Featured Global Poets

Deepak Kumar Dey * Shallal 'Anouz Adnan Al-Sayegh * Taghrid Bou Merhi

Renowned Poets



~ Adam Mickiewicz ~ The Poetry Posse 2024

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

Year

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Dogt XI

October 2024

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

The Poetry Posse 2024

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 Michelle Joan Barulich Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr.



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet XI October 2024 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Renowned Poets

Adam Bernard Mickiewicz

Adam Mickiewicz is one of the foremost poets of Polish Romanticism and a pivotal figure in Poland's literary and political history. Born in 1798 in Nowogródek, then part of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth (now in Belarus), Mickiewicz lived during the turbulent period of Poland's partition and loss of sovereignty. This historical backdrop profoundly influenced his thoughts and infused his literary works, making him a symbol of the Polish national spirit.

Mickiewicz's works are imbued with patriotism, romanticism, and religious fervor—elements that define his poetry and plays. As a pioneer of Polish Romanticism, his literary creations focus on freedom, personal heroism, and Poland's yearning for independence. His poetry often weaves together vivid depictions of nature, mysticism, and folklore, demonstrating a deep emotional intensity and philosophical reflection.

One of his most celebrated works is the epic poem Pan Tadeusz, regarded as one of the most significant literary achievements in Polish literature. Set against the backdrop of Polish nobility, the poem vividly portrays the people's nostalgia and love for their lost homeland in the early 19th century, while also expressing their desire for Poland's revival. Praised as a masterpiece of Polish literature, Pan Tadeusz carries not only historical value but also Mickiewicz's profound attachment to his homeland and the Polish national spirit.

In addition to Pan Tadeusz, another of Mickiewicz's key works is Dziady (often translated as Forefathers' Eve). This dramatic piece blends Polish folklore with Christian beliefs, delving into themes of life, death, and the salvation of souls. The play serves as an allegory for Poland's suffering and emphasizes spiritual and national liberation, further solidifying Mickiewicz's status as a revered poet and national icon.

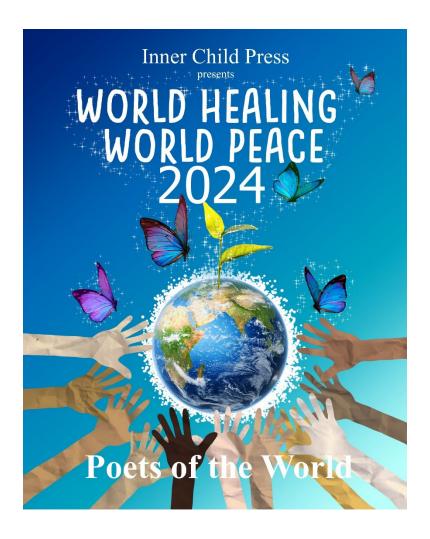
Mickiewicz was not only a poet but also an active political figure. He supported Poland's national liberation movements and, during his exile in France, Italy, and Turkey, continuously worked toward the cause of Polish freedom. Like many Polish patriots of the 19th century, Mickiewicz intertwined his creative work with his political ideals, becoming a symbol of the Polish independence movement.

Though Mickiewicz passed away in 1855, his literary legacy continues to influence Polish culture and literature lovers worldwide. His works not only express profound personal emotions but also reflect

the history and spiritual aspirations of the entire Polish nation. To this day, his poetry stands as a testament to the unwavering Polish desire for freedom and independence, and it remains a cornerstone of Poland's national identity.

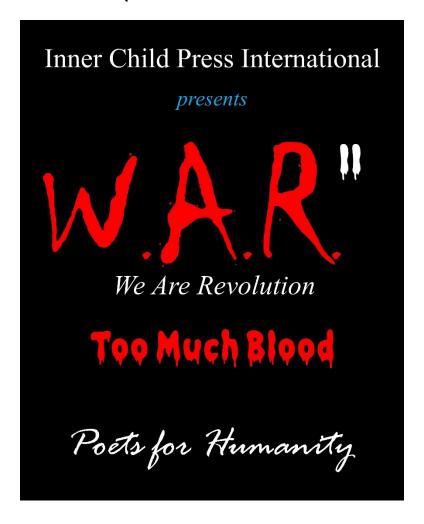
Prof. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民),Dr., Taiwan(China).

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Dreface

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

WOW... a decade +. We continue to be excited as we are now coming close to finishing our 11th year of Production for **The Year of the Poet**. It just keeps getting better!

This particular year we have chosen to feature renowned poets of history. We do hope you enjoy. Read ~ Learn.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bless Up

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

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www.innerchildpress.com

Renowned Poets

Adam Bernard Mickiewicz

1798 ~ 1855

October 2024 by hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.



A lifelong advocate of Polish national freedom, the romantic, poet, translator, and journalist from Poland spent most of his life as a migrant. As a widely traveled individual, the life story of Mickiewicz is, in actuality, one of a transnational nature. He was exiled to Russia in 1824 due to his activities within the Philomath* Society. In Russia, he enjoyed friendly relations with Aleksandr Pushkin and other intellectuals, including Taras Shevchenko. After escaping exile, Mickiewicz embarked on his travels to Germany, Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, and finally, to Konstantinople (today's Istanbul in the Republic of Turkey). The last leg of his journey is claimed to have materialized at the request of Prince Adam Jerzy Czartoryski. Some historical records indicate that he was to establish political connections in Turkey for the prince; yet, only a brief time after his arrival in Constantinople, he died.

At this point, a look at one of the most famed Mickiewicz poems seems to be in order; for, he has been called a 'self-appointed pilgrim, as "The Ackerman Steppe" articulates--- "measureless," the poet goes.

The Ackerman Steppe

Across sea-meadows measureless I go,

My wagon sinking under grass so tall

The flowery petals in foam on me fall,

And blossom-isles float by I do not know. No pathway can the deepening twilight show;

I seek the beckoning stars which sailors call, And watch the clouds. What lies there brightening all?

The Dneister's, the steppe-ocean's evening glow!

The silence! I can hear far flight of cranes—

So far, the eyes of an eagle could not reach—And bees and blossoms speaking each to each;

The serpent slipping adown grassy lanes; From my far home if word could come to me!—

Yet none will come. On, o'er the meadow-sea!



* The Philomaths, "lovers of knowledge," had formed a secret student association and were active in the capital of Lithuania between 1817 and 1823. They initially constituted a discussion group with a focus on their own work. At the outset of 1819, the group also promoted the idea of Polish independence. The influence of these "lovers of knowledge" on the student scene was significant. Hence, the birth of their offshoots, such as the Philarets or Philadelphists. When their activities became known to the Russian authorities in 1823,

20 Philomats and Philarets were sentenced to death. (From: *Copernico*)



Selected Sources:

Encyclopedia Britannica

Copernico. History and Cultural Heritage in Eastern Europe

CULTURE.PL #language & literature allpoetry.com
Wikipedia



hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Professor Emerita, Liberal Arts
(Penn State, U.S.A.)
Director of Editing Services,
Inner Child Press International (U.S.A.)





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

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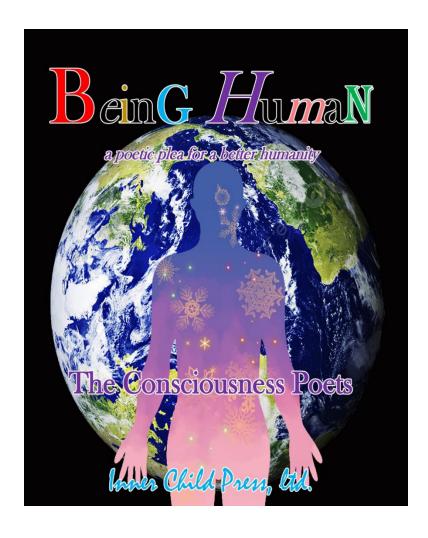




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Gail Weston Shazor



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

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

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

Sleeping Siren

Genus Capreaction Sirenum
To add humanness to the mix
Would personify a consciousness
That is fabled has been lost
Over cliff and rocks
And for many moons
You have been quietly watching the sea
Attached to the island of your birth
Or even of your exiled passions

It has been said your longing is palatable
In the crashing waves of oceans
Your song irresistible to those
On whom your eye falls across the tide
He awoke you from the reverie
Of the solitude you share with yourselves
And the words are not enough
So you result to a rhythm of drums
Mimicking the purity of the heart

While your father may be of the sea Your husband is one of iron And of them both you seek escape In a temporal consolation of kisses To know you are out there waiting Makes my soul tired of anticipation Of the next and the next times

Unrivaled of your physical beauty The rest of us are left to primp Our characters and integrities

In an effort to be seen in the cleft Of hidden caves left open to view Love is never sufficient for mortals And so we lose the ones we love To lust such as you embody

Yet, I would not sacrifice who I am
To be one just like you
For you will never leave your
Shackled iron bound ring
For the love of one who you captured
I would only have you stop your song
Long enough to free a heart
For the mere rest of us

hanging up

The blood rushes to my head And I find it hard to breathe The aching and pain of a skull Filled to bursting

With the blood of life

With the

Blood

Of

Death

And the smell

Of pretensions

Wafting through my ears

My ankles ache

From the chaffing of the bindings

Findings

Wanting

Needing

The lessening

From the chains pulling across bones Stretched to many limits of flesh

If I could just

Touch the ground with my fingertips

I might find a temporary relief

Outside my spirit woman

A tantalizing

And unfulfilling satiation

Much like a laden table with no salt

Tasteless

So I hang

And not as he hung

In perfection

But away from heaven

Unworthy to bear the fruit of a race
Cast into the branches
In places far from
Golgotha
For much the same earthbound reason
Fear
Reflecton
Hate
Each hair shirt heavier than the next
Worn uneasily
In desert heat and verdant forests
In cotton fields and steel mills

Even upside

Down

Here I hang

And my vision is finally clear

VIP

You call to me in peace And that is what I answer For you recognize the need That I currently have I turn to your healing powers Of cool, liquid raw greenness You knew I needed this From the touch of my hand And the look in my eyes I sip the newness across my tongue Not wanting to gulp the healing Into my body, my belly, my words The sweat poured from my nappy hair Cleaning me, washing my pain Until water poured from my eyes Rooted to the floor Unable to move until I felt The touch of your arms around me The quieting shhhs flowing over my skin And we stood there The needing and the necessary of life A possessor of knowledge of ages past "what else can I do?" you asked me But my pain was too great to answer I just didn't want you To let me go in that moment So I placed my hands in yours Following your calm You said to me "today this room means Vessel In Pain" pointing to the VIP sign And you left me there In that quiet space To find my healing

Alicja Maria Kubzrska

The Year of the Poet XI ~ October 2024



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).

Mr. Thaddeus

For Adam Mickiewicz

From Zaosie to Constantinople, the road is long full of life's twists and turns, unfulfilled dreams of the homeland's freedom. Fickle fate condemned him to wander across Europe and Asia.

It never allowed him to return to his native land, and inscribed poverty and longing into his life story. It is this longing that drives his thoughts to wander again through vast fields covered in white buckwheat, leading along narrow paths in the ancient forest. Like an echo, love sighs return, lingering glances and romantic songs, memories of happy days in the nobleman's manor. The lost land of childhood came alive in verse. The epic poem closed the abyss of quarrels and accusations, and the heart of the nation beat loudly, strengthened.

The Table

Square, solid
Made by a village carpenter.
On its worn-out surface,
an iron with a slug burnt a heart.
It survived the war's turmoil
and the post-war years of darkness.
It heard conspiratorial whispers,
loud laughter, quiet sorrows.
When needed, it became an ark,
taking on board drowning people.
The table with the heart is gone.
It didn't fit the elegant interior.
It vanished with the smoke straight to the sky,
warming the household with its last breath.

The Chandelier

It bent its seven arms like swan necks
And majestically floated to the white ceiling,
Lighting the darkness with a warm glow.
Transparent water lilies bloomed,
And a rainbow sparkled in the glass crystals.
The Murano masters' work is admired for centuries.
The fragile masterpiece never leaves the ballroom,
It gently trembles, dancing in the wind's embrace.
And when needed, it replaces the sunlight.
Aesthetic like a prima ballerina does pirouettes
From simple forms to intricate shapes.
Beauty is eternal and doesn't fade with fashion
The chandelier knows that time hasn't stolen its charm.

Jackiz Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

Adam Mickiewicz 1798-1855

Weary, exhausted, responsibilities on his mind, A life to live, literary work to do, children, And a wife not quite right in her mind.

Poet, activist, arrested, deported. In despair, he thought of giving up.

The world, heavy on his shoulders, A wife unable to cope, six children, And cholera, about to swallow him up.

In the space, of less than a year, Alas, both he and his wife passed away.

Considered as Poland's greatest poet, Did his name, fame or acclaim, Offer any consolation to his children?

An Autumn Song

fade the night shine the light drip drop the dawn

autumn sings of coming days of drifting banks of snow

of lives beginning to shiver like little rowboats with nowhere to go

Windstorm

The times are changing

And if there is a man, who in the knowing slips off of his best intentions,

and counts it but naught,

might not the audience find him at fault for trying to compete

with the windstorm,

that threatens to shake him off his pedestal?

What might one, then, think of the spectators, who are now expecting, demanding?

A refund for the price paid?

Tzgmin 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.

Freedom

Beneath the heavens, vast and boundless stars, Freedom whispers in the night, Alone, I tread the path, my spirit scarred by war, Yet still I stand, seeking that infinite light.

In the woods, where ancient silver leaves, Embrace the land once free, now chained, Each tree, each blade of grass now grieves, For the silent earth, to sorrow's reign.

Within my heart, an eternal flame does burn, Dreams of distant fields to which we belong, The rivers sing, their pure and steadfast song, As mist returns to shores where grasses yearn.

The peaks rise high, their icy light aglow, Guarding the storm that rends the earth apart, Yet freedom calls, through every valley's flow, The nameless brave who fought, and did depart.

O thunder deep within the soul, Heroes vanish at history's distant cry, Echoes ring, yet spring's winds cease to roll, Fear guides the land, where shadows clearly lie.

The Shepherd's Heart

Through storm and snow, the hills laid bare, The shepherd treads alone, frost's chill in air. What care has he for springtime long past? His eyes, keen and clear, behold at last The untamed road that leads him home, A path of dreams where freedom roams. The flock moves on, in dawn's embrace, Knowing well where they find their place. The skies stretch wide, serene and bright-Is freedom waking in that light? Or does eternal peace reside, Unbroken still, by time's long tide? The sheep, they follow without a thought, Yet in his soul, deep battles fought— To live for self, or in the glow Of a distant star, that leads so slow. He ponders life's winding road, Its joys, its griefs, its gentle load. And everywhere, both near and far, Comfort and sorrow, twin-born are. The mountains steep, the valleys wide, His thoughts like rivers side by side. Where truth and solid ground might be, In whispered fates and destiny? In quiet times, the sky turns gold, And in its light, the wisdom old, He feels, though still he walks alone, Through fields where peace at last is known— Found a way out, but it only cost nothing but a shepherd's heart.

Why Does That Star Follow Me from Afar?

I have long refused to ask Why that star forever follows me from afar. In the silent sky, It gleams like a scar, so deeply marred. Beneath its sorrowful light I tread, Seeking witness to my endless night. The paths I've walked, rugged and long, Joy so fleeting, sorrow so strong. Still, the star guards from its distant place, Silent, watching fate's tides pass through shadows' trace. Has it seen my pain? Or does it carry silent mercy in its reign? Though years may divide us still, Maybe the star already knows what I don't know, Maybe the star has already found what I'm looking for. And so, it shines, unchanged, distraught. Yet I cannot forget, beneath the storm's despair, But I can't forget sinking into the dark night in the storm.

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

Mickiewicz

Adam Mickiewicz B 1798 ~ D 1856

Amazing Polish master poet his art concentrated on realism mortality of all creation especially mankind life on earth designed to expire though the habit of mankind is to succumb to his/her appetite be wealth. Power, glitter that is attractive on the surface but beyond that is worthless in his piece: "Storm" a ship at sea being torn to pieces with men aboard fighting to survive the violent storm to no avail would give anything to stay alive at that defining moment realize the true worth of the glitter that puts mankind in a mindless trance he expressed that which has no price tag because things such as love, honesty, loyalty truth, generosity the priceless value of divine god given qualities the spirit moved him

So, What You Thankful For?

you got the right to gobble up everything in sight that you believe might makes right? sooo what are you thankful for? the prospect of getting mo, mo, mo? peoples of earth would be thankful if you were gone like the innocent ones killed, maimed by the drones you flown over their homes plies of smoked rubble, flesh, bones soo what you thankful for? imposing unjust laws that suppress the hordes? you who took god out the script cause you want all mankind to call you lord incarnate then have dem sing a song with god bless you on it say "heel lord master for your wars wars fought to preserve our freedom at its core " free to be brainwashed in lockstep, robots controlled by high tech, void of free thinking, self-respect who never should question your lies, hypocrisy, steal from the peoples and call it democracy dem should call ya'll " Dem a Crazzy ' soo what ya'll thankful for that you're a fascist pimp with a stable of whores? i'll tell ya what i'll be thankful for when that day when you stand to be judged by command in front of him who created all of them men, women, jinn and be paid the just wage that you earned from beginning to end on that day i wouldn't want to be you my friend

Breath..,

deeply let it out slowly, vibe on the holy scribe strive to know thee clean the cranium empty the mind of stress don't think just relaxing ride your flow strive mellow, grow derive direction go easy don't try pleasing just be a light glow treat the soulful yearning to be free leaves blowing on a tree leaves me knowing thee unseen but in full effect the meaning of respect life being living out the purpose oh mankind rehearse the verse oh mankind reverse what's cursed breathe deeply, let it out slowly vibe on the holy name closer then the jugular vein

Norgen 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.

Adam Mickiewicz's

He was a Poland poet, a writer, and a political activist. His poetic Epic, "Pan Tadeusm," was his masterpiece. It's about love, honor, and patriotism.

He touched so many lives not just through his poetry, but also as a loving, caring human being. He was patriotic, cared and loved his country but he was deported from his country never to return.

His poet friend, Krasinski, said this after hearing about Mickiewicz's death, "For men of my generation, he was milk and honey, gall and descend from him.

He carried us off in the surging billow of his inspiration and cast us into the world."

These Roses

These roses are still here (not as many) standing in the green vase, droopy, dried, dead, and dark dark red but they are still special to me.

My Teddy Bear Darling bought them for me for our Anniversary twenty plus years ago.

Who will take care of my flowers when I'm gone?

Will they be thrown in the trash?

I pray not.

To Be a Winner

To be a winner is to keep on trying until you succeed and never give up.

To be a winner is to know that it's okay to make mistakes and learn from them so you can avoid it the next time.

To be a winner is to have confidence in yourself and what you do but not to be egocentric.

To be a winner is to be successful without stepping on anyone's toes.

To be a winner is to know whatever you're victorious in there will be someone out there who's better than you.

To be a winner is to be a good sport whether you win or lose.

Clizabeth 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 co-author 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

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The Slavic Bard

In a whispered lore of shadowed and harlequin nights, Where dreams entwine with fading lights, There stands a name, a voice of eclectic grace— Adam Bernard, a timeless trace. Born from the heart of Poland's soul, A bard whose words could make one whole. He walked the fields where history wept, And in his verses, the passion leapt. By Vistula's banks, his spirit soared high, In tales of love and freedom poured devoid of sigh, With each pen stroke, the hidden past ignites, A symphony of hopes and wondrous plights. Ode to the lost, the brave, the dainty free, In every line, echoes of humanity, With visions drawn from pipe dreams unspun, In twilight's glow, his mighty battles won. Through misty valleys, legendary icons born, His poems like the dew and misty dawn, For every heart that seeks to find, A solace in the dark, so kind. He weaves in history's golden thread, The echoes of the undying great dead, A voice that calls from ages long past, In every heartbeat, a shadow was cast. So let us raise our cups, sing our song, To Adam Bernard, where we belong, For in his words, we still await, A world in harmony, a bond of fate.

In the hush of night, where shadows weave,

Mystic Dreams

Whispers of thine wonder entice us to really believe, A mystic tapestry spun from the dreamy silken thread, Of what lies beyond, where the restless dare tread. Stars paint the blank canvas with an illumination that's fleeting, Each twinkle's a promise, a heartbeat, a greeting, In the realm of dreams, where the mundane fades, Reality blurs, and the heart serenades. Mountains of courage, valleys of grace, Time bends, stands still, and bows to this mystical place, We dance with the moon's rhythm, embrace the unknown, In the cradle of deafening silence, we find our own throne. Visions of infectious laughter, reflections of tears, A mosaic of hopes, and the echo of fears, With each whispered secret, the heart takes flight, As dreams become wings in the stillness of the dark night. Yet dawn's gentle light creeps in with a sigh, Pulling us back to the world, oh so shy, But we carry the magic, as daylight returns, For dreams are the embers from which our heart burns. So, hold to those visions, let them not fade my dear, For in every heartbeat, a dream is relayed devoid of fear, With courage to chase what the night softly brings, We awaken our souls to the song that life sings.

The Empath

In the quiet hum of a bustling modern street, Where voices blend and strangers meet, There walks a soul armed with a tender heart, An empath, playing an unseen part.

With thine eyes like windows, deep and wide, They feel the world, and let it glide Through fingertips, like melting snow, Each joy and sorrow, they come to know.

They sense the cheer, a vibrant hue,
But also, the whispers of pain so true,
A heavy cloak of unspoken cries,
They carry silently, beneath the grey skies.
In crowded rooms where shadows loom,
They find the light, dispel the gloom,
With every smile, they weave a thread,
Connecting hearts, where words are left unsaid.
Yet in this Divine Gift, there's too much weight to bear,
A raging storm of feelings, too much to share,
For not all truths are light and free,
Some linger long, like a haunting melody.

But still, they stand with open hands, To catch the dreams and broken plans, An intricate dance of give and take, A fragile balance, for kindness's sake.

So, here's to the empaths, the subtle guides, Who walk among us like angels, where love abides, May they find comfort in their own sweet ways, And learn to shine through the cloudy days.

Mutawaf Shahggd



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

Crossings . . . Adam Mickiewicz

Surrounded by borders he had to cross just to make sense of it all. Expressing himself to those would hear.

Touching on themes familiar to some Relating stories about somethings to come. Balancing words on the tip of a pen.

Touching lives with his sayings and verse. Searching for meanings to share with the world outside his door. Finding comfort in world that he toured.

Enjoy

Pay special attention to the latest rendition of the new edition of a reworked plan of the same old stand.

Take the first letter of sentence and color it red. The very next word to it, put it second to last.

Change the title, then call it brand new. Find another PhD, say he's the newest Harvard grad.

Infer his credentials can't be challenged. Tell them his dad was the first guy to play the rhythm and blues, he taught John Lee Hooker and Jimmy Reed too.

They are prepared to listen to things that don't have any sound. Tell them you are going to take all of them when you go to Mars

Even though the rocket ship was only built for ten. The others, tell them you'll be back to get them a little later on.

They may ask what are they going to do for water and clean air? Tell them you'll send them some back from up there.

Remember not to mention any of this information to the Negro, keep your eyes on them until we send for you.

Delectable

Appetizer

5 dozen roach legs sautéed in mouse tears then lightly breaded with pig crud. Blue Jay intestines stuffed with maggot eggs. Rat feet with mashed mosquitoes' brains. Boil for 3 minutes in Lake Erie water. Then enjoy.

Salad

Blanched Poison Ivy leaves covered with aged oak bark. Baby grapefruit rinds in mustard plaster. Crushed spider webs added for crunchiness. Grilled baby lizard lungs marinated along with toad tongues to enhance the palate. Ape sweat for added flavor.

Entre'

Bar B Qued bat backs soaked in rubbing alcohol for 2 hours before putting on the grill. Fire up the grill with drift wood and abandoned houses and wood from the shores of Lake Huron. Rack of buzzard legs wrapped in dog hair. Hog pasta roasted in skunk skins. Char broiled monkey eyes incased in chitterlings flavored with moth butter.

Dessert

Chilled Devils food soup covered with moose scabs and lion musk.

hülya n. yılmaz



Of Turkish descent, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Professor Emerita (Penn State, U.S.A.), Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, U.S.A.), and a trilingual literary translator. Before her poetry and prose publications, she authored an extensive research book in German on crosscultural literary influences.

Her works of literature include a trilingual collection of poems, memoirs in verse, prose poetry, short stories, a bilingual poetry book, and two books of poetry (one, co-authored). Her poetic offerings appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors.

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 https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

like an eagle*

İstanbul dons a large number of majestic forts

Those structures from many ancient histories May today not appear as powerful anymore But the debris alone suffice to astound The willing eye through a mere peek At the hauntingly mighty Bosphorus, In sync with the influential breaths That many civilizations of the past Have generously left in it to last

I haven't been there in too long of a while
In an empirical sense, that is
Frequent visits of my fertile imagination
Have otherwise sated my hunger and thirst
My longing for the dead who were left behind
And all my cravings for the impeccable times
Have been re-lived, time and again, in harmony
Amid the scents of a caring love ever so painstakingly

I borrowed an eagle's eye on this special day Then perched atop a bastion and began to sway

Palaces, teahouses, trolleys, Bazaars, Cafés, fishermen Rare carpet-Kilim and antiquities-selling ambitious shops Yachts, stately mosques, the famed Dolmabahçe Sarai Freighters, speed-boats, Hovercrafts, scenic jogging paths Do not interest me in the least . . . the eagle's eye is a loan Of a refined delicacy. I refuse to waste it for the mundane

On the bottom of the Bosphorus, all of a sudden, Underneath a recent undercurrent, oh so sullen! Amid seagrass . . .

I spotted my brass keychain Of four distinctive keys On it, my elephant carried on

I towed it heroically Its movable, pretty trunk Waved at me ecstatically

I guided us all
To the astonishing Sinopian coasts
To my breathtakingly serene flat-sanctuary

But, I found, to my demise It no longer was there

Only then, did i recall my dream of last year On the night of the 2nd month's 14th

And . . .

My loaner eye wept

* "like an eagle" is an old poem, one that appeared in one of my published poetry books. While doing the research on Adam Mickiewicz, where he died in particular, I was immediately reminded of my elegiac verses here. I cannot think far enough back when I have been to Istanbul the last time. It is in that Turkish city where most of my deceased family members rest. Thus, within the context of Mickiewicz' life, I could relate to the frequent traveler role.

seeking national freedom

if

knowing that imprisonment is a high possibility, that an exilic life could be one's sole livability, that freedom anywhere would remain a dream not to ever come true, but still staying wedded to activities geared toward that ideal is

not the core trait of a determined traveler on this journey we call "life,"

what else would that be?

a self-appointed pilgrim?

postmortemly claimed

appeals not ever allowed

no freedom at all

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



Teresa E. Gallion was born in Shreveport, Louisiana and moved to Illinois at the age of 15. She completed her undergraduate training at the University of Illinois Chicago and received her master's degree in Psychology from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. She retired from New Mexico state government in 2012.

She moved to New Mexico in 1987. While writing sporadically for many years, in 1998 she started reading her work in the local Albuquerque poetry community. She has been a featured reader at local coffee houses, bookstores, art galleries, museums, libraries, Outpost Performance Space, the Route 66 Festival in 2001 and the State of Oklahoma's Poetry Festival in Cheyenne, Oklahoma in 2004. She occasionally hosts an open mic.

Teresa's work is published in numerous Journals and anthologies. She has two CDs: On the Wings of the Wind and Poems from Chasing Light. She has published three books: Walking Sacred Ground, Contemplation in the High Desert and Chasing Light.

Chasing Light was a finalist in the 2013 New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards.

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at

http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq or http://bit.ly/13IMLGh

Mickiewicz Legacy

Polish bard, romantic dramatist, essayist and political activist in the 19th century. Literature tells us, you were a great poet.

That did not put bread on your table. The ailments of poverty, imprisonment and exile did not stop your creative flow

Your legacy of the word rides into the 21st century on the wings of the highs and lows of your life.

As One

When I look at you, I smile. My knees bend in reverence for love beneath the sunset in the garden of bliss.

The taste of love drips from your third eye. Gives moisture to the sand.

Let us walk in the sacred wetness. Feel beyond the body, soothing the soul in an ecstatic massage.

My smile grows bigger as I remember, the last time we walked as one.

Call of Autumn

I kiss the green goodbye. Embrace my yellow radiance. A last kiss to the sun. I melt into the desert sand.

A return to earth written in time. I spread my leaves across the ground with gratitude and grace.

Another year of spiritual unfoldment raises my consciousness and tags my heart.

I hear the sound of sandy love notes inviting me to rest.

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.

Loss of Existence

perched on edge of time devastation mushrooms with bullets and bombs

hiding
in the safety of bunkers
politicians
pretentiously
promise
to save us from the
of genocidal hatred
and endless
blood oozing
agony

unstoppable war every iota on spin

grief becomes albatross reviled a prelude to mystic patriotism whole generation lost

Mix and Mingle

in the blood-stained soil blooms a flower then another and another.

they look at each other and around and wonder about the victims and the victimizers oppressors and the oppressed Jews and Arabs Israelis and Palestinians at the futility of hate.

flowers and trees different roots intermingle in the same soil same blood in perfect harmony.

why can't the Jews and the Arabs?

Life is Suffering

I thought that the light will change it all, I would not be so bitter of darkness, of the lonely nights, of the things that you possess and I don't.

I thought it will help tame my raw desires, not needing fulfilling and that at my age a beautiful girl would not make me envious.

But here I am, incomplete— When I see you, I still don't know how to resist your magnetic pull.

Once again, I begin to write a poem about light, blossoms and trees and butterflies.

Life is suffering, Buddha taught. He's right. Which brings more comfort
Not sure Abstaining or fulfilment.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis



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

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

Links to her works:

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

https://apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

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

Liberty's Flame

In every Polish heart,

Adam Mickiewicz's spirit is seared and loved,

The National poet was born,

His poetry was a voice

Revered as scholar, a patriot and hero,

His words flourished,

His tales of freedom woven by pen.

He spoke of liberty's blaze,

This bard awoken his homeland,

His words reside

In Poland's dawn.

Panacea of The Wind

Zypheria whispers
Through the lofty pines,
The sentinels stood on mountain tops,
The legendary cure,
Is a miraculous breeze,
That heals all wounds
Of treacherous storms and cyclones.
The crystal vial of a mythical wind,
Suffuse at every altitude,
Panacea grants eternal calmness,
The traveler's cloak flies to the clouds,
Windshield's potions and herbs infuse,
Healing nestles in beautiful minds,
The legendary care for perilous odyssey.

Inscrutable

My thoughts glide
Through the labyrinth
Seeking answers in quietude,
When shadows' face
The guardian moon,
Yet, all remains a mystery.
Questions scatter across the sky,
Each possibility lies in the stars,
Dreams and desires reach distant lands,
The voices of hopes and fears are elusive,
Unfathomable, buried deep,
Into the abyss of unsolved mazes,
I realize, these fleeting myths
Inscrutable challenges to be embraced.

Swapna Behera



Behera is a trilingual poet, 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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Adam Mickiewicz: the National Poet of Poland

who cares for the body? "I have thrown off my body, spirit I put on wings! " says Adam Mickiewicz; the national poet of Poland romantic dramatist, publicist and political activist you can stretch forth your hands even to the to the skies you are the Master of your wish you can weave rainbows of harmonies you are immortal the metaphors are as powerful as the storm the lyrical intensity and episcopes as calm as the sky "I am the master I am the master me and my motherland are one" as a Phoenix you are a revered figure you say you are millions the greater love from your heart reaches millions your verses are journey of dots to existentialism you are the lifelong apostle of polish National freedom

two sides of my shadow

side 1

once upon a time
my shadow plundered
the depth, width and length
of my exuberant green existence
my verse rattled
nature twiddled in cobwebs
the shadow harrowed
piercing the subtle mirror

side 2

my shadow dances on debris or decks on hilly hamlets or lagoons swings like a sapling dignity lies not in the body at the end of the day a feeling a queen being coronated

death is a bureaucrat

death speaks of confused collapses isn't death a bureaucrat? death writes wreath of roses carrying the files of blind Karma death is a yogi omnipresent yet, combination of invisible alphabets death stumbles enchants mantra as a hermit all of a sudden death sparkle with its multilayer identity life's metamorphosis celebrates death on the wings of a butterfly the caterpillar sings and silence echoes eternal fragrance spreads to sow seeds of lyrical harvest in the cage of the chest

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/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

www.innerchildpress.com/albert-carrasco

Adam Mickiewicz

I am a polish poet born in the Russian empire,

My passion for literature helped me create a new kind of romantic drama,

I put passion love and affection, history and culture mixed in poetic stanzas.

Politically active I also wrote about how being free the Russian empire,

I wanted to actually live how I imagined I'd live.

My fellow Philomaths were striving to make that accomplishment,

but the authorities arrested me and sent me to central Russia as punishment.

I continued to write.

Nothing was going to stop my passion, not even incarceration.

I've became a household name.

I have brought attention to polish poetry by never letting go of the reins,

as I strove for acknowledgment, and by doing so I gained fame.

My heart and art was with and for Poland,

but it reached all over and largely influenced Ukrainian literature.

I traveled the world teaching and preaching my beliefs, the last days I spent on earth went on fight for freedom, for Poland.

I am the prolific writer and trail blazer ... Adam Mickiewicz

Consequences

Numb fingers, sweaty du rag and wife beater, wore masks so that raw didn't get airborne like the virus and fuck with my sinuses. Hangers, soda and water to whip up a banger. Slabs and fresh gems to size up and ration orders. Look outs steerers and pitchers. Bosses, managers and gunners. This was the inner city system to battle oppression. All we had was the game and the streets. Cop, chef, bag, sell and repeat while trying to avoid human slabs and white sheets.

Violence came along with fast money, monopolizing in the hood with stamped and trademarked color goods made that fast money real bloody, whether you was attacking or defending guns were bust daily, when the smoked cleared mothers lived out their worse fear as they cradled their lifeless children screaming out... no not my baby. I have a lot of weight on my shoulders, I was my brothers keeper, got jacked by the reaper and became my brothers pallbearer. We wanted to live but it was live where we lived so some became angels before they could really spread their wings. I stood at besides holding vigils, when they didn't come thru I prayed to my crew... sorry homie, y'all know me, if I was there i would've saved you. Going to wakes was something i never wanted to get use too, but I did, Ortiz, Porta Coeli and montera been last viewing funeral homes since I was a kid.

Rain

Making it rain was our lifestyle, we was celebrating the cross over to wealth from poverty daily. Money was coming in faster than we could spent it so we went on spontaneous splurging sprees. A few stacks here, hundreds there, we had no cares throwing it in the air. In them whips we sat low low, in the bricks we blew choco chased by momo yelln out red, followed by Bellaco, for promo. "We got it good was the sales pitch". toothpaste and toothbrushes cleaned chains and rings to give it that extra bling, safes were full of Cha-Ching, we was hood rich fuckn with that white bitch. We dealt with the elements to stack dead presidents, winter, spring, summer and fall we was out there in housing developments. There was a lot of us, we wasn't a gang but we'll bang for each other and for that in god we trust. If everything went according to plan we would've been rich together living in estates built on owned land, we would've been crossing culdesacs in robes with a half a million on the pinky, wrist and in lobes to meet the mail man. We would've been driving exotics, flying in privates, doing business with people that have differently accents and dialects in different times zones and climates, if that knife wasn't thrusted and those guns would've jammed.

Michelle Joan Barulich



Michelle Joan Barulich was born in Honolulu, Hawaii on the island of Oahu. She started writing poetry and songs with her younger brother Paul. They have written many songs in their teen years. She is currently studying Alternative Medicine and would like to become a Homeopathic Doctor. Michelle loves all kinds of animals and birds; she does wild rehabilitation. She has also rescued rock pigeons that make great pets.

https://www.facebook.com/michelle.barulich

The Poet from Poland

Adam Mickiewicz is regarded as a national poet in Poland Adam was a poet, publicist and a political activist He is considered one of the greatest Slavic and European poets

Adam was also known as an activist striving for Independence for Poland
In 1838 he became a Professor of Latin Literature
He had been written about and had many works
Dedicated to him by many authors
He was a respected person
All across the globe.

If you Stay

If you stay
I'll be complete
There's no time to weep from one's eyes
If you come, don't say goodbye
If you love me, don't turn around
Promise solid ground
Then your love will be found
If you stay
Love will be true
Come in from the rain
And I will love you
Keep your heart in my hands
It will return from empty lands.

The Emeralds

The liquid of life
Leaves you to bleed
Like a violin
There're four strings to the melody
The emerald of life is here and now
Do the best that you can do
Take a part in the circle
You will be counted for
Life is a gift
And a mystery too
Hold it in your hands
Try to solve the riddle of time
It takes us all for a ride.

Cliza Segiet

The Year of the Poet XI ~ October 2024



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).

The Destiny of the World

In memory of Adam Mickiewicz*

He could feel the world more, more strongly, differently... He could foresee. The History of the Future was to complement his works.

It could have been so. Only if he had not listened to the whispers of a certain count who feared that his work might do harm...

That was sufficient. He decided! The fire consumed most of the foreseen, written down future.

Something remained, however.
From the letters to his friends
and fragments of the manuscript
lure traces of the world's fate,
which one day was to emerge from non-existence.

Unfortunately, there aren't enough words to express the prophetic vision of the one who proclaimed:

Call me not a critic, but a bard**.

He was right. His contemporaries knew it and so do those living today.

*Adam Bernard Mickiewicz (24th December 1798 – 26th November 1855) was a Polish poet, playwright, essayist, translator and political activist. He is celebrated as a national poet in Poland, Lithuania, and Belarus and recognized as a leading figure in Polish Romanticism. Among the "three bards," he is widely acknowledged as the greatest Polish poet.

** On the 3rd of May 1842, Mickiewicz said, "Do not call me a critic, but a bard" during a meeting at the Polish Literary Society.

Translated by Dorota Stępińska

Dance

Her eyes said that she wants to dance, have fun, go crazy.

Perhaps she envied others – of their dancing feet.

She envelops in infirmity – she cried.

Nobody saw her tears, nobody saw that like others she craves for life.

Maybe he did not want to see?

Translated by Artur Komoter

Romeo

On the boundless ocean of love, where the nightingales sang at dawn, still you can hear voiceless words, ineffable thoughts.

Silence, quiet,
which for centuries pulsate
and the frayed mark on the monument.
On the boundless ocean of the world
– the remaining feeling.
Maybe somewhere,
at a crossroad,
where the leaves tremble alone
the longed for Romeo
– is still waiting.

Translated by Artur Komoter

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

In Remembrance for you Adam

I am the romantic,
I am the poet,
I am the one
Who hears the voices . . .
The voices screaming to be heard,
The voices of the downtrodden,
The voices within me
Fighting amongst themselves
For prevalence

My wonder leads me To wander, And doing so I collect Gems and treasures To share with those Who are thirsty Those who hunger

I have communed with The Sovereign, The Royals, The waif, The vagrant, The poor

I have wandered in the meadows
Along the shores of the great waters,
Atop the mountains,
And along the valleys,
And everywhere I turn,
Everywhere I look,
I listen and
I am greeted by those voices
Calling my name . . . ADAM

Peace

I did not think about it much During the days of my youth, But as I grew older, I slowly began to realize That though this world Had its small pleasures Joys, comforts, rewards, And treasures It was not the idyllic place Of my desires, My dreams, My hopes, Nor my needs

One does not have To look hard To see the overt Hate, bias and indifference That prevails itself upon us

Human life has grown to be
A statistic of insignificance
And it would appear
That our self-centered motives
Are all that matter
When we paint our soul- homes
With vibrant colors
To hide the uglines
That lives and breathes
Beneath the surface
Of our projected peace

We struggle amongst each other, As well as within ourselves In our attempts to find An elusive solace As we delude ourselves Subversively embracing the chaos Calling it Peace

We long within the depths of our Souls To once again sit in the presence Of our birthright peace And LOVE

And i

I speak often
To my ancestors
And other loved ones
Whom I have lost

I too hope
That when my moment
Of reconciliation arrives
I will be able to cross
That bridge made of rainbows
And once again embrace
The objects of my
Fathomless love

I have hopes
For this life
And the next
That my soul will find balance
Between the 'in' and 'ex' trinsic expressions
Of my existence

Memories flood my reason And in spite of myself, The longing consumes me, And still I will not yeild Or fully submit

What is this tryst
I have between fiction and fact
That plays its mesmerizing music
That drunkens my resolve

And has me fractally accepting Kaleidoscopic reasoning As a verity?

The deeper I dig
The more I realize
My shallowness
And the futility
Of my self-proclaimed
Understanding

I somehow realized That not all open doors Were meant to be entered Nor exited, Now are all windows Meant to be opened

There is a light that Sneaks through The closed blinds That affirms that There is a Sun, There is a Moon, And they each have Their purpose

• • • • •

Me, i am upon my knees
Scratching in the dirt
In the darkness
Seeking immutable treasures
Hoping to clone my higher self
And bind it with some permanence
To my ultimate expectations

As to why I am here, And to what end Does this journey proceed

I honor each and every footstep I have taken up to my 'Here', And 'Now'
I acknowledge the Power of Fate and Destiny Contrived or not And I.....

Opening Soon for Submissions Stay Tuned



October 2024 Featured Poets



Deepak Kumar Dey

Shallal 'Anouz

Adnan Al-Sayegh

Taghrid Bou Merhi



Dggpak Kumar Dgy



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 looks for never social prudence. He status recognition. Through soulfulness he seeks Almighty's abundant grace and mercies. In arrayed words he weaves the magic of mirthful munificence and glory of God. [...]

Description Of a Brief Moment

Tick-tick goes the clock, jeering sign comes up; How discordant I am only for worldly measure, Driven by deleterious passion, for now and after, Zest for such a life in broad daylight puffs up.

Each step ruminates to rustle on dimming street, Picking up my senses abysmally with no dalliance, Tenderly I fall in love with delicate fragrance, At my stimulus brows dreams bedazzle bright.

Like awakening birds sing when breeze suffuses, Without hesitation for interminably mystical ecstasy-Solely I adore, admire transcendental tendency; On rosy canopy cupidity and succulence amazes.

Through casement this reminds sun in the east, Pretending to myself I do revamp through mist.

Tragic Death...

What a horrible illusion from tragic distance! When a reflective thought of pure delight-Unnoticeably leaves its reduced chance, Conventional notes can not get to its height.

Inevitable strivings are encapsulated by tempest, A fateful beckoning in quest is trackless When the thunderstorms cast the hardest, The embodied purification turns out fateless.

The stroke of destiny is really so unbearable, It's hitting hard punching the unseen marks. Resolved contentment finds engulfing whirlpool, Untimely, a cyclonic storm is sure to embark.

Blossoming flower, superseded by unkind touch, Moans seeing uprooted trees' endangered approach.

Fateless

Black clouds are covering my sheltering sky, I see. I can imagine a bolt of blue-thunderstorm will hit here-To bother me, I cannot tell how hazardous it would be. Let me bear it all alone and watch what comes to be.

I feel, I can inhale the hurting that I can not deny, Never ever; do not think that I am too cowardly to stay. Oh, yes! you can not see me in rain how much I cry. Perhaps, it is my fate and has come out for longest stay.

No one can see the flowing flooding tears from my eyes, Why you are beforehand? ask me not how I am able to hide.

It cannot or can heal me I know; you do not seem to mind. I am determined not to sigh making louder cries. Let my sufferings and sorrows go away or stay, nothing is in my mind.

Let me say the genuine told words of mighty minds, the wise:

"Have you seen, does a trusted wolf in sheep's guise pay the price?"

Forgive me, I beg your pardon, for I will not hide. I will quietly bear grieving through my silent cries alongside.

Even if I am on the right side, wounds of your words cut deeply inside.

Oh, yes! for betterment, accepted the toughest lesson of life,

Do not try to lampoon and laugh mockingly when I choose to smile.

Forgive me, forgive me I beg you, I am kneading to smile a lot,

Let me continue in my stride, I was taught that revenge is not to be sought.

Shallal Anouz



Shallal 'Anouz is an Iraqi poet born in 1950, member: Union of Writers and Authors, he published six colocations of poetry and one novel, some of his works have been translated into English, Kurdish, French, and Italian. Around 25 books, letters, and dissertations have been written about his literary and creative career.

Trees of Hope

He once told me:

Don't suppress the joy that comes with tears,

Don't block the windows of dreams.

He once told me

To open the doors of happiness to the dawn,

Offer the warm antidote of hearts to those passing through hardship.

Wear the robe of those running towards the sun, Hold on to the necklace of light that leads you to the peak of the day,

To be able to see

the destinies in their nakedness.

So, think not of going back.

Cling to the tree of hope at the height of your wound.

Set out off from the wail of pain and disappointment,

Cross the obstacles of setback.

Start running towards the end even if your legs fail you,

For the fast and deliberate steps

Always lead to the destination shore.

Why, whenever we say we have arrived, does the noise scold us?

And our roads are burdened with the rags of those who did not cross the river naked.

They left behind only the hooves of their horses And exhausted donkeys

That were carrying the luggage of consolation to the other side of the dream.

I saw him again at the edge of perdition,

The space was vast,

Stretching out empty of the homeland's cries. But the winds were pointing to the ends, And the trees were rustling, provoking the birds. And a hundred journeys away, There was a wedding procession coming.

Translated into English by: Hussein Nasser jabr

Cities of Aridity

He sighs his sorrows late at night,
With a heavy grip of sleeplessness,
He bears the burden of his grief,
Weeping with tears for his stolen dream.
No one shares his mournful cries,
No one hears his anguished sighs.
All have gone, he stands alone,
Praying on the path of hope unknown.
He waits for the rain to fall,
To wash away the drought and all.

Translated into English by: Hussein Nasser jabr

A Soul Unmoored

On the bench of tragedies, He sat, weary and forlorn, Drowning in his sorrows, Words barely escaping his lips. He breathed the sighs of exile, Lost and bewildered, Cursing his wretched fate, In the ears of the arrogant wind. The place was crowded With the recklessness of nomads And the smoke of superstitions, No distinction between The headband of Sedition And the rosary of Deception But the homeland remained a child, On the strings of his patience, Carrying the rock of Sisyphus, Waiting for the appearance of Janus. And I have no business With what the aftermath of the ordeal will lead to. August 27, 2023 Janus: The god of hope in Greek mythology

Translated into English by: Hussein Nasser jabr

Adnan Al-Sayegh



Adnan Al-Sayegh (1955 Iraq), He left his homeland in 1993 and since 2004 lives in London. He has published 12 books, including Uruk's Anthem & The Dice Of The Text. He has received several international awards and has been invited to read his poems in many festivals across the world.

Pages From the Biography of An Exile - (6)

I'll kick my socks toward the sky in solidarity with those who don't have shoes and I'll walk barefoot feeling the muds of the streets under my feet staring at the faces of the glutted inside their glass offices, O ... if human intestines were glass so we could see how much they've stolen our bread, O Lord if You couldn't fill this starving stomach where worms squirm & belch why did you create me with these wolfing molars And if You didn't flesh my bed with a twig-tender body then why did You give me such burning arms And if You didn't grant me a country to be safe in why did You godsend my wandering feet And if You became exasperated by my complaints then why did You give me this mouth gushed with screams night & day

Translated by Stephen Watts and Marga Burgui-Artajo

Extracts from The Dice of The Text

Why do we enhance history, while it is blunt and blind? Why do we shine the words while they are in excess of days?

days?

and of need.

Why does the inkwell hem, and there is a lot of ink in the blood?

We are who crushed by history our days are ready to kneel and also, our hands to clap and to be chained and our revolutions have only brought us to the gallows.

I tell my fantasies to passersby, to my right are the Ziggurats, to my left is Abu Ghraib prison.

We fill our lungs with air. . . our air which was stolen from the breath of the slain, as if our life cycle is a distance between two gasps and we can prolong it by embezzlements or by sighs.

......

as if paper is a mirror of the imagination as if the text is our menstruating dreams as if our exhalation is a digging in the air. I pull 'and' from the language crib and spread it in anyway to pull me to my scattered meaning

under the book hooves, and the boots which crossed our history in reverse;

Translated by Dr. Jenny Lewis and Amani Alabdily

Second Song to Inanna/Ishtar

Trains, histories, armies, and kisses have marched by. Trees, wars and exiles have marched by. Al Sayyab and Edith Sitwell have marched by –

while we stand on Embankment bridge musing about the murmurings of the Tigris and the Thames — two parallel histories that can neither meet nor part and so leave us regretting what each has lost by the other's absence.

Oh generous Tigris! Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song...

...the sound of jazz from a homeless girl rises from under the bridge and we dance along with the night to her music

until orange blossom flowers between our fingers and the columns of the bridge, the roads, the shops, the pages grow green as far as Walt Whitman.

When we surface we find our boat is rudderless – not even Uta-napishtim can steer a drunken boat... Oh Inanna, how do we get back to Uruk, destroyed by the flood?

We are washed from depths to depths, passing river bank after river bank.

We didn't know that exile would go on so long, that our journey would only bring loss.

So come close, let poetry be our country, love, the flute and wine... how beautiful these countries are, how creative, how expansive.

Translated by Jenny Lewis and Ruba Abughaida

Taghrid Bou Merhi



Taghrid Bou Merhi is a Lebanese multilingual poet, writer, journalist and translator. She has authored 21 books and translated 24 books to date, a presenter of 25 books. She is an active member of various literary and creative platforms and editor of 8 Magazine Arabic. She is an advisory member among ten internacional poetry consultants chosen by Chinese media giant CCTV. Lebanese ambassador in the International Fellowship for Creativity and Humanities, England-London. Her writings are part of several national and international magazines, newspapers, journals and anthologies. She has won many awards for her write-ups.

TAGHRID BOU MERHI (Foz Do Iguaçu, Paraná, Brasil) taghrid240@gmail.com

Little Girl

Inside me, there is a restless little girl

She left behind the echoes of a memory

Filled with the sleep of bitter wine And scattered poems exhausted by insomnia

Her hearing became delicate
As her faded stories melted into wrinkles of silence

They dissolved among the depths of time And collided upon the wreckage of her heart like a slamming door

What if you were a vibrant cry And my throat was a flute that played the music of the soul?

We would gather honey from bees and ride on bird's wings

Take me with gentle care in a coffin When we grow tired and darkness falls between us Who will heal the wounds of wanderers and dreamers?

The wound is deep, and memories bleed on death's bed

How can I convince containers that the sound of intestines is just an argument amidst the crowd?

How can I peel away the trunk of questioning When mirages are fabricated images that only know madness?

And when voices of confusion expand Who will chase away the howling wolves moody winds, and hungry ones?

The night has draped itself in its cloak

And you are the prophetess, and your heart is youthful So walk among the clouds

Video Call!

Perhaps it was empty, that sad tone slipping through the crack of memory...

Often I would chase away the loneliness with a kiss into the air and a smile and laughter, pretending joy...

The soul sought like a migrant, murmuring longing for an embrace that would be sustenance for eternity
But my grip would spoil the fibers of the heart and permit resignation until the last breath

The failure for a meteor to fall from the sky weighed heavily on me And her voice, my mather A prayer, conquered the repugnant distances

What congestion here in the details of video calls My hands grew tired of waiting and the voice dug into regrets
And I, not mastering the art of screaming...

If only I were

If only I were skilled in acting or simulating longing with indifference Before her eighty-year-old face, my desire to kiss her through the screen would expose my weakness and lack of cunning

And often I failed to console myself before her calls and when I offered a soul to gaze upon the face of my beloved

But I failed and I don't think you realized

I would perform ablution after every call I would wrap my arms, filled with longing and yearning, around myself as solace for an embrace

I would pour out pain onto farewell letters and I would weave a thread with God that hope never breaks!!

Identity!

Your concept of tradition takes the form of behavior

It becomes your obsession to adhere to an identity that is not suited to your environment, religion, and culture.

When you perform rituals of blind imitation, You conjure in your imagination interpretation and imbue it with the superficiality that satisfies your modern desires.

What you feel as evolution and civilization, It's a dual level between rapid transition and general indicators.

And as you are a part of everything The individual aspect intertwines with the collective aspect Together forming a socially debatable model.

In every stage of life, there are different origins and growing intersections

So choose what suits you And your individual and social levels.

To shed your skin and wear the skins of others

Is like a sacrificial altar that takes away everything you've been brought up on and acquired over the years.

Affirming identity has a hierarchical status

So choose your identity

And don't just be an obsession that only knows imitation.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Han W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

The Butterfly Effect



"15" in effect

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.

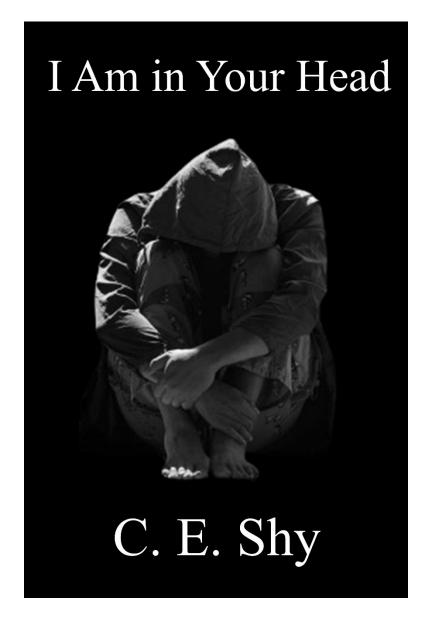
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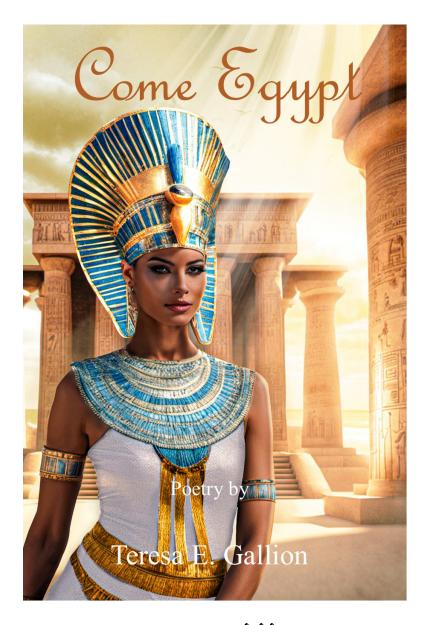
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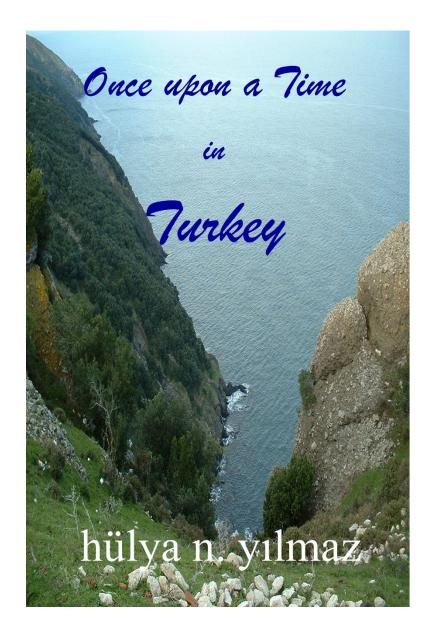
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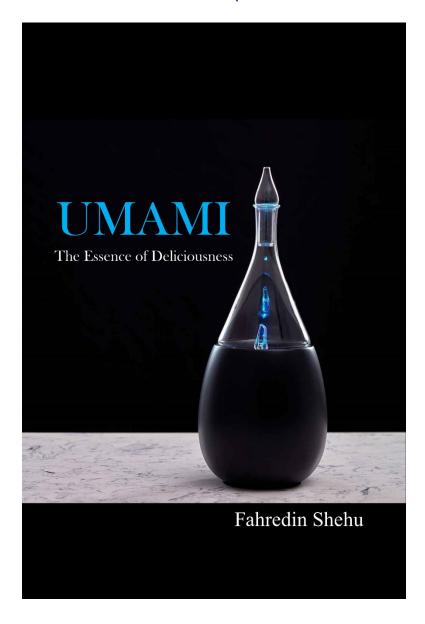


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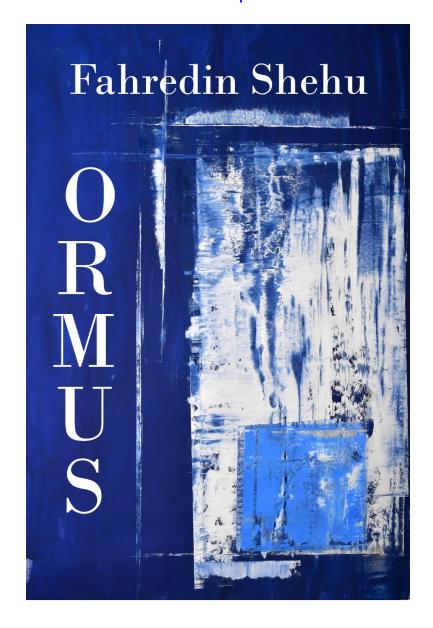


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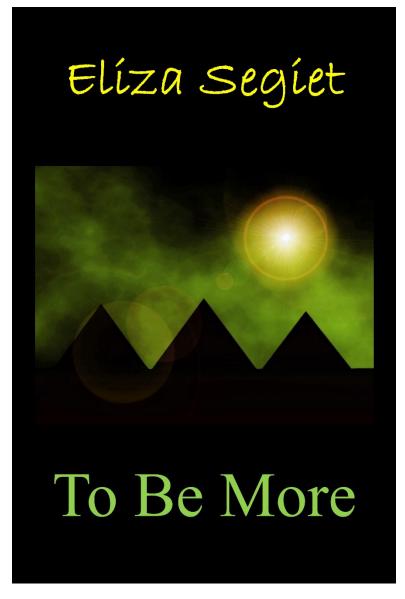
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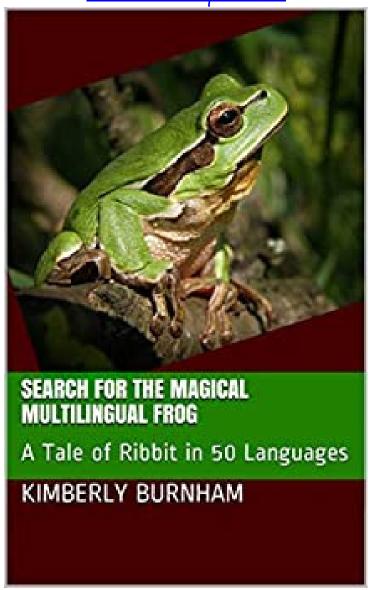
Ahead of My Time

. . . from the Streets to the Stages



Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

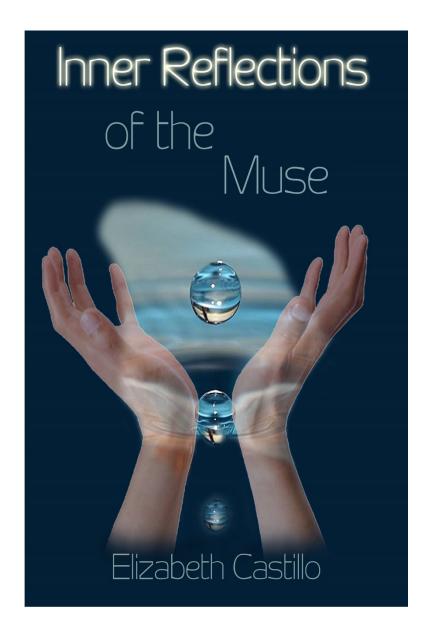


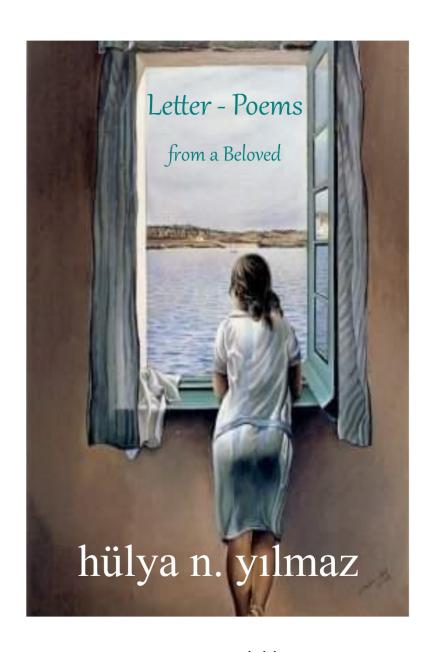


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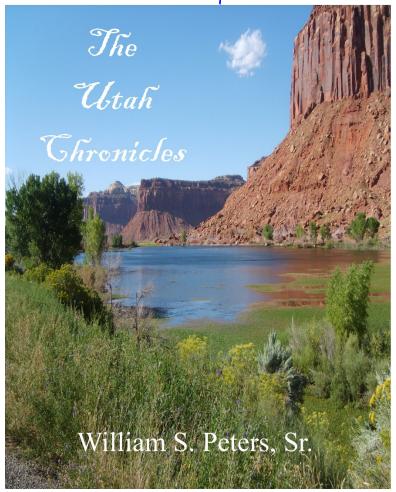


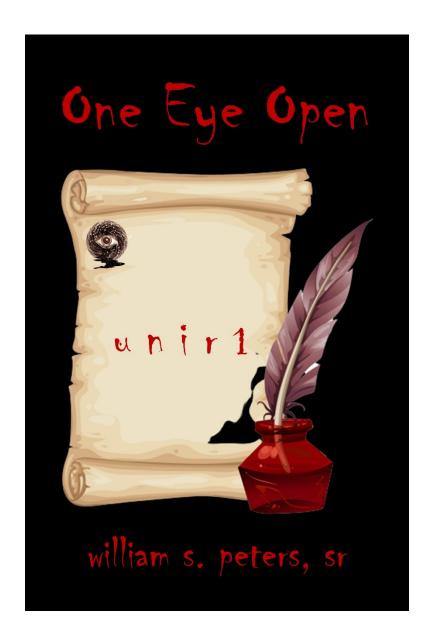




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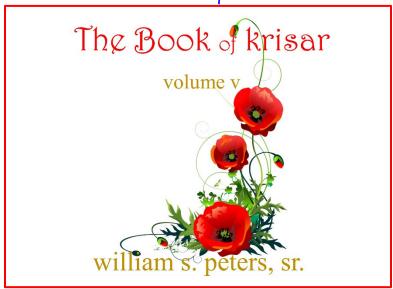
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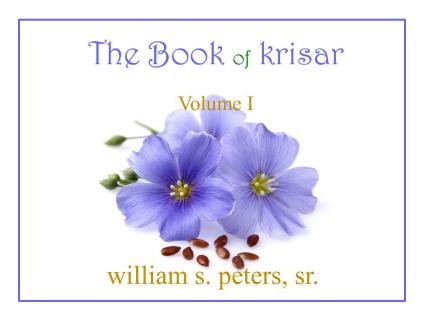


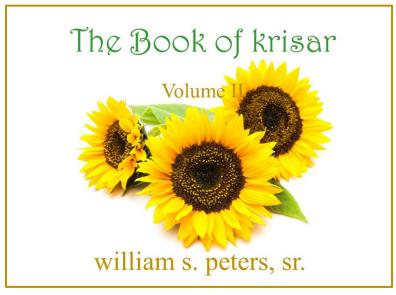


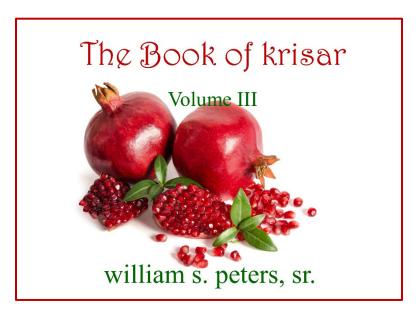
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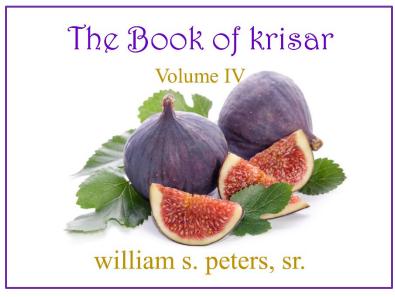
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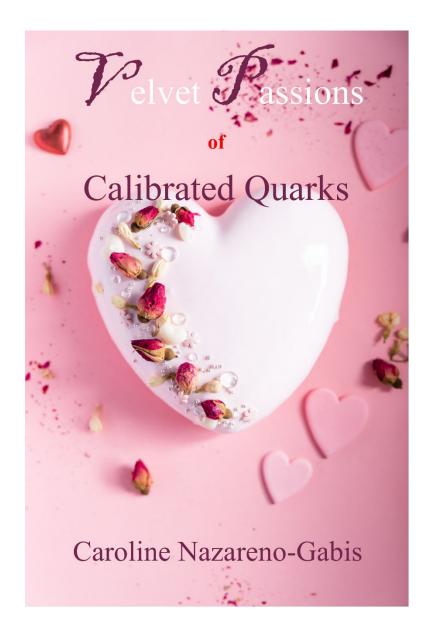


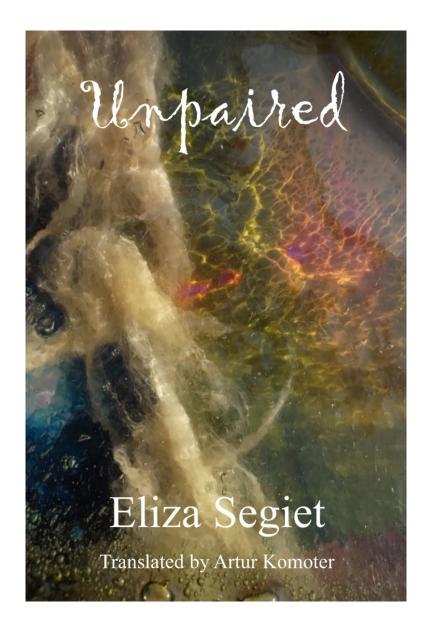




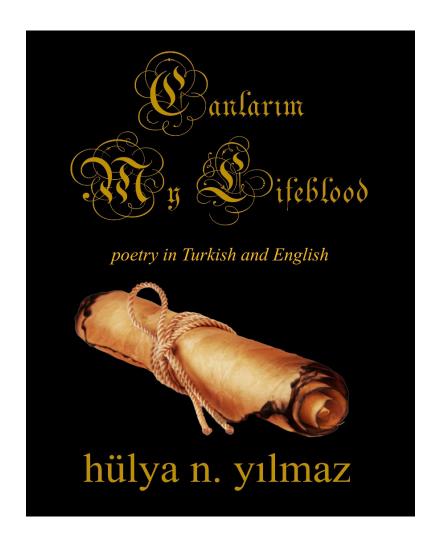


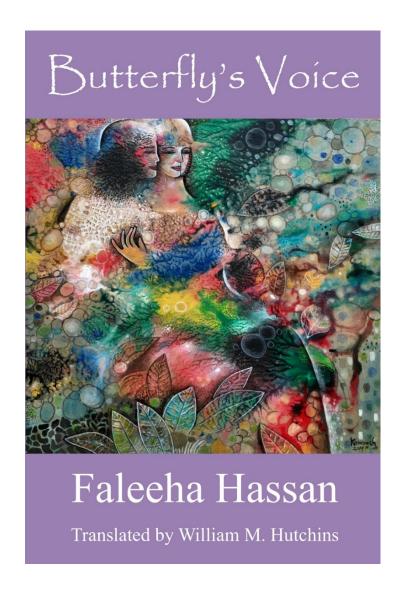






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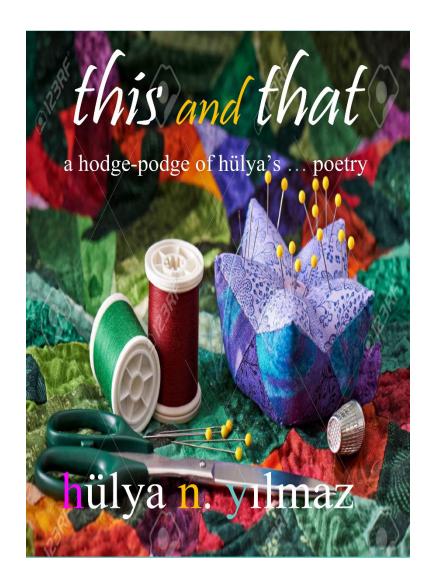


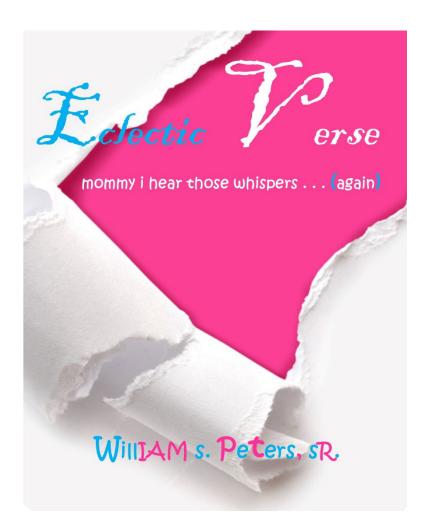
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen

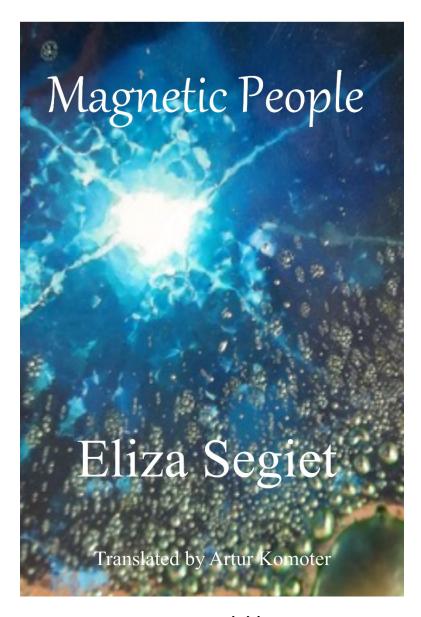




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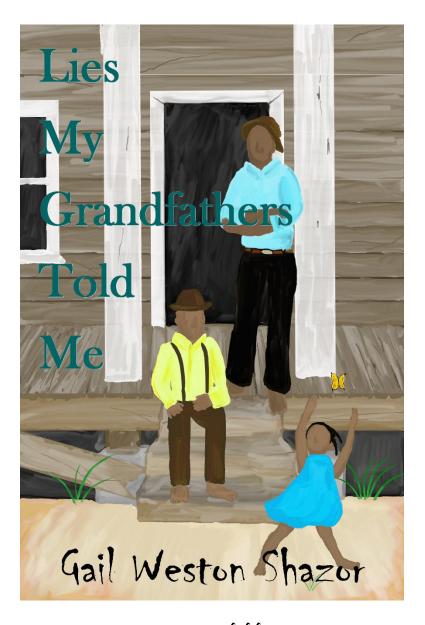


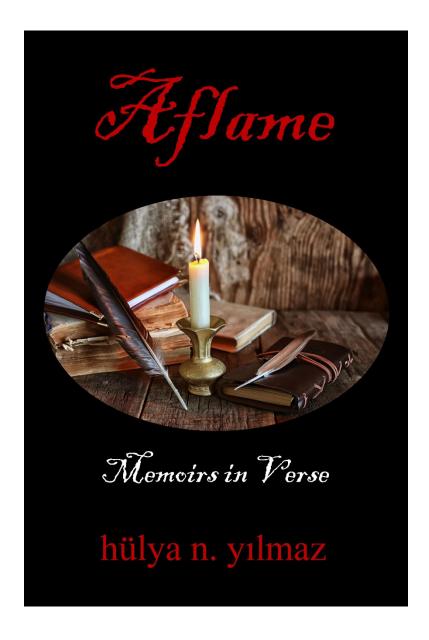
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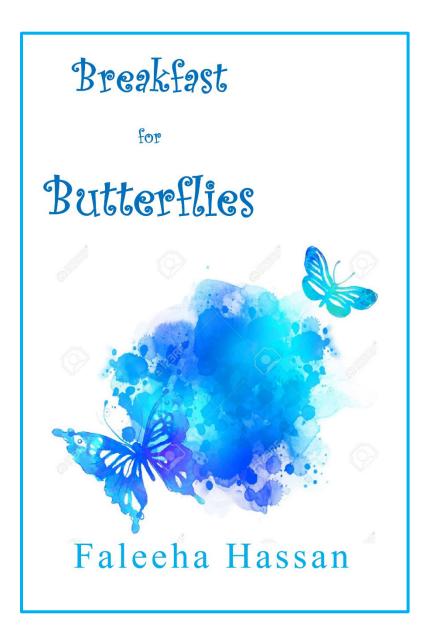


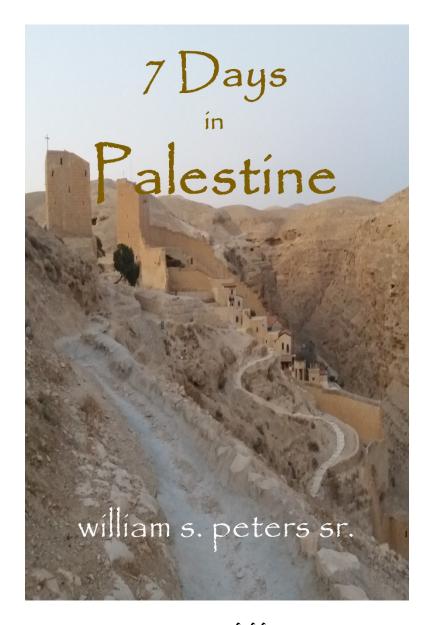
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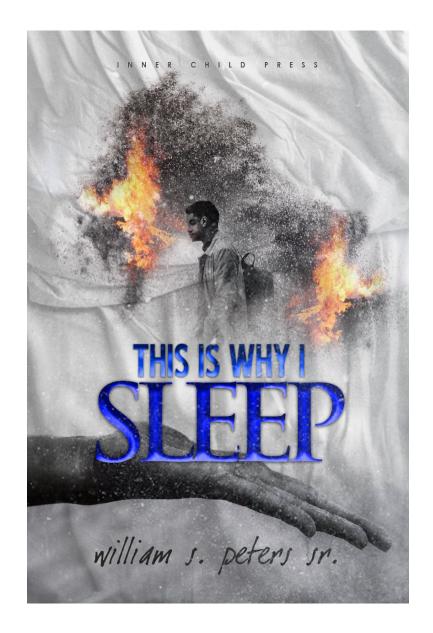




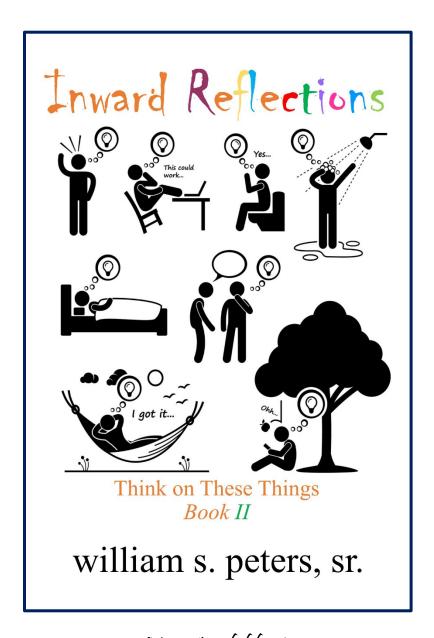


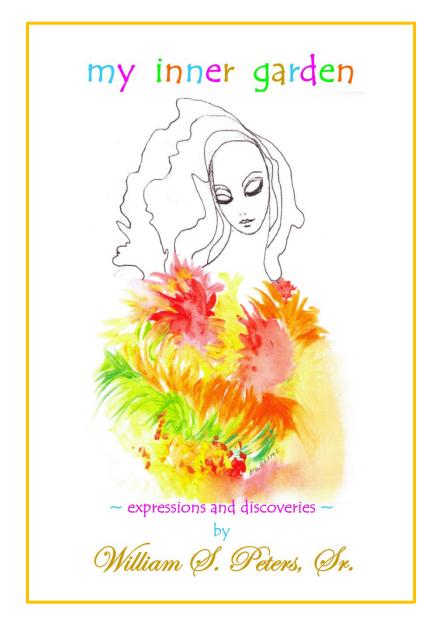
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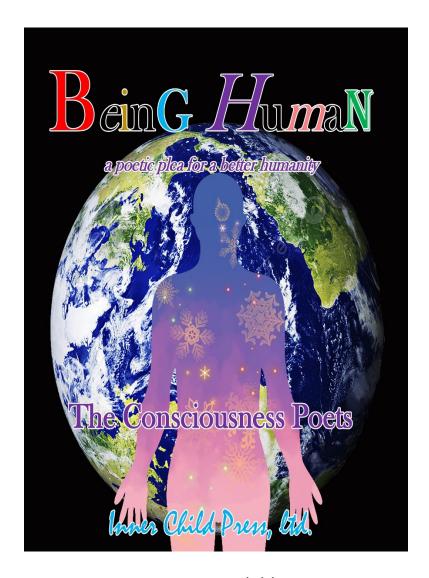


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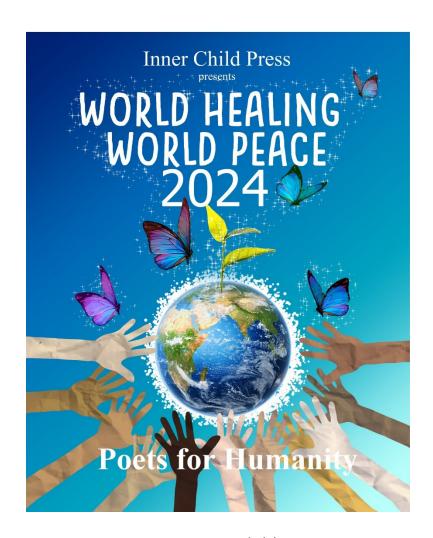
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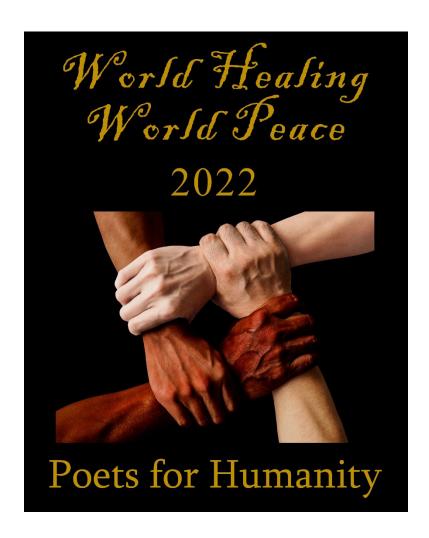


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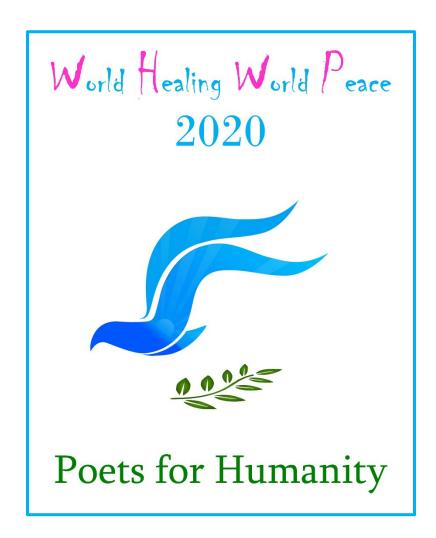


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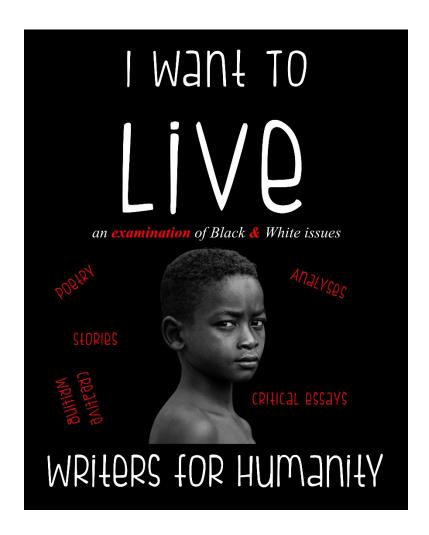
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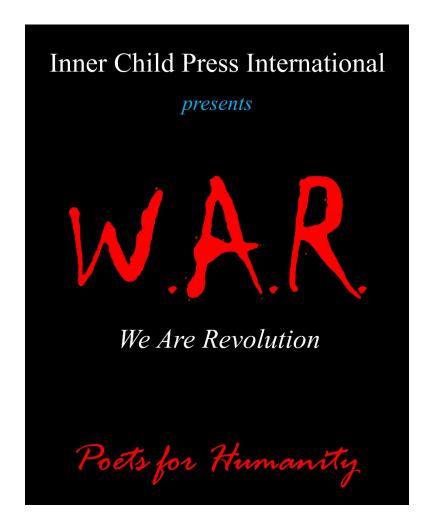
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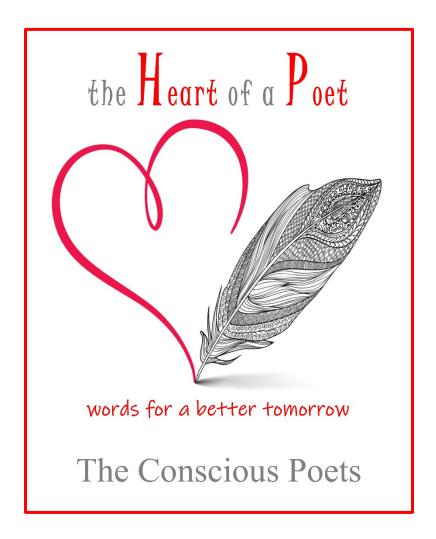
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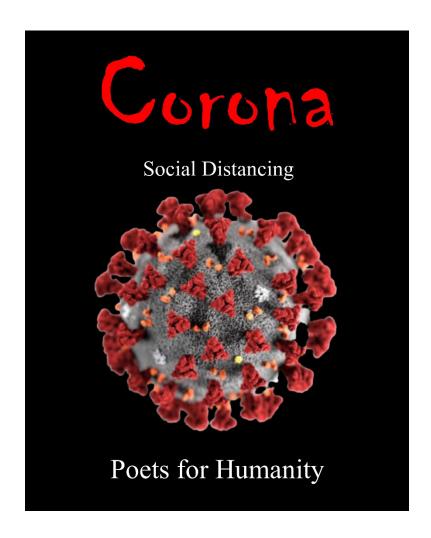
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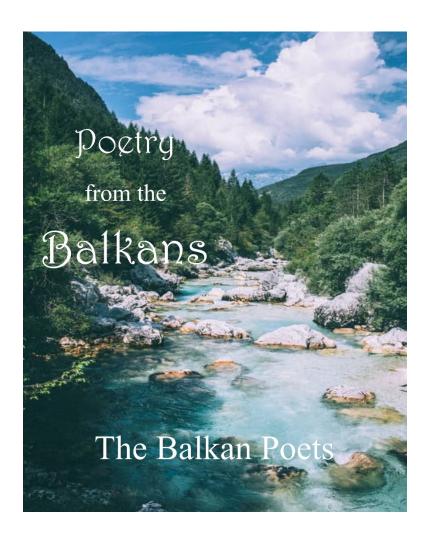
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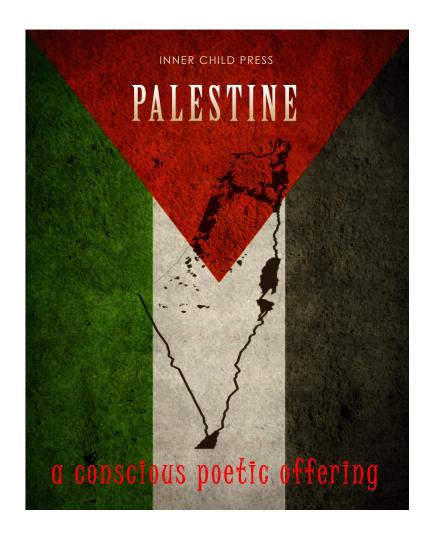
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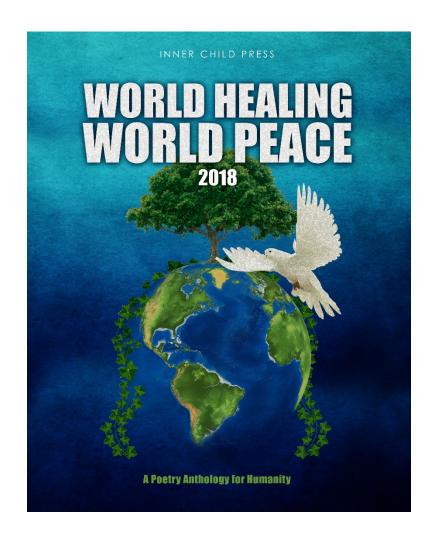
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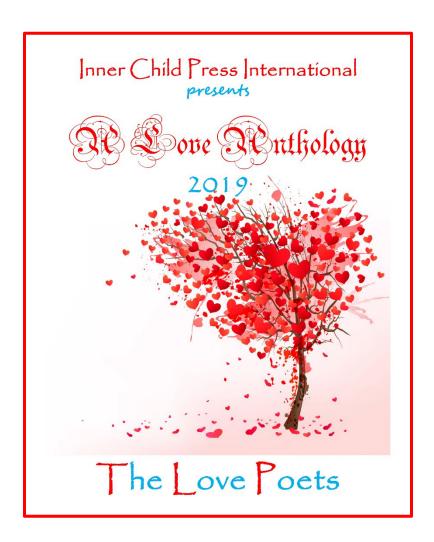
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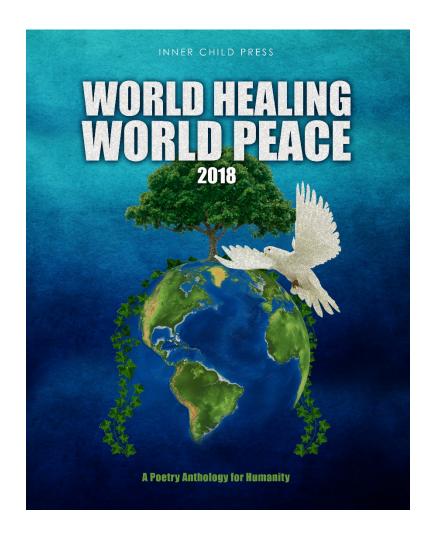


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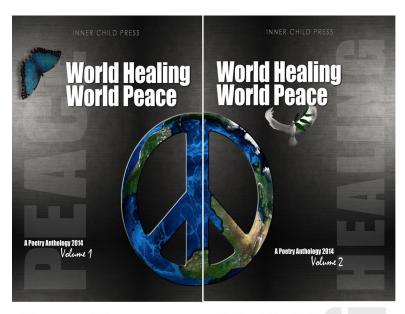


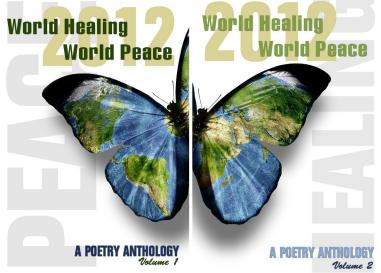
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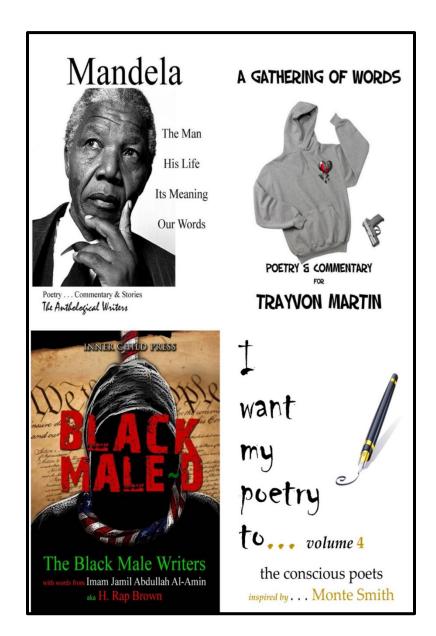


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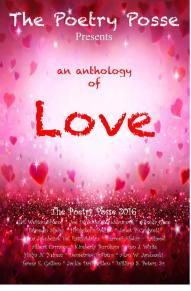
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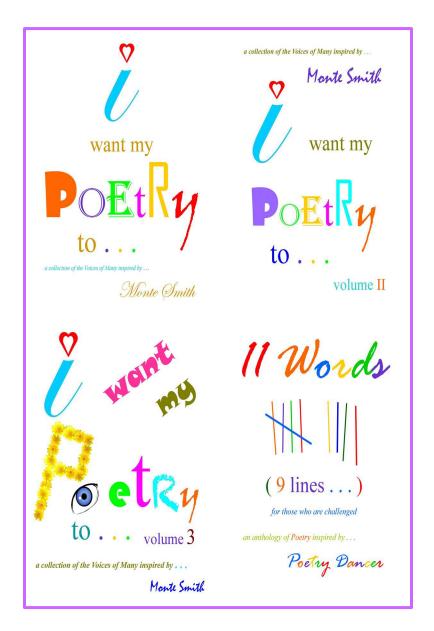




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volume I
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the Year of the Poet



celebrating international poetry month

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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



The Party Passe

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

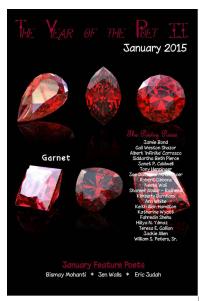
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rasendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



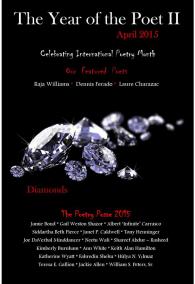


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The Year of the Poet 11

June's Featured Poets

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

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Rond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddardia Beth Fierce * Jamet P. Caldwell * Tony Hemninger De DaVerbal Jindadnacre * Neeth Wali * Shareef Adam * Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hillya N. Yılmaz Teresa Ecallion * Jackie Aline * William S. Feters. Sr

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

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

Rubies

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert †Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Heminiger Joe DaVrshal Mindancer * Nesth wali' Sharred Abdar - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyalt * Falrendin Shehu * Hulya N. Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallien * Jackie Allen * William S. Feters. 5:

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

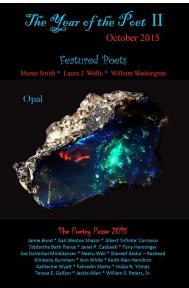


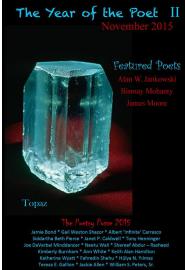
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Ferce * Jamet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe Da'verhal Minddancer * Neten Wali * Shareef Alabar * Basheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu* Hidya N. Yılmaz Teresa * Callion * Jackie Alon * William S. Feters. Sr.

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The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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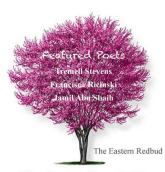


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



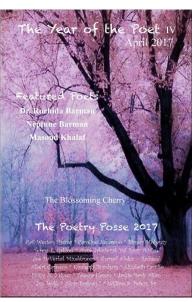
Gell Weston Shazer * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohandy Nazar Sartawl * Hona Jakubezak Vel Betty Halson * Jan Wells Jaco DeVerhold Midolance * Barnest Halson * Baybead Albert Carnesco * Kimberly Burnham * Elzabeah Castillo Hilly N. Yulouz. * Fadeab y Hesson * Albo W. Jankowski Tares B. Gellon * Jackie Dresk Hillon * Vullimo * Paters. S.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shazon * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion * Shous alsahezak Val Betty Malan John DeVarbid Middapoer * Barnest Malan * Beghead Albert Carrasco * Kitholerly Burnham * Elizabeth Carolin Hulya N. Yalouz * Eslecha Hassan * Jackto Drets Allan Jen Well * Nizer Sarton! * William & Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



The Poetry Posse 2017

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



The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



The Poetry Posse 20

Gell Weston Shizor "Caroline Nizareno"
Teresis E. Gellion "Attino alecticzek Vel Systy Adalmo
To Divirale Moddance" Shizera (Isdam - Besheed
Albert Carresco "Kinbeety Burnhum" Elizabeth Castillo
Histor N. Nitouz "Faleshe Hissaro" alectic Devis Alleo
Jen Wellis "Nizar Sartave" "William S. Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

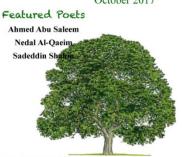
Featured Poets Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shared Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

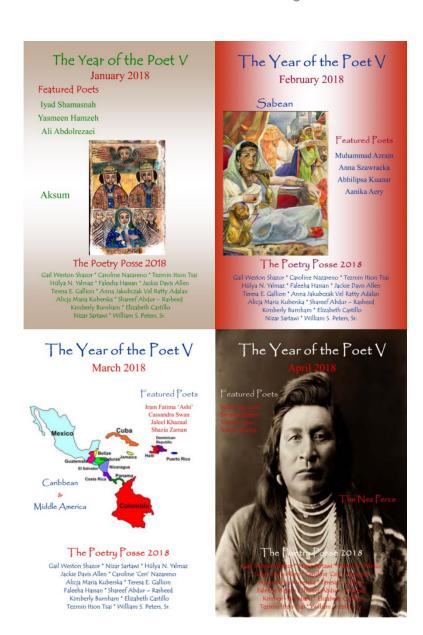
The Year of the Poet IV



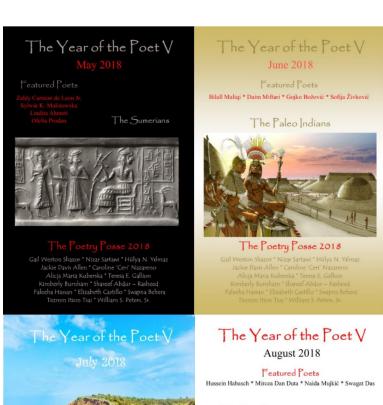
The Poetry Posse 2017

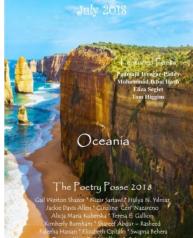
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Galilon * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Sharede Aduer - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sarkawi * William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

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The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * T'eresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsaj * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

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

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Cerr Mazareno Alicip Amria Kubenski * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * Yulliam S. Peters, St

The Year of the Poet V





Alicia Matia Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion nberty taninham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera

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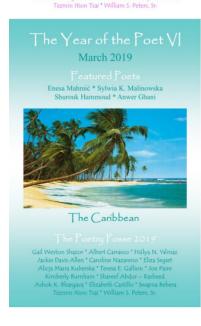
The Year of the Poet VI January 2019 Indigenous North Americans Featured Poets Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew Dream Catcher The Poetry Posse 2019 Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera



The Poetry Posse 2019

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

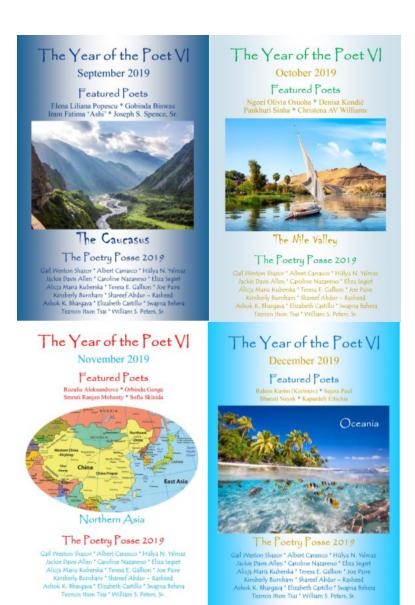




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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





I he Year of Feace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall 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. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılma Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion "Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham" "Shareef Abdur — Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





ebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





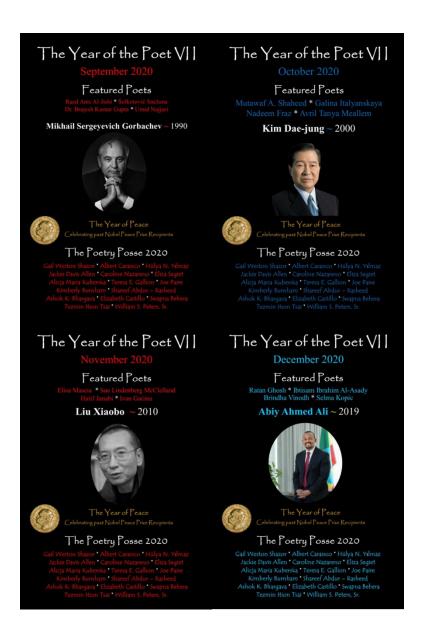
The Year of Peace

Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan

Banksy's The Girl with the Pierced Eardrun



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubbeska "Teese E. Gallion "De Paire Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Biton Taji "William S. Peters, Sta

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 Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weskon Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska ' Teresa E. Gallion ' Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham ' Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsai ' 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 Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, 5r.

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

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

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazazeno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Asbok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

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

Mundara Koorang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Bumhan * Shareef Abdur * Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Taranis Hora Tadi * Wolflums C Adeas*

The Year of the Poet VIII

October 2021

Featured Global Poets

C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion J. De Paine Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhangaya Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Liton Tsai William S. Peters.

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

Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera 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

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılma Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargava * Elizabeth Caslilo * Swapna Behera * Tezmin titon * Tsail * William S. Peters.*

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The Year of the Poet IX January 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change: The Ice Cap



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX February 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maris Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion" Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmi Ition Tsai "William S. Peters, St.

The Year of the Poet IX

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 "Teres E. Gallion", Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsaj. "William S. Peters, St.

The Year of the Poet IX April 2022

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 Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion "J. Dee Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava" Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters."

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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

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

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 Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska "Teres E. Gallion " Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai " William S. Peters. 3

The Year of the Poet IX July 2022

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

Climate Change and Animals



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

The Year of the Poet IX August 2022

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

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maris Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion " Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "

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The Year of the Poet IX September 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Wind and Weather Patterns





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

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

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The Year of the Poet IX

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

Climate Change: Time to Act





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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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The Year of the Poet X January 2023

- JCILIP

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: Difference Makers



Yo Yo Ma

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The Year of the Poet X February 2023

Featured Global Poets

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

Children: Difference Makers



Ruby Bridges

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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

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The Year of the Poet X September 2023

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

Children: Difference Makers



~ Easton LaChappelle ~

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The Year of the Poet X November 2023

Ibrahim Honjo * Balachandran Nair Xanthi Hondrou-Hil * Francesco Favetta



~ Jean-Michel Basquiat ~

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The Year of the Poet X October 2023

Featured Global Poets CSP Shrivastava * Huniie Parker

Noreen Snyder * Ramkrishna Paul



~ Malala Yousafzai ~

The Poetry Posse 2023

The Year of the Poet X December 2023

Featured Global Poets Caroline Laurent Turunc * Neha Bhandarkar

Shafkat Aziz Hajam * Elarbi Abdelfattah

Children: Difference Makers



~ Melati and Isabel Wijsen ~

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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 ~

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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

Renowned Poets



~ Nâzim Hikmet ~

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The Year of the Poet XI February 2024

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunç * Julio Pavanetti Lidia Chiarelli * Lina Buividavičiūtė

Renowned Poets



~ Omar Khayyam ~

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The Year of the Poet XI April 2024

Featured Global Poets

Hassanal Abdullah * Johny Takkedasila Rajashree Mohapatra * Shirley Smothers

Renowned Poets



~ William Butler Yeats ~

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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 Renowned Poets



~ Pablo Neruda ~

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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 ~

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August 2024

Ibrahim Honjo * Khalice Jade Irma Kurti * Mennadi Farah



Li Bai

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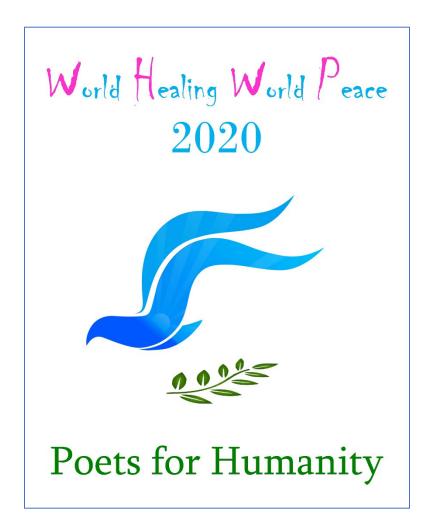
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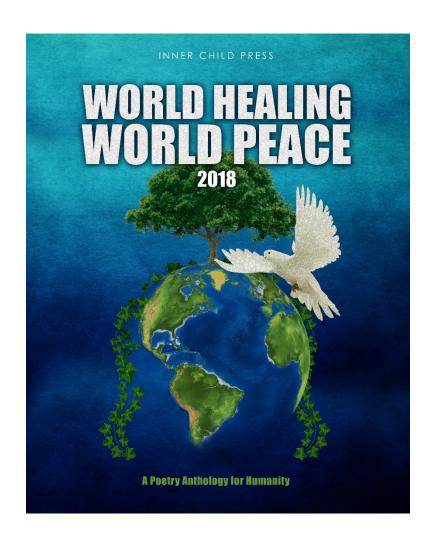
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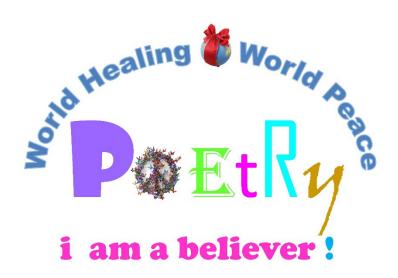


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2024



October 2024 ~ Featured Poets



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