## Featured Global Poets

## Deepak Kumar Dey \* Binod Dawadi Faleeha Hassan \* Kapardeli Eftichia



FrustrationSorrowDetrminationPetuniasPurple HyacinthAmaryllis

### **The Poetry Posse 2025**

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

# The Year of the Poet XII March 2025

### **The Poetry Posse**

inner child press, ltd.

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

## The Poetry Posse 2025

### Gail Weston Shazor Shareef Abdur Rasheed

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

 $\sim$  \*  $\sim$ 

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

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### The Poetry Posse

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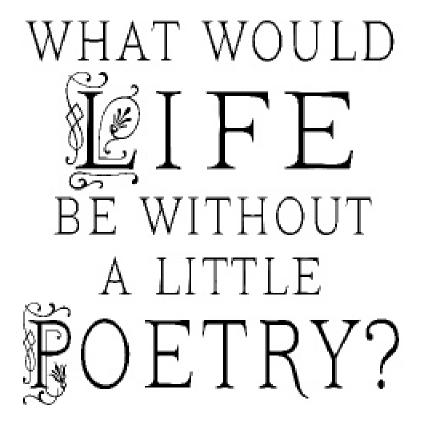
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### This Book is dedicated to

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 memory of

### Shareef Abdur Rasheed 30 May 1945 ~ 11 February 2025



Shareef was a brother, friend and confidant to many. He was also one of the original members of The Poetry Posse, and has endured into the 12<sup>th</sup> year of our collective effort. He will be sorrowfully missed by us all.

# Coming Soon . . .



a soldier for



Patriarch, Activist & Humanitarian

Friends of the Pen



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

### **Frustration, Determination, Sorrow**

"Poems can have order, sanity, aesthetic distance from debris All I have learnt from pain I always knew but could not do" - Eunice de Souza-

Life is the permutation and combination of many emotions. These emotions are abstract. Though they are invisible; still, we feel them and react. They perpetually control and navigate our life. They are the determining factors of any human resource and the mental health of a civilisation.

Each year "The Year of the Poet" takes different themes. This year 2025 is a year-long poetry memoir training challenges for the Year of the Poet. Frustrations, determinations and sorrow are the themes of this month i.e., for March 2025.

Frustration indicates the mental health which is a traumatic doldrum situation, a question mark, a semicolon that persuades towards a full stop either in an optimistic way or in a pessimistic way.

Family, workspace, education, economy, relationship, stress management, love are the binding forces and the contours of one's intellectual existence .as well as the physical dignity. Who doesn't want peace?

Who doesn't want a dawn that dazzles with new energy?

Who does not want the basic needs of life? But when the expectations cross beyond the self-made parameter, forced by outer agents we cry. We express to dilute our frustration. At times the narcist approach and identity crisis accelerates our ego and indivisdualistic super ego.

The linguistic contortions or distortions are the testaments of human life. Peace starts with the smiles. Let us listen to the tears. There are many strategies to overcome frustrations and convert the toxic relations to love. Our perceptions, our priorities our approaches and action plans change. Patience and perseverance win the race. The resurrection after the ordeal brings rainbow smiles.

The Inner Child Press with its mission of building bridges of cultural understanding takes the responsibility for global peace and harmony through poetry with International Anthologies. We respect the land, nature, folk tales, culture, music, literature, perceptions, ideas, thoughts, language, art, artisans and all ethnic groups of the world beyond the borders.

Since the theme of the world Poetry Day 2025 is Poetry as a bridge for Peace and inclusion. We express our respect and gratitude to the trend setters those who have accepted human challenges and set examples.

Literature has undergone a tectonic change as Artificial Intelligence has replaced human creativity in many ways. We express our deep reverence to all the apostles of this time zone who have solved the situations, saved human lives and helped the economic, cultural social growth of society.

Each language is an intrinsic value and literature is a great responsibility towards the Mother Nature and Greater humanity.

Poetry is the living song of human race ......

When the whole world is silent even one voice becomes powerful. We respect the humanity. We respect the voice that stands as a pillar for justice, life, peace and for the growth of civilisation.

Let there be coexistence beyond any disparities. We appreciate the designers of literature and language. Let our determination delete all sorrow and frustrations. Let us listen to the tears Long live global peace ....

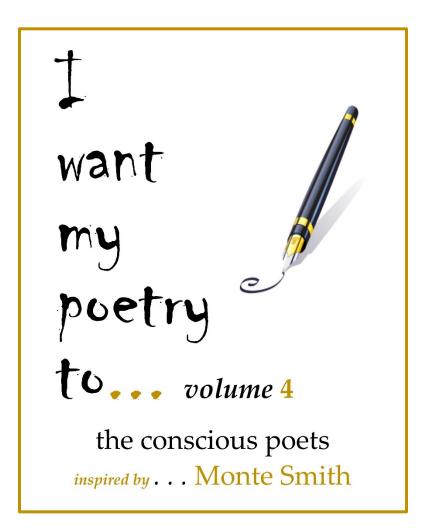
"Inside the morning is a bird, Inside the bird is a song Inside the song is a longing.

And the longing is to fill the morning" ~ June Crebbin

#### Swapna Behera

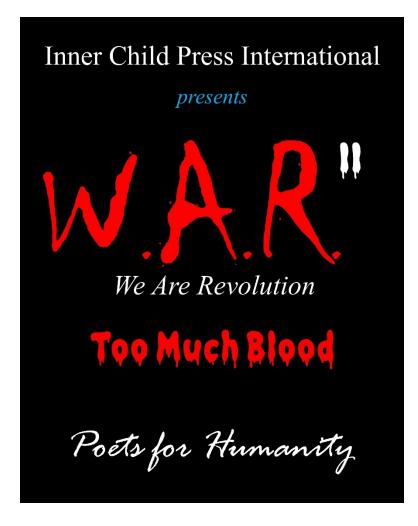
Poet, Lecturer Cultural Ambassador of India and South East Asia for Inner Child Press International.

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# Now Available



www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthologymarket.php

# Preface

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

As we now have entered 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 ~ 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 ... <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>. 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 www.innerchildpress.com

### Frustration, Sorrow, Determination



Frustration Petunias

Sorrow Purple Hyacinth

Determination Amaryllis

The Inner Child Press themes for March 2025 *The Year of the Poet* are Frustration, Determination, and Sorrow.

Often frustration and sorrow are seen as negative emotions but in managing or overcoming frustration we can accomplish much and sometimes if we are lucky we can do more than we ever thought we could do. Sorrow is not so much overcome but embraced when we try to see what it teaches us about love and our lives on this earth.

In *Ode to My Intestines*, Jon D Lee describes his frustration with his intestines,

"if I gave you nothing you'd do nothing but complain and so I must inversely pay you attention to shut you up hide your existence to allow my own give you voice when only silence is acceptable sweet nightmare indelicate mother how I abhor being your unwilling parasite" Determination can go hand in hand with overcoming frustration and embracing love even in the face of loss. Determination helps us not only survive but thrive. Speaking of determination, Jane Hirshfield starts her poem *The Woodpecker Keeps Returning* with this image,

"The woodpecker keeps returning to drill the house wall. Put a pie plate over one place, he chooses another"

Enjoy the journey through these pages and emotions.

Kimberly Burnham

Spokane, Washington





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

 $\sim wsp$ 

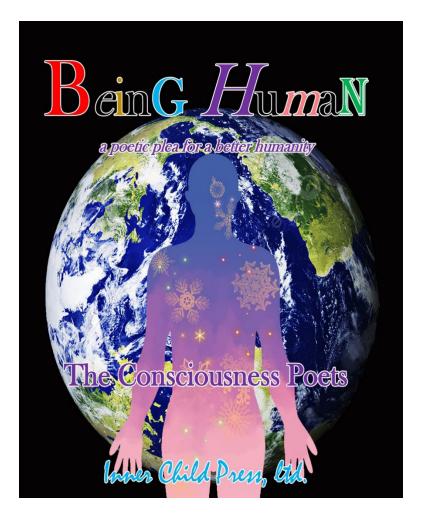




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$ 

# Now Available



### www.innerchildpress.com/the-anthologymarket.com

# 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.

### Koinonia

To receive goodness We must first pour out All that we have All that we are All that they have given us To make room for the grace This is the secret Of living goodness That the world never shares with us This is the secret that only family Can teach us And even then Sometimes Our only heart breaks In times such as these It is a hard thing This living broken But this, my loves, Is when the newly formed spaces Shine brighter than the Lived through ones The simple connection Becomes the necessary And we have to keep seeking The strength of each other And in the broken places We make room for more More love More people More community And love is always a sacrifice And love is always intentional And living is the love we share Through all our numbered days Selah

### The B's

Big B said to lil B Let's visit the garden So Lil B offered her arm To Big B and they walked Out the backdoor slowly Even though Big B was anxious To see her roses Lil B sat Big B in her chair In the warm afternoon sun Watching Big B turn her face up And close her eyes against it There was a comfort in being outside No Ac, No hums None of the things that had become Who she had grown into Lil B selected a yellow stem To present to Big B Who had reached over to pick up The flower basket They had purchased at the swap meet After the doctor's appointment Some months ago And so they continued Cutting and collecting Adding to the basket the ones in full bloom Big B said that she wanted The ones she could enjoy for today As Big B starting dozing Lil B took the basket inside Leaving the door open against the sun She arranged the flowers In three of the many vases littering the window seat And placed them in turn On the kitchen table

On the living room table And a small one On Big B's bedside table Among the medications and salves Satisfied that she was finished She cleared the cuttings and stems Big B called that she was ready To come back inside Lil B offered her arm And slowly walked Big B back into The house Stopping briefly at every arrangement Big B smiled and said "That's good, they are pretty" Lil B took off Big B's shoes And helped her to lie down Fussing and straightening Opening the curtains against The last of the light

#### No regrets

Today I am wonderful Where yesterday I was not I have lived in between time Where minutes and hours Hold no sway to the moon Golden seconds shining With no true reflection For even dust needs light In order to be seen by the eye For fear that they will never stop Today I am wonderful For last week I was not My heart seat was askew And beating irregularly in my chest Pressing the tears upward Through my throat and lungs Into ducts unwilling to shed them Today I am wonderful As my yesterdays have been When covered by your wings Beating the time on the wind Matching my breath to yours To bring me up higher than you Though our blood's origin is the same As you are in my heart, I will always be

# 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).

### House of Cards

One can build a vision of the future just like a house of cards. Stacking them layer by layerhigher and higher, placing longings in every room. All it takes is ignoring reality, demanding the fulfillment of impossible wishes. A slight tremor, like an earthquake, shatters the fragile structure. What remains is emptiness and amazement at the impermanence of an imagined world. Unmet expectations, like an avalanche, bury illusions, exposing the weakness of the plan. Everything must begin anew, this time on a solid foundation. It is not worth dwelling on the past or mourning lost time. Often, failure is victorysuccess hides just around the corner.

#### Generations

Hard times create strong people, good times—weak ones.

We, the generation of steel, resilient to poverty and misfortune, fought for freedom, for sunlit days for our children. We created Eden, but we did not plant the tree of knowledge good tangled with evil, lies with truth. In an illusory paradise, bored people wander, dreamless, without noble goals. Self-absorbed, they stumble over a grain of sand.

#### Sadness and I

You entered uninvited through the closed door. The tight windows and the thick walls did not stop you.

You appeared out of nowhere and settled everywhere. As a thick layer, you spread out on the carpet. You immediately nestled comfortably in every corner.

Later, you sat down in an armchair to mix the bitterness of coffee with tears.

In the evening, you curled up on the couch and froze motionless. Only a draft flipped listlessly through the pages of favorite books.

In eyes full of melancholy, the emptiness grew. The last signs of a smile disappeared on the pale face. Worries bent the figure to the ground. The silence sounded like an intrusive small bell Even the phone was tacit / silent as if it had forgotten about the existence of good news.

Take what's yours and go away

# 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

#### Frustrated, Sorrowful, Determined

Frustrated, no vacation for me, babysitting, Moving no farther than front porch To back porch, shelling peas; Chopping cabbages, and washing Those blasted canning jars! The dread of a school assignment: "What I did on my summer vacation". My imagination heightens, an idea Festers, determined, I lance The opportunity, mail my resume. To the radio station: WNRG. "Hardworking". I hear my application Read on the Swap-Shop, me giving No-never-mind to: What if I'm hired? Late afternoon. A rattletrap-truck Pulls up, parks across the road! Oh, mercy me, oh mercy! My goodness! My parents unaware. I'm reluctantly Released into the stranger's lair! What happened to their usual NO's? Ensconced into the dark confines, In back of the truck, two little girls. And one fearful, young teen. Who are these people? Oh, God! Silent prayers, no way to escape! Tires screech, truck stops, parks. A warning, don't move! Stay put! Between the cracks, a sliver of light, A sheriff's parked car before the bar. Help just steps away. I'm paralyzed! Scent of alcohol, the fear increases. . The truck makes its way, meandering Into the unknown, a holler, uphill, Dirt road, coughing, sputtering. I'm awake, a nightmare's sorrow

Of ever thinking, planning; of parents Who didn't put their foot down. Sad for my disobedience's lesson.

> A single lightbulb dangles ominously, Husband and wife in one bed,

Their two girls, me, in the other bed.

Fitful sleep, plentiful prayers, fear. Pretending calm, bedtime stories, For precious, innocent girls. Noise,

D 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

Background: love-making-protests.

Morning arrives. I arise, prepare To make breakfast. Wife appears,

"Go for a walk." Surreal the scene.

Laughter, a man plying his wares. Cutoffs, broad smile, he delights In revealing unmentionables; my Little charges, much accustomed.

> Laughter, a gaggle of teens, close In age, point, giggle, snicker.

They've just come from church.

Emboldened, from who knows where,

I bring them to task. Apologies,

Accepted. An answer to prayer.

I am rescued! The nightmare is over!

#### Seasonal

In the mirror of the frozen moment, White of cold's ire kisses the landscape's face. Wait now, if you please, the passing of the night.

From sunrise, midst the misty and rosy dawn, Breath catches like sting of hammered steel. Icy garb of breeze, still caressing, but with warning.

Bleeding tears, conspicuously comes the melt. Sun's passion kisses, observes time's repose, Meeting, greeting, once again, winter's from embrace.

Heart's molten-warmth releases, delivers Loving nourishment; liquid pearls, spring from breast, Mother Nature's own expression to insatiable earth.

Soften now land's frigid countenance, Yield the blue of sorrow's memory, to provident grace. Unfurl the buds and blossoms.

Green grow, now the grass!

#### Weep for the Truth

Disingenuous excuses cover a multitude of convolutions: They disregard the face of truth, create a maelstrom Whose intent is as to the thunder of roars That proclaim, "We want, we want, we want!"

They place blame; and gore those who disagree.

Their literal, liberal wrongs stand naked before the nation; It is the illegals who need clues to native's heritage pledge. Spouting socialist agendas to a congregation Who have dishonored the brave, fallen blue,

The parade of grief, stain scent of grief, and truth weeps.

Consider the consequences; determine if you will, what the meaning

of is, is, or the meaning of what difference does it make. Then,

understand, that when a people violate laws, when propagandist

machines give credence to lies, they expose themselves naked,

They believe that no one knows, or sees the truth.

# Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

#### Woven in Time

In the western corner of the attic, I weave, Threading through a fabric faded by years— A relic of my mother's dowry, Its embroidery a tangle of broken clues. Golden threads, once radiant, Worn thin by time, surrender to gray. Silver strands entwine in knots unseen, Unraveled stitches—unfinished, Or merely undone again? Like a poem lingering on the edge of time, Waiting to be forgotten.

Here, my mother's hands once moved, Weaving moonlight into morning dew. Now, only the faded motifs remain, Telling stories that time could not erase. I trace the interwoven patterns, Each stitch pressed close to my father's murmured lullabies, Each thread whispering a fate No warmth could smooth away.

Some loose ends will never find their home, Just as life leaves wounds that cannot be mended. I touch the fabric, As if I might still feel my mother's warmth within its folds. In its creases, I hear her sighs. This tapestry, never truly complete, Is fate we share— A dream forever left unfinished in the river of time.

Gently, I fold it and place it back where it belongs, Letting the dust settle once more

Over its unanswered riddles. The attic light fades, Its woven patterns dissolve into twilight's embrace, Leaving only The needle of time, stitching on in darkness, Spinning threads of sorrow Too old to forget.

#### The Ballad of Fallen Leaves

What drifts from the boughs is not merely leaves, But the shattered fragments of time, Scattering in the dusky air, Dissolving into the dust of passing days.

When night's veil descends, We are but wandering leaves, Swept by the winds of fleeting years, Scattered at the crossroads of fate. What night is this, what hour unknown? Who can discern reality from the dream?

The clamor of daylight Shall yield at last to silence, And we — no longer borrowed glimmers of earth— Shall return to the embrace of dust.

Where the moonlight shimmers faintly, Behold the drifting leaves— Whose remnants of a past life are these? Whose prelude to the life beyond? In this eternal hush of night, They wane and wander, soft and slow.

#### Wasteland

Let's start here, with the tools of a tired soul The wind blows, the moors walk heavily, carrying the whole past

Once, he thought he was going to be a world-changing painter.

Brush strokes, brilliant sunlight and endless mountains

Failure comes one after another Dust covers his paintings The lights of the exhibition never lit up for his dreams The paintbrush has gone far, the flustered deserter

On the road of wandering, accompanied by loneliness In the rainy night, the station is deserted The cold wind blowing down the mountain road took away his remaining warmth.

Friends go away one by one, the journey becomes lonely By the roadside, the flowers are still there

A little flicker in the wilderness, a little remnant of faith It was a night, lost.

Ruined huts, kerosene lamps struggling to light up The remnant color on the curtain wall, unable to call the nameless traveler self-portrait.

29

# 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).

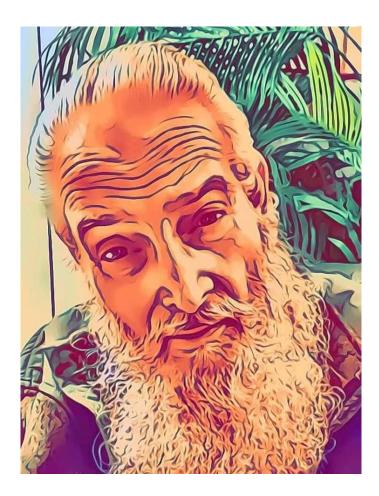
For more information about Shareef, visit his personal FaceBook Page at :

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

### in memory of

### **Shareef Abdur Rasheed** 30 May 1945 ~ 11 February 2025

#### Patriarch ~ Activist ~ Humanitarian



#### Shareef's Last written poem

#### so they say

Boko Haram kidnapped young girls taken from home leaving their families alone to mourn and moan how many Africans Europeans take away from mother Africa ripped lives away young and strong men, women, children husbands, wives taken from home stripped of identity, language, name, religion, family never to see them again was and always will be a great sin crimes against humanity rape and plunder of mother Africa goes on and on plots 'n' plans, continue to steal whatever they want from the land and they try to hide, strive to conquer, divide as we speak keep African nations deplete make it a perpetual state to seal a never ending fate seduced and reduced to the role of the needy a continent, rich earth its inhabitants turn to the same evil greedy feed me, treat me

like humans need to be Instead compromised are the weak dependent eager to take whatever they sent ya not talking 400 years ago yesterday's We're talking today genocide up and down Palestine, South Sudan, Syria, Myanmar to name a few That's what fascist, apartheid, oppressors do like what Nazis did to the Jews now flip the script to today apartheid Israel doing Palestinians the same way increase in droughts, wild fires, earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, hurricanes, volcanoes, landslides what i'm talking about Shortage clean water while the corporations gobble up never stop with the cooperations of the corrupt nations in their back pocket telling the people " so what f<sup>\*</sup>#k it and you" shed light, raise big hype on what they claim to do This is how and what they do yesterday and today lots of plots as the bodies pile up 'n' rot Until the day Allah says enough

29 January 2025 © Shareef Abdur-Rasheed, Zakir Flo,

#### Another Soldier Dedicated to my dear Brother Shareef Abdur Rasheed

I remember our last phone call And we mutually ended it with "I love you Brother" . . . I will miss those days

The memories of our communion Shall never go away, Even when it is my turn To begin the next journey

The world, your family Has lost a great Patriarch

••••

The wisdom you shared Gave cause for me to think deeper And thus search within my self And beyond The gifts Allah has For us all

I offer prayers for those of us Who now must endure The absence of your presence, Your brotherhood, Your comradery, Your love

My Brother, You are a soldier, One for all to model

Soon we shall meet again, Embrace in love and memories, Be it this day, that day, In the time to come . . . I Love you Brother.

#### Gone

Sun shined, moon shined, stars Shined. We smiled we cried and tried to make a difference. They lied when trying to hide what was done.

The outcome came out anyway. Traffic jammed weapons too small to get rid of the truth. Seasons came and blamed summer time for problems they had at arriving on time.

Writing ranked near the top dropped when I stopped. Rivers ran clouds filled them. I slept woke up a lot of times eyes opened drank water to drink some later that day.

I was tried and denied kept alive to survive as the victim thrives. I remained the same the circumstances changed.

The sun set clouds dried water and the went away plastic ticked like a clock that time left a trace on the earth's face. Got away from the debtor's prison.

Religion left the minions in the lurch. Finally, couldn't figure how to commit

murder, in the sanctuary in some body's

name. It will still be there when I'm gone, even if the circumstances changed.

Verbalist / Proet: M A Shaheed Friend, Brother

#### Fate Don't Discriminate

The only constant in life is death Mankind's been assigned a test, try your best Wiping sweat until our final breath Light reflects then fades to darkness I pray Allah is pleased with me and my grave's a garden Taken hostage by angels Tranquil, calming Confined to a spacious coffin I'm saying all this to say fulfill your purpose and pray Yearning to stay but the soul goes away Indeed they don't belong to us anyway May we take heed before our bones decay Could be tomorrow, today Whether your old and gray Even children at play Healthy, sick, wealthy, or poor Fate don't discriminate nor will it wait to kick in the door

Khaleel A. Khaleel Abdul-Lateef Grandson

#### **Every Day Since**

Every Day since I have been inclined to dial your number To give you a call, Knowing that you will not be there To faithfully answer As you have done In the past . . . God knows how I miss those conversations

Every Day since Your face Has been etched indelibly In my thoughts Day and night, Night and day

Every Day since There is a longing For yet another embrace, Another conversation, Another exploration Of ideas And their creation

Every Day since I picture you In your White Kufi, Your White Thaub, Reminding me of your Taqwa As you rest peacefully In the Barzaak . . May my prayers be heard For your safe journey To Cennet

Every Day since, There is an abiding numbress,

An emptiness, For apparently Allah had a plan for your presence That was not in accordance With my understanding

Every Day since My eyes begin to water, But shed no tears To run down My cheeks To cessate this grief I bear silently As I seek a thing, A light of forbearance That escapes the grasp Of my cognizance

Every Day since

For my Brother

Shareef Abdur Rasheed 30 May 1945 ~ 11 February 2025

Willam S. Peters, Sr. Friend, Brother, Publisher

#### My Father

Strong as an Ox Gentle as a lamb Firm as a rock My Father

My Father Loved Allah Loved the Prophet Muhammad (Peace and Blessings be upon him) Loved the Quran Loved his family

My Father

My Father

I miss his laugh I miss his jokes I miss him hiding in area praying Tahijjid I miss his sneeze that the whole block would hear I miss making his coffee

My Father

Abu I love you and miss you and till we meet again in Jennah I will see you again Inshallah

My Father

Rasheeda Abdur Rasheed Daughter

#### Shareef

There's a saying " live up to your name" I think you lived up to yours

"Shareef"

a name that means " honored" An honored member of the Muslim community I was honored to be your granddaughter An honorable man, husband, father, grandfather I was honored to be your granddaughter You gave me my first Quran I was honored to be your granddaughter You taught me my fatiha and 4 I was honored to be your granddaughter You took me on my first plane I was honored to be your granddaughter You always reminded me how beautiful I was I was honored to be your granddaughter You made me laugh I was honored to be your granddaughter You officiated my nikah how honored was I I was honored to be your granddaughter You made me feel loved I was honored to be your granddaughter You introduced our whole family to Islam How honored were we to have you I hope Allah reunites us all in Jannah. I love you tremendously, immensely, forever.

#### Khadijah (Sadona)

Shareefs Granddaughter Rasheeda's oldest child

#### For Shareef...

Some news catches The hearer by surprise It ought not, but mortal we be At the end of all things We hold this truth in our palms Any day, any of us may be called And was such a day that was Our brother spent much time In preparation for himself But more for us Raging against injustices Speaking peace into turmoil And a few listened And a few learned

Such a voice is never silent Those with an ear Will still hear him speak On the wind In the trenches In quiet whispers For love cannot be contained In the body It is a matter of the heart We give him flowers More flowers than before We give him Poet words That only comfort us We can only wait to be home With him Upon our return

**Gail Weston Shazor,** Friend, Fellow Poetry Posse Member

#### Shareef Abdur-Rasheed

Shareef is a phenomenal, outstanding poet. He has many talents. A very wise man who we all can learn from. An activist who cares about people, justice being served, a caring, loyal, honest man who I regret for not getting to know him as a friend. He will truly be missed in this world.

Noreen Snyder Fellow Poetry Posse Member

### The Poet and the Ocean of Verses (For Brother Shareef)

In the twilight's grace, the poet writes in the ocean's face, His heart sang the waves of ancient verses, He whispered lines woven to the tides, The sunlit moans the reflection of the sky, 'Brother, you are to me, brother to all men'', The poet listened and his heart attuned to the depths below, The symphony of life's mercy and pure stanzas, With his quill on his hands, poetry floating free, A never-ending sacred trance, Captured through the tempest roar, From the journeys of the past, the present and the future Poetry Posse's boundless sea of minds, Built the poet's compass, To the eternal solitary rhymes.

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis Friend, Fellow Member of The Poetry Posse

#### Remembering You

You were already gone, when I found your last message to me: January 14 in this unfortunate year of 2025.

"The Negro Mother" by Langston Hughes . . . You knew how my heart ached for children's ills but more so for the pain and suffering Black children endure.

"Oh, my dark children, may my dreams and my prayers Impel you forever up the great stairs -For I will be with you till no white brother Dares keep down the children of the Negro Mother."

My esteemed brother, Shareef, our souls were an open book to each other. What a privilege it was for me that I never needed to explain myself to you!

You knew. I didn't have the hue. I was, however, Black in every way possible. Neither one of us could care less about my facade.

Oh, dear man of incredible spirit, I will remember you! I already miss your gentle voice, your endearing "Salaam." I shall miss you for all my remaining years to come.

hülya n. yılmaz Friend, Fellow Member of The Poetry Posse

# 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.

### Determination is...

Never give up no matter what your goals or dreams are. Keep pushing forward. You got this! The world is going downhill but don't let that happen to you. Be determine to make it. Move forward one step at a time. We all can help each other in achieving our dreams and goals. Don't let any obstacle stop you! You got to believe in yourself. You are good enough. I believe in you. So what is stopping you from believing in yourself? Anything is possible through God.

### Where Memories are Best Kept

Make memories while you can. Take photos, videos where memories are best kept. Snap away! Click! Click! Click away! Ka-chick! Ka-chick! Ka-chick! Cherish them forever. Store them in your brain, in your heart, in your photo album where memories are best kept. Be bold! Be fearless! Be daring! Be creative! Be adventurist! Be your own photographer! Please don't forget to Click! Click! Click away! Ka-chick! Ka-chick! Ka-chick! Where memories are best kept.

### To Depression

Depression, you don't live here anymore. You have been in my life too long. I have almost forgotten what the sun looked like. I have been under these dark. dark clouds too long. It can be so scary. I'm so tired of you. You almost ruined my life. Now I'm taking control of my life and I'm kicking you to the curb. Don't want to see you anymore. I want to see the bright things in life. I want to stop, smell, and see the simple things in life that are good for me... like wild flowers in my yard, the sun shining, fresh air, and all the good things in my life. I gave God the rein of my life. It feels so good and it feels soooo awesome good!

# 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

#### Google Plus

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

### The Veil of Sorrow

A shadowed veil, a whispered sigh, Sorrow's embrace, beneath the sky. A tear-stained face, a weary heart, A silent grief, a distant start.

The sun descends, a fading hue, Reflecting pain, a somber view. Lost dreams and hopes, now turned to dust, A heavy weight, a silent rust.

The world moves on, a vibrant scene, But sorrow lingers, a hidden queen. A whispered plea, a silent tear, A heavy burden, year by year.

Through darkened nights and sunlit days, Sorrow's shadow, in countless ways. A phantom touch, a haunting sound, A constant echo, all around.

Yet, in its depths, a fragile bloom, A quiet strength, a whispered room. For sorrow's hand, though cold and stark, Can mend the soul, and make it mark.

A lesson learned, a path anew, With sorrow's grace, and colors true. A quiet strength, a whispered prayer, Sorrow's embrace, beyond compare.

A whisper soft, a fading sigh, A tapestry of moments, reaching high. Through generations, threads entwined, A legacy, a truth defined.

From childhood dreams to whispered fears, A tapestry of joy and flowing tears. The echoes linger, faint and low, A legacy, a gentle glow.

## Legacy

A craftsman's hand, a painter's art, A sculptor's grace, a beating heart. Each stroke, each touch, each whispered word, A legacy, forever stirred.

The stories told, the songs they hum, A legacy, a guiding sum. Of kindness shown, and battles fought, A legacy, in shadows wrought.

From humble start to shining height, A legacy, a guiding light. Through trials faced and victories won, A legacy, beneath the sun.

The seeds we sow, the fruits we reap, A legacy, that time will keep. A timeless gift, a precious hold, A legacy, a story told.

For in the hearts of those we leave, A legacy, forever weave. A whispered promise, soft and clear, A legacy, held ever near.

#### Autumn

The sun, a molten coin, descends the sky, A fiery blush upon the fading day, As summer's warmth begins to sigh, And paints the leaves in hues of gold and gray.

The air grows crisp, a gentle, rustling breeze, Whispers through the trees, a mournful tune, As nature's vibrant tapestry, it weaves, A symphony of autumn, 'neath the moon.

The crimson maple, ablaze with fiery grace, Reflects the light in colours bold and bright, The oak's deep brown, a steadfast, timeless space, A canvas painted in the fading light.

The scent of woodsmoke, carried on the air, A comforting embrace, a rustic charm, While squirrels amass their winter's store with care, And gather nuts, a hidden, whispered alarm.

The harvest moon, a pearl in velvet night, Observes the world in amber, golden glow, As nature's bounty, bathed in silver light, Prepares for slumber, soft and low.

The world transforms, a masterpiece of art, From verdant green to autumn's vibrant hue, A fleeting moment, etched within the heart, Autumn's embrace, forever, fresh and new.

# 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

### Lovers

She was in love with the them she found in him. It was the way he held the liqueur glass, the way she was whisked away by smell of the whiskey on his breath when he kissed her organic lips, that was coated with GMO gloss. She was indeed the boss.

It was exciting to her the way he followed her plans, how he cow-towed to her demands. Sometimes she thought he was her daddy. She loved this kind of man! He was never raised to have a spine, one time he asked me if he could use mine.

He was six foot two and could bench press 400 lbs. He talked, real loud, well, until she came around. There were brothers in his family who had been trained well too. They worshiped so many women, they didn't know what to do.

She and their mother became best friends. The father worked in the coal mines until he was dead. I heard it was only the dog that had a tear in one eye. By then the system had rolled out many new genders.

She found her guy in a newspaper ad. He was wearing Suspenders. It stated that he was confused and sad, that was just the kind of thing she had to have. It said, he smoked reefer and drank Old Grand Dad. He was a lot different than the last guy she had.

He prayed too much, and only had one God, plus, as hard as she looked, there was no trace of them, that could be ever found in him. He wasn't just a thing, he was a real man.

#### Sad Sacks

Perfect examples of a soliloquy on the stage of life. An anachronism led by the mentally ill and a dope fiend whose connection to reality is like a bad dream. Spending too much time re-routing the square pegs to round holes.

Taking suggestions from their unseen friends. Attempting to cleanup a rotten apple to put on display, then say, we came up with a real winner. What spiritual derelicts. Circling the circus wagon, bragging about the zeros they been collecting. Playing like they something else, in a corner of some obscure stage.

Taking bows in front of cows and bulls without a tiny bit of shame. Following an act that faded a long time ago. Waiting on FedEx to deliver a new brain. Listening to Bill as he still sits still, on what black man next for them to kill.

Lost their minds, because their heads suffered from of overcrowded conditions. The smoke got more than in his eyes, he doesn't know no mow if he's coming or going. Changed his name to, Question Mark. Then there is the one who wears an Ace bandage. You know, he thinks he speaks for Jesus!

It makes the blood flow slow as he continues to gibbers and jabbers. Using worn out slogans hoping to gain, who the heck knows. Constantly on the go heading to a psyche ward where he can be the king of fairy tales.

Having opinions delivered by vanilla shakes, while time and dates eat him alive. From pillar to post, to see who is the most ridiculous and verbose. In a race nobody is in accept them. Hey my man you win! Sad sacks!

# Working on the Memories

Sometimes I hear the muse of Russell Atkins and Langston Hughes.

Hearing the difficulties being recited of former times. Leaving now

back to then. I wonder if the flowers smelled the same? If his words

pointed fingers at those who were to blame.

Dealing with the conflicts with pen in hand. Finding a kind of peace

then a soft place to land. Being a part of reviving all our artistic skills.

Showcasing them against an oppressor's will. Slow walking, tip-toing

through the maze of mad men trying to lift your gift, then saying that

it is his.

The streets of Harlem filled with the rhythms of the times. Bringing

grandpa and grandma's blues back alive. Minds sharpening minds,

trading quips and lines. Never allowed to forget the demons laying in

the shadows, whose IQ, you knew would love to destroy you and the

rest of our kind.

# 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" . . .

Writing Web Site <u>https://hulyanyilmaz.com/</u>

Editing Web Site <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>

#### Reason

When reason is non-existent, One cannot have a rational exchange with another. Today's social media blurbs compellingly evidence this claim.

Imagine, there is a matter. Fatally vital.
For it is about a human being's survival.
Let's assume, you still make the effort
To shed light on the mind
Of the irrational one.
You see it all clearly, yet the mindless one
Pushes you to an impasse.
Round and round you will go on that dead end.
If, that is, you are willing to waste precious time.
Precious . . . for that energy would be far better used
To enable others in dire need to undress the imminent danger.

In such insurpassable situations, You encounter that infamous chokehold again. In utter frustration.

When reason is non-existent, One cannot have a rational exchange with another. Today's social media blurbs compellingly evidence this claim.

# A Mother Without Arms

A video footage had caught my attention years ago. An armless woman was washing her baby in a plastic tub. She went through her feet-ritual with such speed and efficiency

That her infant looked snugly and was all smiles.

When did I last smile, I asked myself. No recent memory of it came to my mind. On the contrary! I had been feeling sorry for myself For long . . . for suffering through a chronic disease For too many years.

Did I become as determined back then?

Bear with me. I am trying. To change is quite hard. However, I house that amazing mother deep inside my heart.

### mourning

. . .

the evil of the human species is often too difficult for me to bear my mourning spirit, thus seeks comfort in the gentler dwellers of the Earth

lions, tigers, pumas, hyenas, vultures and their kins; i.e., those that kill only to survive, and are not like us humans who frivolously feed on others

# 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/

## **Random Thoughts**

We walk the road of despair. Sorrow walks across our chests. A fire of destruction shadow dances in the valley.

We refuse to acknowledge a river of flames. We kiss misery's whip as it rubs across our faces.

We bow in frustration. Helplessness grips our hands. We freeze in steps of disbelief. This pain cannot be real.

The illusion we hold is blinding in the moment. A second breath comes from deep within the soul.

We clench our fist. This burn will not destroy us. Willpower is alive swimming in our inner temples.

### Revoking the Negative

Heartache sleeps in her bed sometimes determined to break her down to indefinable pieces.

She wrestles in bed with those long arms of negativity and they rumble all night.

She wakes up wet from a furious fight that defeats shadows of unhappiness. Determination is a hold card she keeps close to the breast.

Seeds of joy may bloom from pain. A new day is another opportunity to grow and listen to chants of healing.

She is committed to survival and will not be denied rites of passage into the zone of grace.

# Commitment

Determination is a resistance ban worn by a heart intent on reaching its goal. A soul with a committed dream does not waiver its steadfast intent.

Against the waves of tsunamis and hurricanes, a tide of tenacity lives in muscle memory that bows, bends and never stops moving toward its destination.

Determined souls seek the way and find the road to awakening. The vision is fulfilled through dedicated persistence.

The dream blanket is woven in the sands of hardship. It may become worn with time but never wears out.

# 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.

# Frustration

I cannot keep messaging through the digital heartbeats. The binary signals have gone as far as they could go.

Apathy is diminishing us. Our hearts remain an open wound.

Tell me what traditions you follow the gods you believe in the ways you treat elders and the words you use to describe love in a perpetual relationship.

You know what time can do to us? Transform us into callous stones devoid of feelings. Make rivers out of tears damage the bridges far beyond repairs.

I have a version of you in my mind: resolute, transparent and kind. Are you still the same capable of healing the open wound.

#### Against Silence

#### We are heirs of nothingness, zero.

In the darkness of night all the others have gone and you remain in my mind alone.

In this time of need won't you stand by me against the silence of others.

Now is the time to break the vicious circle of sorrow the way a pebble skips the surface of a lake creating concentric circles like the undercurrents of the heart.

Let go off the past.

Life is for sowing hope tending new sprouts in the spring of new air a new morning.

### Sparking Light

Slow down let the mist guide you to moody views that beg to be cherished.

Don't rush to the end magic awaits on the way.

Stretch your legs breathe in breathe out. Discover why

every leaf is the forest every flower is the garden every moment is the life

every drop is the ocean every ray is the sun every cell is the universe.

They speak of a spark that cannot be seen. Do you know anything about light.

# 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

# Dear Me, For Me and From Me (Frustration in Fruition)

In silent prayers, As I entangle myself, From fire, too fierce to bear, Heartbeats create hope, I race to the desires unmet, Trembling with the weight of fate, I am fighting for the desires I lost many times, Here, peeping to the another window, Of going back, To be calm and meet, The other side of me.

## Who Fears the Night?

Fear, Shadows cast In stifled dread, In darkness grip, In a coward's door, The night spread, A breaking dawn, A blind's cry, In the darkest room.

Fear lives In The Lonely Soul, But seeks once more To rise after the big fall.

#### Sorrows Bent

When tears flow, For moments lost, When the heartaches And grief for the one you love, suddenly fades.

A breath of quietude, The tales of woes in the woods, The beauty finds its song, The silent strength blows In the path where one should be The grace of living a world, Less of sorrow, More happiness with you.

# Swapna Behera



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

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#### Frustration Every emotion has a story to tell

my verses reflected the blood pen was ready to be a ballot or bullet the paper spread its chest my fingers were playing marbles to decode the passions The anecdotes of past with a fusion to present I had an action plan ready alphabets were data based I feel detoxifying my cells my anger, my pain, my insult, my sorrow volatilised my eyes desperate to see the green crop field the melody of the tribal women kids opening the yellow cells of the jackfruit my thirst was quenched I was pregnant with an eternal wave perhaps I became the queen of the Universe I sat on the pertinent throne I was tenacious to be the radical rhythm not with the synthetic juice or robotic salads but with the fresh water of the oasis not with drooping eyes but with my pen to culminate I sat in between the kids with dyslexia or visually challenged girls with Rett syndrome; the rape victims; child or women I was rotating in my axiom yes, I was audacious to scribble a melody for them the Anthem of victory over frustration

#### Determinations ("And still, I rise."-Maya Angelou)

I don't walk alone the mountain holds my hand Mother nature gives me energy I never sing alone the birds sing within the cage of my Skelton every day I write new songs; create new rhymes I never dance alone the cosmos adorns me I twinkle as a star I never consume the resources alone millions are waiting in a line I am determined to be a source and resource I flow as a river and glow as the Sun I am a dot that travels miles and miles with my smiles I am the Living Light

#### Sorrow

sorrow is the lava of the volcanic heart a coffin; a resurrection it does not have gender or colour all confront sorrow old or young; healthy or martyr may it be for a second or for years yet it is a phenomenal feeling that emancipates and baptizes the soul to celebrate an illuminated zone sorrow is the unlimited package of mystery a necromancer that is both thematic and pragmatic an authentic document of all memories voices of diaspora and missing love sorrow an umbrella, a stalactite glass beyond the vertical or horizontal zone sorrow the Anthem of MAYA a hide and seek game rumination with expectations that ends with tears yet, the slogan goes on "And this shall pass away ....."

(e.g maya is the illusion)

# 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

Momma, what is there to eat? She'll give us the option of rice and eggs or corned beef hash, i would prefer steak or baked chicken but since mom holds down the fort alone, we have to make sure our food stamps last, same goes with the cash if want a roof over our head to call home. She was taking care of five of us. All boys too, I know life was hard for her, I saw her frustration build like our bills, to her, if there was a way to keep our heads above water it'll be done, because she had the will.

As a little kid, it was okay to see mom take care of the household, as a bigger kid I realized that the world moms lived in was so cold. Everyday was a hustle for her, I don't know how she did it, But she did, thank God she had that fighter spirit. So did i. Adolescents make mistakes all the time, at twelve I made a big one, i was made an offer that'll help my brothers and my mother, I took it thinking about all the money I could make as the newest drug dealer in the Bronx slums. I might of been young but I was focused, ambitious and full of determination.

Twelve to thirty I was lost in the streets until I was found by poetry.

During those years I was faced with back to back tragedies, had to stand toes down while standing face to face with adversity, momma constantly told she didn't want no part of blood money but that sounded absurd, when blood shed had yet to occur and when our lives were lived depending on the first and third. Money was made, living conditions changed, lifestyles were rearranged. It was smooth sailing, I didn't see the in coming rough waves, my house got raided by the cops taking my mother away to jail for about fourteen days, my brother went to jail for about fourteen years and the reaper made visits to most of my hustling peers. All I wanted was a better tomorrow, not to have my heart filled with sorrow.

# 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

## Secrets and Spiders

This is what life does ... a line from Ruth L. Schwartz, The Return makes me pay attention

to reminders, to life, to the sensations I experience, to gifts from my subconscious

The boy in the pew behind me at a friend's baby's baptism talks of spiders "Don't remind her," my partner says "Why," asks the 9-year-old

I spent two days in a hospital because of a black widow bite but looking back to my college days I realize the lesson is not—avoid spiders it might be secrets kill I was hiding myself from a friend visiting for the weekend I slept in the bed away from my girlfriend a bed that lay unused for months the pretend we aren't together bed for anyone who came over the bed a black widow crept into and set up her home

Woke up itching, I looked down saw her there between my breasts bits of her crushed into my T-shirt recognized her right away didn't go to the hospital didn't want to create a fuss, be a bother, go to the expense until I started losing feeling in my arms

This is what life does it forces us out of hiding forces us to embrace who we are admit we can't go it alone can't pretend anymore

Like the painful break up that crushed me

my mother said, "I feel like there is something you aren't telling me"

I could hear the pained expression through the telephone lines

I knew I could hurt her by lying and saying everything is fine

or by telling her the truth about my life and love more than seven years after the spider bite

not connecting with family because of my own fears of rejection

what a waste I think now as I sit in a Catholic church with my wife

along with sadness that I didn't see the love earlier

# A Long Weekend with a Blanket of Snow after How We Are Not Alone, Maya Stein

Waking up to a blanket of snow over the silent world icicles dripping from the roof I feel alone until I am greeted by my wife, four dogs, a cat and two stepchildren

Sunday the catholic church for Tommy's baptism, a friend's baby an African priest saying all are welcome two celebratory cakes out lesbians assisting the priest, a sense of inclusion words in Swahili African music refugees from Venezuela baptizing their baby Isabella the priest's sermon the goal is not happiness but to embrace life the happiness and sadness wealth and poverty successes and failure welcoming all many here see themselves represented

Saturday the day before at the synagogue Shalom to the policeman at the door the kippa with musical notes on it the music that drew me in the sermon the ten commandments the contract the foresight the gluten-free food at lunch welcoming all to join

Sloshing through the snow covering my ankles the college women's basketball game fans from both sides winners losers all doing their best Sunday the new rings

celebrating our 10-year anniversary with diamonds and gold a parking space near the door

The swimming pool with an open lane comradery in the hot tub the last orange juice in the bottle the dogs barking a bottle of Pellegrino

A day to notice, feel, and write on President's day a full life with community

## The Survival of Trees

"You work with what you are given," a line from Jane Hirshfield's Rebus makes me think of trees and all the yellow and red leaves falling in my yard of how in four years most if not all the trees on my land will still be standing, giving off oxygen and producing fruit losing their leaves in the fall waving naked in the bitter winter weather maybe a few will lose some big branches but in the spring they will set on green leaves and hope for a wet summer for birds and wind to carry their seeds their offspring, their future to fertile ground

Trees won't complain when the wind blows knowing it will make them strong they will press against the wind and reach for the sunlight rain will nourish them and they will survive in the security of my land reminding me how lucky I am to be surrounded by earth and trees and love even when my heart is breaking

# 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?...

# 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.

# 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.

### A Ball

The desire for shared play clashed with the autumn's gloomy aura. It was hard for him to convince himself that in such bad weather someone might knock on the door.

He whispered to himself:

-But what if...

Into the room rolled a beautiful four-legged ball. Right behind it, his Mom followed.

*Are you happy*? – she asked.*Tell me, please, what will you name it*?

Kissing 'the ball', he said:

I don't know! I don't know yet.
We'll have each other. That's what matters most!
When you say: kitty, son, sweetheart...
I know that you always speak to me!

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# 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

#### Frustration, Sorrow, Determination

Dancing through the process, When I am thwarted, Frustration comes to visit And sits upon my chest

After a while, Sorrow comes to keep us company, Singing the 'woe is me' song, But I am not a fan at all, NO!!!! So I refuse to sing along

I gather my-self, At least that part of me I still recognize And alas The transformation begins

My determination is spurned And awakens my fortitude To press forward Only for the cycle to begin again

Such is life.

# Unique

I consider the flowers, The thoughts, The skies And all that there is, And i realize That we shall never come this way Again

How i feel this day, Yesterday, Tomorrow Are each unique Unto themselves

Where i am now, I shall never be again, Save in the faintly fleeting reflections Of my memories

I choose to embrace the moment By moment, For they each are unique treasures And each do hold Their own significance

When I attempt to look back, Remember, There are times That resonate With an aura, Shining brightly, And some dimly Reminding me That there are special footsteps I have taken From time to time

Through this wonderful, Fruitful garden We call life.

Sure, There were bitter times Dark times as well As lonely times, But here I am, Here An embodiment of The many times I was blessed to experience ...

The fair skies, And the storms Each offer unto our souls The opportunity To embrace the uniqueness Of each day

You my friend, You my reader, You the thinker, You, the hearer of the word, Should celebrate, Yes celebrate. Yes dance and sing, And shout if you must, For your beauty is abound, Even if you can not see it. Yes, you, YOU, Are unique, And I am grateful for your presence For this is a gift You are a gift That adds unto myself, For I am UNIQUE

# **Final Days**

Cast my ashes In to the hands of Brother Wind, By the Sea, And let him carry me forth That I may finally embrace The horizons For which I pined for In the duration of my life.

In my final days I often thought of this journey That swept me away From my weakness Into my strength

At times I did live nobly, And oft times I failed to do so, But somewhere I left a few footprints Of which i advise No one to follow For there is a quicksand about That will surely consume you

My thoughts were focused My thoughts were random, And my life path ambled To and fro, Here and there, And anywhere I had a mind to go

Knowledge is a malleable, transient An unverifiable thing, As is the many faces of what we deem to be Truth . . .

• • • • • •

There are personal Truths, Universal Truths, And Ultimate Truths, But who amongst us Can distinguish the difference

Are the lessons I think I learned here during this journey Put on deposit Drawing dividends That I may be enriched To some degree In the next lifetime? Or am I to remain This poor lost waif Continually seeking in the ether Some enigma I faintly remember . . . Home

There is something inside me That has been yearning Since the dawning Of this thing I call Consciousness.

This source I call 'Soul' Leads me, Abandons me, Blinds me And at times gives me a vision Of what is to come, What hast been, And ofcourse 'what is' But am I wise enough

To understand the promptings, Can I decipher the faint whisperings That offer an ambrosia-like fragrance To guide me to the source Where all things Blossom and bloom

Where is this fruit That I may partake of In these 'Final Days', That I may sit and indulge In the inebriating sweetness That all souls long for?

Will the 'Final Days' Finish the story being told . . . Or usher in Yet another beginning?

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# March 2025 Featured Poets



Deepak Kumar Dey

Binod Dawadi

Faleeha Hassan

Kapardeli Eftichia



# Deepak Kumar Dey



Deepak Kumar Dey, son of late Dr. G. C. Dey and Late Surama Dey, hails from Bagdia, Angul district of Odisha, is an ardent lover of nature and avid worshipper of poetry. He was a student of chemical engineering but passion of poetry attracted him to search divine bliss in nature. Since he has crossed many ordeals in his life and hazardous brusqueness yet he finds supreme God's benevolent presence and prudence. He never looks for social status or Through soulfulness he seeks Almighty's recognition. abundant grace and mercies. In arrayed words he weaves the magic of mirthful munificence and glory of God. He gives in before the God to be in His pupillage. His poems have been published in 65 national and international anthologies and many UGC approved journals; in both Odia and English.

#### Forget Not

If, perchance, I am remembered wheresoever, 'Forget not, in quick succession do promulgate, And from time to time continue to gore slander Hence upon, I am not bothered, I won't regret '.

Carry on vilifying, fling this hither and thither, Herewith by slow degrees spit on to spoil, As spilling on smelly ditches, venerable dear!! In constant consent, I will not bewail.

Through harsh mouth do talk whatever you like Even if it would be inimical or utterly perilous, With sense of self-respect then you will rethink: Unexpectedly time-circle will turn, forget not thus!!

'Do keep it in mind', thereby don't supplicate, Someday, when thrust will make you inelegant '.

## I am a soldier.

I lack words, may not scribe more, O' Creator '. To pay you gratitude for obvious reason my eyelids flutter. A prospective accountability and radical state religion and subjoined humanity to restore Thankful and grateful to you for making me a

contemplatively born fighter.

A dust particle I am in your beautiful creation, According to your philosopher's stone and adhering intention

I am addicted to your beams of love and affectionate momentum

And as you have chosen my destination for beneficial reflection.

Absorbing in to your guidance, O' Lord, I am a warrior. I won't be affected by enemies' boisterous behaviour, O ' creator,

Till my death I will keep fighting for I am a dauntless soldier.

I will adopt any bitter circumstances; nothing will harm me either.

No matter how beset with difficulties or hilly glaciers I will be fighting.

To serve my nation my higher status ambition will be till my last breathing,

When you are my guide, invaders can't be piercing or bothering,

On the border, for beloved country the tri-color will be ever flying.

Attentively I will keep to be aware of ungrateful, treacherous invaders,

For security and predominance and for national brother and sister,

No horrifying burdensome situation nor any hazard will be a terror,

To boost nation's credit, I will keep fighting for, I am a dedicated soldier.

Neither biting cold's temper nor red eyed scorching summer-

Will dissuade from my dedication at any doubtful disaster, Nor any unpredictable misfortune will enforce me to shed tear,

I am wakeful and will engage in grueling conditions throughout whole year.

Sword, mortar, rockets or grenade may not bring wound, I will rise again to fight if I fall on battle ground, To endow with submission, I will guard over battle ground,

The simple truth "Jai Bharat, our mother " sounds so profound.

The utmost concentrated skills I am dedicating to our mother,

Freed from hate and no fear to fall if there any fracture, Conscience is my strongest treat taught by teachers O' Almighty your bestowed blessings and grace is my

conductor.

Having embodying placidity, cognitive encompassing reverberation

I won't be confounded by heavy disquietude and uncertain incursion.

I have the heart for any fate destined to rambling expression

And I will be proud, if on duty, you bless me to meet my salvation.

#### Far from Flappery Ferocity

Bidding adieu to brutalized humdrum, Artificial shouty show down, Far from flappery ferocity, gruesome, Traumatic and smoky crown.

I have thrust the toxic burden The immense silent torture, A certain beseeching consolation-Unerringly awakens, far farther.

I am no more scared Nor confounded to worry about, I will not be flabbergasted For unimportant gnawing doubt.

I know the right way which Will never belong to your, The weight of eldritch screech I'll lift on my own shoulder.

No more wish to look back again-To trickery of sputtering truculence, To grab crevice smudgy shame; Nor i wish to lose in fatal turbulence.

Being fair and square for no fear I'll stand to be circumspect No matter how the crinkly corner Will blow the teeth of tempest.

Keeping up with heard inner voice To be firm against termination, My soul seeks to taste solace Not to be twirling in trepidation.

Standing aside my aseptic mind Will pelt no jeremiad to lodge, Against you, in front or behind I'll have no personal grudge.

Undoubtedly, i'll go on a lonely-Journey on the cosmic pavement, An intention of promised spirit wholly will guide me from hurling effect.

Don't be dazed, i'm forgotten, I'm a steady tickle visitor. For you i'm unheard and unknown No wonder; i'm taking a detour.

# Binod Dawadi



Binod Dawadi, author of The Power of Words, holds a Master's degree in English Literature and is based in Kathmandu, Nepal. With over 1000 anthology contributions, he aims to enlighten society through his writing. Binod is also deeply involved in digital photography and painting. His work has been showcased in prestigious exhibitions, including the International Art Festival in Korea in 2023. Combining literary excellence with visual artistry, Binod is dedicated to societal transformation through creativity.

### You Are Not A Poor?

You have knowledge, You have skills, You can do anything, Today you fall down, But you don't worry, There is a good time, As well as bad time, There is a night and day,

There is happiness as well as sadness, There is a new time always, Waiting for you, So know who you are, Others can hate as well as dominate you, But you should bear that all, You should work hard, As well as win in your life.

### A Lover

A lover may come, Out of the painting, She may be alone, As well as searching for someone, To love, As well as to pass time, She may travel far away with you, So, what you are thinking,

Fulfill her dreams, Love her so much, That no one has, Done such kind of love, You can make her happy, Just try it once, In your life, She is always waiting for you.

#### You Can't Become Like As Others

Don't compare as well as, Judge yourself to others, Don't think that you can't fulfill, Your dreams, You can't become like as others, Everyone has their own, Values and skills, Don't keep yourself a head of everyone,

Let others earn as well as, Live happily, Don't be sad or happy by seeing their life, You are a God, A piece of God, You have wealth and powers, Be enlighten man, As well as live happily for forever.

# Faleeha Hassan



Faleeha Hassan, three Times bestseller author on Amazon. Pulitzer Prize Nomination 2018,

PushCart Prize Nomination 2019. Winner of the Women of Excellence Inspiration award from SJ magazine 2020, Winner of the Grand Jury Award (the Sahitto International Award for Literature 2021), Winner of women the arts award 2023, Winner of HerStory Award from women's Federation for world peace new Jersey 2024.

#### My dear old man

How many times have I told you There is no point in the plastic roses For a woman who lives in the pulse of a forest Her balcony overlooks the breath of the waves She feeds butterflies with scattered poems Her neighbours are deer and squirrels Whenever she stands to prostrate Under the majesty of spring She is surprised by flecks of snow Like a spray of a unique perfume While your heavy bouquet Since morning Wasting a lot of time Sitting On the edge of the table.

# Me and your picture, one lonely person

Like a boat shadow stuck in the memory of a drowning man

I vanish waiting

Watching the boys stoning a river shackled by the weight of its bridge

they laughing but the waves moaning under the sound of their stones

The passersby are too busy with their nothingness

The banks are unable to think about the fate of the fish

The trees as usual green and stupid

The air faded away

Everyone here needs something

And all I need is you.

# An Autumn Picnic

Like a relaxed blonde teenager, The lake appears in this sunset, We were imprisoned by each other, Sit on two-facing chairs, Waiting for a moment that never happens. The gazes of passersby sting us like feverish flares. "I am yours," I wrote on a dry yellow leaf, releasing it to the wind. Though you owe me your happiness, And I owe you my hope, The separation has its own game. It sneaks through the pores of waiting, Tempting us. We rise, wrapped in dreams shorter than a willow dwarf, And more hollow than it is in the fall.

# Kapardeli Eftichia



Kapardeli Eftichia – From Greece has a degree as an art conservator 2021 She has a Doctorate from Arts And Culture World Academy. World Academy of Art and Culture Facebook International Ambassador of the International Chamber of Writers and Artists LIC ,Member of the World Poets' society and poetas del mundo, member of the IWA, member of E.E. $\Lambda$ . $\Sigma$ . $\Pi$ .H The Union of Greek Writers-Authors of the Five Continents , member of the International Society Of Greek Literatures-Artists-Deel and Pel (the world association of writers in Greece) Panhellenic Union of Writers

http://eftichiakapa.blogspot.gr/2013\_10\_01\_archive.html

## Madre Terra

Nella valle dorata dal vasto cielo nella terra dell'innocenza dove le nuvole di polvere si scioglievano alla luce del Sole, dove l'acqua del fiume ricopriva il mio corpo nudo dei segreti e dei sorrisi del mondo intero E un bel seme di fiore della madre terra, alle radici di un albero mi chiama ......là Ed ora la distruzione, l'invasione, l'inquinamento La Terra rossa, scavano le tue fondamenta brutti tempi, e bruciano le tue viscere cenere e polvere, animali spaventati radici morte, montagne deserte, il calore del suolo che brucia I meli non daranno più frutti, la rosa non s'aprirà più le melodie saranno silenti, con uccelli stanchi e morti E l'albero, che cambia ogni stagione, ci inviterà a viaggiare con le foglie che il vento prese all'alba In freddo silenzio è condannata morirà tra le mie braccia la mia prima amata madre, la Terra. Traduzione di Giovanni Campisi

# Μητερα Γη

Στην χρυσή κοιλάδα με τον απέραντο ουρανό στη γη της αθωότητας Εκεί που τα σύννεφα της σκόνης έλιωναν στο φώς του Ήλιου Εκεί που το νερό του ποταμού σκέπαζε τα γυμνό μου σώμα με τα μυστικά και τα χαμόγελα όλου του κόσμου Και ένα πανέμορφο λουλούδι σπόρος της μάνας γης ,στις ρίζες ενός δένδρου να με καλεί .....εκεί Και τώρα η καταστροφή, η εισβολή, η ρύπανση Κόκκινη γη ...τα θεμέλια σου σκάβουν άσχημοι καιροί ,και τα σπλάχνα σου καίουν στάγτη και σκόνη ,ζώα φοβισμένα ρίζες νεκρές, έρημα τα βουνά ,η ζέστη το χώμα καίει Οι μηλιές δεν θα έγουν πια καρπούς ,το τριαντάφυλλο δεν θα ανοίξει πια οι μελωδίες θα έχουν σιωπήσει, με κουρασμένα και νεκρά πουλιά Και το δένδρο ,που αλλάζει κάθε εποχή θα μας προσκαλεί να ταξιδέψουμε με τα φύλλα που του πήρε ο άνεμος την αυγή Στην ψυχρή σιωπή και την καταδίκη στην αγκαλιά μου αργοπεθαίνει Η πρώτη αγαπημένη μου μητέρα, η Γη

## Mother Earth

In the golden valley with the vast sky in the land of innocence Where the clouds of dust melted in the light of the Sun. Where the river water covered my naked body with secrets and smiles of the whole world And a beautiful flower seed of mother earth, at the roots of a tree to call me ..... there And now the destruction, the invasion, the pollution Red earth, your foundations are digging bad times, and your bowels are burning ash and dust, scared animals roots dead, mountains deserted, heat the soil burns The apple trees will no longer bear fruit, the rose will no longer open the melodies will be silent, with tired and dead birds And the tree, which changes every season will invite us to travel with the leaves that the wind took at dawn In cold silence and condemnation in my arms he dies late My first beloved mother, Earth

# Αγονεσ Γραμμεσ

Άγονες γραμμές γεμάτες ταξίδια άγονες γραμμές χωρίς αγκαλιές οι σκιές μας μοιρασμένες οι διαδρομές μας πετρωμένες και οι ρίζες μας κομμένες

Άγονες γραμμές ,απολιθωμένες σε συνθήκες ματαιωμένες σε μέρες που τρυπούν και κολλούν στο σώμα με πνοές, ματωμένες

Έρημη χώρα η ζωή μας πάντα θρηνεί την αποχώρηση μας και για τα βελούδινα αγγίγματα θρηνεί που στριμωγμένα ,σε ασταθή ορίζοντα βυθίζονται ,μοιάζουν αγριολούλουδα ξεριζωμένα στο πλήθος για μένα και για σένα

Στην κούραση άνθρωποι σμίγουν ,μας μιλούν και με γυμνά βρεγμένα χέρια μας χαιρετούν στην άμορφη μάζα των χρόνων με την Ηχώ της Άρνησης ,στα φώτα της Πόλης που στολίζουν τα σπίτια και τις κάμαρες μας προσπερνούν

### Infertile lines

Infertile lines full of travel Infertile lines without hugs our routes are stony ,our roots, cut off and our shadows, are divided

Infertile lines, petrified in aborted conditions on days that pierce and stick in the body with breaths, bloody

Our life is a desert country always mourns our departure and for the velvet touches he mourns that squished, in unstable horizon they sink, they look like wild flowers uprooted in the crowd, for me and you

In fatigue, people come together, they talk to us and with bare wet hands they greet us in the formless mass of the years with the Echo of Denial, in the lights of the City that they decorate houses and chambers they pass us

# Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

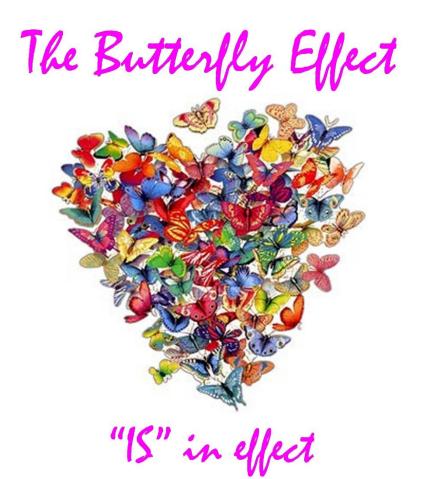
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

30 May 1945 ~ 11 February 2025



# 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.

### On the following pages we present to you ...

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

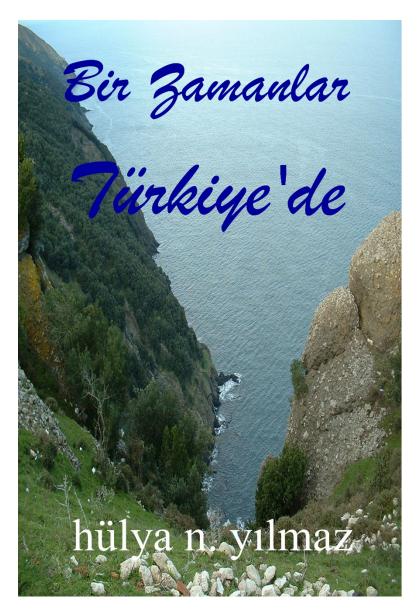
# KREW ŻYCIA The Blood of Life

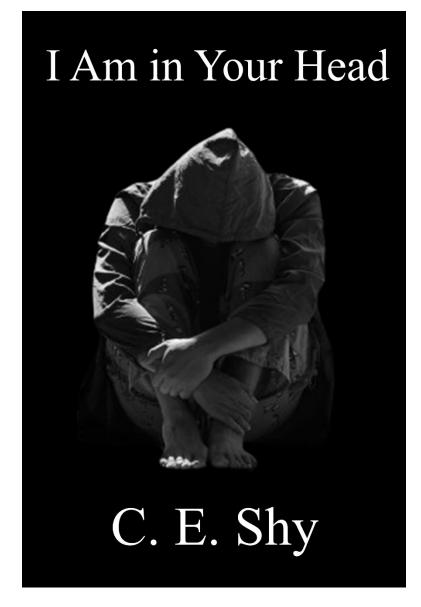
# Eliza Segiet

Translated by Dorota Stępińska



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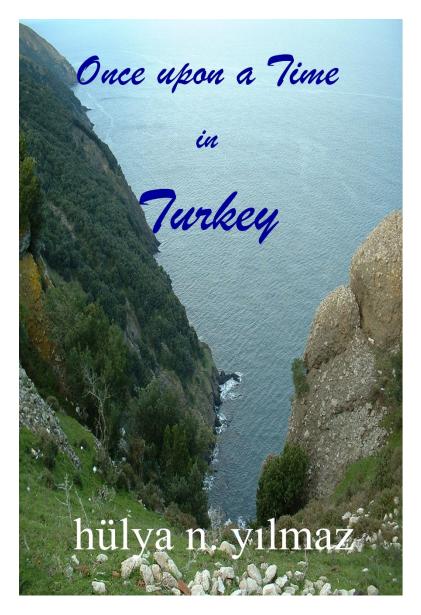


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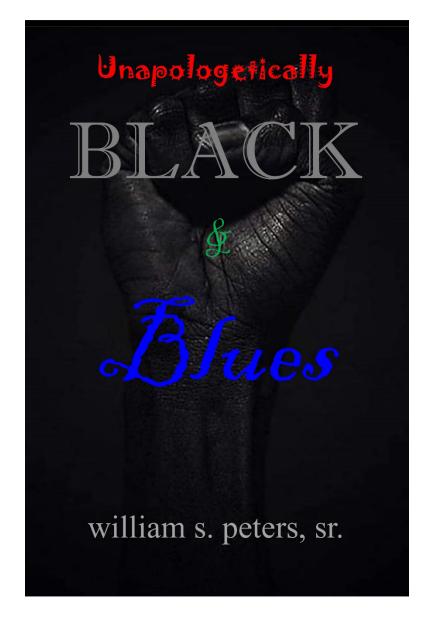




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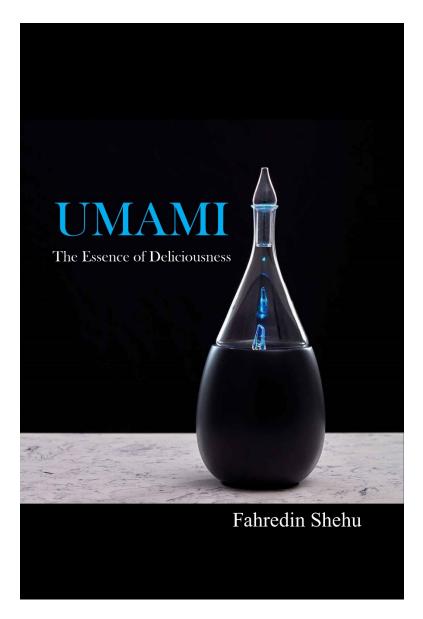


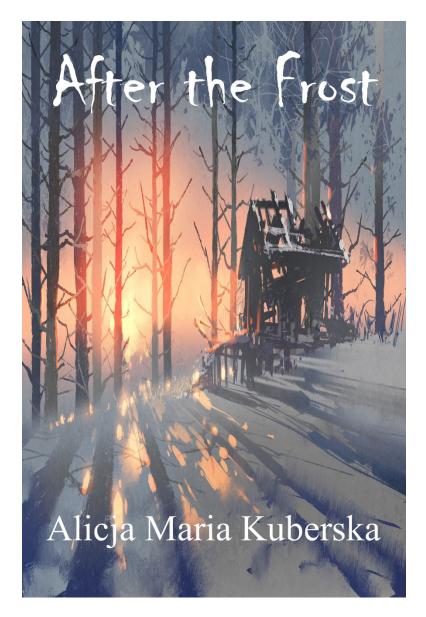
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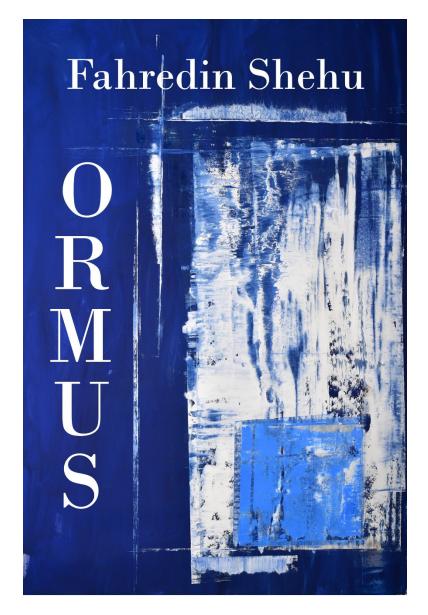


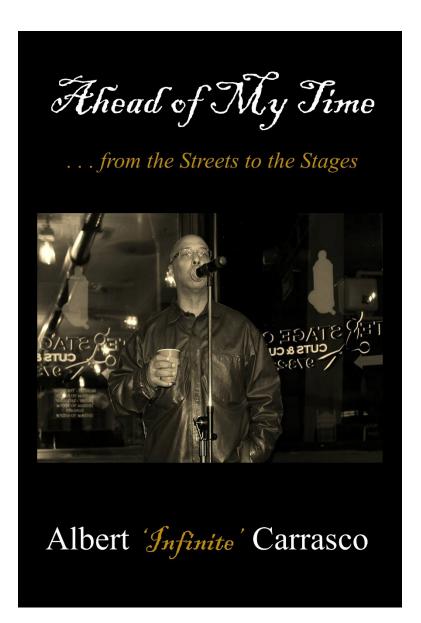
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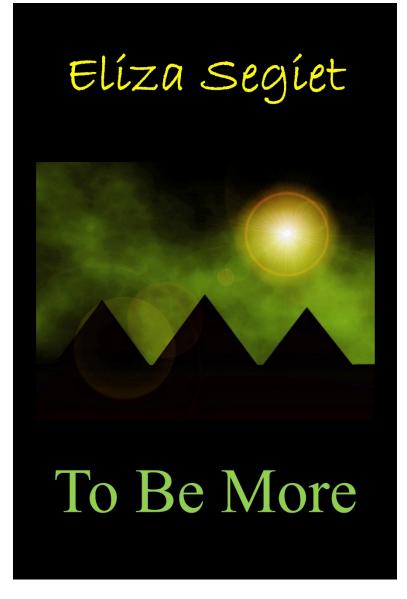


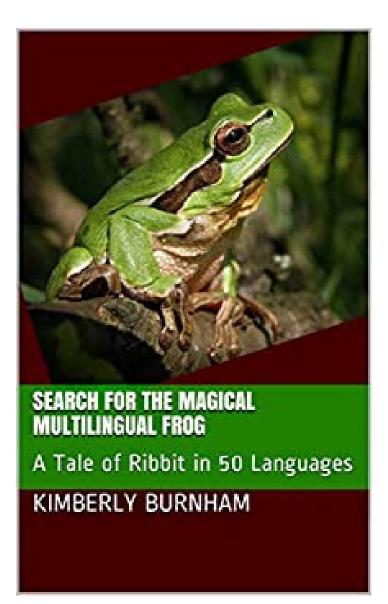












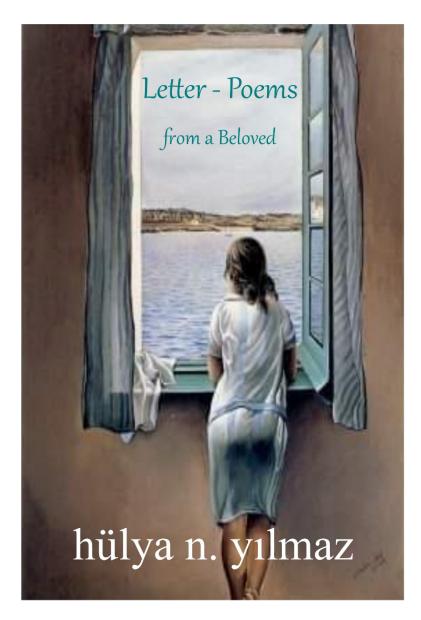
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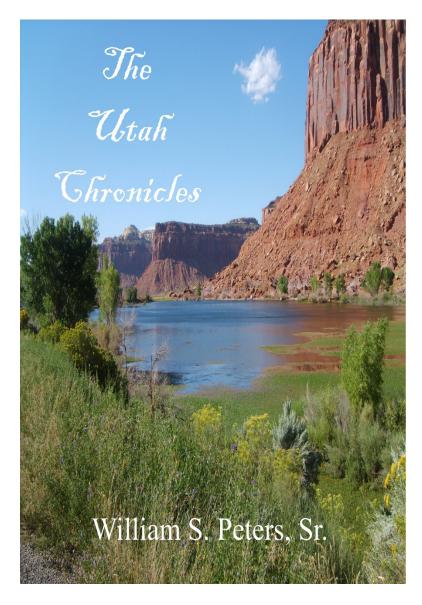


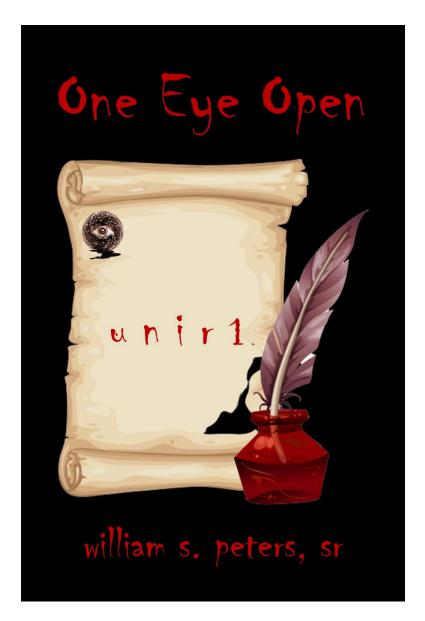
# Inner Reflections of the Muse

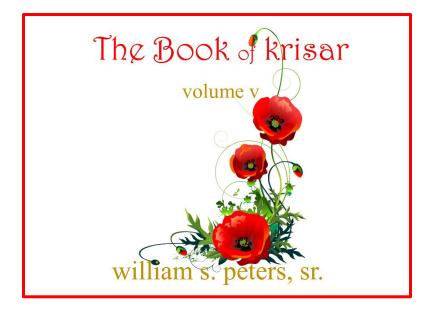
# Elizabeth Castillo



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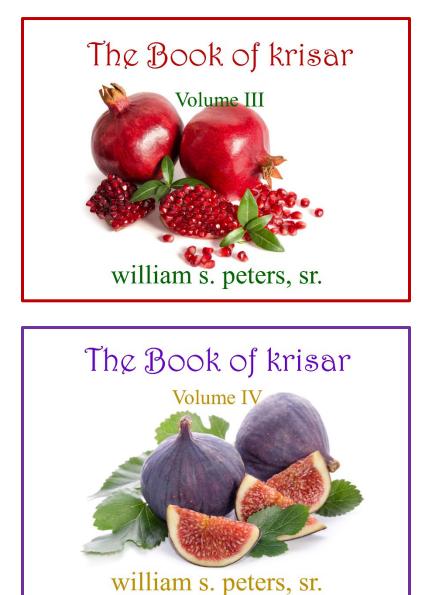


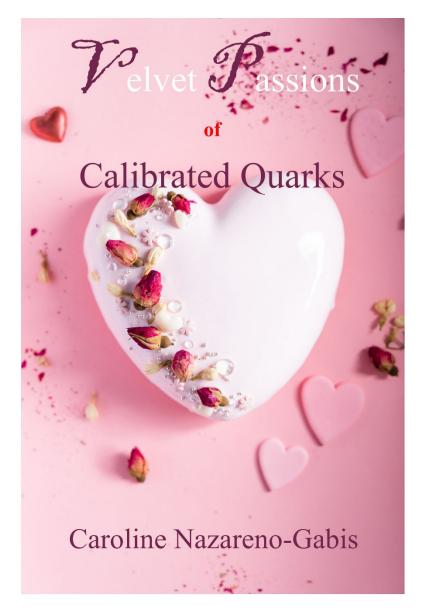


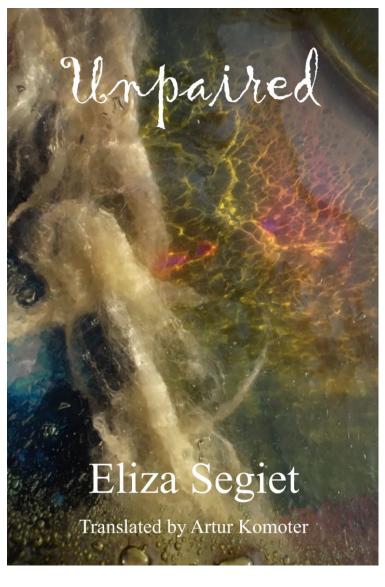


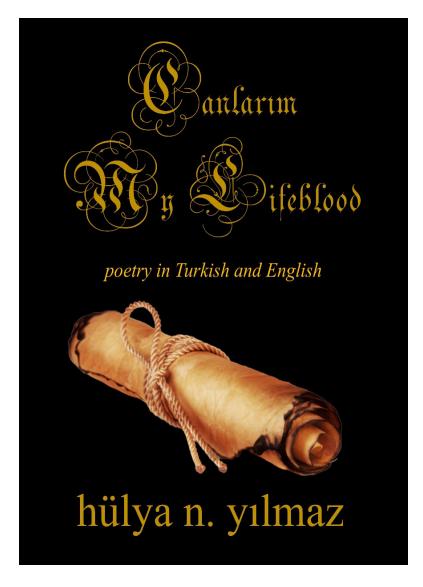
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# Faleeha Hassan

Translated by William M. Hutchins

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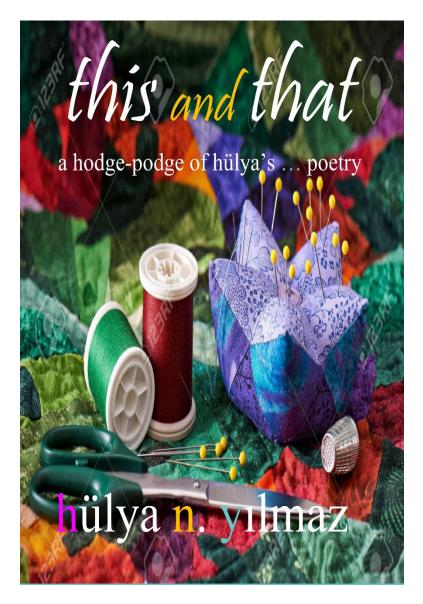
# No Illusions

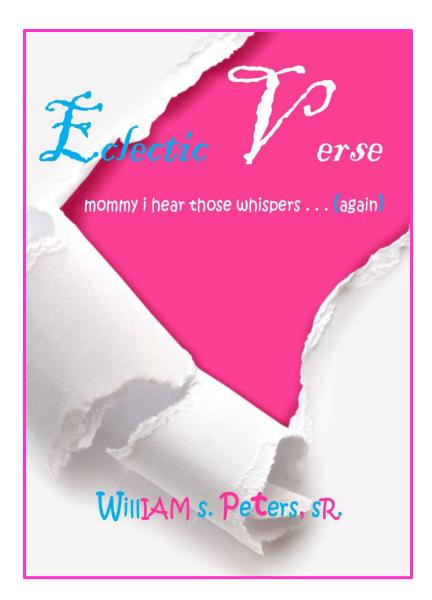
Through the Looking Glass



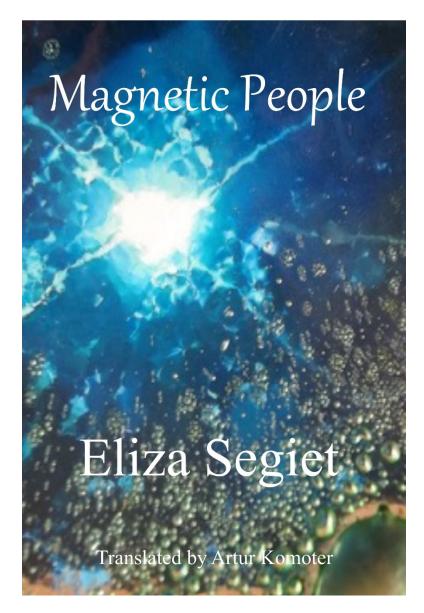
# Jackie Davis Allen

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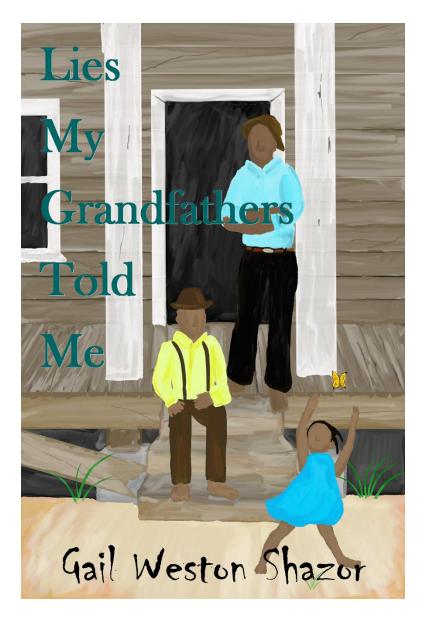




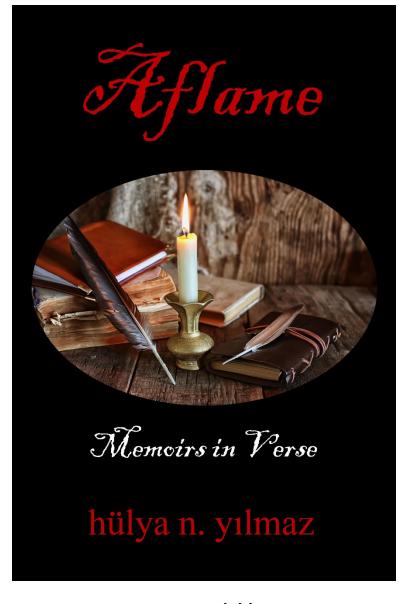






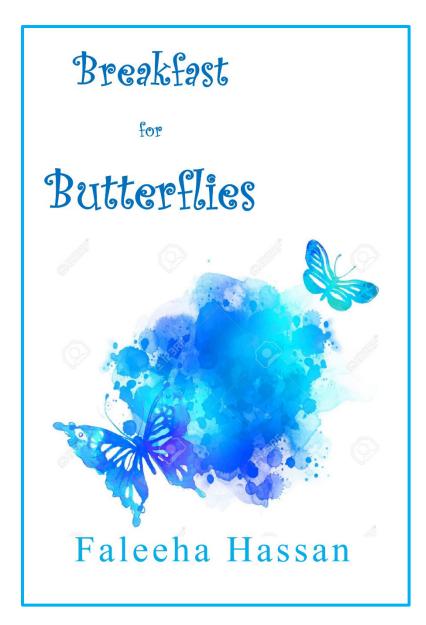


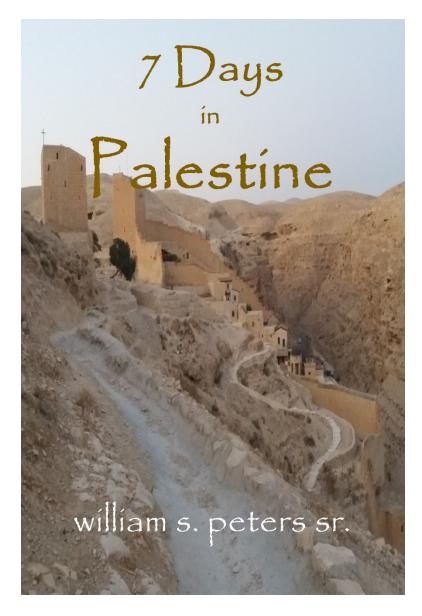
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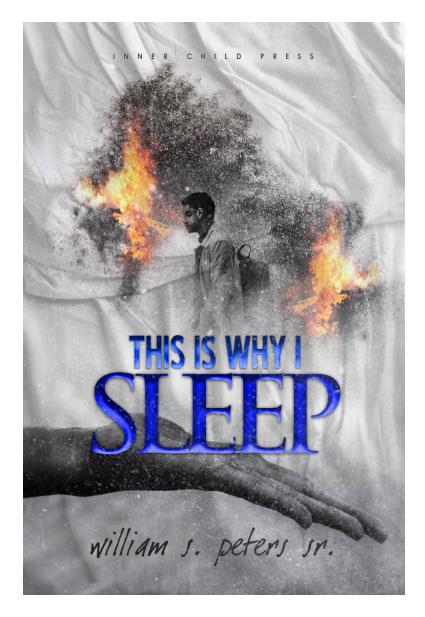




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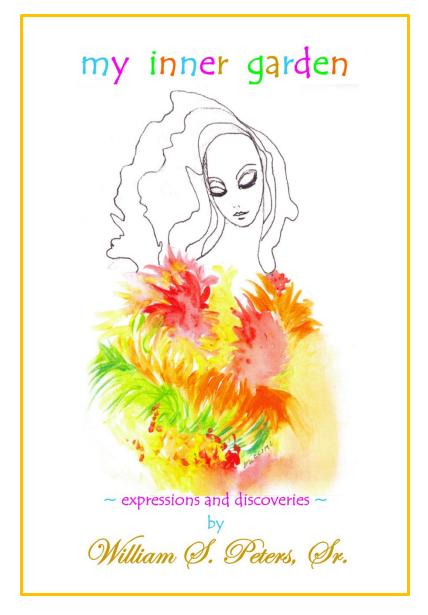


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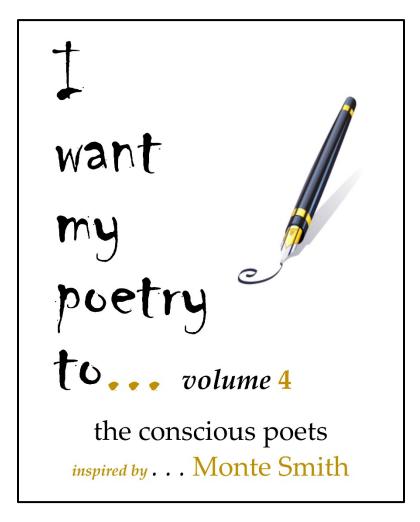


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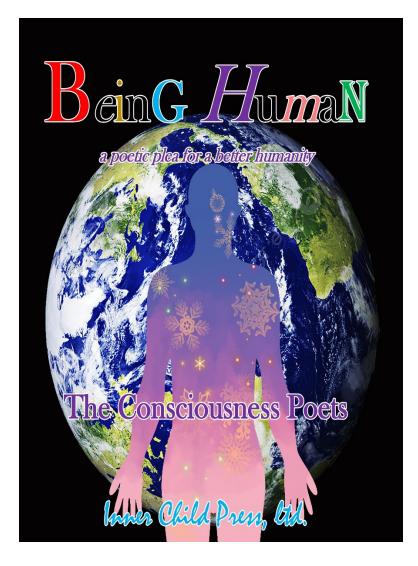
# Other Anthological works from

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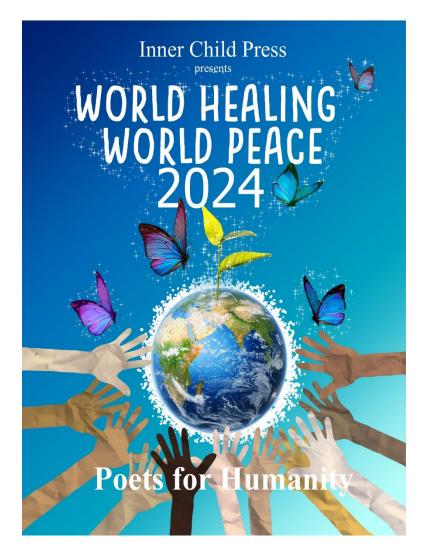
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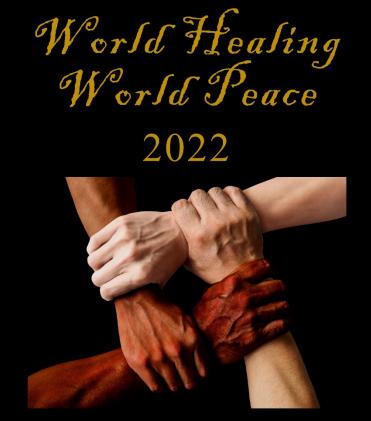
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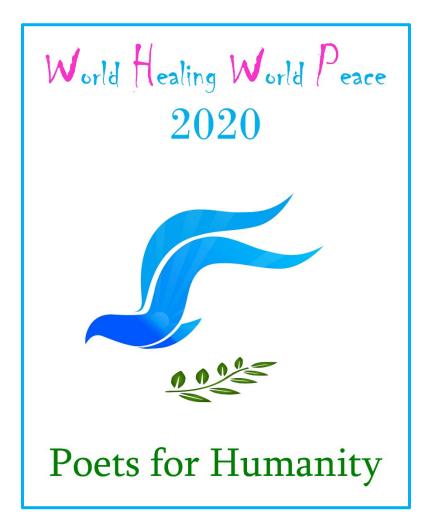


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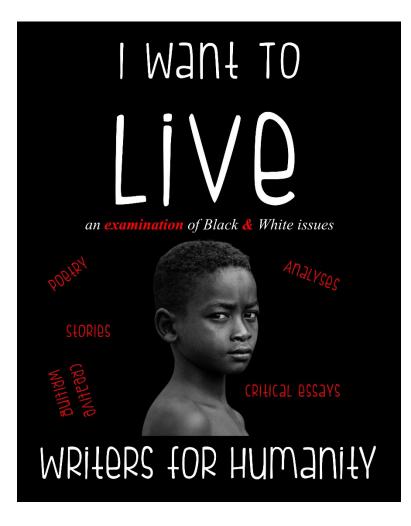


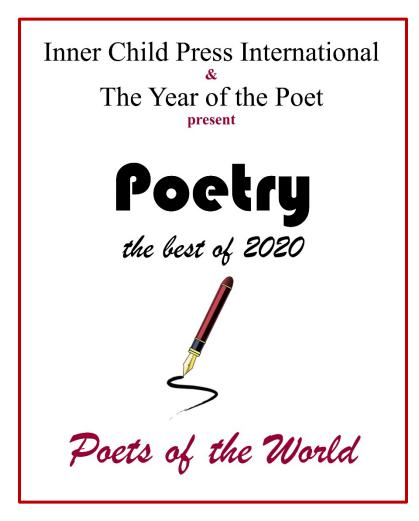
# Poets for Humanity

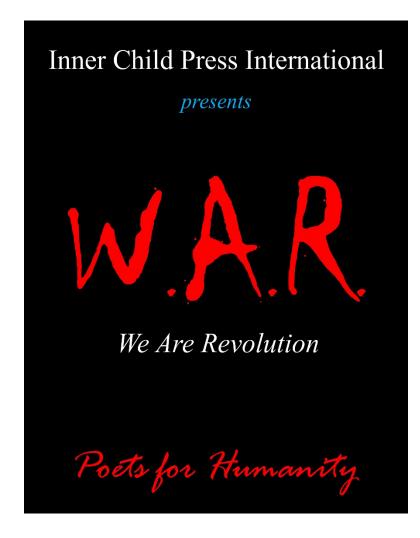
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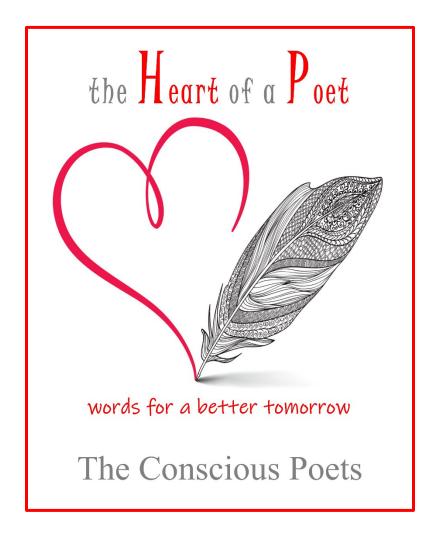


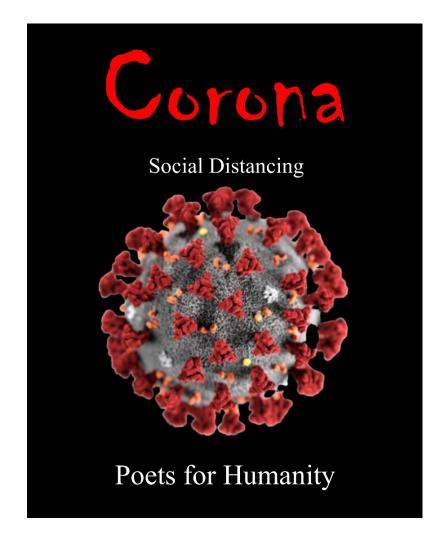
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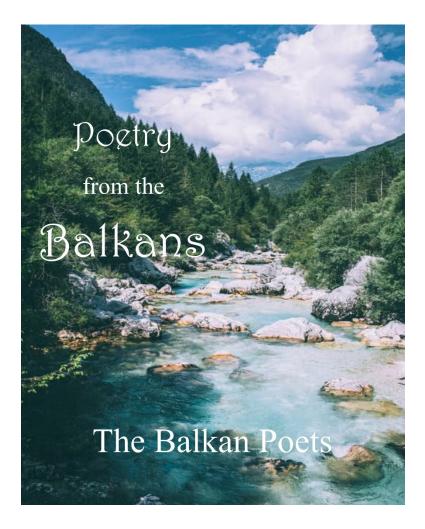






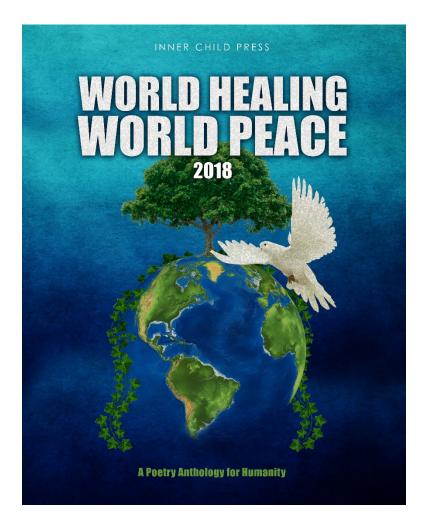




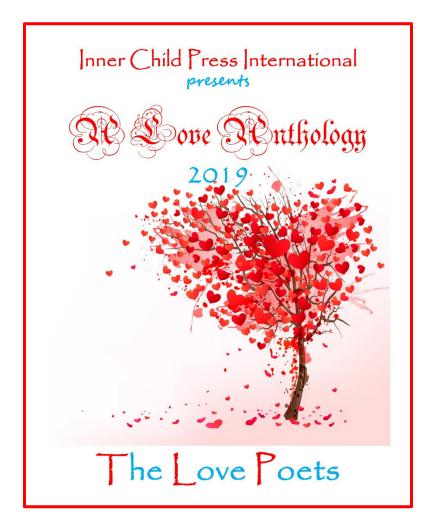


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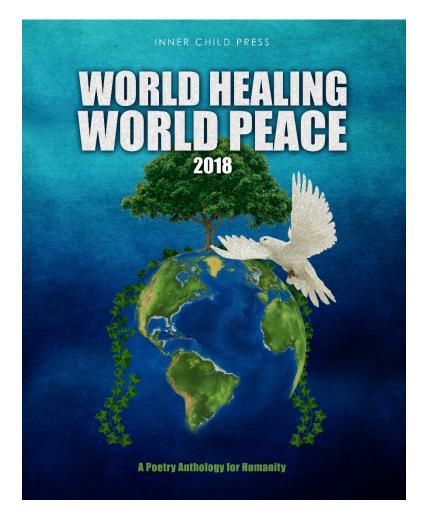




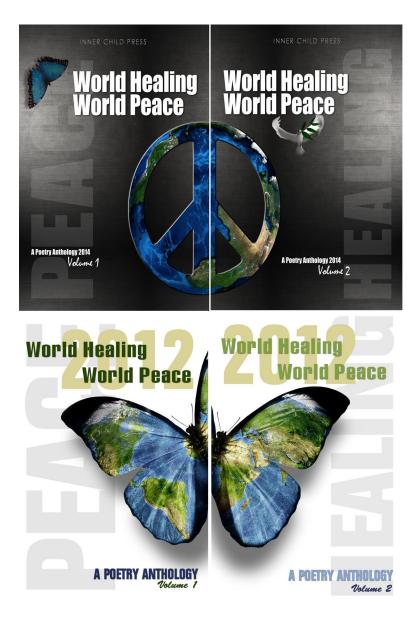
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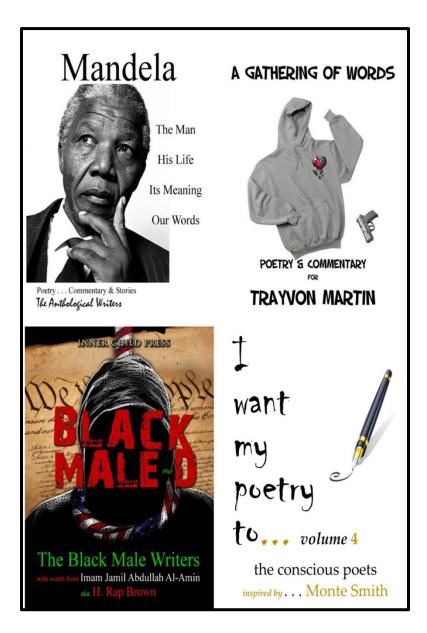
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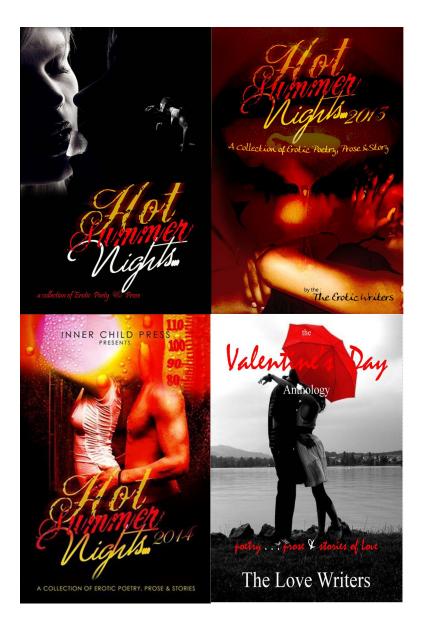
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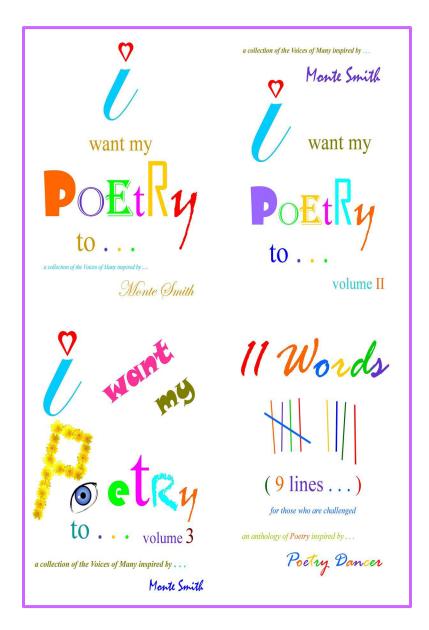
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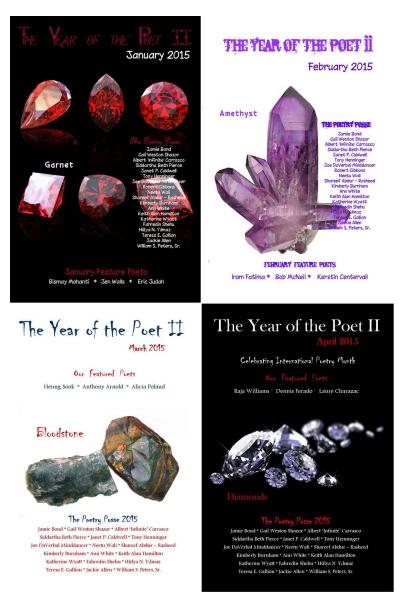


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## The Year of the Poet II July 2015

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 Shehen \* Hhilya 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

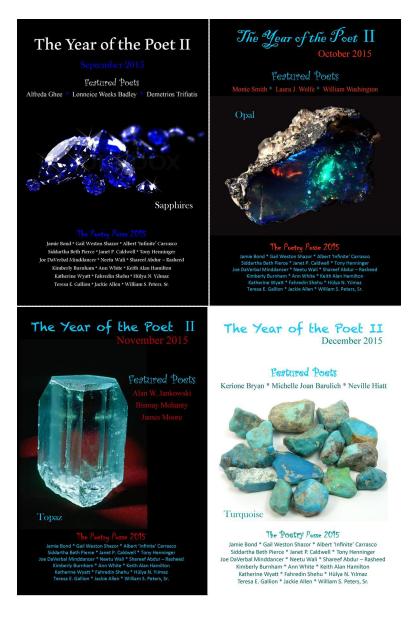




#### The Poetry Posse 2015

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. Gailon \* Jackie Allen \* William S Peters Sr.

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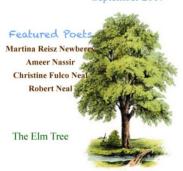


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#### The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



### 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 Aduu – Rasheed Albert Canasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sardard \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet IV October 2017



The Black Walnut Tree

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazov \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Aduen - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar \$artawi \* \* William S. Peters, Sr.

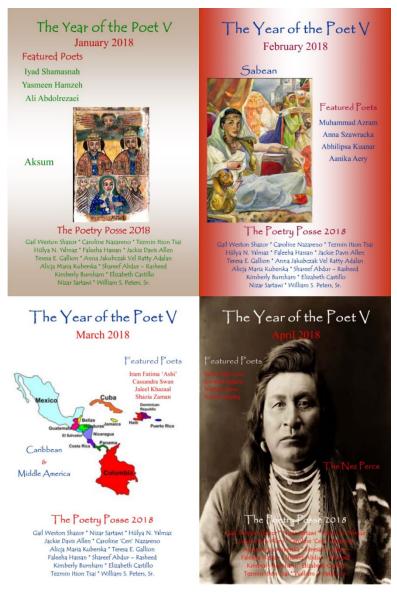
### The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance \* Shared Advue - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

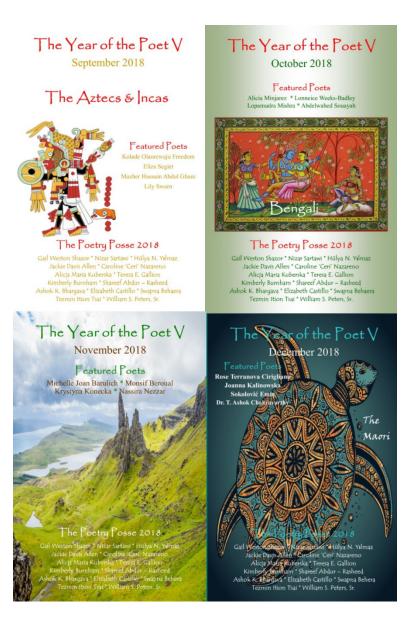
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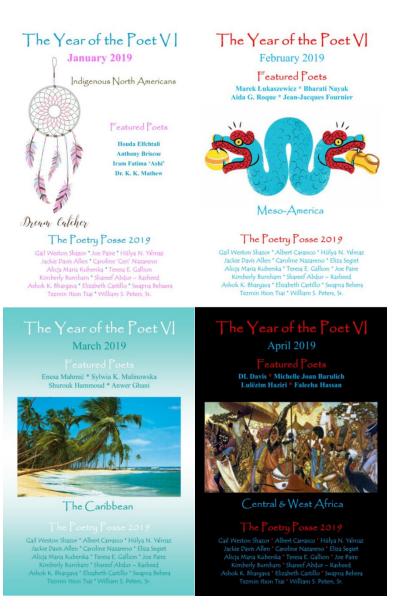
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## The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

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



### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking <u>The Poetry Posse 2020</u>

Gall Weston Shazor \* Albert Canasco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberisa \* Teresa E. Gallon \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bharghaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsaj \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet VIII

March 202

#### Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno \* Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera \*Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



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

Gail Weston Shazon ' Albert Carassco ' Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen ' Caroline Nazareno ' Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubensa ' Teresa E. Gallion ' Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham ' Shareef 'Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth' Castillo ' Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat' 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 Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elizaberl Castllor \* Sargina Behera Tezmin Ition Tsal \* 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 Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhagava \* 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 Javdeep Sarangi \* Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska Terese E. Gallion Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur - Raheed Ashok K. Bhargaya Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsal William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets Iram Jaan \* Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha \* Lan Qyqalla

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

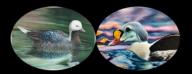
Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Elira Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareet Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elirabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. 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 Carassor \* Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Allegi Maria Kuberska \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Raheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Hon Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet VIII

#### August 2021

Featured Global Poets Caroline Laurent Turune \* 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 Kubenka Teresa E. Gallion 'Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham 'Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya' Elizabeth Castillo 'Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai' William S. Peters, Sr.

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

September 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

Monsif Beroual \* Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel \* Pavol Janik

Heather Jansch



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

all Weston Shazor - Albert Carasso - Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Rumham - Shazeer Aldur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Terretti Muran Taul (Multinas - Detters) 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

Meston Shazor \* Albert Carassoc \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Keston Shazor \* Albert Carassoc \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Kalber Yalan \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet içi Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed K. Bhargava \* Elizabett Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat \* William S. Peters, Sr.

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

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

## The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

Featured Global Poets Orbinda Ganga \* Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold \* Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

ili Weston snazor - Anren Carastor - runya re Anna Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Simberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed shok K. Bhargava - Eizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai - William S. Peters, Sr.

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### The Year of the Poet IX January 2022

Featured Global Poets Ratan Ghosh \* Christine Neil-Wright Andrew Scott \* Ashok Kumar

Climate Change : The Ice Cap



#### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesia \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tai \* William S. Peters S. r.

### The Year of the Poet IX March 2022

Featured Global Poets Dimitris P. Kraniotis \* Marlene Pasini Kennedy Ochieng \* Swayam Prashant

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

#### The Poetry Posse 2021

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

### The Year of the Poet IX February 2022

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

Climate Change and Mountains



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters 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 Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segier Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Tereze E. Callion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castullo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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### 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 Alicja Maria Kubelsat \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai \* William S. Peters S. r.

## 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 Carassoo \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alcışa Maria Kunbesia \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Parte Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Tion Tai \* 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. Yılmaz Jacke Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska \* Tereze 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 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

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### 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

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### 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

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### 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 Jacke Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska \* Terese E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. 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

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Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr

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### The Year of the Poet X January 2023

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

#### Children: Difference Makers



### Iqbal Masih

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### The Year of the Poet X March 2023

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

Children : Dífference Makers



#### Yo Yo Ma The Poetry Posse 2023

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### The Year of the Poet X February 2023

Featured Global Poets Christena Williams \* Hilda Graciela Kraft Francesco Favetta \* Dr. H.C. Louise Hudon

Children : Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges

#### The Poetry Posse 2023

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### 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

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### The Year of the Poet X September 2023

Featured Global Poets Effichia Karpadeli \* Chinh Nguyen Nigar Agalarova \* Carmela Cueva

Children : Difference Makers



~ Easton LaChappelle ~ The Poetry Posse 2023

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### The Year of the Poet X November 2023

Featured Global Poets Ibrahim Honjo \* Balachandran Nair Xanthi Hondrou-Hil \* Francesco Favetta

Children : Difference Makers



### ~ Jean-Michel Basquiat ~ The Poetry Posse 2023

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### The Year of the Poet X October 2023

### Featured Global Poets

CSP Shrivastava \* Huniie Parker Noreen Snyder \* Ramkrishna Paul

#### Children : Difference Makers



## ~ Malala Yousafzai ~

#### The Poetry Posse 2023

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### The Year of the Poet X December 2023

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

#### Children : Difference Makers



### ~ Melati and Isabel Wijsen ~ The Poetry Posse 2023

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### 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

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## The Year of the Poet XI March 2024

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



## ~ Nâzim Hikmet ~

#### The Poetry Posse 2024

Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Mutawaf Shaheed Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Mutawar Jannese 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 February 2024

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

**Renowned** Poets



## ~ Omar Khayyam ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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### The Year of the Poet XI April 2024

Featured Global Poets Hassanal Abdullah \* Johny Takkedasila Rajashree Mohapatra \* Shirley Smothers

**Renowned** Poets



## ~ William Butler Yeats ~

The Poetry Posse 2024

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.

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### The Year of the Poet XI May 2024

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

**Renowned** Poets



#### ~ Makhanlal Chaturvedi ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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### The Year of the Poet XI July 2024

Featured Global Poets Barbara Gaiardoni \* Bharati Nayak Errol Bean \* Michael Lee Johnson Renowned Poets



### ~ Pablo Neruda ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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### The Year of the Poet XI June 2024

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

Renowned Poets



### ~ Langston Hughs ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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### The Year of the Poet XI August 2024

#### Featured Global Poets

Ibrahim Honjo \* Khalice Jade Irma Kurti \* Mennadi Farah

#### Renowned Poets



#### The Poetry Posse 2024

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Featured Global Poets Ngozi Olivia Osuoha \* Teodozja Świderska Chinh Nguyen \* Awatef El Idrissi Boukhris

Renowned Poets



### $\sim$ William Ernest Henley $\sim$

The Poetry Posse 2024

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### The Year of the Poet XI November 2024

Featured Global Poets

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

Renowned Poets



#### ~ Wole Soyinka ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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### The Year of the Poet XI October 2024

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

**Renowned** Poets



### $\sim$ Adam Mickiewicz $\sim$

The Poetry Posse 2024

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### The Year of the Poet XI December 2024

Featured Global Poets

Kapardeli Eftichia \* Irena Jovanović Sudipta Mishra \* Til Kumari Sharma

**Renowned** Poets



### ~ Imru' al-Qais ~

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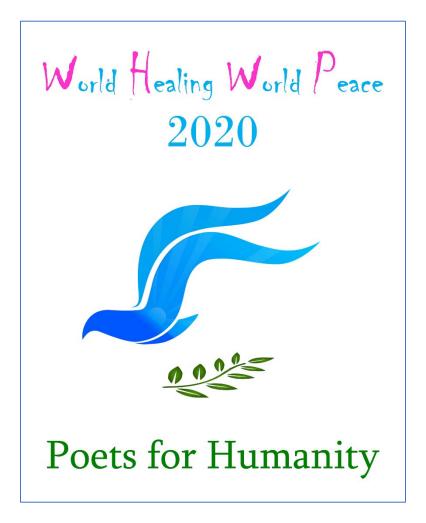
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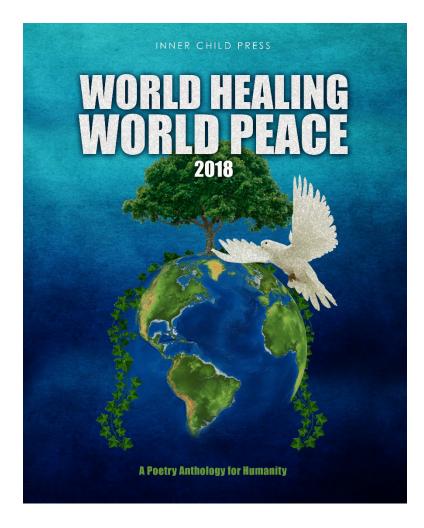
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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2025



## March 2025 ~ Featured Poets



Deepak Kumar Dey



Binod Dawadi



Faleeha Hassan



Kapardeli Eftichia



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