell on the seventh day
In my heart I'm marching, I know you hear my prayer
Psalm seven in thee I put my trust
Several things you love, but seven you hate so much
A proud look, a lying tongue, hands that shed innocent
blood

A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift, running to mischief

A false witness that speaketh lies, sowing discord among the brethren

Lord hear my seventh cry
Sometimes I don't know what to do
But seven days of me, means seven days of you
Seven times rise from seven times fall
Lord you have no limit, you're not seven feet tall
You made the wonders of the world
More than seven I behold
So I give seven days of thanks, seven days of praise
You did it in three, it didn't take seven days

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

The Butterfly Effect



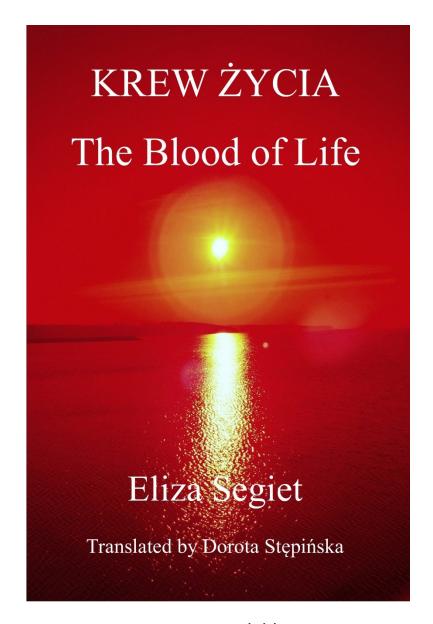
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Published Books by Poetry Posse Members

We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Kimberly Burnham Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion Mutawaf Shaheed William S. Peters, Sr.





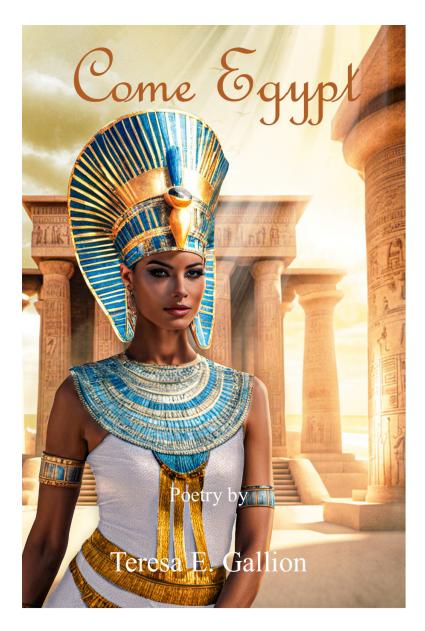


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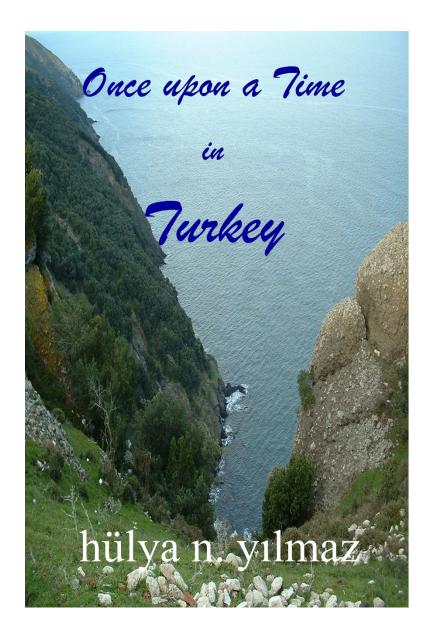




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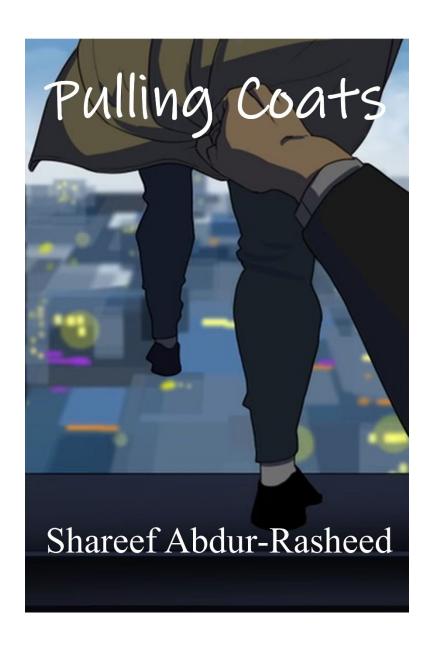


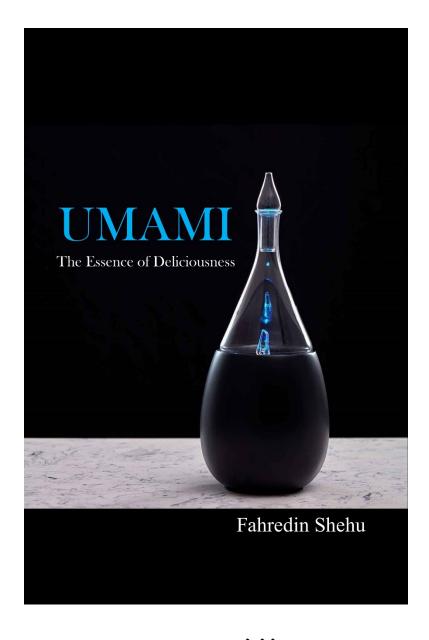
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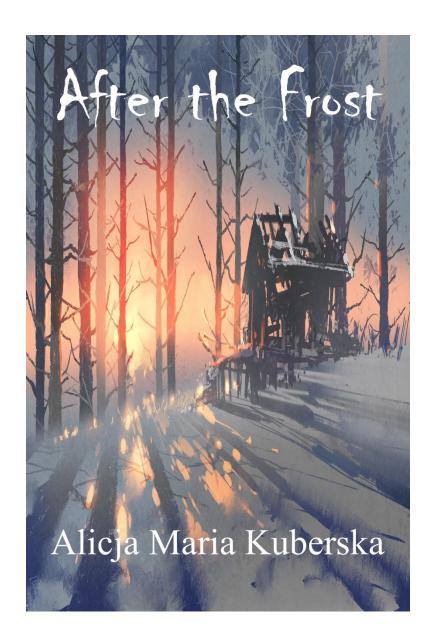
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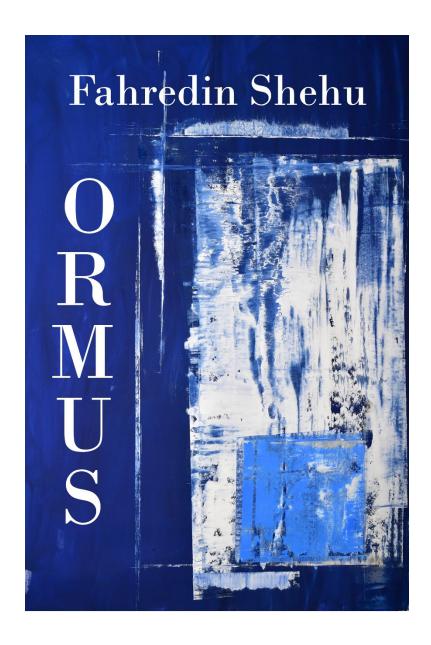


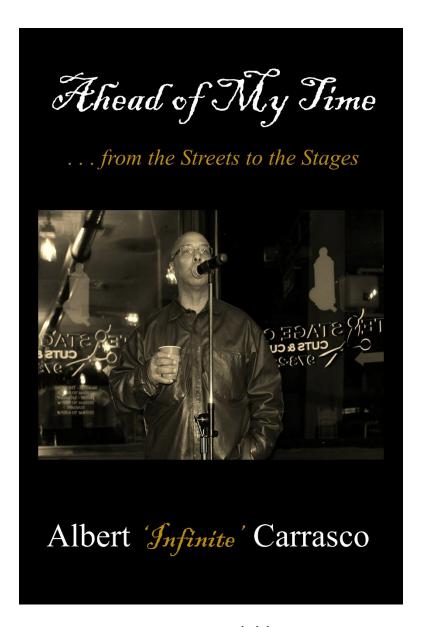


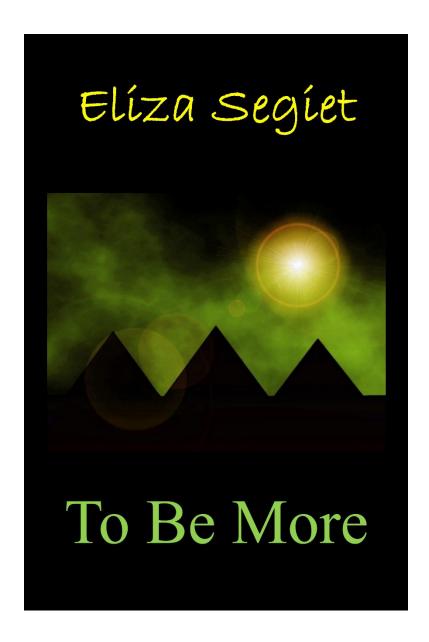
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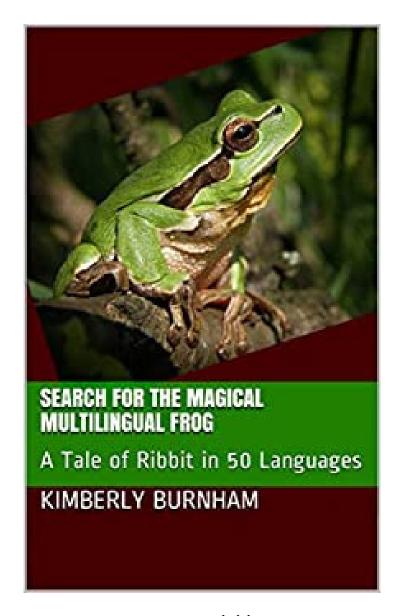


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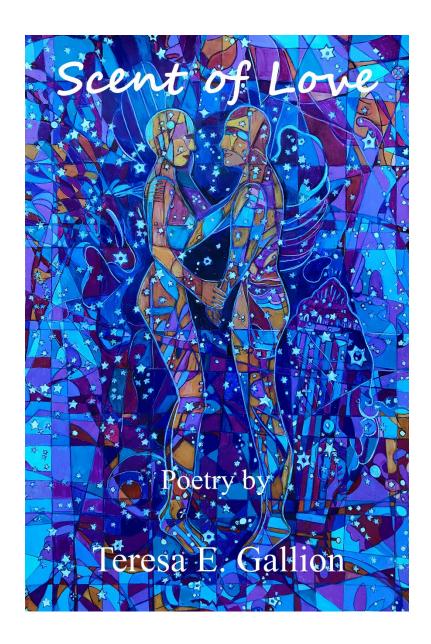


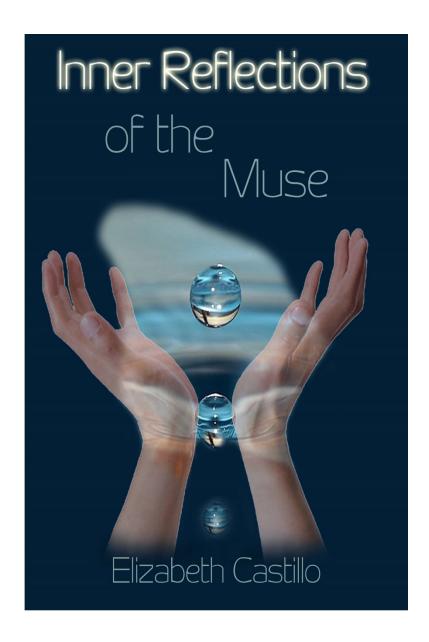


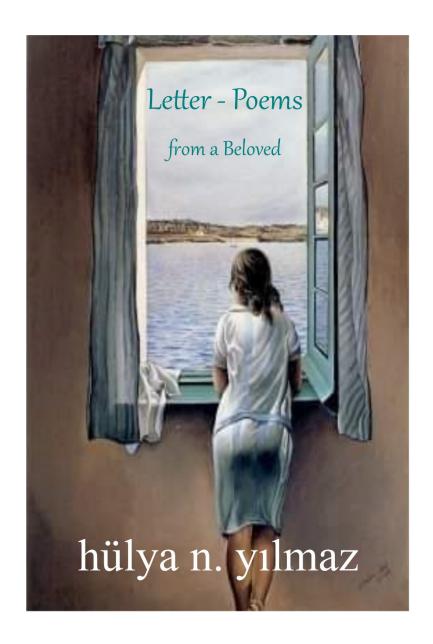
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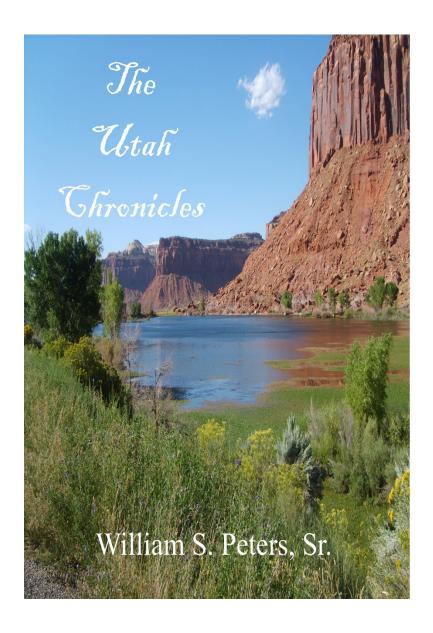
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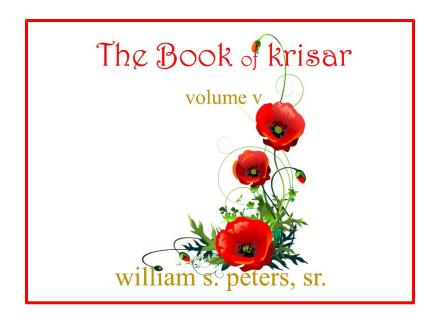


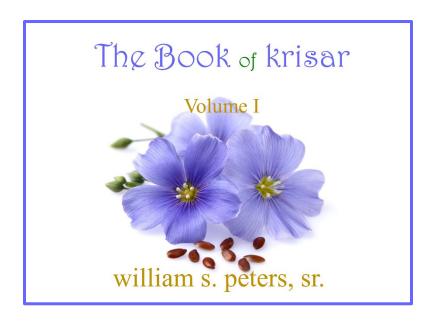


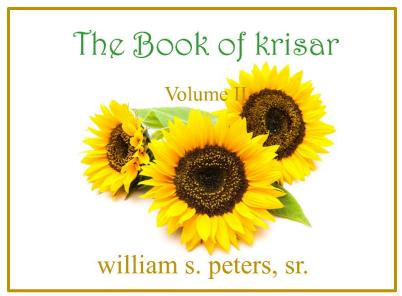
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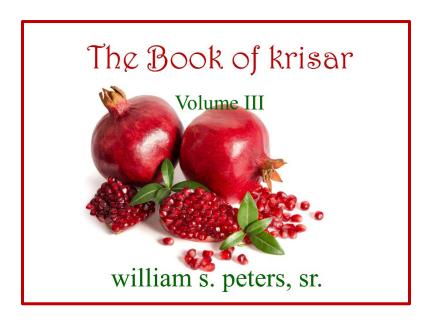


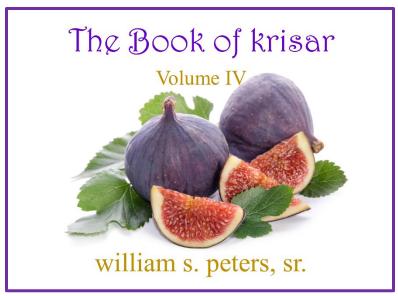
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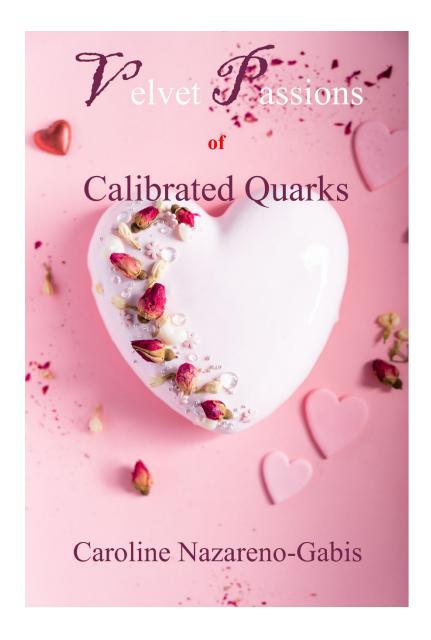


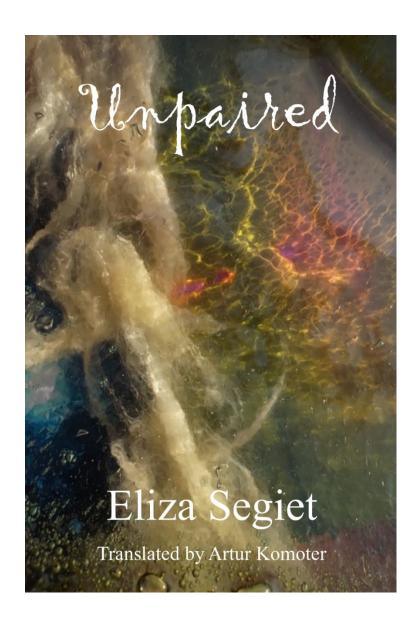




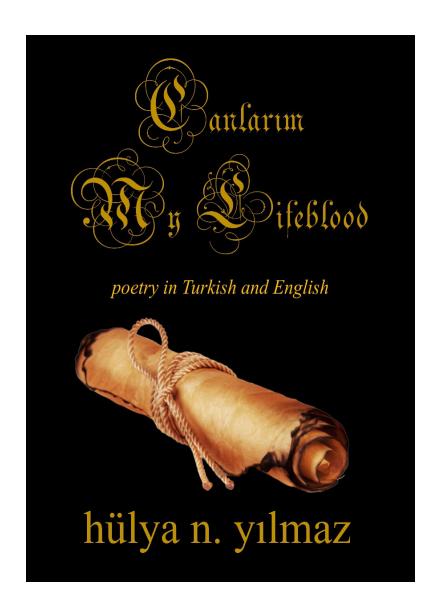


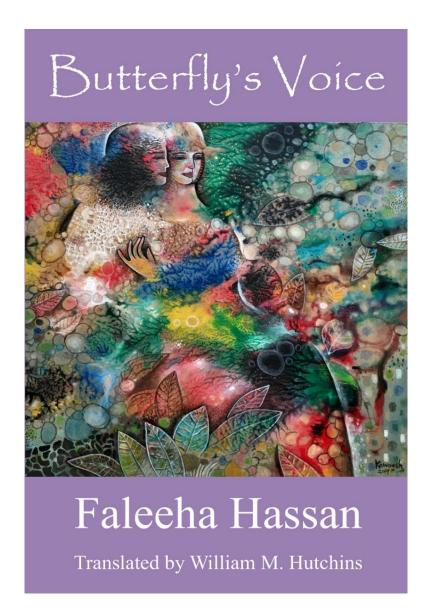






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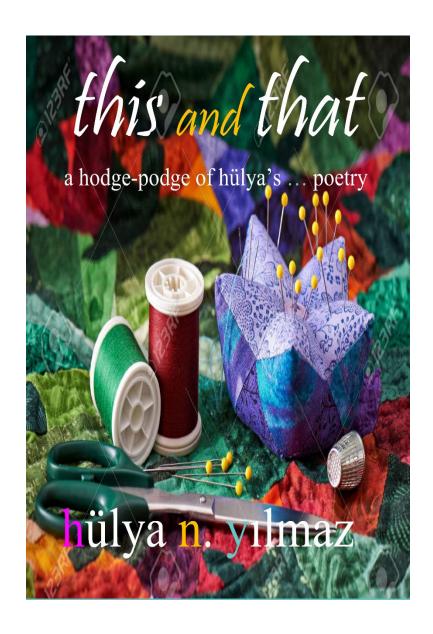


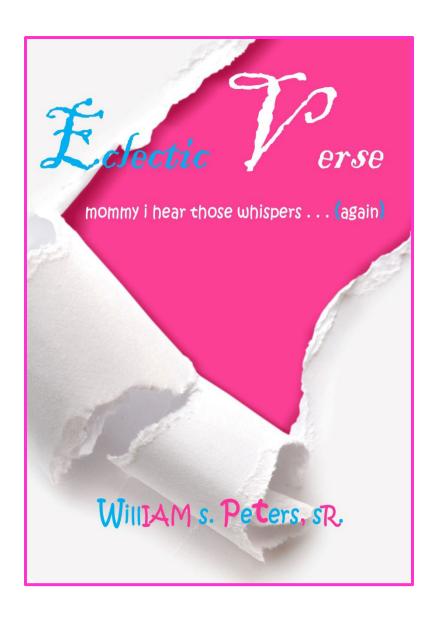
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



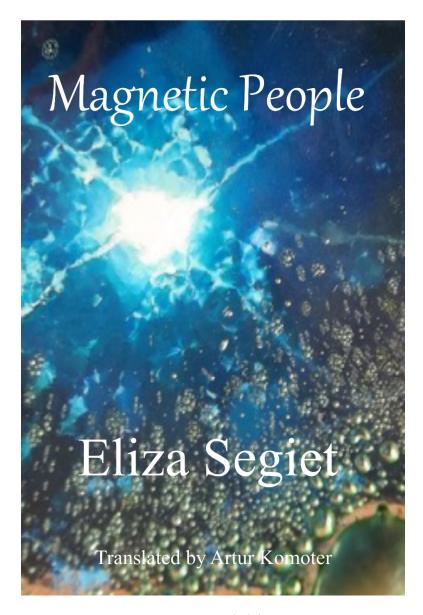


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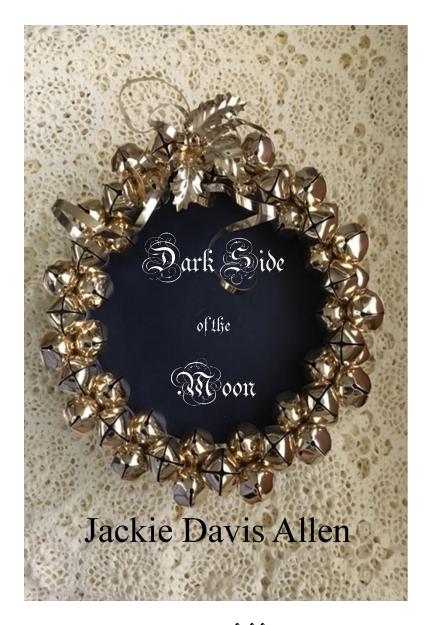
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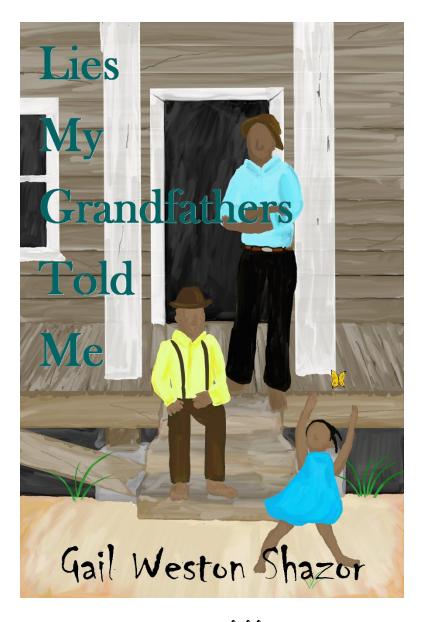


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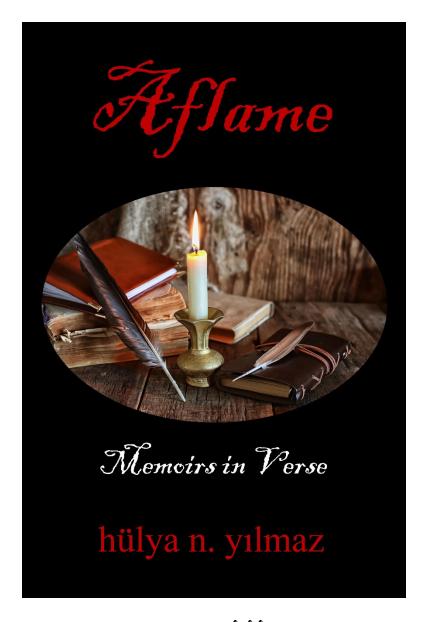


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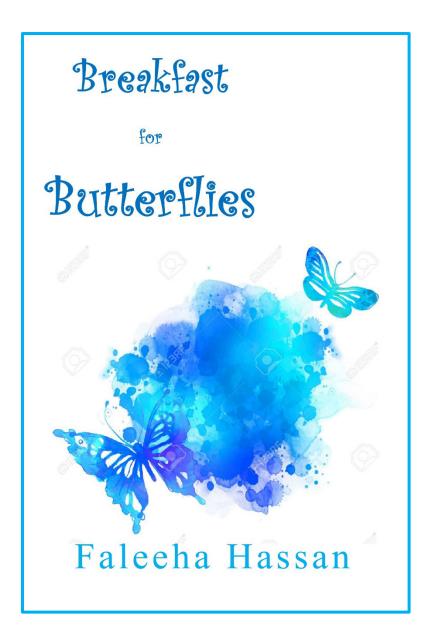
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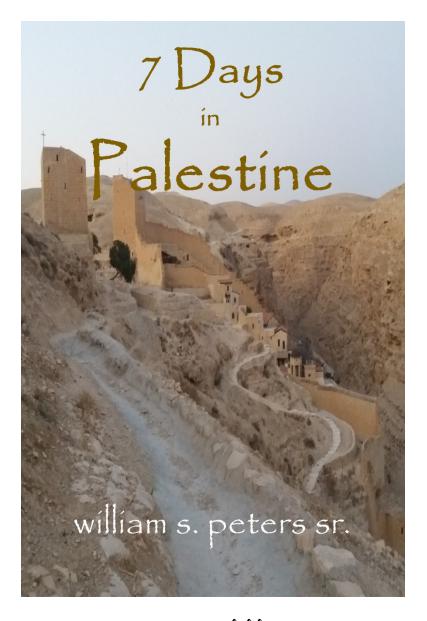


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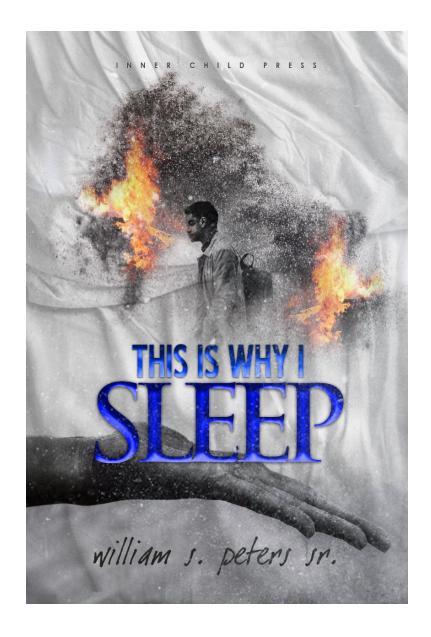




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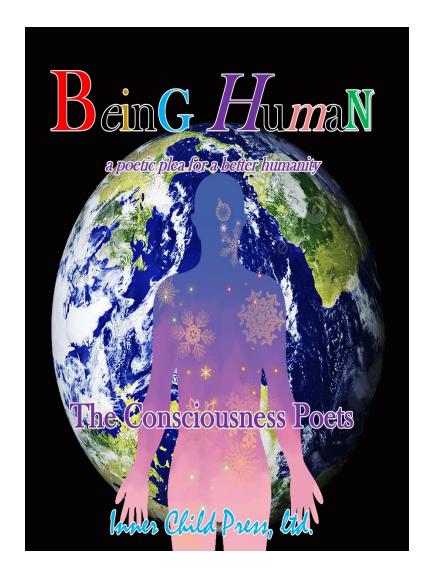
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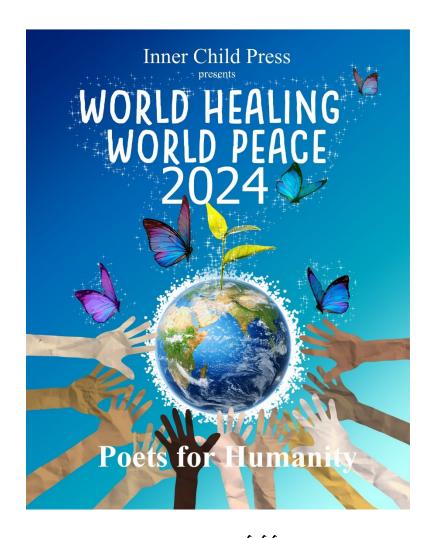
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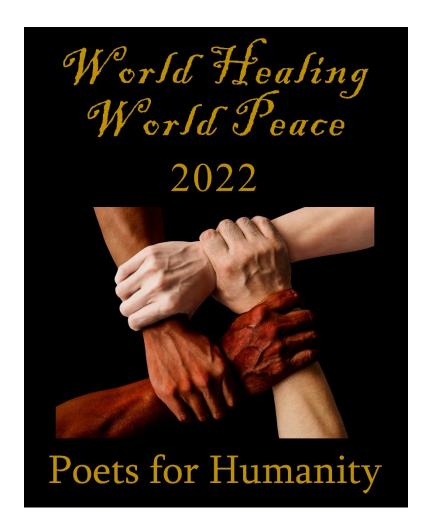
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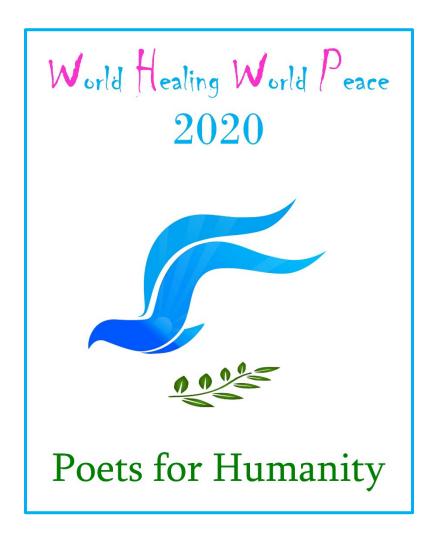
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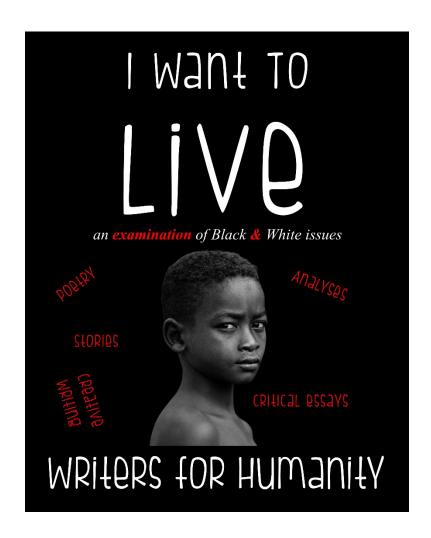
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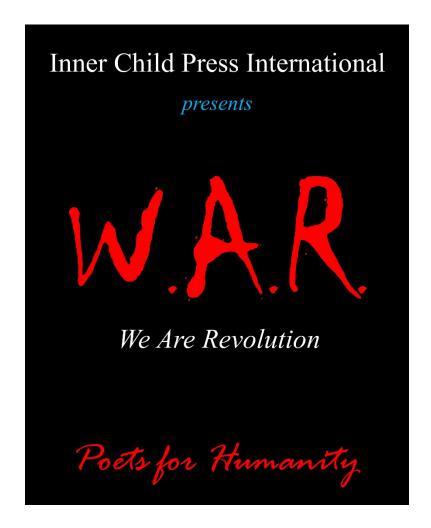
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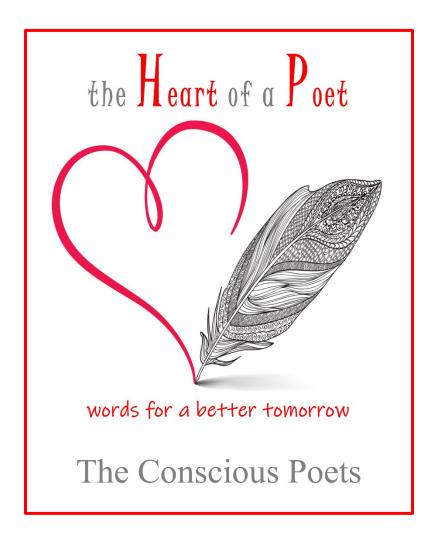
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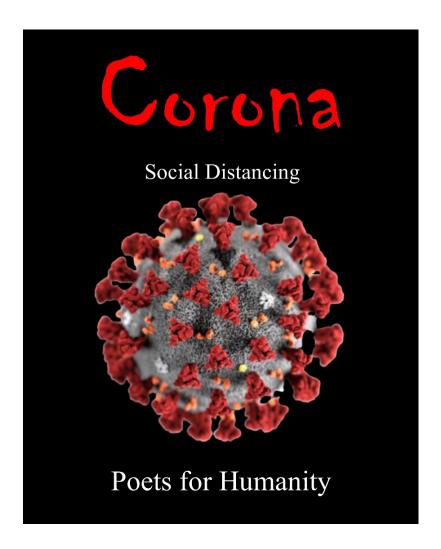
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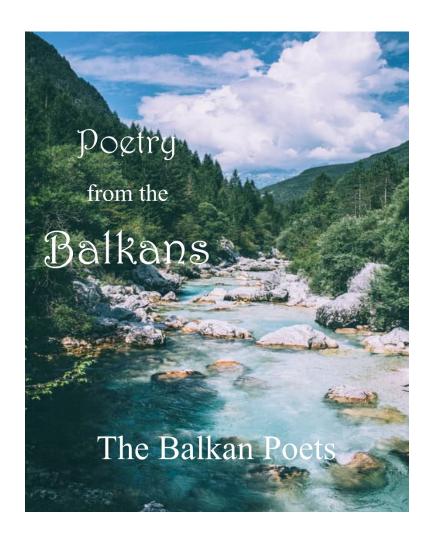
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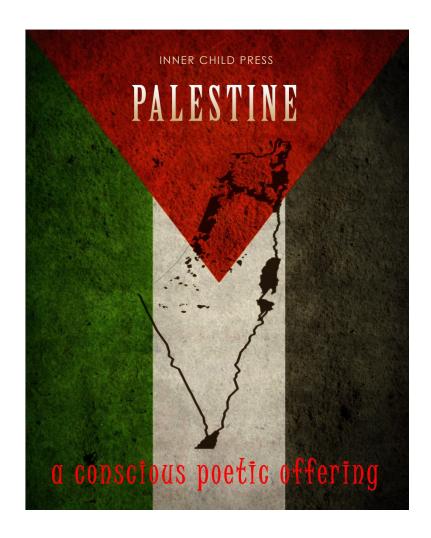
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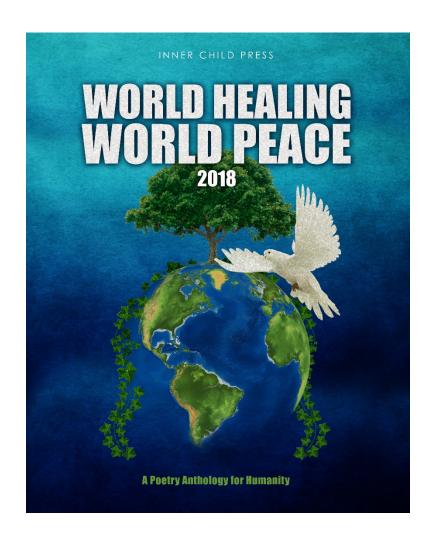
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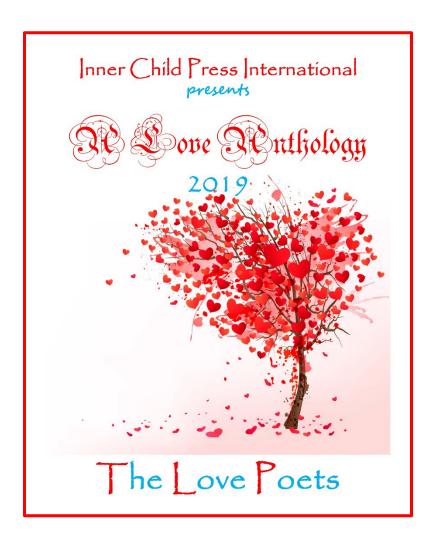
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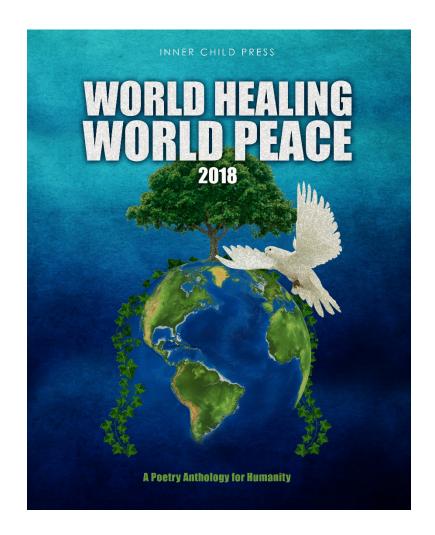
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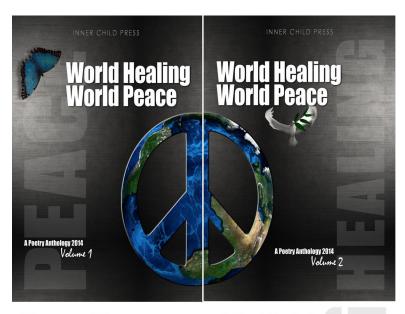
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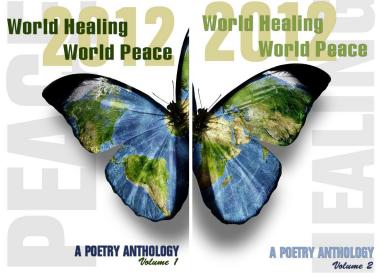


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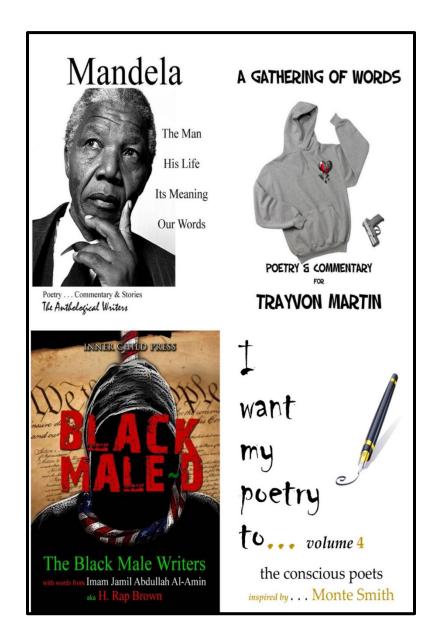


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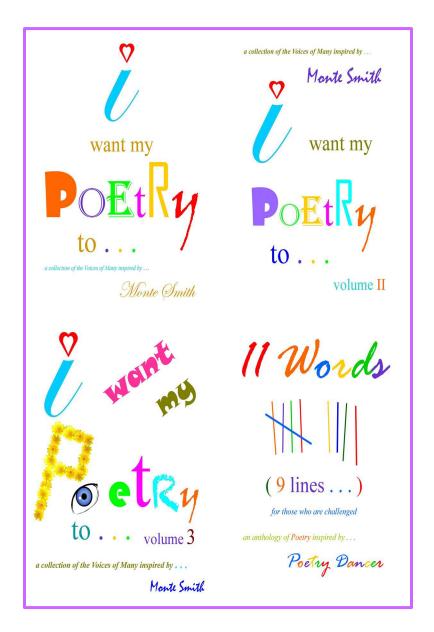




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Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson



the Year of the Poet



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The Year of the Poet September 2014 Aster Morning-Gloy Wild Case Poets September Feature Poets Forence Motion * Keith Man Hamilton September Seature Poets Admit Bond * Gall Weston Shazer * Merer thinline Corresco * Siddertha Beth Pierce Sente P. Caldwell * Same Ball Sericides * Bebethe A. Men * Tory Henringer*

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



The Party Passe

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert infinite' Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce Janet P. Caldwel * June 'Bugg Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henringer Joe Dalverbal Minddancer * Robert Cibbons * Neetu Walf * Sheef Abdur-Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

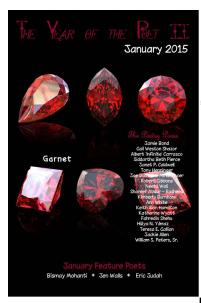
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rasendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



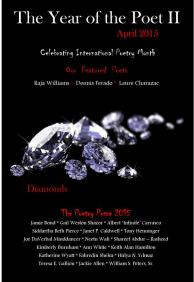


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The Year of the Poet 11

June's Featured Poets

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

Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce ' Jamet P. Caldwell 'Tony Henninger De Da'Verhal Mindkaneer * Neeth Wali * Shareef Albart—Basheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hibya N Yılmaz Teresa Cedlino * Jackie Alan * William S Feters Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert †Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwoll * Tony Heminiger Joe DaVrshal Mindancer * Neuth wall: Sharred Abdur- Rashoed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Falroedin Stehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallien * Jackie Allen * William S. Felers. 5:

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

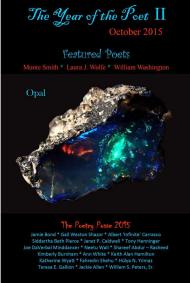


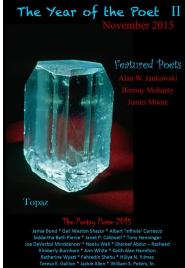
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond* Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce 'Janet P. Caldwell 'Tony Henninger Joe Da'verhal Mindaneer * Neeth Wali * Shareef Ashar - Basheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehur * Hibya N Yalmaz Teresa E Callion * Jackie Blaer * William S Feters Se

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The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe Daverbal Minddancer * Nestu Wall * Shared Abdur - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shebu * Hülya N. Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackle Allen * Williams S. Peters, Sr.

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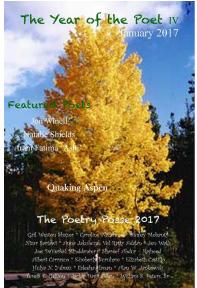
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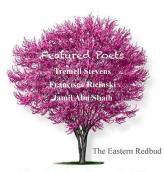


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



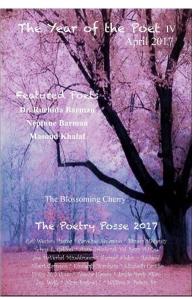
Gell Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Nazar Sartavil * Hona Jakubszak Vel Betty Halabo * Jen Wells John DeVariah Whidelmore * Harmer Halatur - Raghead Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Cartillo Hillys N. Yulouz. * Fadecky Hasson * Albo W. Jankowski Faress K. Gellow * Jackie Dresk Hillow * Vullima * Paters, Sc.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shizon * Caroline Nizareno * Bismay Mohandy Teres E. Gellion * Shous alsahezak Vel Betty Malan Joe DeVerbid Middapene * Bayment Malan * Beghead Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Cestillo Halyo N. Yubuz: * Estechs Hasson * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Well * Nizze saturd: * William & Felser, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shazor * Corollae Aizzeron * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion * House Jakubezak Vel Betty Hidden Joe Da'Verhol Minddencer * Shareet Hidden * Beighed Albert Ceresco * Kinberty Burnham * Elizabeth Cestilla Hidya N. Yulmaz * Estecha J Besson * Jackie Drets Allen Jen Wells * Nizer Serton! * William S. Peters. Sr.

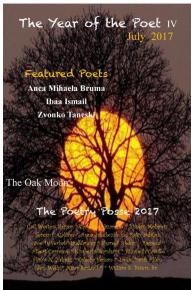


The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



The Poetry Posse 20

Gell Weston Shizor "Caroline Nizareno"
Teresis E. Gellion "Attono alecticzek Vel Systy Adelmo
ace DaVerbel Moddancer "Shizered Stakur Besheed
Albert Carresco "Kinbeety Burnhum" Elizabeth Cestillo
Holya N. Nilonza "Falenh Hissaro" alectic Dreis Alleo
aco Vellis" "Nizor Sortave" "William S. Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sattawi * * Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

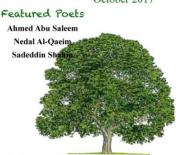
Featured Poets Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubezak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerhal Minddancer * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Bumham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hasan * Jackie Pavis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaw * * Villiam * Jeeken, Sr.

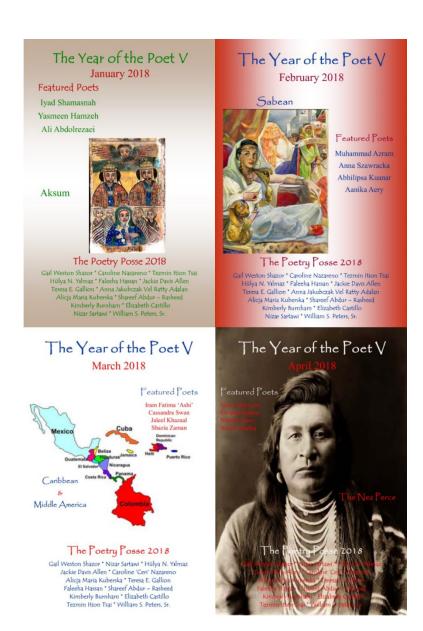
The Year of the Poet IV



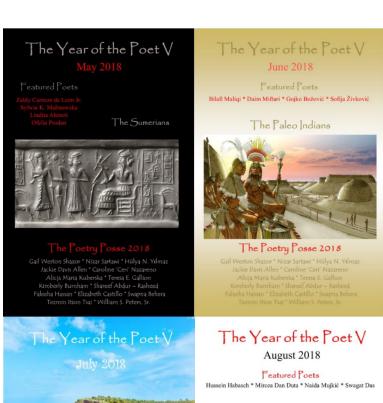
The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sarkawi * William S. Peters. Sr.

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The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alica Maria Kuberska * Treesa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Hion Tsaj * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hūlyq N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Hion Tail * William S. Peters.

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Cerri Nazareno Alicip Amria Kubenski * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, St



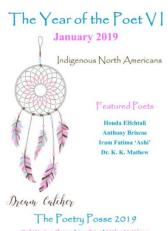


The Maori

Rose Terranova Ciriglam Joanna Kalinowska Sokolović Emir Dr. T. Ashok Chakina Tib

> Gail Vest Maria Norman Art Oliya N. Yılmaz Jackie Paya Alleh Ceroline' Ceri Nazareno Aliça Maris Ruferska "Teresa E. Gallion Kimborl Mariham" Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok ka Rhadava" Elizabeth, Gastillo "Swapna Behera

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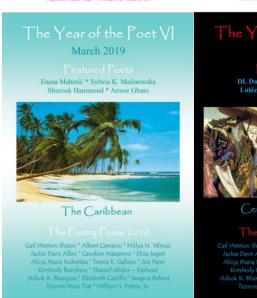


Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackle Davis Allen * Caroline * Cerr * Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargana * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Hüton Tsal * William S. Peters, 2008



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bharghav * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters, 2





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Northern Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alleja Maria Kubeska * Terese E. Gallion * Toe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhapajava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behen Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Petess.

The Poetry Posse 2019 Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pava Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Clina Segiet Allea Maria Kupardel Albert Paria Segiet Kimherly Burnham * Shazeef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Cartillo * Swapma Behera Termin Ition Tosal * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

Alok Kumar Ray * Eden S. Trinidad Franco Barbato * Izabela Zubko

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





Celebrating past Nobel Feace Prize Recipient

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmı Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kubereka * Teres E. Gaillion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Bede Tezmin Hon Tsai * William & Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Teace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmazı
Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet
Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion* Joe Paire
Kimberly Burnham * Shazeré Abdur * Rasheed
Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera
Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Debess * Allender * Statistica * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie Hiem Tail * Williams S. Paless * Swapna Behera * Terenie * Swapna * Swapna Behera * Terenie * Swapna Behera * Swapna Behera * Terenie * Swapna Behera * Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

Dr Pragya Suman * Chinh Nguyen Srinivas Vasudev * Ugwu Leonard Ifeanyi, Jr.

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliçia Maria Kuberska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargava * Elizabeth Casillo * Swapria Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai * William S. Peters. 1

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The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII January 2021 February 2021 Featured Global Poets Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan Banksy's The Girl with the Pierced Eardrum Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020 The Poetry Posse 2021 Gail Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr. Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alcja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Itton Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr. The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII Featured Global Poets Featured Global Poets Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas Tatyana Fazlalizadeh Pablo O'Higgins Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021 The Poetry Posse 2021 Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberiy Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Basheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alleça Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Galllon * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapra Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Elas Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska "Teresa E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberiy Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava" Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai "William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets

Iram Jaan * Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Lan Qyqalla

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberiy Burnham * Shareef Adur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

Alonzo "zO" Gross * Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy * Tirthendu Ganguly

Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alleşa Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberiy Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava" Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Itlon Tsal "William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc * Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha * Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry Eknhrasticky Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazaieno * Elira Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Loe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shapeef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tarabeth * Swapna * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

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September 2021

Featured Global Poets Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik Heather Jansch



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

iail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Halya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicja Maris Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Ahdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Shargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

October 2021

Featured Global Poets C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

Featured Global Poets

Errol D. Bean * Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic * Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

Featured Global Poets

Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Minga maria Kubensia - Teresa E. Gajilion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed shok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai - William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet IX January 2022

Featured Global Poets

Ratan Ghosh * Christine Neil-Wright Andrew Scott * Ashok Kumar

Climate Change: The Ice Cap



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska "Terese E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai " William S. Petess "

The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets Roza Boyanova * Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval Mammad Ismayil * Tarana Turan Rahimli

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska "Terese E. Gallion "Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai "William S. Peters."

The Year of the Poet IX

March 2022

Featured Global Poets

Dimitris P. Kraniotis * Marlene Pasini Kennedy Ochieng * Swayam Prashant

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesis "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsaj "William S. Peters, Sta

The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets
Alonzo Gross * Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas
Monsif Beroual * Carol Aronoff

Climate Change and Oceans



*Celebrating our 100th Edition *

Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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Featured Global Poets Ndaba Sibanda * Smrutiranjan Mohanty Ajanta Paul * Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

Climate Change and Birds



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June 2022

Featured Global Poets

Yuan Changming * Azeezat Okunlola

Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



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Featured Global Poets Michelle Joan Barulich * Mili Das Anna Ferriero * Ujjal Mandal

Climate Change and Animals



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August 2022

Featured Global Poets

Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



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Featured Global Poets

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Biswajit Mishra Sylwia K. Malinowska * Sajid Hussein

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns



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Featured Global Poets Andrew Kouroupos * Brenda Mohammed Carthornia Kouroupos * Faleeha Hassan

Climate Change and Oil and Power



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Featured Global Poets

Hema Ravi * Shafkat Aziz Hajam Selma Kopic * Ibrahim Honjo

Climate Change: Time to Act



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December 2022

Featured Global Poets

Elarbi Abdelfattah * Lorraine Cragg Neha Bhandarkar * Robert Gibbons

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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Featured Global Poets

JuNe Barefield * Swayam Prashant Willow Rose * Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

Children: Difference Makers



Iqbal Masih

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Featured Global Poets

Clarena Martínez Turizo * Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma * Petrouchka Alexieva

Children: Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma

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The Year of the Poet X February 2023

Featured Global Poets

Christena Williams * Hilda Graciela Kraft Francesco Favetta * Dr. H.C. Louise Hudon

Children: Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges

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Featured Global Poets

Maxwanette A Poetess * Alonzo Gross Türkan Ergör * Ibrahim Honjo

Children: Difference Makers



Claudette Colvin

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Featured Global Poets Eftichia Karpadeli * Chinh Nguyen Nigar Agalarova * Carmela Cueva

Children: Difference Makers



~ Easton LaChappelle ~

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November 2023

Featured Global Foets
Ibrahim Honjo * Balachandran Nair
Xanthi Hondrou-Hil * Francesco Favetta
Children: Difference Makers



~ Jean-Michel Basquiat ~ The Poetry Posse 2023

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The Year of the Poet X October 2023

Featured Global Poets

CSP Shrivastava * Huniie Parker

Noreen Snyder * Ramkrishna Paul Children: Difference Makers



~ Malala Yousafzai ~

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The Year of the Poet X December 2023

December 2023

Featured Global Poets
Caroline Laurent Turunc * Neha Bhandarkar
Shafkat Aziz Hajam * Elarbi Abdelfattah

Children: Difference Makers



~ Melati and Isabel Wijsen ~

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Featured Global Poets

Til Kumari Sharma * Shafkat Aziz Hajam Daniela Marian * Eleni Vassiliou – Asteroskon

Renowned Poets



~ Phyllis Wheatley ~

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Featured Global Poets

Francesco Favetta * Jagjit Singh Zandu Carmela Núñez Yukimura Peruana * Michael Lee Johnson

Renowned Poets



~ Nâzim Hikmet ~

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The Year of the Poet XI February 2024

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunç * Julio Pavanetti Lidia Chiarelli * Lina Buividavičiūtė

Renowned Poets



~ Omar Khayyam ~

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The Year of the Poet XI April 2024

Featured Global Poets

Hassanal Abdullah * Johny Takkedasila Rajashree Mohapatra * Shirley Smothers

Renowned Poets



~ William Butler Yeats ~

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Featured Global Poets Binod Dawadi * Petros Kyriakou Veloudas Rayees Ahmad Kumar * Solomon C Jatta

Renowned Poets



~ Makhanlal Chaturvedi ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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Featured Global Poets
Barbara Gaiardoni * Bharati Nayak
Errol Bean * Michael Lee Johnson
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~ Pablo Neruda ~

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Featured Global Poets

C. S. P Shrivastava * Maria Evelyn Quilla Soleta Moulay Cherif Chebihi Hassani * Swayam Prashant

Renowned Poets



~ Langston Hughs ~

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August 2024

Featured Global Poets
Ibrahim Honjo * Khalice Jade
Irma Kurti * Mennadi Farah

Renowned Poets



~ Li Bai ^

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~ William Ernest Henley ~

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Featured Global Poets

Abraham Tawiah Tei * Neha Bhandarkar Zaneta Varnado Johns * Haseena Bnaiyan

Renowned Poets



~ Wole Soyinka ~

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October 2024

Featured Global Poets Deepak Kumar Dey * Shallal `Anouz Adnan Al-Sayegh * Taghrid Bou Merhi

Renowned Poets



~ Adam Mickiewicz ~

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Kapardeli Eftichia * Irena Jovanović Sudipta Mishra * Til Kumari Sharma

Renowned Poets



~ Imru' al-Qais ~

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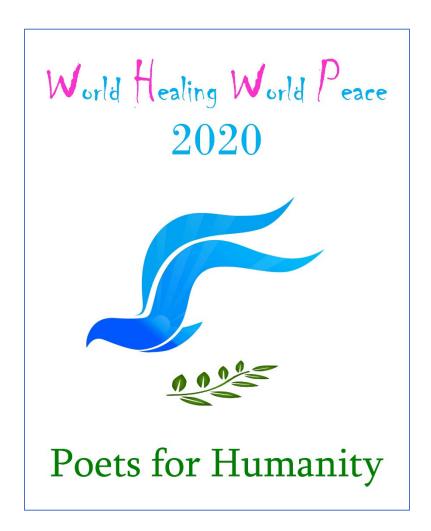
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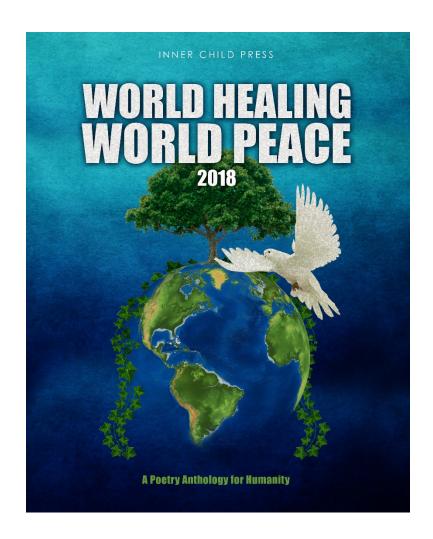
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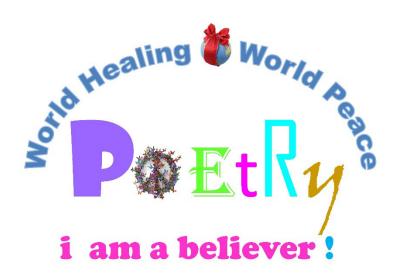


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February 2025 ~ Featured Poets



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