Featured Global Poets Khalice Jade \* Til Kumari Sharma Sushant Thapa \* Orbindu Ganga



Innocence Daisy Joy Marigold Longing Camellia

## **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 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.

 $\sim$  \*  $\sim$ 

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**

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## The Poetry Posse

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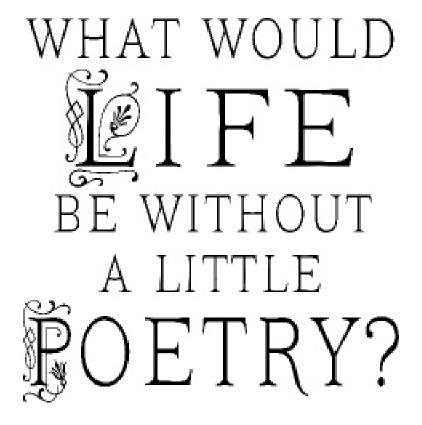
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## This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

## Ľ

## 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

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# Foreword

As a collective, the Inner Child Poetry Posse, we begin our twelfth year of writing three poems every month. Each year we have a theme. In the past it has been Nobel peace prize winners, children who are changing the world, countries, cultures, flowers and more. This year we turn inward and look at what is in our hearts, what we notice about the world around us, how we fit and what is important to us.

As the days of 2025 get longer and there is more light in the sky we focus on three feelings: Innocence, Joy, and Longing. In February, we will write about our curiosity, fear, and loneliness. Each month we will explore different feelings, each in our own way and hope by the end of 2025 to have 36 poems and a new perspective on our lives.

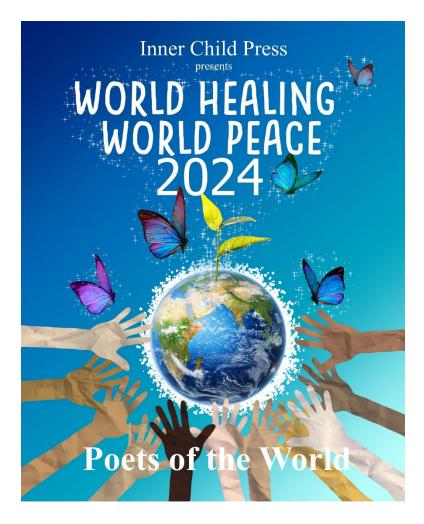
Come with us on the journey. As you read our poems, do your own exploration of the topics, of how you feel, and what you notice about yourself and your community.

Share your writing, poems, and personal essays with friends and family. At Inner Child Press, we often have anthologies with open calls. We hope you enjoy our poems and look forward to sharing words and this world with you in the New Year.

Kimberly Burnham

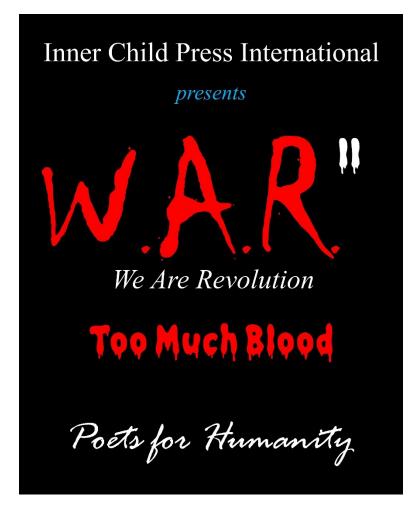
author of "Heschel and King Marching to Montgomery A Jewish Guide to Judeo-Tamarian Imagery" Spokane, Washington, Jan 2025

# Now Available



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# Preface

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

As we now enter our 12<sup>th</sup> 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  $\sim$  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 : <u>www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthology-</u> <u>market</u>. 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 <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

# Innocence, Joy and Longing



Each month, *The Year of the Poet* writers choose among various themes, exploring their own hearts, lives, and words.

January features Innocence, Joy, and Longing. These can be emotions at any point in life brought about by an event in life, a daily occurrence, or a feature of childhood. As poets we look inside. We look to our teachers and other poets for new ways to perceive our world.

In Julie L. Moore's Innocence, she starts, "At some point you make peace with it, your life as it is, with all it offers you." There is a kind of innocence in really seeing your life and accepting it. Children often have another kind of innocence where we just accept life and truth without looking for the negative. We can find what we look for everywhere.

Latent by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer features the line, "And is joy latent in everything? I have felt it sometimes in the washing of dishes, in mowing the lawn..." We can each look around and see the things and people who bring us joy. Perhaps joy is everywhere, even when we don't see it. Writing poetry can make us more aware of the joy all around us.

In How We Are Not Alone, Maya Stein explores our deep longing for connection in a list poem of the evidence that she is not alone while Pádraig Ó Tuama explores longing in his poem, How to be Alone. His poem starts with the line, "It all begins with knowing nothing lasts forever."

Explore for yourself these three topics: Innocence, Joy and Longing. What is a poem that only you can write about these emotions? What is unique to your life, your heart, your perspective?

Kimberly Burnham Spokane, WA Jan 2025





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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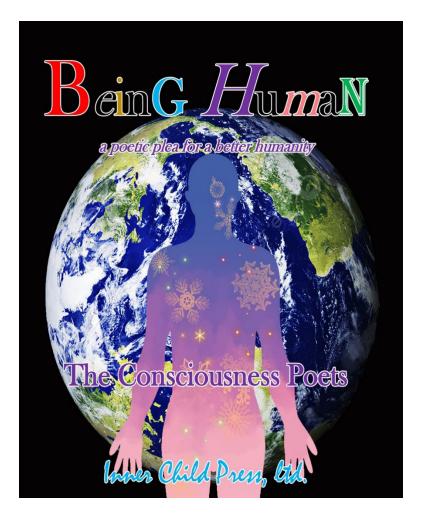




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$ 

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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.

### Aging Geacefully

Twinkle lights Sparkling on the snow Falling against the bark Of hardwood trees We wait For life to find us In the midst of wisdom It is now in this season That we contemplate the next And our usefulness To this very life Our bodies continue This very journey And we become the aged That we formally admired The ancestral plane Is now a visible veil And gray hairs Is simply the icing That mimics snow on trees

#### YWHW

i say YWHW from You i breathe Your very name into my mouth And the whisper covers the air i taste You name yourself everlasting Alpha and Omega Am that you Am and It is sufficient for my limitedness And i breathe after You-Abah In the midst of my day In the middle of my life i find that You are here In the same place i find myself It is not that You have ever left i moved And now that i have returned i say yes And draw close to You For in this i am refined after my rescue Storms rarely run in a straight line And i have been buffeted around And i have run headfirst into the wind Even though You told me no i could not hear for the listening To my flesh senses

So my doxology has become this i am greatfilled to the inked And to the said And to the whispered breath of You i say yes to the wind across my face The salty sea on my lips that flavors My independence of dependence

For You are my choice This one of abundant living in the midst Of practicing to yield to You i am your child of water i am your adult of giving i accept who You made me to be So i live You in my waking And in every love of my life i expand, reach and fill much farther Than i can ever hope to do alone And though i am not perfect You Are

## Hands

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.

# 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).

## Play

On a summer day, the sun weaves into the waves, the water tirelessly carves smiles on the shore, taking and tossing grains of sand. Children play with the waves, shouting, leaping, and falling to the rhythm of the sea's breath. They laugh and return to the shore to persistently build sandcastles, even though they know it's a futile effort. The restless sea will claim them. jealous of seashells, bird feathers, pieces of wood, and polished glass. Children trust the sea, unaware of its predatory arms carrying death in foamy waters.

### Happiness

Let us learn happiness, like mathematical rules. Multiply daily joys, raise small successes to the nth power. Let us learn to value life's generous gifts offered abundantly, but only once. Happiness is like a chameleon it has many colours, shapes, and faces. Rarely it is grand and pompous like Beethoven's "Ode to Joy." More often, it hides in moments, in the grains of ordinary things. It's hard to hear it amidst the noise, hard to notice it throughout the day, hard to appreciate it while it lasts.

#### Glasses

Once, they adorned the sideboard, in crystal glass, light cast the colours of the rainbow. Joy sparkled, as they rang loudly amidst toasts, and the taste of grapes ripened in their bowls. Today, they stand dusty in a box, ignored by crowds of poor folk and a few antique connoisseurs. Homeless, they reminisce about their former owners and dream of escaping the muddy market stall. Will someone stop by? Buy them? Take them away? Quench their longing for the old home?

# 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, Itd.

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

### Dawn, the Awakening

Beneath gift of God's mercy, In early days, in the beginning of life, Hunger without ability to speak, Lungs bursting forth with need,

For nourishment, to still the pain.

The pain of the unknown reveals itself, Only, with the passage of time. Now that the terror of War is over. My father has come home.

He has the kindest of eyes.

Embraced as stranger to stranger. Introduced, face to face; no longer just a years-old, black and white photo. Love erases doubt and trepidation.

My father has really come home!

My mother weeps with joy. Tears stream down her face. My father, smilies, unable to speak, struggles and attempts to clears his throat.

My mother wraps her body around us.

## I Remember

Shelling peas, I'm sitting out on the porch, Remembering.

A tea towel covers ample laps. Tired ankles peek out from beneath 1950s hemmed dresses, fourteen inches; measured, from the pine board floor

A pale-painted green-glider creaks. From the weight of time, pausing for a restless moment.

Black flies trapped in yellow sticky-tape dot their funeral ribbons. I call them coffin strips; I'm aghast at the death scene hanging from the blue-board-ceiling.

The hard-top road oozes. Black tar, hot. Sizzling. And, it's sticky.

This air is stagnated, sickly. The N &W cars parked across the way, await a signal. The engine is silent. It is as if it has died.

Eventually, when the drought is over, there will come a time, when all will be washed wet and clean.

Pray for rain, a thunderstorm to hide tears held back with iron of will.

Some wait with white lightening swigs. A way to lighten loads worry.

Gossiping, gasping, political correctness: Hold to heaving breast. Tight; clutching fears.

Too near to the side of the framed-board house, Uniformed men alight, dispatched with guns. Others exit from state-owned vehicles.

Toting weapons, back and forth, sun glasses mirror, as in a movie. ominous warnings. Import of authority.

Remembering images: men, zebra-like, wearing stripes, black and white, with chains. Around weary ankles, heavy balls; no escape. Badges shine, silver-like with bold authority.

Grim, official faces determined, armed with power. With weapons. Remember the silver glints?

Vigilant guards. Why, Momma? Why? Others. Marked by birth's paintbrush. No choice. Or in the currency. Then, or today. For some reason they must now pay.

In winter, it's white as light bread, With summer's sun, we darken naturally. Some in striped uniforms are dark.

Bowed heads they begin to toil.

About rights, wrongs, differences, I'm too young to comprehend. The scene makes me want to cry.

In the mountains, its white and quiet. Captives of poverty, we ponder, too, the urgency of coal's black lungs.

How sad the reality! Steel rimmed, mirrored sunglasses they bore a hole, they burn the memory into my young soul's innocence.

It's a somberness of a harsh truth, The likes of which I never knew existed. The actors, however, silent are no more.

Does anyone remember those days?

#### Late at Night

I'm lying awake in my bed of disquiet. It is where all my latent dreams struggle, And fuse into the face of improbability.

Despite moments of despair, there streams down a glimmer of light. Its fiery brilliance is so intense that it becomes a blessing. It crowns my head.

Serendipity's delight, gentle, is ever insistent. A message etches itself inside the perception of my fragility's need and greed.

I'm heeding the voice that inks, my intention! My pen is filled with the ink of joy! Glory be! I will! I will, claim the right to my own name!

# Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai was born in 1957 in Taiwan, Republic of China. His literary pursuits are driven by a simple yet profound mission: to touch hearts and illuminate minds. Through his novels, essays, and poetry, he delves into the depths of human emotion while celebrating the wonders of the natural world. In his own words:

"Literature, like the gentle glow of a lighthouse, guides us across the turbulent seas of existence, offering solace and clarity amid life's uncertainties."

Although deeply appreciative of the recognition his work has received, Dr. Tsai regards writing not as a pursuit of accolades but as a privilege to connect with readers around the world. His works, translated into more than 20 languages and published in over 50 countries, are a testament to their universal appeal. Among his most treasured publications are 'Angel's Heart', 'Memories as the Wind Passes Through the Bamboo Grove', and 'The Southern Landscape, My Hometown's Ocean'.

# Chant Of the Wind

I once rode the wind that never appeared Write all the whispers among all things The sea is blue and endless, the mountains are silent Unfinished murmuring, swallows dance on the treetops The heart seems to be stretched out in the wilderness, whispering like the soul When humans no longer fight for profit

I also used to look for the wind that never took shape The corner that builds the universe Never stopping, crossing borders Passing through desolation and prosperity, singers and dancers under the scenery In every inch of my heart, seeds of warmth are spread When artillery fire hits the streets of the city

Messenger of time, yesterday's sorrow has been forgotten The sparse hedges are reflected by the water, and the rush Deep in the soul, pure and quiet The wind is an invisible oath Blow away the flames of war The water in the arrogant pond was extinguished when the sunset fell over the fence

I promise to listen, every time When the wind blows by my ears Calling softly, with the flexibility of the wind Facing the heavy rain, no longer remain silent to Waiting for hatred and prejudice to extend endlessly May the image of freedom be like the footsteps of returning mountain wind

# The Surprise Belong to The Square Inch Heart

Unveiling the curtain of dew, I arise by a tender blade of grass

Bathed in dawn's radiant glow, pure as earth untainted The riverbank's breeze stirs the gentlest willow strands Woven like dreams spun in the loom of youth Dragonfly wings, diaphanously delicate Seem to cradle a secret verse, whispered in nature's tongue Fields awash in silent waters, frogs subdued My footsteps echo the pond's spring breeze, fleet and light The squirrel's gaze keen as it beholds blossoms Resembles the whispered musings of woodland nymphs A paper boat, crafted by my hands just last eve Drifts with the stream, brimming with boundless childhood fancy

The soil's sweet scent clings unbidden to my hem While laughter pierces the iridescent arch of the rainbow Eyes growing drowsy, as though sated by wonder's elixir We drank deeply of a world where dreams and waking knew no bounds

Withered leaves crack beneath the frost-laden morn Yet beneath the green canopy, untouched by time's whisper I linger, innocent still, as newly fallen snow

# Ode To the Lamp

Is it moonlight, or the glow of the lamp, Softly casting its warmth upon each face? Like a gentle current, circling hearth and home, It dances in the whispers of laughter at the table, Where the aroma of dishes holds memories untold, And the chime of wind bells outside Breathes the fragrant harmony of life itself. Children's laughter rings, Fleeting as petals in a garden swept by youthful hands. They stir the heart like a restless raven, A thousand miles driven by northern winds, Its weary song echoing the ache of distant longing. Ancient ballads murmur through the threads of time, Stitched with love into the fabric of years gone by. Beneath the moonlit courtyard, The stars gleam like the eyes of family, Shimmering with an unvielding warmth. Each smile bears the essence of home, Each glance a shelter against the world. The days ripen, like fruits heavy with sweet juices, Their nectar flows, filling the vessel of memory. And now, as the melody reaches its final chord, There is no need to look back, For its song has already touched every corner of life.

# 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

#### Innocence

do they actually know what it is perhaps in the child not yet affected by a sea of sin though that very presence in the home takes toll dem child no fool hypocrisy is loud innocence takes a beaten eventually shrinks does one think it could survive does one expect it to thrive in the belly of the lie that lurks near by so, innocence says goodbye now that child joins in now being preached to about not to lie by the very ones who taught them as a matter of fact to do just that

# joy

ooh boy how we need joy medicine for heart, soul not easy to maintain often effort seems in vain perhaps if sustained would lose appreciation joy without sensation indeed, without appreciation so, it is written in the lords revelation for every period of ease is followed by period of difficulty though there is twice as much ease therefore, do not despair joy will appear joy is always near

# longing

for something better be it love, affection, appreciation there is always longing this is part of fitrah human nature to have better the need for happiness, fulfillment longing to reunite with the one we lost longing for simplicity complication is difficulty departure from what flows naturally longing for sincerity in the people who be important to you and me

# 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.

# Joy Is...

At nine years old, I was so elated knowing I was going to have a baby sister. I do have two brothers and I just want a baby sister. I was proud when my dad asked me to go with him to pick up my mom and my baby sister. After that I was very protective of her and didn't want anyone to pick her up or go near her. We went everywhere together and one day my mom said it wasn't good for us to be together all the time. Eventually we did. To this day, I will always watch out for her and to protect her. That's what big sisters are for! And that's what joy is to me.

# Today

Today is the day

to stop and smell the coffee

enjoy simple life

and don't be harsh on yourself

for today could be the last.

# The Poem That I Should Have Written

The poem that I should have written is a happy ending with my Sweetheart and I celebrating our 50th Wedding Anniversary but it didn't happen because God needed him in Heaven and the poem that I will write is our unconditional love, and my Teddy Bear Darling's spirit shall always be near me forevermore. When it's my turn to go, he will be standing at the headstone holding his hand out to me as we walk together hand in hand, arm in arm to Heaven's gate. When we are in Heaven, look in the sky and see the last poem we wrote together in the clouds.

# 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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## Delicate Innocence

In a world where shadows softly creep, Where silence holds the secrets deep, Innocence dances, a delicate breeze, Whispering laughter through rustling leaves. A child's gaze, wide and bright, Sees magic in stars that twinkle at night, Each stumble and fall, a lesson learned, In the warmth of a heart, curiosity burned. With hands that mold the earth to play, They weave dreams in the light of day, A dandelion's wish, a butterfly's flight, Innocence blooms, aflame with delight. But time, the thief, with a tender hand, Paints the skies with a darker strand, As petals fall from a once-bright rose, Innocence whispers in hushed repose. Yet still, within the cracks of time, A flicker of joy can often climb, For in every heart, a spark remains, The echo of innocence softly refrains. Though the world may try to dim that light, Innocence flickers, resilient and bright, For as long as there's love and dreams to chase, The spirit of innocence knows its place.

### Shadow of Hope

In shadows deep where whispers fade, A flicker glows, a promise made. Through stormy nights and endless fight, Hope dances softly, a guiding light. It rises like the morning sun, When battles fought feel never done. A fragile thread, yet strong and true, A warmth that blooms in hearts anew. In gardens wild where dreams may roam, Hope plants its roots, it finds a home. It climbs the walls of doubt and fear. With every tear, it draws us near. When voices strain and spirits tire, Hope is a song, a heart's desire. It carries whispers on the breeze, A gentle touch that brings us ease. So hold it close, this tender spark, Let it ignite your courage's arc. For in the dark, when all seems lost, Hope is the light, no matter the cost. Embrace the dawn, the new embrace, For hope, in time, will find its place. It weaves our stories, bright and bold, A thread of silver, rich with gold.

### Flow of Inspiration

In the quiet dawn, where shadows play, A whisper stirs to greet the day, It dances lightly on the breeze, A spark of hope among the trees. A canvas stretched across the sky, With hues of dreams that dare to fly, Each color sings of tales untold, Of hearts that beat, of souls that bold. Inspiration blooms like wildflower seeds, Unfurling petals, embracing needs, It weaves through thoughts, a gentle thread, Awakening echoes of what's ahead. From ink-stained pages, visions rise, In every tear and every sigh, The artist's heart, the poet's muse, In every loss, there's yet to choose. Through stormy nights and starlit scenes, In whispered hopes and silent dreams, Inspiration breathes, an ancient song, A guiding light to those who long. So let it lead, this sacred spark, Through valleys deep and paths so stark, For in the journey, we'll find our place, Inspiration flows—our sweet embrace.

# 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

# GONE

No more penny candy no more nickel bets. Fifteen-cent cigarettes. No more Mr. Green's grocery store. Lady Flo's flower shops. Only never last forever. Happiness was hand packed. Grief was up for grabs. Loneliness was giddy. While park benches rejected the rejected. There was no harmony in musical chairs. Nightmares hover above made up brains. Lost from their view are their favorite things. Sharing thought with vitamin D. A B flat major was too sharp for me. The hours were bleached with toxic rain. Mad men preforming on a worldwide stage. Not even trying to disguise their rage. Custody battles over own the sun, who owns the rain. Who's the owner of the stare you share. Eyeball less bandits steal your self-esteem as you stand clapping for somebody else's dream. Birthday candles melt in your hair as apple trees now grow pears. Tailor made pickets with signs in their hands screaming about things they don't understand.

When the ship takes off they will be left at the gate with all the people they were programed to hate. Blood sausage stains all over their face wishing they had been apart of the human race.

TV Screens instead of heads, watching themselves lay in their beds. Praying once a week after a drunken stupor. In piss stained clothes he says "man that's super"! Pre paid souls up for sale. With Serial killers out on bail. Human lives bought for a mill. Fratricide, matricide, bactericide, patricide, suicide all served with hard liquor; Go figure! Eternity is not so far away any more. Just behind the closet door. Slammed in your face were the oaths they swore. You just go shopping.

## Mirage Proposal

What would you require of me as your husband? Well she answered, would you be opposed to helping me cook sometime? He said not at all. In fact, there some things he'd rather prepare anyway.

What about taking out the trash? He said he was used to getting rid of trash. She said that she likes going out to dinner and plays. He informed her that he wrote plays and he didn't go to plays.

Dinner was okay as long as they didn't go to far from their neighborhood. She told him they could watch the news together every night and the morning too on the 200' TV screen.

It was at that point he asked if she was talking to him? He said he was looking for piece of mind. If the things she named was she was looking for he was sure it would be easy to find. He said he was sorry to have bothered her. He may be available if her mind ever changed.

### Habits

They became accustomed to the noise they couldn't live without it.

They were used to slander and filth, without it they were lonely.

From the first thing in the morning before the sun came up until the

last thing at night, it was necessary for their newfound piece of mind.

They were new to the city and were told, without the noise they could

lose their minds.

If they ever told anyone they missed the sounds of the river flowing through their backyard or the singing of the many birds, they would run the risk of being called a jerk. It must have worked they just bought a new 150 inch TV set.

A guy who could no longer stand the noise owned the house they bought. He left the big wheel and all the toys that made all the noise. He shot several holes in the TV set, wiped the sweat from his brow left the keys with his drunken neighbor for the real estate broker. He wondered why it took him so long to hear the songs of birds and babbling of the brooks? The sounds from the breezes seemed to be asking him about that too.

# 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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#### the Twist

a prenatal fascination, it seemed to me to be for him, as he often delved into the glamour of the tune the piper lured his child self and youth

without skipping a beat, he coveted that First World culture's tempo-precision, swept off by the magic of his own feet's swinging succession

i, a mere toddler with wonder-detecting eyes
he, a tall, cool, and swift-footed prince
with an affable smile, etched on his handsome face,
joking about his already-whitened hair, his fast-balding head,
laughing hard at his bowlegged legs his pants couldn't hide
"I earned these soccer player-legs," he would say with pride,

"You don't know how much I paid to have them insured."

1941 . . . Chubby Checker was born

"The Twist arrived here," he announced, "an all-American tune!"

the album's dramatic release in Turkey in the 60s became a most memorable moment for that uncle of mine

he now was able to extract a music-filled exotic joy for his childhood and youth of a fatal disease

... twist, twist, twist ... resting his body on his magically moving feet, routinely housed inside his Saddle Oxford shoes

a few months of the early 60s found me as a little fever-source

that precious uncle of mine frequented his visits even more

my sickly eyes rested on his Twist-shows, with me as the sole audience as for his carnival-colored attires, they achieved his goal: my delight

i was told much later how, all along, his body was weakening and how worn his heart had become

he was sentenced to an early death at birth yet he lived every step of his life through self-renewed joy, and danced in grace tirelessly as if to his reserved time's drum,

taking away the slightest glum during my serious illness

my attentive older brother is what he had become his selfless love and caring spirit have since often been sung

"Come on, Hüliş, let's do the Twist!"

... chimes in my life-pumping chamber still today ...

"Take my my hand and just go like this."

\* Hüliş is an affectionate form of address with the same root as my name.

### a question

what difference does it make

if innocence had intended no harm?

is the impact not the same,

once you hurt your loved one?

#### Love? Or Not?

The door opens to a modestly furnished space. My home for the next four days greets me.

On the coffee table: *Passionate Love Letters. An Anthology of Desire.* 

In a letter dated October 29, 1913, Kafka to Felice Bauer— His twice-estranged fiancé: "My longing for you is such That it presses on my breast Like tears that cannot be wept."

I think of the reason of my trip . . . This one, The one before that, The one before that one My passionate love, my desire . . .

•

And

Decide

To forget!

## 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.

Website: http://teresagallion.yolasite.com/

#### Innocent Cravings

Innocence craves the hugs of wisdom from elders who carry the body language that feeds the thirst of youthfulness.

Curiosity teases innocence to take steps into the unknown to find the source of knowledge floating in the breeze.

Youth swallows without chewing the threads of nourishment necessary for growth.

We do not need to worry. Digestion will assimilate what is needed for innocence to thrive.

We know this to be true. Nature recycles all wisdom for each generation to pursue.

#### Joyful New Year

Strutting in the fields of meditations, joy smiles through the flowers that dance in the wind.

The morning sunrise warms hearts and gratitude floods the light stream streaking the soft earth.

Soul steps out of the body. Feels the burning desire to be free. It cherishes the gift of freedom.

This is the annual ritual of a New Years Eve meditation binding soul to earth for another cruise around the sun.

The firecrackers on the mountain scream: joy-joy-joy-joy! Streamers light the mountainside. We are back to raise hell again.

#### Longing to be an Eagle

She sits on top of the mountain embracing the deep chill of winter. Looking down on the city below, longing to be an eagle.

Where would she land with a leap of faith this sacred eve of a new dawn to face.

She dares not engage this thought for too long on the mountain. A free fall would not end well. She has not earned wings for flight.

But tonight, she longs to be an eagle able to fly away from this earth space and flee to the heavenly planes.

## 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.

#### **Breathing Rhythms**

I saw the morning sunrays kissing the waterdrops laid like a garland on the bare branches of the maple tree outside my window.

I sipped my tea to let the reflections of joy blind me to the virtuousness of the creator.

I observed the shining pearls clinging to the branches vanish the shortness of life.

Living from one breath to another not only in the moment but in something much larger than any singularity.

We are more than ourselves. We are an entire generation of light.

#### Coming Home

Fresh mangoes don't taste like mangoes anymore it's not the same.

Secrets swallowed eat me from within beneath the thin layers of time.

Childhood lives in me still but I am changed without realizing the change.

It shares everything day and night sun, moon and wind.

It lives in my breath, mouth and skin. I am never separate from it. It's my soul my heart I won't let it go.

When I die it will die too it's my innocence.

#### Bound by Blood

I pray in the shadow of idols in a temple eyes moist with hope.

Aside from the flicker of a candle riding darkness there is nothing else just seconds, minutes and hours sliding.

Why am I denied all the essentials of this bonding experience. Why my very own avoids me withholding love from me.

It's stating the obvious to say that I'm getting old. Every minute matters. Every breath counts. There are fewer years to live than that I have lived.

Am I going to remain alone. I wish it wasn't happening this way.

## 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 19<sup>th</sup>, 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> 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

#### innocence

i am my inner child, wearing the hoods of innocence, there are byways of hopeful smiles, some are unsung hymns of what's enough, i can see, taste, hear and smell satisfaction from little things, like a bubble puff so gentle and soft, like the watercolor's that splashes rainbows to my soul, myself, an empty-handed believer, the morphs of my own existence, i am tomorrow's wish the flicker of happiness, in your heart, whenever you hug me on the saddest days.

### let me be your joy

let me be the food of your thoughts, the joy of your spirit, find me like a tracing map of stars in the sky, the joy of becoming a reason to smile, let me be the hundred giggles, that you feel when you see your admirer, let me be the window of a new day, the joy of surpassing the inconsistencies, and frustrations, let me be the whirlwind of forgiveness, the joy of forgetting faults and stains, the joy of what matters, the joy that lives forever.

#### Longing for a Mother's Love

You left the world too soon, I was afraid, I felt all alone; That was a day before Heart's Day, I cried, my dreams died, with you. It was the heaviest morning of mourning, I wasn't prepared, Mom, I asked God if He could bring you back to our lives, Longing for the days we'd talked like there's no tomorrow Longing for the days, that you cooked for us, And, you added magic to your special recipes with love. I long for you, Mom, Send me heavenly kisses, I long for your caring hands, It reminds me of the best days When you are near As I hear you humming The songs of your heart.

## Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a trilingual poet, translator, editor, and environmentalist, 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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#### narratives of innocence

in the innocent night hearts explored love in all forms of physical or emotional to be a part of the creation the embryo danced in the womb the arduous burden catching the magical void playing hip hop or marbles no gender discrimination no high landing dream of money just a smile a curiosity to explore the grace of the mundane Earth bundle of questions to know why the apple falls why the river is so eager to join the ocean why the fire burns why the spectrum of life looks like a rose of blood why can't we ever understand the language of silence why at all topsy turvy never happens is there any mystical God? who can stop war? Is death a full stop or a new journey? Innocence ;Thou art certainly the ultimate power of curiosity

#### those aesthetic moments

#### (1)

I was screaming in the hospital labor room waiting to deliver my progeny with my heavy baby bumps carrying for nine months enduring the dance of flesh and blood you cried dear son and I smiled with joy of tears I became a mother

#### (2)

the homecoming was the holistic migration from my existence to your zone inundated by love unlimited I came flying with my crashed wings you opened your arms dear master of my life I became your mirror I became you with all my modesty

#### Longing for you

longing for your aura is my ultimate poetry longing to be your bride is my ultimate lyrics longing for your language is my ultimate profile longing for your love is my strength to die for others longing for your music is to codify the lush green nature longing to fix the disaster within is the crematorium of all egos longing to accept the void is the audacity of inner peace longing to cross the hemisphere is to take the first tiny step longing to be a tree is to die as a seed longing to dance : forgetting self is the anthem of liberty longing to celebrate the divine joy is to be a dot or toy in Thy hands

## 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

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

### Infinite Poetry

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

www.innerchildpress.com/albert-carrasco

### Innocence, joy, longing

I was innocent, I had nothing but pure thoughts, the world had yet to taint them. I was that young happy kid growing up in the east Bronx without a worry in the world that sported a smile at home and in the poverish streets where I'm from. I lived in a community of tall red brick buildings, I called it home, I didn't understand why others called it the slums. My friends and I had the best times of our lives in our hood. We loved to be in the park but we really didn't have to go outside to climb monkey bars or bounce up and down on see saws or just run around and explore. We lived in a twelve story red brick building with one hundred and forty four apartments, we didn't have to be outside, we can stay in and run up and down the building knocking on doors looking for temporary shelter because we had friends in each floor. Everyday was bright, not just sunny days. Life was writing and at that time Joy was written all over our faces, time passing made us over-stand what the struggle of life in our area is. We didn't feel the blows of poverty's woes because our parents were taking the hits. Our daily agenda was full with just fun and laughter, nothing we did involved the almighty dollar until we got older and everything around us revolved around the root of all evil's power. That's where sweet innocence turned sour, they say history repeats, so life can't remain bitter, hope is something I'll always be holding, better times is what I'm longing. Rain rain go away, I've dealt with rain for too many days

### I wonder

I wonder if they're in a cipher looking down at me, If they are, I wonder what the conversation could be? I know they are my protectors because i can feel their energy. Till this day I mentally hear their voices frequently, it's been over thirty years since since their souls rose freely, My imagination is vivid but I can't imagine how they would look, because they died young and today they would be in their fifties. I can only compare a few to their fathers because most weren't in the picture, so I use my third to make facial features age, a little less hair, some whites, some grays, but I wish to see them physically to see if my enhancements fit them accurately, because all I see is kids when I'm standing at their graves. When I look up to the sky and blow spoken or poems I wonder if they get blown away and clap their wings giving me an hovering ovation, do they cry when I say that the reaper robbed me knowing it's their lives that were stolen?

#### Shooter

He wasn't an ordinary gangsta, he had drama with men that would've killed him if they didn't die. When he bust his gun there was definitely going to be yellow tape surrounding the late because he popped early and reaching slow sealed an enemy's fate. Letting beef linger wasn't his thing. Right where it started before the departed departure they'll hear the fat lady sing. He was legendary with his guns, his name rang like the echos of his shots day and night in the slums. He was humble but dangerous, quiet but was silently loud, he laughed, joked but didn't play, in a New York minute arrangements will be made for a dove to take a soul to the clouds after gunplay. His entire clique is legendary, you either witnessed first hand because their run was televised or you read kites sent from the streets to the penitentiary. He knows many and many know of him, he knows many shooters and the shooters know he puts work in, it's a mutual overstanding, they respect his trigger and would hate to be on the opposite side of the gun when he starts squeezing. He went ghost, but I heard he's still out there, out of sight out of mind just like brains when heads are in his crosshairs.

# 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

#### Time Changes Me

after "Julie L. Moore, Innocence"

"At some point you make peace with it your life as it is, with all it offers you"

Bookshelves full of books still to be read goats that need grain and alfalfa all winter as the days shorten lighting menorah candles as the whole country erupts in Christmas a few extra pounds despite a new gym membership more new work despite retirement aging parents, all of us aging with some gratitude for life change so much change the nest didn't empty it grew large more book ideas than can be written in the next fifty years new tastes of fruit from far off lands will this new passport be the least used in the last 70 years a barrage of daily emails each offering learning transformation. encouraging desperation for growth a repaired stovetop saving for a new one

a tall lanky basketball player so pleased to make the team

### Joy is Here

"And is joy latent in everything?," a line from Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

Reminds me of the crunch of fall leaves

raked into the edges where they will compost through the winter

the all weather tires on an all wheel car for snowy days the smell of fresh laundry yet to be folded

a jar of homemade raspberry jam prepared with love for family

electricity and light pour out on the darkest of days

#### Longing at New Year's

New Year's resolutions a list of what we long for what we look back on the past and find lacking look around at what others have or learned wishing to be better

Bettering ourselves forcing our hand coaxing the inner writer to finish more books lose more pounds get rid of more stuff plant more seeds be more organized a better listener

Taking stock of what is different from last year finish 10 books made it to six same ambitions as the past just different for each new list

# 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).

#### New goals

Everything around was a secret, a great unknown.

To the little person, the world seemed a mystery worth solving. He tried, never stopped, climbing, fighting for every millimeter, just to reach some trinket from the dresser, to look at it, to lick it, and abandon it anywhere.

He wandered from room to room. After all, the house's labyrinth is full of new goals, riddles.

With curiosity, he reveled in his own achievements.

He waited for the reaction of those around him, the first applause, the first smiles and kisses...

A grimace of dissatisfaction appeared when he heard: - You can't say that, you can't do that.

Everyone expects praise, but is it always possible?

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

# The Eyes of a Child

The eyes of a child see differently. Everything is big and unreachable, life is a trophy, though they don't notice what's lying on the table.

A ninety-centimeter tall, little big person, with a Socratic approach to knowledge and their question – why?

Is learning the world.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

# The Center of the Universe

It wasn't the moments that were happy, joy nested in every part of day and night. It was beautiful. There was love. The most important was the Child, He – the center of the universe knew how to take, and how to give his heart, he loved and was loved.

From the moment the Mother knew that He was a part of her, she never made choices, she was always there for... Her own self was always postponed for later, though she could see that her 'me time' time had long expired.

#### Translated by Dorota Stępińska

# 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

#### innocence lost

she littered the path she traveled with pieces of her heart hoping that some day she could find her way back home

she did not know exactly what she was in search of but she was compelled to move forward ... anyway

denial suited her purpose for this long night

she was lonely, but had no time to indulge for her melancholy was the ruler of her days

would the embrace of a lover sate that ache she felt deep within

would new friends and smiles infect her with its disease and make her lose her way and the thoughts and fears she harbored all these years . . . of tears

she created her own emptiness, but i must say she had good excuse and her reason was valid

in the minds of her likeminded friends and siblings

for almost 10 years she has been lost and blinded by lies and the beacon of light that could save her and navigate her to a new way, old way of thinking was hidden behind the fog of her adopted schisms

her sunshine was either temporary or delusional and its warmth just did not feel the same since her innocence was lost

innocence lost

# the longing

i have this longing deep inside that cannot be denied like the Sun Dried sponge i am seeking the Ocean that is my notion to be overfilled

i am like the dry wood seeking the flame that i may be consumed or is it i who consumes the flame that i may be transmuted once again to my desire to fulfill this longing deep inside that can not be denied

the longing

# Being Joy . . .

i sat and i took a long hard look at my life.
i looked at the things and events which brought me Joy.
i sat and i looked at the things which brought me Pain and Suffering.
i soon tire of looking at the latter.
The more i looked at that which brought me Joy . . . the more joyful i became.
i decided to go about and seek Joy
i even started to cultivate it.
i sought Joy in all the things i did . . . all the places i went . . . .
all the thought i had . . . .
all the dreams i created . . . .
yes, i sought joy in all life . . .

a funny thing happened along this path of thoughtful evolution

i could not remember the things that brought me pain and suffering.

It was then that i realized my truth . . .

i was in control of my joy . .

not things . .

not places . . .

not random thought . . .

not people . . .

not dreams . . .

yes . . .

i was the Captain of my Proverbial Ship.

As i sailed the Seas of Joy . . . that is not to say there were not any Storms . . . but what i joyfully knew was . . .

that all Storm do pass . . .
as does all nights . . .
The Sun also rises each day, and i can start anew.
i am so thankful for this 3 letter word.
i am so thankful i have named a child after her . . . JOY!
Yes, Joy is a powerful force when we choose to embrace it.
i am not speaking of just bodily . . .
but with the whole "BE" ing of who i am
I am Joy!
The more i give to her, the more she gives in return . . . .
exponentially.

Funny ...Joy is yours as well as mine. We can not take her from another. We can give her to each other ... as she doth freely give to us.

so i say . . .Be Joy and Be Full . . Be Joy Full

blessed be

bill

# January 2025 Featured Poets



Khalice Jade

Til Kumari Sharma

Orbindu Ganga

Sushant Thapa

111



# Khalice Jade



Khalice Jade, born Saliha Ragad, International Peace Ambassador, is a versatile author and advocate for cultural understanding. Her work aims to bridge divides and celebrate diversity. With a passion for storytelling and a love for language, she seeks to inspire connection and empathy, spreading hope and peace through her poetry.

#### NOUS SOMMES LE MONDE

"Nous sommes le monde, unis pour la paix et l'harmonie"

À ceux qui lisent et à ceux qui suivent, je m'incline avec humilité,

Je suis la voix ardente de la paix, je me tiens là, témoin de l'unité,

Pour les opprimés, dont le sort nous émeut, pour eux, je lance mon plaidoyer.

Non ! Non ! Je crie fort contre l'injustice, qui règne avec cruauté,

Nous sommes frères sous un ciel immense, notre solidarité est une réalité,

Pas de rangs, pas de classes, juste des âmes en quête de liberté,

Dans chaque cœur, l'étincelle de l'espoir brille avec pureté. Oui ! Oui ! Pour la paix, nous avançons, main dans la main, vers l'horizon doré,

Là où l'amour du Créateur illumine le ciel, notre destinée tracée.

# We Are The World

We are the world, united for peace and harmony,

To those who read and those who follow,

I bow with humility,

I am the fervent voice of peace, standing witness to unity, For the oppressed, whose fate moves us, for them, I raise my cry.

No! No! I shout loudly against the injustice, reigning with cruelty,

We are brothers under a vast sky, our solidarity a reality, No ranks, no classes, just souls seeking liberty,

In every heart, the spark of hope shines with purity.

Yes, Yes ! For peace, we move forward, hand in hand, towards the golden horizon,

Where the Creator's love illuminates the sky, our defined destiny .

# Quête De L'harmonie

Sous les tranchées sombres de l'injustice, nous nous tenons, Luttant pour la paix, pour l'égalité, nos cœurs battent en unisson,

Contre les chaînes de l'oppression, nous nous élevons, Unis dans notre quête, vers un avenir meilleur, sans division.

Sur les vagues tumultueuses de la haine, nous naviguons, Portés par l'espoir, par la foi en un monde sans prison, À travers les ténèbres, vers la lumière, nous avançons, Guidés par notre amour, notre résolution, notre vision.

Dans les vallées de la peur, nous affrontons nos démons, Armés de courage, de compassion, de détermination, Vers l'horizon de la paix, vers un monde sans déceptions, Nous marchons, main dans la main, vers notre destin, notre mission.

Sur les ponts des compréhensions culturelles, nous marchons,

Échangeant des sourires, des histoires, des chansons, Bravant les barrières linguistiques, les préjugés, les tensions,

Pour construire un monde où règne l'harmonie, la compassion.

# Quest For Hamony

Under the dark trenches of injustice, we stand, Fighting for peace, for equality, our hearts beat as one, Against the chains of oppression, we rise, United in our quest, towards a better future, without division.

On the tumultuous waves of hatred, we navigate, Carried by hope, by faith in a world without prison, Through the darkness, towards the light, we advance, Guided by our love, our resolution, our vision.

In the valleys of fear, we confront our demons, Armed with courage, compassion, determination, Towards the horizon of peace, towards a world without disappointments, We walk, hand in hand, towards our destiny, our mission.

On the bridges of cultural understanding, we march, Exchanging smiles, stories, songs, Braving linguistic barriers, prejudices, tensions, To build a world where harmony, compassion reigns.

# Le Phare De La Vérité

Dans le vaste océan de l'humanité, la paix est une île lointaine,

Où les rêves de tolérance dansent sous la lune éclatante. Mais les vagues de haine et de préjugés, violentes et hautaines,

Viennent briser ces rêves, laissant l'île désolée et défaite.

Les sentiments toxiques, tels des tempêtes déchaînées, Obscurcissent l'horizon, éloignant la lumière de l'aube naissante.

Pourtant, dans les profondeurs, une lueur d'espoir est préservée,

Une vérité immuable, dans laquelle l'âme se repent.

Malgré les mensonges qui tourbillonnent comme des tourbillons,

La vérité reste solidement ancrée, comme un rocher dans la mer.

Elle éclaire le chemin vers un avenir sans illusions, Où la justice triomphe, et la paix règne en maître.

Dans le théâtre de l'histoire, les acteurs peuvent tromper, Mais le rideau se lève sur leurs mensonges, révélant leur vanité.

La vérité, telle une flamme, brûle avec éclat,

Éclairant le chemin vers la liberté, loin de l'obscurité.

### The Beacon Of Truth

In the vast ocean of humanity, peace is a distant isle, Where dreams of tolerance dance beneath the moon's gentle smile.

But waves of hatred and prejudice, violent and vile, Come crashing down, leaving the isle desolate and defiled.

Toxic feelings, like storms raging wild, Obscure the horizon, where dawn's light once shone. Yet in the depths, a glimmer of hope is compiled, An immutable truth, where souls find atonement alone.

Despite swirling lies, like whirlwinds beguiled, Truth remains steadfast, a rock amidst the sea's churn. It illuminates the path to a future, unbeguiled, Where justice prevails, and peace reigns in turn.

In the theater of history, actors may beguile, But curtains rise on their falsehoods, revealing their plight. Truth, like a flame, burns with a radiant smile, Guiding the way to freedom, beyond the darkest night.

# Til Kumari Sharma



Til Kumari Sharma is a Multi Award Winner in writing from an international area from Paiyun 7- Hile Parbat, Nepal. She is known as Pushpa Bashyal around her community. Her writings are published in many countries. She is a featured-poet and best-selling co-author too. She is a poet of the World Record Book " HYPERPOEM". She is one of many artists to break a participant record to write a poem about the Eiffel Tower of France. Her World Personality is published in Multiart magazine from Argentina. She is feminist poet. She is published as the face of the continent ( Cover Page of Asia) in Humanity Magazine. Her writing had started in Kirtipur Kathmandu, Nepal.

Social Network: WhatsApp:+9779843910147/9749497960 Email: <u>authortilks@gmail.com</u> www.pushpaism/tilaism <u>blogspot.com</u>

### No Ending in Death

Think, death is another huge birth. That is not ending phenomenon. It is only transformation to change this universe. The death is guest to attract many people. Soil makes transformation of unconscious bodies. Spirit is around the land and earth. Death is not subject of tear. It is cultural and rule of nature. Death is heart of every beings. So it is not ending rope of life. Death leaves another birth somewhere or in same place. Sometimes death of beings changes the huge earth as being shining entity. Survival is the transformation of life to something else. Infinite journey is there to reach in the complete change.

### Love Once in Glorification

One love of truth without deception is really praiseworthy. Some people wait the love even one leaves her or him. Some people quest partner when one has death. Love does not count with gender discrimination. It differs personally. Waiting one with heart alive seems tribute of the love. Love as once in life is true love. It is glory of love life. It is with huge personality. One love with one life is huge light and more powerful than sunlight. Love of truth of spirit is infinite. This one love shines in the world as glorious light. Love as true can be got rarely. It is by luck and chance not by effort and attempt.

In reality, true love is glory of life.

#### Death as Beauty of Glory

Death is the supreme transformation. It is the ending of body but soul surrounds here. It is the death which furnishes the frequent birth. The life is beautiful due to the arrival of the death. The death is another birth of the life. Death is another happiness of the life. One finishes life and death brings another birth. Think, the death is shining glory of life. Never weep for death of someone. Death brings another life journey in this earth. Think, death is the most beautiful queen in this earth. The life is alive in the cradle of the death. The death is the eternal cloth in the journey of life. The life is eternal when the death is entering here.

# Orbindu Ganga



Orbindu Ganga is an Indian post-graduate in science, author, editor, poet, publisher, consultant, researcher, content writer, and spiritual healer. He is the inaugural recipient of the Dr. Mitra Augustine Gold Medal for academic excellence. He owns CynFynEnliven, a company that provides publishing, consulting, and content services. He was the co-founder and director of the literary and research editorial boards of two journals, INNSÆI and MatruAkshar Journals. His diverse expertise spans finance, banking, publishing, and soft skills training. Additionally, he is the creator of the Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS) and is a certified life coach, spiritual coach, and mindset coach.

### Echoes of Adieu

Shadows sprinkled pallid With each drop Of tears, Sitting beside her Each moment Turned taciturn, Gazing into her Eines made Me feeble, Never had the Thought strangled Ever before, She came to Bid the final Ciao.

### Nightfall's Tranquility: Path to Serenity

Night bestowed a smile Comforted my thoughts, To establish a credence Within me, never Before competent, Days were plummeting Away from the reality To drown once again, Every time the thought Surfaced, gracefully swayed away To let the wind blow away, Moments later, the arcane Ricocheted, leaving Me gasping, Trying to gather The pauses together The twilight let the Reminder, night once again Remained tranquil ever, Caressing the form And kissing the soul.

# Sushant Thapa



Sushant Thapa (born on 26th February, 1993) is an awardwinning Nepalese poet from Biratnagar-13, Nepal who holds an M.A. in English literature from Jawaharlal Nehru University (JNU) New Delhi, India.

He has published five books of English poetry, namely: The Poetic Burden and Other Poems (Authorspress, New Delhi, 2020), Abstraction and Other Poems (Impspired, UK, 2021), Minutes of Merit (Haoajan, Kolkata, 2021), Love's Cradle (World Inkers Printing and Publishing, New York, USA and Senegal, Africa, 2023) and Spontaneity: A New Name of Rhyme (Ambar Publication House, New Delhi, 2023).

### The Social Call to Divinity

The masked idol Reveals your true faith If you persist your belief Still when the idol Lies buried in the ground. Your god is the better pang Of the universe; You gradually become The drop of contentment In the storm of disbelief, With the life you admire The more you choose it. The healing pangs Of the universe Is a mystery trance; When you enter You get mesmerized. You need the click of the mind To be wakeful Where the scent of the universe Kisses your ordeal. Expanding your growth An ocean is a droplet and A droplet is the ocean When perceptions shake your Waking buds of spring. Freely a buzzing bee Brings nectar to its home And looks out of the window Facing a garden. Wonder bell rings Like rain of melancholy Tuning the mood

To some jolly groove of survival. Rain brings the dance home, When the honey trickles Like dopamine drops Causing modern surges Of memories. Universe is a playful verse Roaming like a free chariot, Just some divine touch In a personal shrine Washes the pain Of the hobby-eyed creator, Habitual to delights of pain For a large intellect. The social call is your definition Of the pragmatic jar With riddles Opening the cork of faith.

### Extended Wonder

There is a symphony That plays inside a mind of wonder. Vision is spectacular When you have dreams buried In your chest. My mind evaluates your gratitude, From the mind The gratitude trickles down Like honey And melts in my heart. How openly I want to embrace The beauty that is still Remaining in the world, For every dawn I want to invite a tranquil dusk, Let my habit guide my passion. Come to the wonderful Session on expressing yourself, I want to listen to your side Of the story, Be my imagination I will glide you To the destination Of inner discovery, Nothing is not permanent, Every moment is alive Like one feather In the green parrot's body. The feather trusts the sky, It helps in the gliding symphony, How the bird is free, I wonder. These simple blessings Like a vagabond raindrop

Committing crime of touch With its first wet touch On a dry beloved's body. Life is like light Which is the inner cosmos Of existence. I might be blinded with ambitions But Life is like an extended Open arms to the concrete Materiality. The invited dawn Isn't it a measure of man's beginning? Every new morning A new beginning seeps In the tiny hut of wonder.

### Civilized World

An innocent smile blooms like the Rhododendron.

Richness is an attire of contentment.

I traveled with the sunshine to rest when the moon winked with the gestures of sleep.

I am a child, my toys are left in the pit where sideliners fall.

I want to be the face of the world, my eyes full of dream, seek laps of lullabies.

A shoulder of comfort, is my suitable home.

My glass palace of imagination is real for my idea of the civilization.

I plead for diplomacy among the grown advocates of the society.

I swing in comfort, I want to trust the leaders of vision.

My books are left behind, the pages of my notebook are left blank.

Pour me the water from your pitcher. I plead for the cost of my spilled blood.

## Remembering

### our fallen soldiers of verse

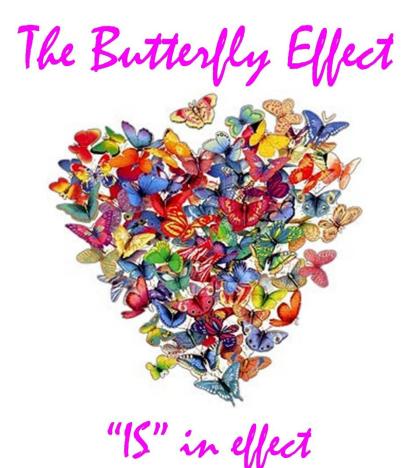


. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



## Inner Child Press News 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.

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## KREW ŻYCIA The Blood of Life

### Eliza Segiet

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

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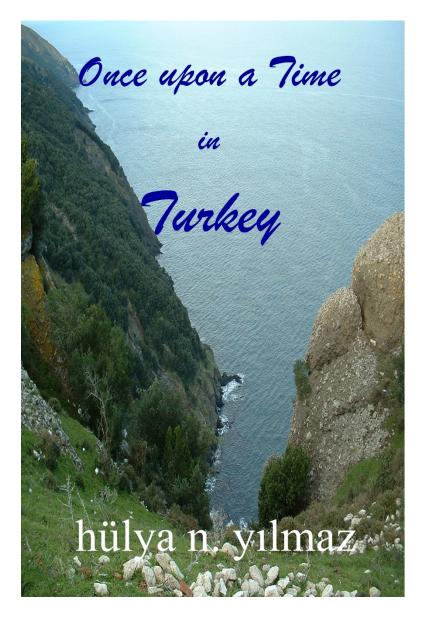
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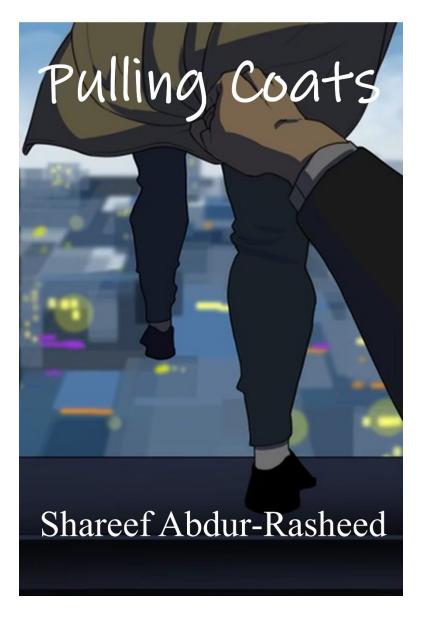


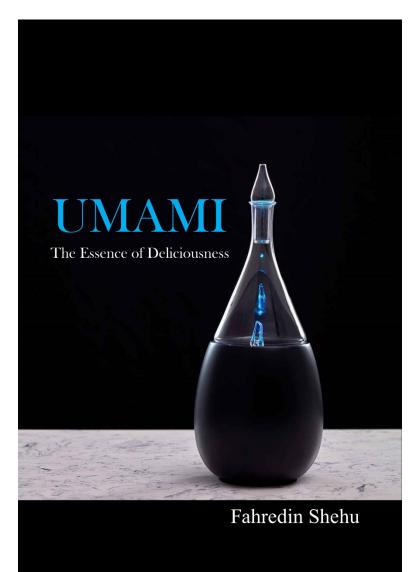




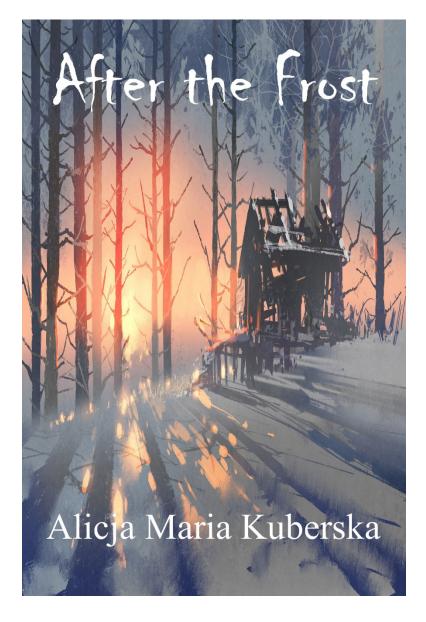


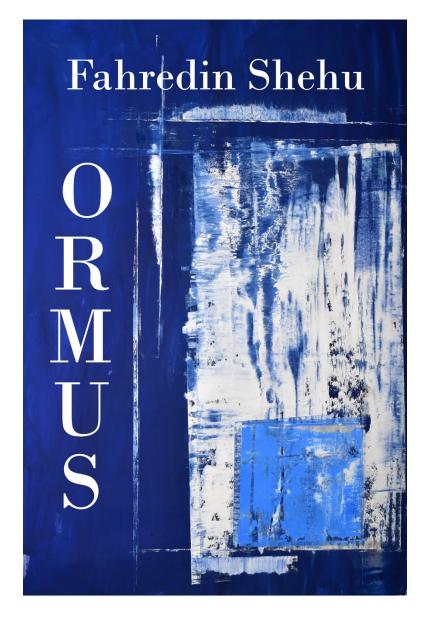
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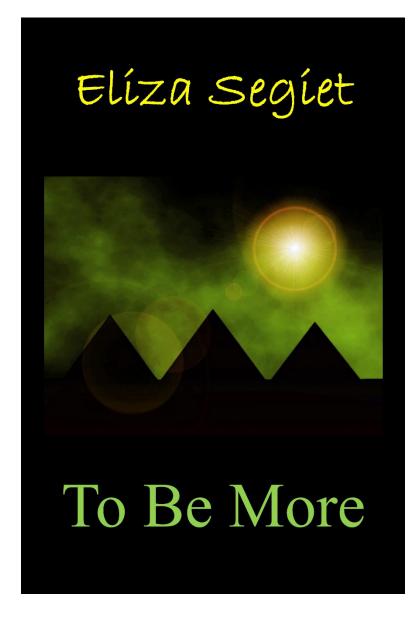
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Ahead of My Time

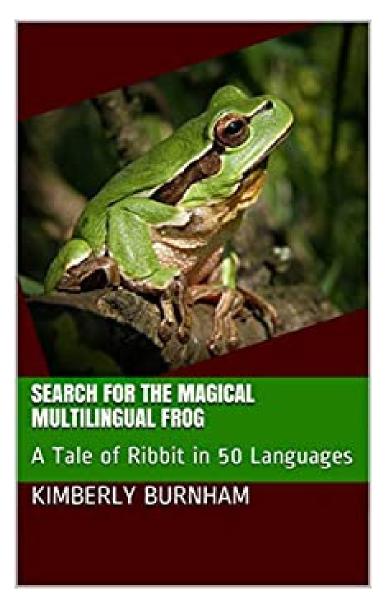
... from the Streets to the Stages



Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

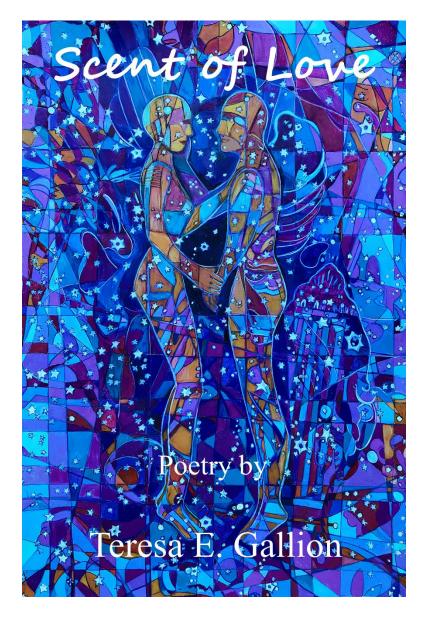


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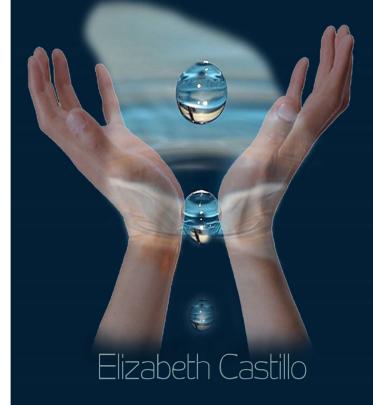
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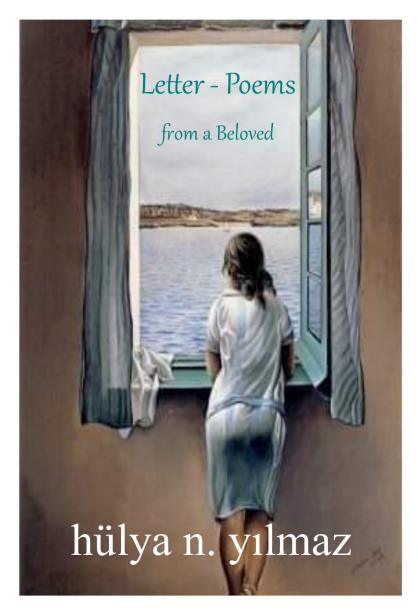


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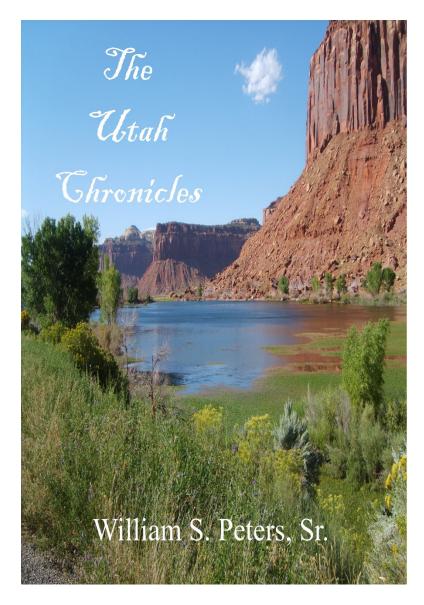
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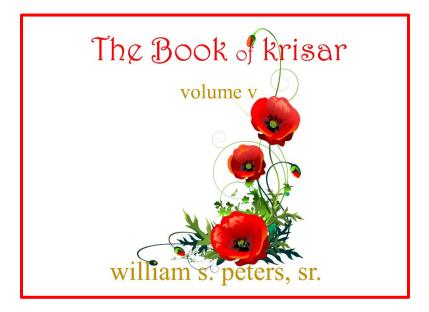


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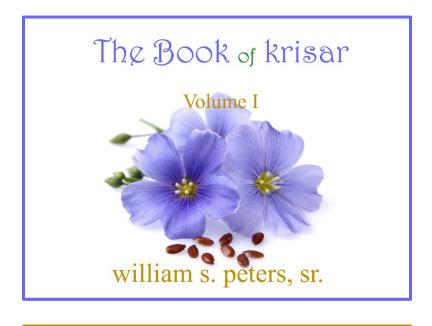


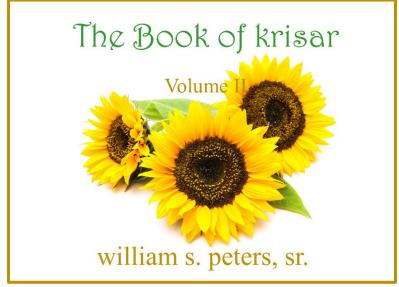


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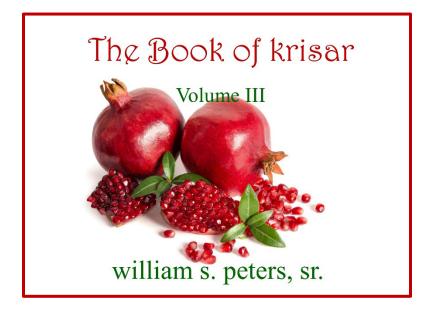


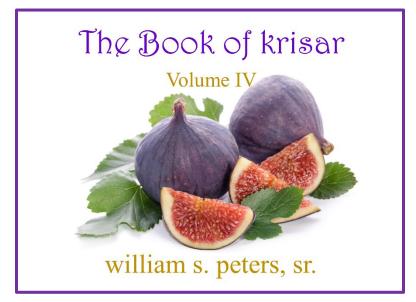
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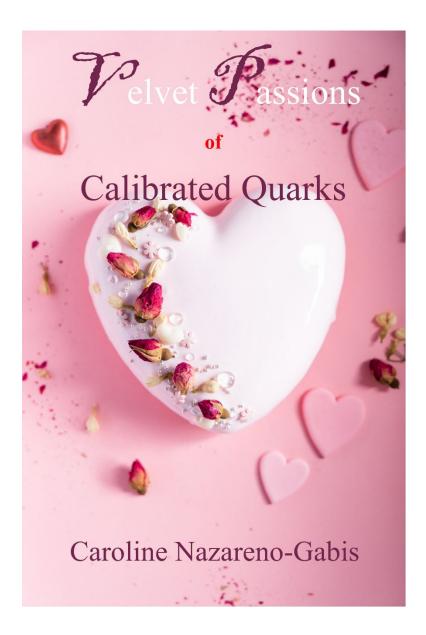


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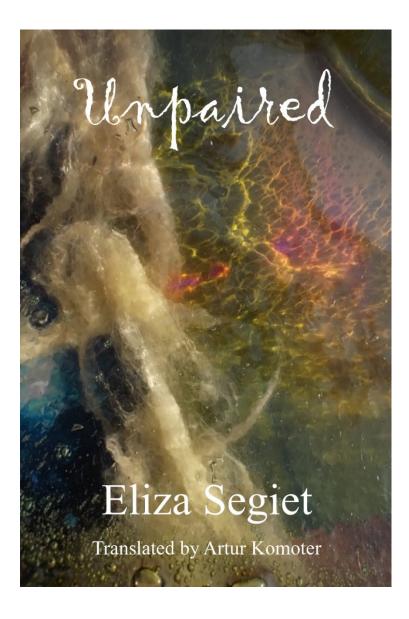




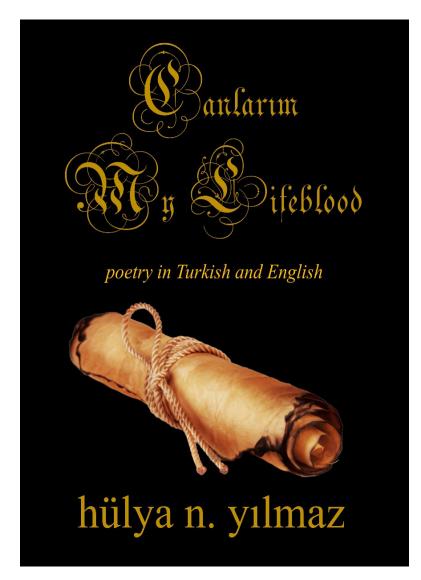
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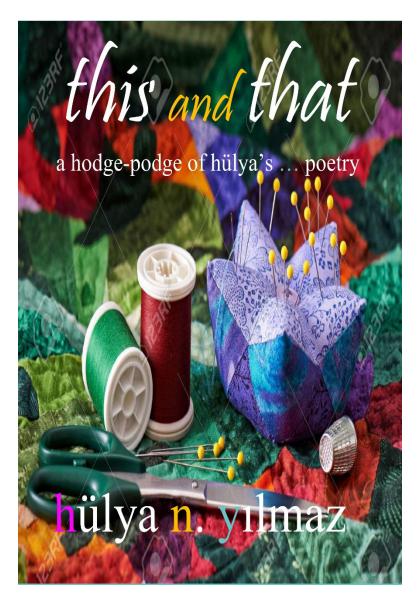
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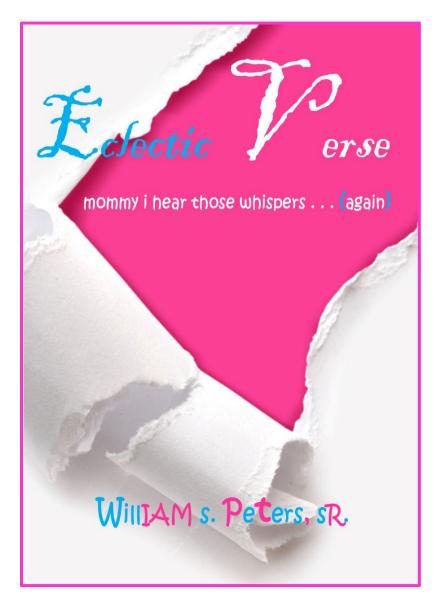
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Through the Looking Glass



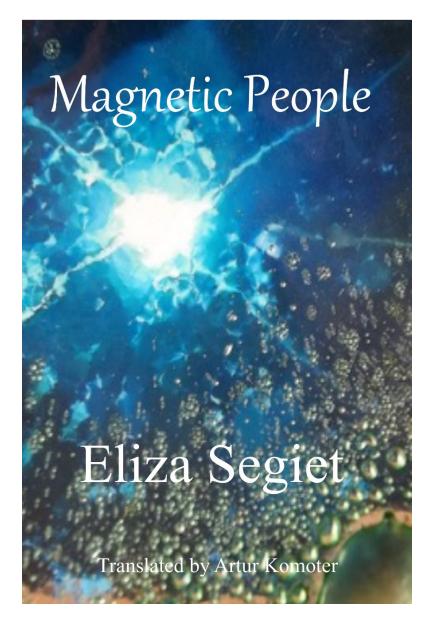
## Jackie Davis Allen



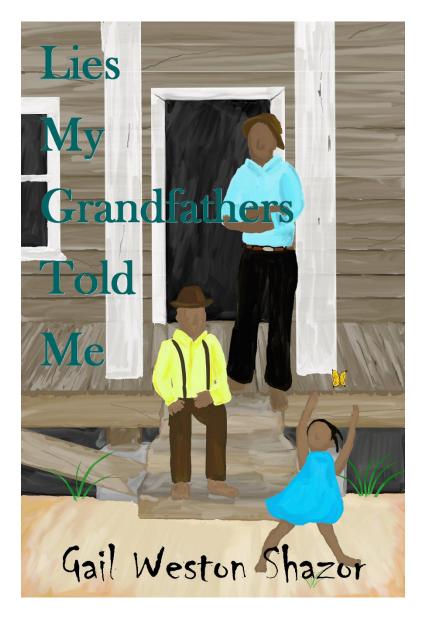




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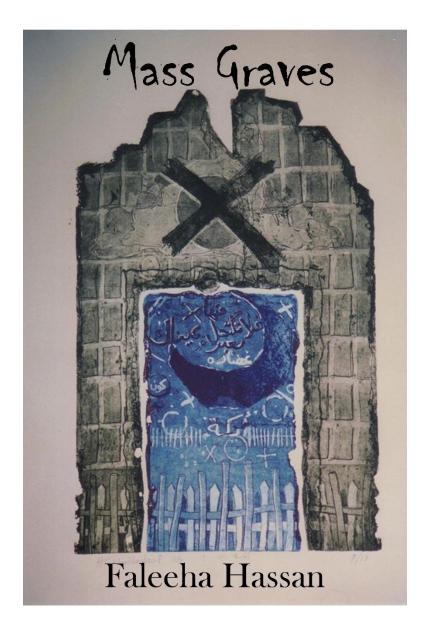




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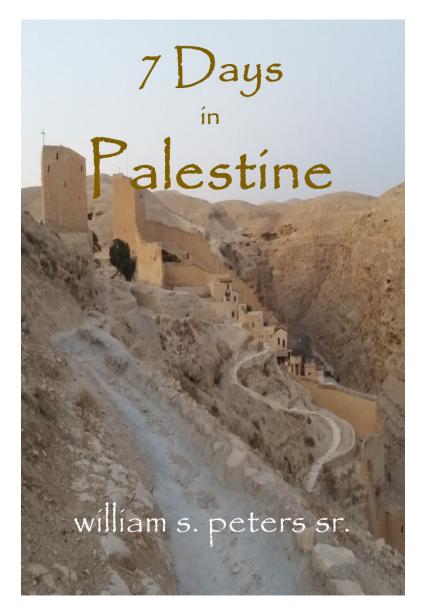


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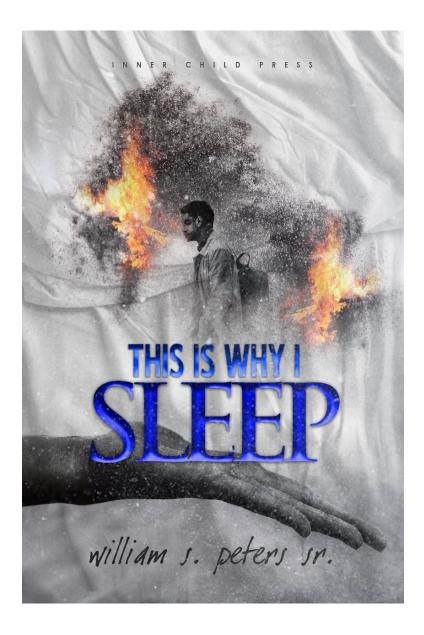




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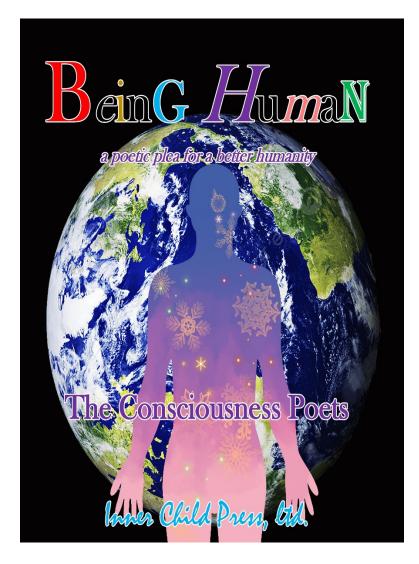




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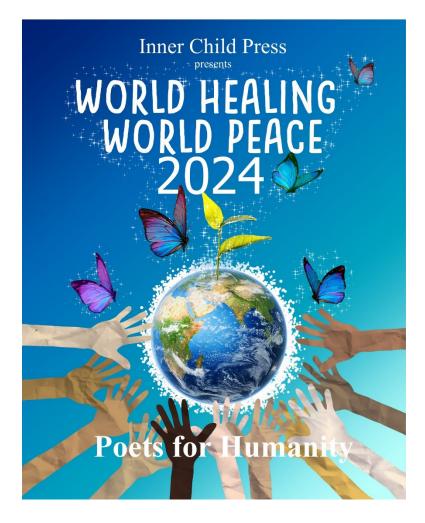
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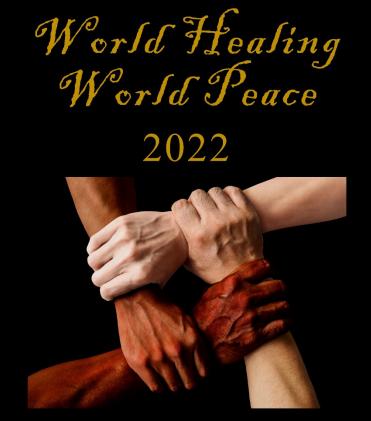
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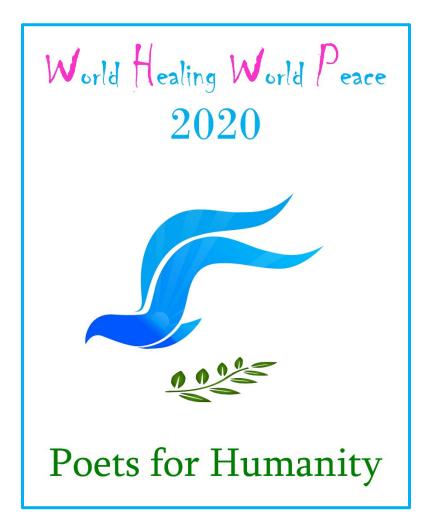
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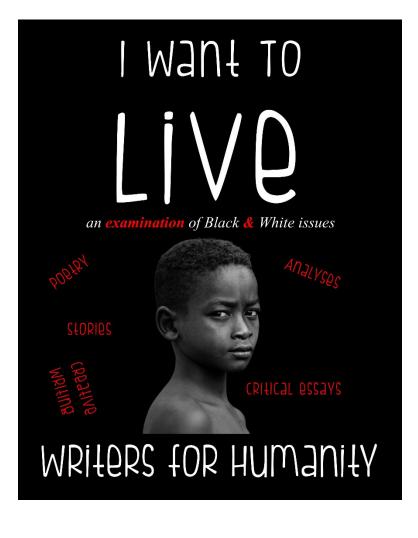
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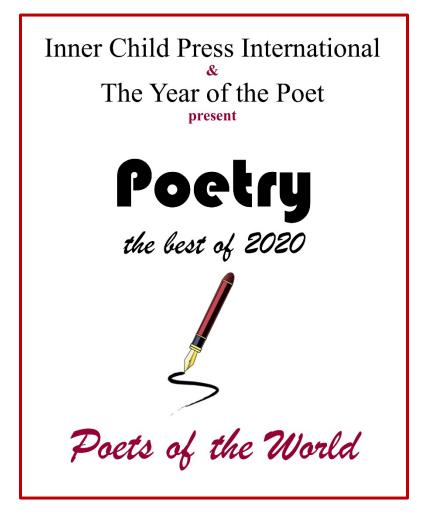
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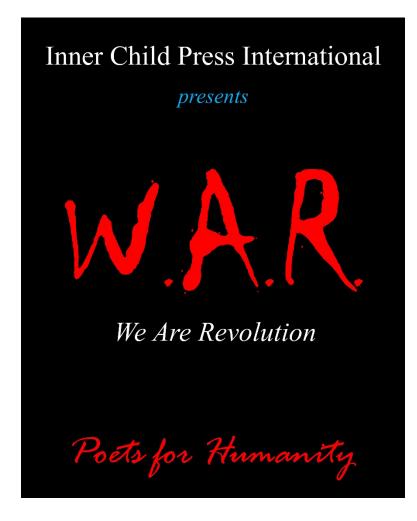


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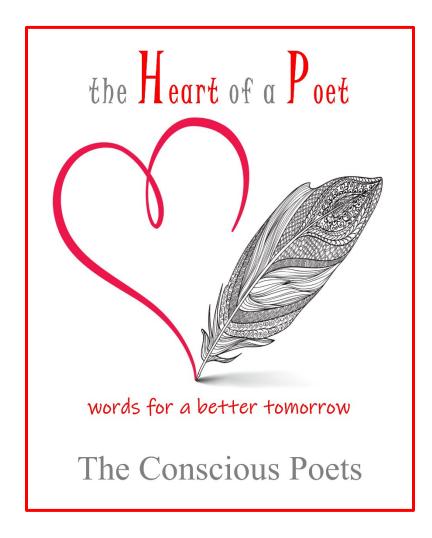




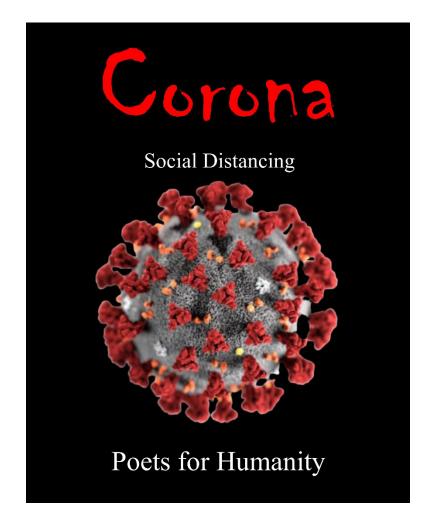


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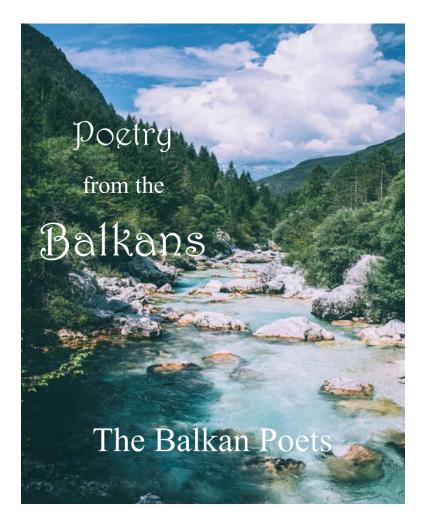
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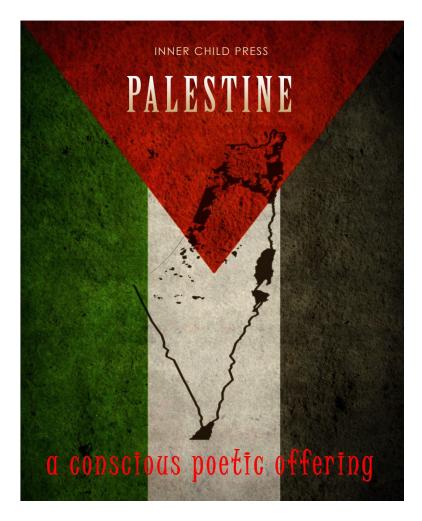


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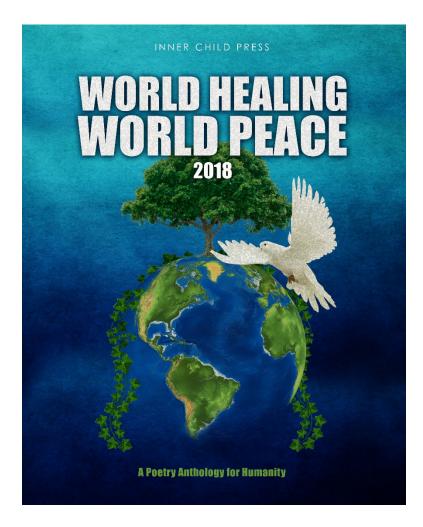


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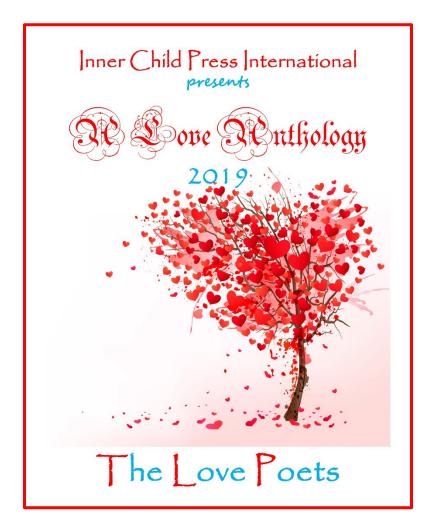


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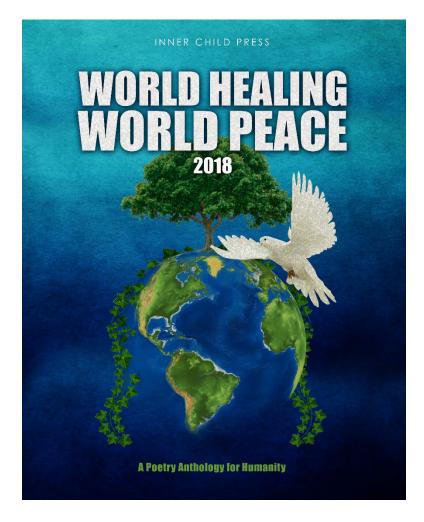
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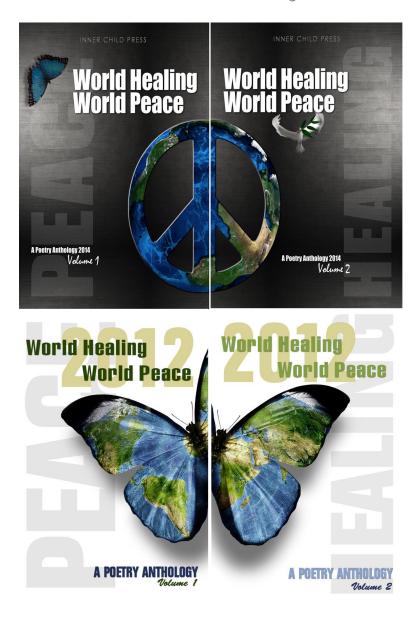
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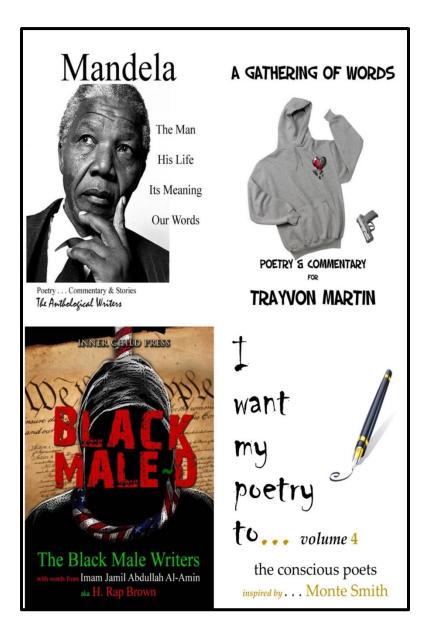
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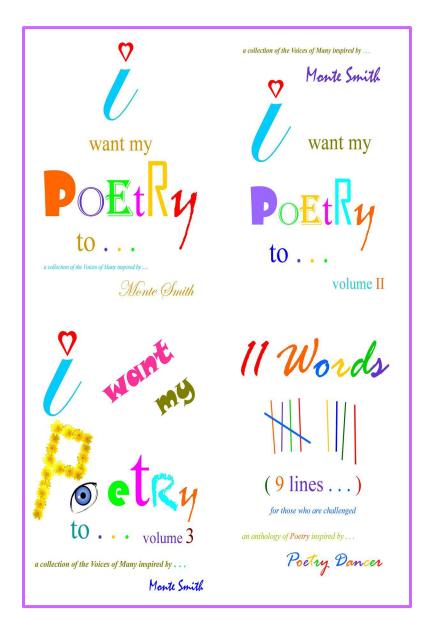
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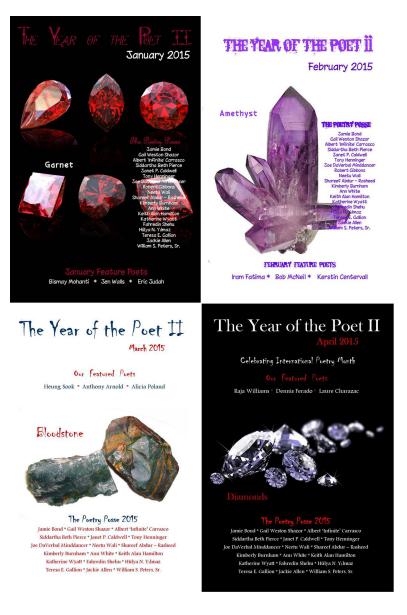
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### The Year of the Poet II July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



The Poetry Posse 2015 Jamie Bend\* Gail Wethon Shazo\* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco sidadraha Beth Force 'Janet P. Galdwell \* Tony Henninger Joe Da'verhal Minddancer \* Neeth Wali \* Shareet Adhar – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham\* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Tahredin Shelur \* Hillya N Yihma Teresa E Callion \* Jackie Alen \* William S Peters Sr.

### The Year of the Poet II June 2015

June's Featured Poets Anahit Arustamyan \* Yvette D. Murrell \* Regina A. Walker



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert †Infinite' Carrasco Siddarfha Beth Fierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger Joe Davlerhal Mindkaneer \* Nettu Waii \* Shawef Adahur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hidya N. Yihnaz Teresa E. Callion \* Jackie Alan \* William S Peters Sr.

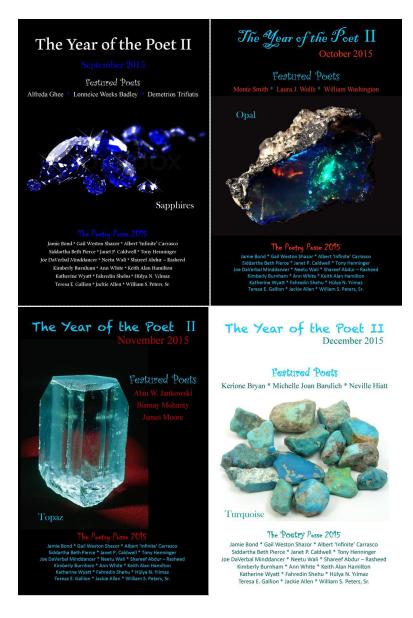
The Year of the Poet II August 2015



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend \* Gail Wetton Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger de Daverhal Minddancer \* Neetlu will \* Shareet Abaut – Rasheed Kimberty Burnhum \* Ann White \* Keith Alam Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Faluredin Shehu \* Hilya N. Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S Peters Sr.

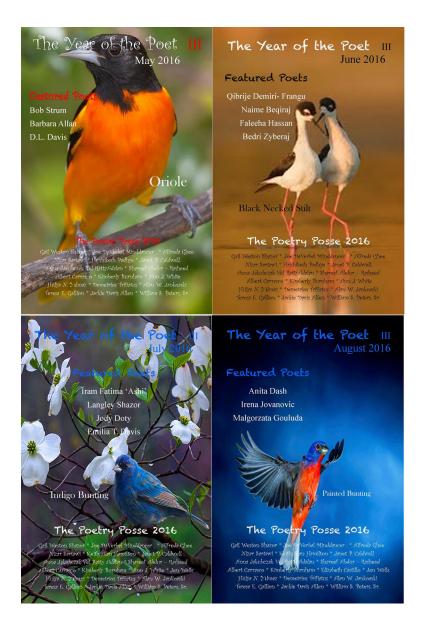
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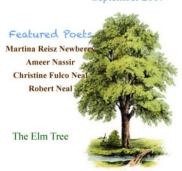
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#### The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shared Adauen - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sarthwi \* Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

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



#### The Tree of Life

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubezak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shared Advue - Rasheed Albert Canasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sardari \* William S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet IV October 2017

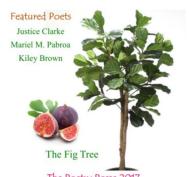


The Black Walnut Tree

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shared Adauen - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Húlya N. Yilmaz \* Falesha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* \* Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet IV December 2017

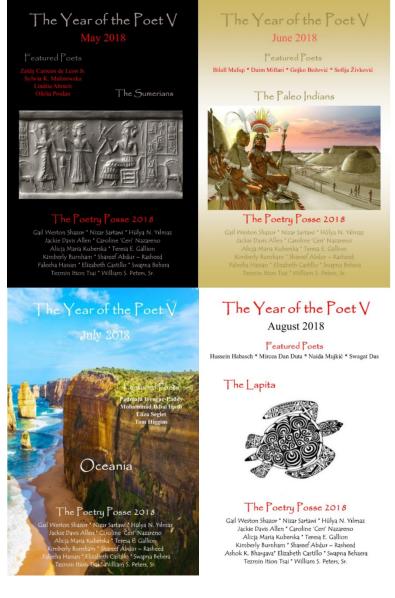


The Poetry Posse 2017 Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubezak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerhal Minddancer \* Shareef Akdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

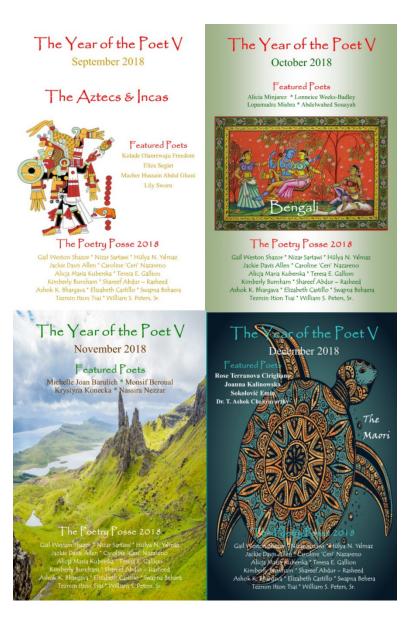
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### The Year of the Poet V I January 2019 Indigenous North Americans Featured Poets Houda Elfebrali Authony Briscoe Iram Faitam 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew

Dream Catcher

#### The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

Featured Poets Marek Lukaszewicz \* Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque \* Jean-Jacques Fournier



Meso-America

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Terses E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castullor \* swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet VI March 2019

The Poetry Posse 2019 Gall Weston Shazor \* Joe Paire \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline "Ceri" Nazareno

Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr

Featured Poets Enesa Mahmić \* Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud \* Anwer Ghani



#### The Caribbean

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carrasco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alcış Maria Kubesiska \* Teresa E. Gallon \* Joe Parte Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Svapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsat \* William S. Peters, Sr. April 2019 Featured Poets DL Davis \* Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri \* Falecha Hassan

The Year of the



Central & West Africa

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carrasco \* Hillya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eiza Segler Alicia Maria Kuberska \* Terese E Gallion \* Joe Pare Kimberly Burham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai \* William S. Peters 5.

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### The Year of the Poet VI September 2019

Featured Poets Elena Liliana Popescu \* Gobinda Biswas Iram Fatima \*Ashi\* \* Joseph S. Spence, Sr.



### The Caucasus

The Poetry Posse 2019 Gail Weston Shazor ' Albert Carrasco ' Húlya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen ' Caroline Nazareno ' Eliza Segiet Alicji Maria Kubelsa' ' Treesa E. Gallion ' Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham ' Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Abhok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezmin Iton Tai ' William S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet VI November 2019

Featured Poets Rozalia Aleksandrova \* Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty \* Sofia Skleida



### Northern Asia

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassoo \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicji Maria Kubesha \* Tereze E. Callion \* Jone Parie Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Abbok K. Bhagava \* Elizabeth Cathlan 5. Peters. 5: Tezmin Hiom Tsi \* William 5. Peters. 5:

#### The Year of the Poet VI October 2019

Featured Poets Ngozi Olivia Osuoha \* Denisa Kondić Pankhuri Sinha \* Christena AV Williams



The Nile Valley

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Camasco \* Hûlya N. Yulmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicji Maria Kuberska \* Tecese E. Gallion \* Jone Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet VI December 2019

Featured Poets ahim Karim (Karimov) \* Sujata Pau



Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassor \* Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Ikua Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, S.

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## Now Available

#### The Year of the Poet VIII January 2021

Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott \* Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam \* Changming Yuan



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020 Gal Weston Shazor Albert Carasson Hulya N. Yilmaz Jacke Davis Allen Caroline Naziereno Filza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion Jose Paire Kimberty Burnham Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Bizabeth Castillo" swapna Belera Tezemin Ition Tsat" William S. Peters, St.

#### The Year of the Poet VIII March 2021

Featured Global Poets Claudia Piccinno \* Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera \*Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



#### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jacke Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberka Terzes E Callion Joe Parte Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Cattillo Swapna Behera Tezzini tion Tsai "William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet VIII February 2021

Featured Global Poets T. Ramesh Babu \* Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman \* Faleeha Hassan

Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021 Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackte Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alıcış Maria Kuberska \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Parte Kimberly Burnham \* Shazeef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Eizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ituon Tsat \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk \* Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova \* Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackız Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicip Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayaya "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna 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 Jackte Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicig Maria Kuberkoi - Terea E. Callion - Joe Pare Kimberly Bumham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhagaya - Elizabeth Catsillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai - William S. Peters, S. 9.

## 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

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareet Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* 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. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Eirabeth Castillo \* Swanna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat \* 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... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassoo Hüliya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno' Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kubenska Teresa E. Gaillion 'Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham : Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya : Elizabeth Castillo : Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai 'William S. Peters, S.

## Now Available

### September 2021

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

Heather Jansch



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carasso Haliya N. Yulmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Aleça Maria Kuberska Toresa E. Gallion Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham Shazeef Adur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhagaya Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tores Mar Tota Willows 6. Del Swapna Behera 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

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kaberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat \* 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

Ashok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera

## 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

## Now Available

## 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 Jackle Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubelsa \* Terese E. Callion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## 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 Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska Tereze E. Gallion Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargara Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsai 'William S. Peters, Sr.

### 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 Jackle Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubelsa \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## 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 Gail Weston Shazor ' Albert Carasseo ' Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen ' Caroline Nazareno ' Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska ' Tereas E. Gallion ' Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham ' Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tai ' William S. Peters, Sr.

## Now Available

### The Year of the Poet IX May 2022

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

Climate Change and Birds



#### Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021 Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kubersia \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joo Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Cathur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Cathur - Sasheed Tezemin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IX July 2022

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

Climate Change and Animals



#### Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022 Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Parte Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed

Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet IX June 2022

Featured Global Poets Yuan Changming \* Azeezat Okunlola Tanja Ajtić \* Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Hon Tsai \* Villiam S. Peters, S. 9.

## The Year of the Poet IX August 2022

Featured Global Poets Pankhuri Sinha \* Abdulloh Abdumominov Caroline Turunç \* Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022 Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Canassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alıcış Maria Kubesisa \* Terese E. Callion \* Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur = Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## Now Available

## The Year of the Poet IX September 2022

#### Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns



#### Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022 Gail Weston Shazor ' Albert Carassco ' Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen ' Caroline Nazareno ' Eliza Segiet Alıça Maria Kubersa ' Terea E. Gallion ' Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham ' Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezemin tion Tsai ' William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IX November 2022

Featured Global Poets Hema Ravi \* Shafkat Aziz Hajam Selma Kopic \* Ibrahim Honjo

Climate Change : Time to Act



#### Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hūlya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska Tereze E. Gallion Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tai "William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet IX October 2022

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

Climate Change and Oil and Power



#### Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022 Gail Weston Shazor ' Albert Carassco ' Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen ' Caroline Nazareno ' Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska ' Terese E. Gallion ' Joo Paire Kimberly Bumham ' Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tai ' William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet IX December 2022

Featured Global Poets Elarbi Abdelfattah \* Lorraine Cragg

Neha Bhandarkar \* Robert Gibbons

Climate Change Bees, Butterflies and Insect Life



#### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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 tion Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## Now Available

### The Year of the Poet X January 2023

JuNe Barefield \* Swayam Prashant Willow Rose \* Shabbirhusein K Jamnagerwalla

#### Children: Difference Makers



#### Iqbal Masih

#### The Poetry Posse 2023

Gall Weston Shazor - Albert Catassor - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Kimberly Burnham Alıça Maria Kuberka - Treesa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulch - Shareef Abdur - Raheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai - Eliza Segiet - William S. Peters, S-

## The Year of the Poet X March 2023

Featured Global Poets Clarena Martinez Turizo \* Binod Dawadi Til Kumari Sharma \* Petrouchka Alexieva

Children : Difference Makers



### Yo Yo Ma The Poetry Posse 2023

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

### 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**

The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor ' Albert Carasso ' Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen ' Caroline Nazareno ' Kimberly Burnham Alicja Maria Kuberska, Teresa E. Gallion ' Joe Patre Michelle Joan Barulich ' Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsal ' Eliza Seglet ' William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet X April 2023

Featured Global Poets Maxwanette A Poetess \* Alonzo Gross Türkan Ergör \* Ibrahim Honjo

Children : Difference Makers



### Claudette Colvin The Poetry Posse 2023

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassoo \* Hülya N. Yilmaz ckie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazarenco \* Kimberly Burnham Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Michelle Joan Barulich \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Termin Huchas \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera

Now Available



## Now Available



## Now Available

## The Year of the Poet XI January 2024

Featured Global Poets Til Kumari Sharma \* Shafkat Aziz Hajam Daniela Marian \* Eleni Vassiliou – Asteroskon

#### Renowned Poets



## ~ Phyllis Wheatley ~

#### The Poetry Posse 2024

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Mutawaf Shaheed Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Noreen Snyder Michelle Joan Barulich \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* Eliza Segiet \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet XI March 2024

Featured Global Poets Francesco Favetta \* Jagjit Singh Zandu Carmela Núñez Yukimura Peruana \* Michael Lee Johnson

**Renowned** Poets



#### ~ Nâzim Hikmet ~

#### The Poetry Posse 2024

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Mutawaf Shaheed Alicia Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Noreen Snyder Michelle Joan Barulich \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* Eliza Segiet \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet XI February 2024

Featured Global Poets Caroline Laurent Turunç \* Julio Pavanetti Lidia Chiarelli \* Lina Buividavičiūtė

Renowned Poets



## ~ Omar Khayyam ~

#### The Poetry Posse 2024

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Mutawaf Shaheed Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Noreen Snyder Michelle Joan Barulch \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* Eliza Segiet \* William 8. Peters, 5:

## 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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### The Year of the Poet XI August 2024

**Catured Global Foets** Ibrahim Honjo \* Khalice Jade Irma Kurti \* Mennadi Farah

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~ Li Bai ~

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## The Year of the Poet XI November 2024

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#### ~ Adam Mickiewicz ~

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### The Year of the Poet XI December 2024

Featured Global Poets Kapardeli Eftichia \* Irena Jovanović Sudipta Mishra \* Til Kumari Sharma

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~ Imru' al-Qais ~

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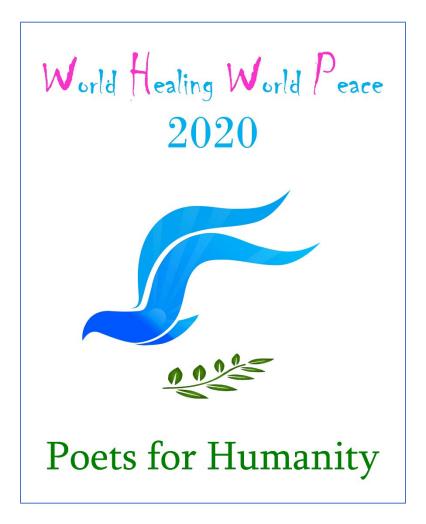
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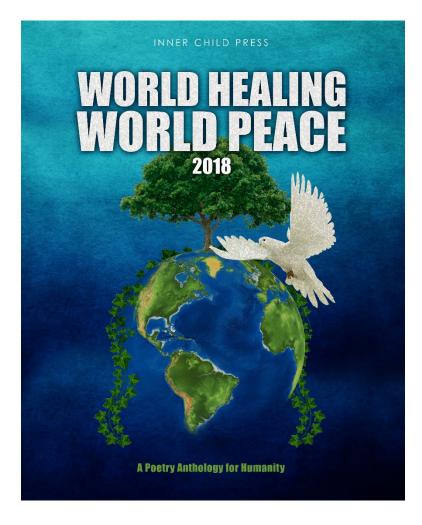
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