

# The Year of the Poet

January 2014



*Carnation*

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond  
Gail Weston Shazor  
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco  
Siddartha Beth Pierce  
Janet P. Caldwell  
June 'Bugg' Barefield  
Debbie M. Allen  
Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed  
William S. Peters, Sr.

## Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

**THE  
YEAR  
OF THE  
POET**

January 2014

**THE POETRY POSSE**

*inner child press, ltd.*

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# General Information

The Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

**1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2014**

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This Book is dedicated to

Poetry



the Spirit

of our Everlasting Muse.



Poets . . .  
sowing seeds in the  
Conscious Garden of Life,  
that those who have yet to come  
may enjoy the Flowers.



## Foreword

Needless to say i am so excited about this venture. In the original concept between Jamie and my self we committed to writing a book a month for the year of 2014. As all good things do, the vision began to expand. So here we are today with 13 wonderfully gifted Poets who have answered the call. This is a Win ~ Win ~ Win situation for all concerned.

Firstly, each of us will be able to add 12 more Title Credits to our Poetic Resume as a result of our efforts. I do not know many writers who have 12 books published.

Secondly, this effort possesses the inherent ability to break down the barriers that exist within the Poetry and Literary dynamic. We have been blessed to be represented by a cross section of Ethnicity, Religiosity, Gender, and writing styles. What an enriching opportunity, not only for the readers, but for us Poets as well as we familiarize ourselves with our contemporaries.

Finally, to give the gift of our words to the world at large is a blessing we take not lightly. Herein there are some prolific Writers / Poets who have something to say. We pray you listen as we each share our insights, our feelings and out thoughts with you.

look for us each month for this entire year of 2014 . . .

*The Year of the Poet.*

All i can say beyond this point is like us . . . Enjoy the Journey

Bless Up

**'just bill'**







## reface

Bill and I talk about a lot of things... from solving the world's problems, to line ups of future radio show ideas, to life, love, control issues, healing, destroying, creating and uplifting. We talk about our families, recipes; we chat about the past, present and future Authors We laugh and cry; we tell jokes. Life is good. Our conversations are always fun, crazy and intensely thought provoking.

This started out as a conversation with William S Peters and Myself, Jamie Bond. The average Author will publish maybe one book a year. The more productive writers, perhaps a few, and yet the average reader can read a typical novel in somewhere between 2 hours and 3 days. Statistics say, the average person will read about 6-7 books a year. Do the math for me because I already see a disconnection here.

Somehow the readers have an unrealistic expectation that an Author of any genre has a hidden treasure trove of sequels lined up ready to make public at the word go. Unfortunately this couldn't be farther from the truth.

This was the conversation that sparked *'just bill'* and I to consider and thus commit to publish a book a month for the entire year of 2014. This was never about who is the best or better than anyone else as far as their writing. This was to ensure that we exceeded the mundane statistics of being ordinary.

We laugh about how we write all the time, but it may not be publishable, yet WE WRITE ! And so then, we challenged each other to post a poem EVERY DAY into *HEY lets publish a book a month*. The Light bulb went on and we were determined to be committed and WE ARE !!!

Once we realized how incredible this opportunity was we felt compelled to invite a few more poets. With Gail Weston Shazor being the first to accept the challenge, the ideas and the names began to flourish. As you read the lineup, it will give you frissons to know that each one of the Writers on this team despite their location, culture, political and religious beliefs; despite what's going on in each of their personal lives are dedicated to bringing this into fruition and creating history.

Ladies and Gentlemen . . .

This is simply and intricately historic. What else could we possibly call it besides, *The Year Of The Poet*. Look at the elite pens on this roll call that have committed and dedicated their creativity to give you brand new ink, straight off the dome. We are not doing it for the fame; WE are doing it to sharpen our pens with devotion. We will actually publish 12 books by this years end. This is a task and vision that we have undertaken to add to our poetic resume as well as share our offerings with you . . . We All Win !

I felt it was appropriate to grace each month's publishing of this series, *The Year Of The Poet* with the Flower that represents it.

Enjoy;

**Jamie Bond**

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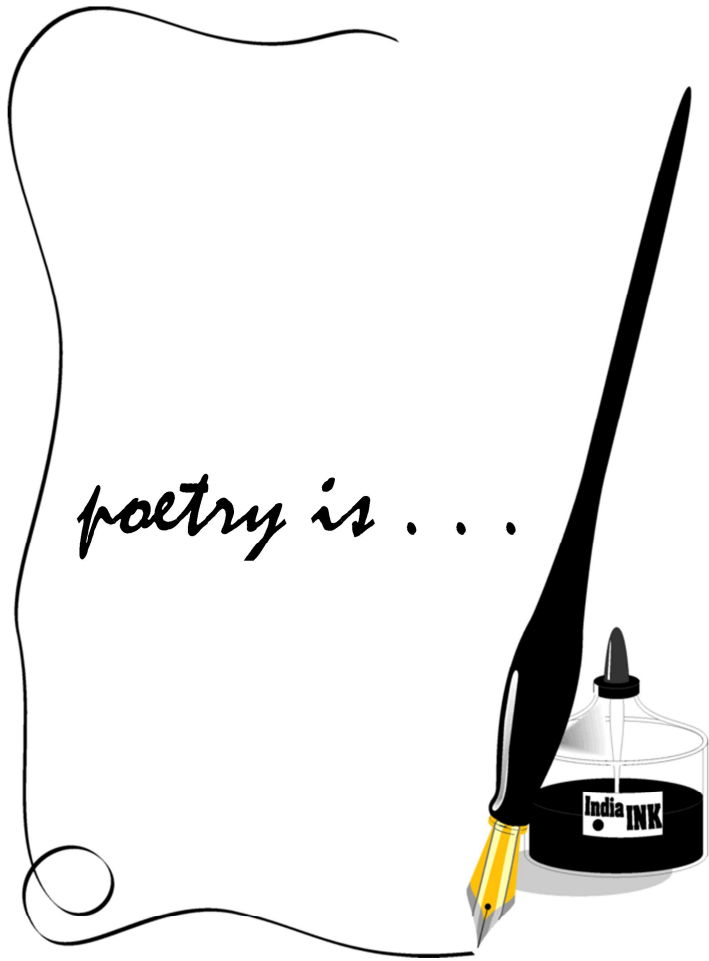
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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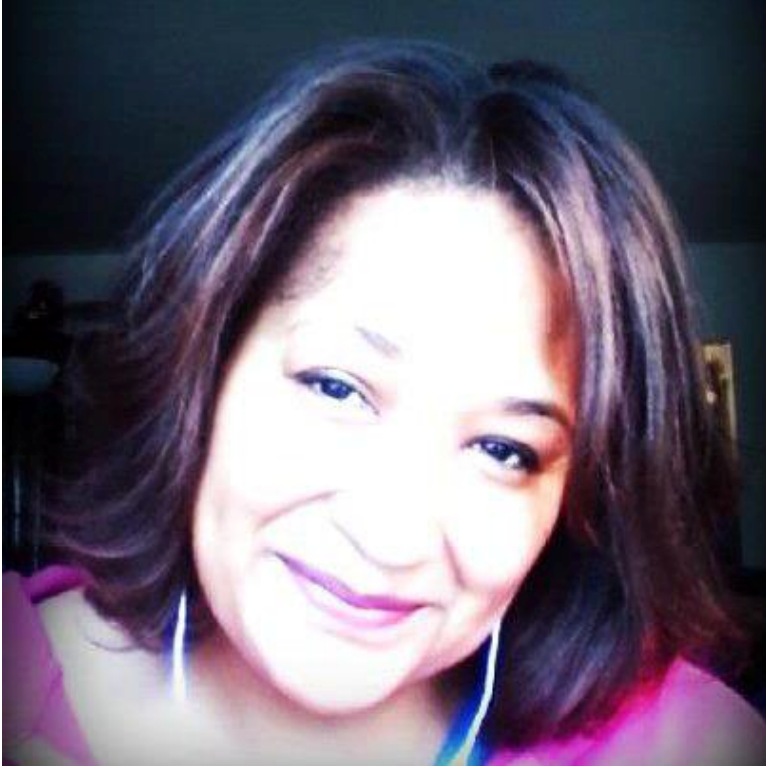
*Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.*

~ wsp



# JAMIE BOND

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Jamie Bond aka UnMuted Ink is an authoress, radio show hostess, poetess and spoken word maven.

She is; as she says “google-able” if you type in itsbondjamiebond or unmuted ink; you'll find her on various social networks. Born and raised in Brick City aka Newark, NJ. Jamie Bond has been recognized publicly by her peers in various genres for her poetic influences. Her Poetic resume is extensive and her spoken word performances go far beyond 1,000 stage appearances globally. Best known for her networking and marketing skills; her future goals are to become more grounded as a liaison for a variety of fundraisers, activism, volunteering as an advocate as she uses her pen and voice to empower and raise the consciousness of those around her.

### Her Motto

*Help me to help you to help us... BUT if helping you hurts me, then I can't help you!*

<http://www.facebook.com/IBJB.BrickCity>

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Dis-Engaged

A promise of no drama  
Is what you offered me  
But instead of heaven  
I kept on smelling  
Singed feathers upon your wings  
Every embrace left a blemish  
As if I changed a flat tire in a white shirt  
Every goodbye felt easy like  
Sunday morning ... it never hurt  
You've managed to  
Deactivate my solitude  
Like you always do  
Successfully stolen my hollowness  
By filling this void with you  
Kept trying to sell me on invested time  
As if Dow Jones really cared  
But I never had stock in your lies  
Just this seasonal time share  
You encouraged me to give you  
Yet another chance with me

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Baby I'm bleeding truths in this truce  
But you're slowly killing me  
How does a bouquet of ragweed  
Become a blessing  
To someone with allergies  
Trust was the stem you cut  
And exterminated  
Terminated our would be life  
With your pesticide lies  
Each flower has got only one shot  
At blossoming  
How does loving you with my all  
Give you the best of me  
If you keep trying to  
Change and rearrange  
Brick City chunks of me  
....You're a destination  
Not my destiny...

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### I WANT YOU

I want you to want me  
Like... Dreadlocks to a Rasta  
cling to me like grits to ribs and sauce onto pasta  
I want to be the lightening  
that guides you in the torrential storms  
Like... a lighthouse guiding you back safely into my arms  
ummmmm ....I need you....  
Like... bullets and firearms  
Like... a Bengal Tiger and symmetry;  
Like... nune chucks to Bruce Lee  
Like... Nyla and Simba in the Lion King  
...I want you to want me

Be competitive with affection ...  
I love you ...you love me more  
I love you more than more  
Like... more - more times 2  
And we keep saying it  
As I drift off burrowed into you  
I want to argue naked about stupid shit  
And then make up quick

I want you to want me yeahhhhhh...  
I want you to want me  
With a loyalty like Jacob and Rachael;  
Where you can read thru the veil of my facial,  
Rewrite history and undo the wrongs,  
As we create our own version of King Solomon Songs

I want you Like...  
A cool breeze in humid weather  
I'll be your brace when your back goes out  
And hold your thoughts like a memory pillow

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Because Baby I want you .....  
But only if... you want me to want you...  
Like you want me too .....

Like... hot butter on a croissant ...  
Like... a scientific mathematician needs proof;  
I want you like JFK needed a car with a roof

Like... a chain on a pocket watch;  
Like... a second hand needs a clock  
Like... Wall Street needs stock;  
Like... a kid playing hopscotch needs chalk

I need you to need me  
Like... a producer needs a beat  
and an insomniac needs sleep  
Like... a bookie needs a horse race  
and a poker player needs a straight face

Because when we're together  
We'll be like DMC tougher than leather  
Like... Jada and Will wrapped up in Bonnie & Clyde  
Loving you is like... fireworks and butterflies  
I want you like a shepherdess needs sheep  
and a spoon needs ice-cream

I want to collaborate forever with you  
Trapped between the lines with sentences you complete  
So tight that we could hold the tunes of each other off beat  
Let your body language hum for me...  
Like... transposed hymns on music sheets

I want to love you last ... like our love will last  
Let me honor you like a legacy retired;  
Like... the Philly Eagles Donovan McNabb's #5  
I want and need you bad Babe,  
Because... it's the only time I feel alive

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Smeared Tears

With remnant traces of ashy cheeks ...  
Swollen eyes  
From last night's crying streaks  
she swallows the lump in her throat  
And barely speaks  
to say I love you see you later  
...but life hates her

She's got miles to travel  
And just enough gas to arrive  
with a cut off cell phone  
And she cries  
because she doesn't  
Have a way back home  
all she knows  
Is she HAS to get where she's going....

No room for emergencies  
In her budget  
no dreams on layaway  
For her bucket list  
and she plunges forward with nothing  
feels like screaming fuk this shit  
She's not enchanted  
By her twists of fate  
Nor the happenchance  
Of a bright side to overcast days  
So she prays anyway...  
Hopeful happenstance;  
That today is the day  
She'll be saved from her own mess



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Wet mascara  
With a smeared glass of Moscato  
and all she's got is  
Her last wine flavored black and mild  
she is so close to wilding out yo....  
You see it; but you ignore it ...like she does....  
Life hates her;  
...she's struggling to stay in love with hers

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Freedom of Expression

Freedom of expression;  
Possibly as an optical illusion  
As an aggression with a lesson  
Of false inclusiveness

When we express stress  
And we swiftly become a threat  
Disbursing tantrums as an anthem  
...will get you shot in the chest

When we don't sluggishly uplift;  
We quickly appear depressed  
Dialoging with condescending tones  
...Reflect oppression

We're slaves to the expression;  
Our pen then, ladies and gentlemen  
Are our wealth and weapon

Slipping  
With ...one foot on the banana peel...  
The other on the grave  
A slave to what we do, don't, will  
And won't... spontaneously say

Perpetually subliminal;  
Debriefed like unbelievable criminals  
We are guilty till proven innocent  
In a free unbiased court trial

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Surveillance with no roofs  
Yet...  
The family trees has soft roots  
Governmental statistics  
Consider us  
Their personal fools too

Spitefully use you,  
Eating us alive; so they call you all useful  
Stats by the age of 5 to build jails;  
Give the pigs a bunch of guinea pigs  
We're their favorite food too

They HOPE you don't vote,  
They PRAY you drop out of school  
They hope to keep you  
Stooped and stupid but hey you're looking cool

Go on ahead;  
Make the makers of fashion and makeup  
Filthy rich; ... Keep expressing yourself  
While you enrich their sanctimoniousness  
Wearing it loud and proud...  
With your newfound swag and style

The blood stained backbones  
Of our ancestors in cotton fields  
picking filaments  
Of this generation's slavery  
purchasing power of it,  
Wearing the past with no future...  
Like there's no history in it

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

They play hard ball...  
Renamed human trafficking  
So it's hard to be appalled by it all  
From cotton to ketchup ...

Slaves even to this day in a grievous history  
Have a low to no waged hand  
For keeping the world going round  
Of most products  
That currently we just can't live without

Look around you  
These items don't leave us  
Even if ....  
You keep separating wants from needs  
Our shopping habits are capricious  
Nothing stops the economy  
They don't make us speechless...  
Continually co-signing... so you speak less

Desensitize  
= exacerbate till emotionally incubated  
We exist  
Among egregious friends and facetious foes  
The sweat lies and bitter truths  
Have a dishonorable aftertaste

There are always boundaries in justice...  
And sovereignty of visage  
That's what you deem My Dear Compeers;  
As Freedom of Expression

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Harmless Hazardous Hazes

Toxicity

In the outskirts

Of a Brick City theory

The suns' secretly making

Sacrificial offerings

Of the moon to me

We aren't even married,

On our honeymoon

Nor do I have a ring

I'm disgusted

And never discussed it;

Not just noxious either

I'm talking about the core of

"WE's existence"

Becoming corrosive

And the bond

Of what's defined as

"Our US essence"

Essentially eroding

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

I'm talking the art of acquiesce;  
The finesse of evanesce  
Fumes of love  
Like a backfiring exhaust ...  
I'm exhausted by it all  
As I trip over my own feet  
Like my shoelaces were tied  
Right into your heart strings

Backstroking  
In silver lagoons  
Of emotions ever so shallow  
I yearn for pieces of peace  
I'm tired of running  
From my own shadow  
I been going along with the times;  
I'm back Beloved,  
I've been gone a long time

**GAIL  
WESTON  
SHAZOR**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY





## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

This is a creative promise ~ my pen will speak to and for the world. Enamored with letters and respectful of their power, I have been writing for most of my life. A mother, daughter, sister and grandmother I give what I have been given, greatfilledly.

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love"  
available at Inner Child Press.

[www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)

[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)

[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### You are What you Eat

Power in its simplest form  
Returns itself into the void  
It can never be consumed  
In the gnashing of teeth  
Or the burning of anger  
Simple chewing breaks  
Ire into swallowable chunks  
Chasing satisfaction wanes  
After its twin is caught and  
Though tasty, does not fill  
A belly bloated with hunger  
For importance and success  
We suck the marrow  
Out of life with no thought  
To tomorrow's meal  
Second helpings call to us  
Through the halls of buildings  
Late night when we should be home  
Saying grace for little birds  
Lying dead in gravy on dinner tables  
We eat dreams in one gulp  
Never savoring the incense  
Of the burnt offering  
On commerce's altar  
The offering of ourselves  
And all who we say we love  
Because they are dressed  
In disguises of our fabrication  
Reason for climbing down  
Ladders in our mind  
To sup with our egos

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Widgetry

A

Device

Of useful

Conversation

That keeps me guessing

What you want me to know

Even though I understand

More than half of the words you say

You keep me engaged in your story

The widget is not what holds my interest

Though you wield it with all your expertise

I can only be duly impressed

By the breadth of your vast knowledge

Of the widget's mysteries

I listen intently

Because your passion

Of widgetry

Makes me think

You see

Me

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Where Was I?

Where was I  
When you were lying back there in the dark  
The sounds of wretching reaching my ears  
Though I was deep in my closet  
Where was I  
When you called out in the night  
From the pain that bit through you  
Like the knives in your memories  
I was  
On my knees like the pastor told me  
Praying hard and earnestly for your soul  
But I know you didn't hear me  
Because even my tears fell silently  
As I rocked and held myself tight  
Scared that you might really hear  
The tears that I meant to be for you  
And yet  
I couldn't remember where I was  
When you faced down the yellow skinned man  
Someone we didn't know  
Because our jungle was cotton fields  
And only green in the summer  
I stayed in the church house  
After every letter  
Even though I could feel the real you  
Slipping away behind every shot fired  
When they sent you home  
You were no longer you  
The drinking and weed smoking replaced  
The tall brown love you once were

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

As the years passed and the greenness  
Began to creep around your eyes  
I couldn't understand how it could be  
Likened to something orange  
When that was the color of my bruises  
That you used to exercise your demons  
Pastor said it wasn't your fault  
So now you lay dying inside your head  
Inside my house, inside my skin  
Waiting for charlie to come and forgive you  
And I have become one of the ghosts  
That live on the edge of the mist  
Waiting on the both our pains to stop  
I can already hear the report of the  
21 guns  
Maybe then I will  
Know where I am

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Safe words

In the event of  
A chance meeting  
Please note and if possible  
Commit to memory  
The following safe words  
To use if you are ever  
Faced with the following:  
A  
Minority  
Female  
Above the size  
Of 8  
With wide hips  
And possibly with  
oversized breasts  
(of special note  
Look out for happy nappy hair  
They have been known  
To exhibit attitude)  
Cautionarily approach  
These individuals  
With reverence  
And say  
“hello my lady”

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Unseen and Unheard

Unseen and unheard  
My words give rhythm to  
The speed of the block  
The slowness of life  
And I am waiting for mine to begin  
For the multi colored lights  
Set in concrete to direct  
My path  
To mold my thighs  
And straighten my hair  
Or maybe it's your hand  
That will curve my hip into the shape  
You desire to see  
Because we all look like this  
Curvaceous  
With a fertility born of sun  
Wide strides and the bounce of newness  
So that you don't notice the differences  
Of my sisters

Unseen and unheard  
Even when I am screaming  
For you to see me, really see me  
But you cannot because you won't  
In your eyes  
I am just an object of happenstance  
When I find my way  
Into the corners of boardrooms  
And I might be useful  
As you want  
To show just how progressive you are  
You might share your sandbox  
But just for a moment

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

And be quick to assume reverse  
When you must look upskirt  
To see me

Unseen and unheard  
In my darkness of night  
Contrasting everything you were taught  
Between white parchments  
Of textbooks  
The blinding of information  
Excluding embarrassments that  
Linger over into the next century  
“Can’t we all just get along”  
Nah, because that just means  
Maintaining the status quo  
And it’s too hard to change  
Institutions

Unseen and unheard  
My black brother says to me  
Use your voice  
So I left you behind  
In your sterile offices to reconnect  
I unbooted myself from the system  
And let my hair return  
To its dream state  
Let my fingers wander over landscapes  
Fill my mouth with ink  
While it has always been your choice  
Whether to listen or to hear  
I will not allow you  
To keep me  
Unseen and unheard  
In my awareness



**ALBERT  
INFINITE  
CARRASCO**

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Albert Carrasco writes hieroglyphics encrypted in poetic form. His linguistics are not the norm. When it comes to wisdom, sleet ,rain snow and hail its a lyrical storm. He's pure like Fiji, he got the power to hear the dead with no auji. For living a life so tabu, He learnt a die-a-lect , his mouth moves... But at times it's the voice of the crossovers coming through. When he's on stage he has a body temp of 98 degrees... When He recites you feel this chilling breeze, hair stands on skin when he's in the avatar state of his kin. He's non traditional, an unorthodox outspoken urban individual that lived through the subliminal, now he's back to give guidance to his people.

Infinite the poet 2014

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### A poverty stricken curriculum

Drugs, guns, hustlers, beams for weighing and premeditated murder, fiends in lobbies making stems out of quarter water, while others sit in staircases with spoons Burning the brother of lady cocaine in veins to end that monkey pain, welcome to the streets AKA the game. Stamps and colors, blocks and corners kill significant others making the surviving partners widows and widowers. Sons and daughters grow up wondering who their mother or father was, as they follow the same path of bloodstained math that will most likely lead to the releasing of second generation doves. Crime temporarily paid so you can bury yourself with the saved money you made. Sometimes that's not even possible. Some people sold tons of powder on their run, but in the end they wound up with nothing again like the days before dealing with cocaine or heroin.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### a good life

I wanted the American dream. A house surrounded by acres of fresh cut green. A foreign sports car with so much money that's its to hard to count without a money machine. I wanted everyone to know the rich me because everybody knew the poor me living in misery. Growing up in the projects sharing mommas apartment with my brothers, roaches, spiders and other insects gave me a complex. Watching my old earth cry because there was nothing to boil, bake or fry, made her second birthed grab a Pyrex and manufacture. I wanted life to be better, so i mastered the mixture of eina, baking soda and water in a double boiler. Just in case the pot cracked I'll still be able to re-up recover. I learned the ropes from the older folks I knew or that I've seen on the streets of destruction and no hope corners. They treated me like a little brother. They taught me how to cook, how to spot stick up kids and under covers. They gave me consignment to push in my housing development and to fill mommas refrigerator and cabinets. I blew up and got established, stopped the consignment and started flipping my own profit, i was living lavish dealing malice.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

The older folks that put me on started to get jealous of my clientele. They felt like I owed them something but I owed nothing, I offered them what they offered me, but they didn't want work they wanted money so I sent them to hell. I thought they had love for me but it was a conspiracy, every time I saw those so called brothers shells fell because I had to protect myself from them killing me to take over a spot that they knew would bring in massive currency. All I wanted was a good life because I was poor. Now I have to evade death every time I walked out my apartment door.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Avonte Oquendo

Seriously.. I can't understand how a little boy with special needs just disappears from school never be found again. Is the world that cruel? Are there predators on every corner waiting for the opportunity to abduct children in our community? Where can he be? I wish I could look through his eyes so I can see his captor and where he's being held in captivity, or to see if he's with the father so I can contact his parents and give them unwanted closure. Since I can't do that I just wonder...I wonder of his whereabouts. Where is he sleeping, if he's eating, is he ok or is he hurting, is he still breathing? I see his flyer in every borough, please mr stranger with ill behavior walking and living amongst everyday people, please let him go. He can't talk to detectives or investigators, he can't point you out in a line up, your whereabouts will go unknown, just send little Avonte Oquendo home.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### The meeting place.

One day I went to see him, and I saw her.  
Her eyes were watery,  
Her cheeks had running mascara.  
I was so happy to see her.  
I know he was too.  
She was his, and he was her...first love..  
She was dressed dark, but shun brightly.  
They seemed to be in deep conversation,  
so I was going to excuse myself for privacy  
but she grabs my hand and holds it tightly...  
Al, you don't have to leave I told him everything I wanted  
to,  
And besides its been about ten years since the last time I  
saw you.  
We talked for a while, catching up with the past.  
She fixed her makeup in the time that passed.  
She says Al nice seeing and speaking to you but i have to  
leave..  
Her ride came to pick her up.  
Before she leaves, she tells me bye.  
Then she looks at him, her first love and says "any day  
now".  
She throws him a kiss, hugs and kisses me then runs to the  
car.  
I found that odd... any day now?  
Not too long after she died of ovarian cancer.  
I guess before I got there,  
she was telling him to be waiting for her...  
along side the father.



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Finance

Financial situations made me other than myself. Not being able to eat well was the reason i couldn't sleep well so i roamed the streets of the surface of hell where pushers and hustlers dwell searching for nourishment and tranquility. I didn't care for titles or position. All i cared about was my family's living condition. Momma did everything in her power to feed and clothe her children after losing her husband, so I figured I'd return the favor by becoming the miracle she wished for during her sobbing prayers. I hid what i was doing to the best of my ability, I didn't want my mother to look down on me, but it was too hard to hide the drug money. She said she'll rather die poor than me dying trying to become rich. I didn't listen to reason or understand her logic because I was shown a way to profit and by no means was i about to stop it. Needs turned into greed, greed led to a lifestyle of living where Being poor again was only an option. You can go back to hungry days, sleepless nights and face eviction or continue to feed off addiction and add to the process of self destruction and urban demolition.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

I wasn't going back to being poor, so I dealt with all the drama, the hurt and pain that a person can endure battling poverty and being a sole survivor of drug wars. It may sound absurd but three decades later all that i got from the game is scars and bad memories. The only good thing i gained was the knowledge of nonfiction spoken word and realistic poetry to educate and uplift my less well off ghetto demography.

**SIDDARTHA**  
**BETH**  
**PIERCE**

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

**Siddartha Beth Pierce** is a Mother, Poet, Artist and African and Contemporary Art Historian. Her art, poetry and teaching were featured on PBS in April 2001 while she was the Artist-in-Residence and Associate Professor at Virginia State University in Petersburg, Virginia. She received her BA in Studio Art from George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia and her M.A.E. from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia. She continued into PhD. Studies in African and Contemporary Art studies at Virginia Commonwealth University where she is now All but Dissertation. Her works of poetry and art have been featured in numerous newspaper articles, journals, magazines and chapbooks.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php>

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OQ87NrLt\\_to](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OQ87NrLt_to)

<http://www.writerscafe.org/Siddartha>

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Welsh Women

An Isle woman  
once was I  
to Rhode Island  
I did fly  
from Salem, Mass.  
upon the sky,  
there did I.

Hughes was the name  
that we bore  
when grandma  
met me at the door,  
to sweetly greet me  
magically  
though she departed  
when I was three.

Reunited  
here we are  
my kin again  
in geneological  
restraints.

Upon the page  
the tales of whence  
we once pranced  
and later laid.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Now upon  
American soil  
I read of them  
at midnight hour  
glancing backwards  
at those past  
dancing a jig  
for;  
we last.

The family  
has since  
moved on  
but this Welsh woman  
reads on  
in the dark of night  
of those before  
while her ashes  
slowly hit the floor.

Here in Virginia  
she does reside  
that she is me  
and by my side  
are those stories  
they told, memories  
and my dear Grandma Hughes  
who once died.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Resurrected  
in mind's eye  
the scent of her makeup  
reminds me still  
that this Welsh woman  
of whose blood  
I carry  
is flying with me  
here:  
among this family tree.

In this lifetime,  
it is true  
upon the cliffs of Llandudno  
I wrote my name in rocks  
upon its face  
to remember me;  
that I shall not abstain  
but will return  
once more  
to those kindred shores.

*In honor of my family...*



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### A Parent's Words

Why does your hair look like that  
You need a cut  
A style-  
What is wrong with your clothes?  
Your shorts are too short  
Your shoes are too tall  
Why have you dressed that way?  
You know your child is not really  
your first born since you were not  
married when you conceived.  
Yet, you look beautiful today.

What is that on your face  
a zit  
put this on it-  
wash your face  
now you look like a raccoon  
see how your mascara runs  
such an animal you  
appear to be  
to me-  
pull yourself together  
what is that you are wearing now  
is that someone's curtain  
go change your clothes  
present yourself well  
in this family  
we don't tell  
what happens behind  
closed doors.  
Be quiet.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Family Remembrance

Ping pong tournaments  
in our basement  
all the family came  
to see who would win  
the coveted prize,  
a director's chair.

Tennis games too  
out on the court  
between all the uncles  
and my Dad,  
much drinking  
was to be had.

All the aunts  
and uncles  
partook  
in beers and dogs,  
as the games began.

My sister and I  
clad in homemade clothes  
by my Mother.

All of a sudden  
there were ants  
all over my foot  
or so I thought  
although I could  
not see them.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

My Mother explained  
it had fallen asleep.

I could not comprehend  
such a thing,  
went about hopping  
around the courts  
on one leg.

Uncle Eddie carried  
us on his shoulders  
as he spoke just  
like Donald Duck,  
it was such a  
delightful trick.

Until years later,  
he went camping  
with his friends-  
came off the mountain  
dead-  
dehydration, we suppose.

Would have been  
nice to see him again  
yet we were led  
to watch my Father  
eulogize his forty year old  
brother  
many years too soon.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### A Welsh Recollection

In Caenarvon  
I did alight  
with fallen castle  
in my sight.

Raised a fist  
into the air  
to gather strength  
from those from there.

In Llandudno too  
I had much fun  
in pubs next door to B&B  
where my order  
was taken  
from an old kitty cat  
named Whiskey.

Irish church group  
in background  
sang out a tune  
of magical sound.

Upon the shores of Wales  
I saw  
each grave held the name  
of father, uncle, aunt  
grandparents sought.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

I lived here  
once before  
perhaps  
and in traveling back  
by memory-

I simply  
long to be  
there again  
upon Welsh shores  
to experience all  
that made us run  
and yet recall.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### For Grandmother Siddartha

When you left this earth  
I can not say what gave me the strength  
to climb those stairs  
and speak your name  
and eulogize your life  
but Remember Me you said  
in life  
and so I do.

Forever, dear, my heart held near  
You, even in the hereafter  
I miss you so  
It was wrong to go  
So early on in your time on earth  
but Remember you  
I do.

Forever more  
I hold dear  
every moment that passed  
between us  
Remember you  
I do.

When I feel myself  
missing you  
I look upon the things  
that once were yours  
A statue of a little one  
and some old photographs  
your wedding night diary  
Remember you  
I do.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

I know that in the end  
I will see you again  
no matter how long it will take  
I can not say  
but I believe in reincarnation  
and when the infinity wheel  
spins once more  
we will be reunited  
and still I Remember you  
I do.

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



**JANET  
PERKINS  
CALDWELL**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Janet wrote her first poems and short stories in an old diary where she noted her daily thoughts. She wrote whether suffering, joyful or hoping for peace in the world. She started this process at the tender age of Eight. This was long before journaling was in vogue.

Along with her thoughts, poetry and stories, she drew what she refers to as Hippie flowers. Janet still to this day embraces the Sixties and Seventies flower power symbol, of peace and love, which are a very important part of her consciousness.

Janet wrote her first book, in those unassuming diaries, never to be seen by the light of day due to an unfortunate house fire. This did not deter her drive. She then opted for a new batch of composition journals and filled everyone. In the early nineteen-eighties, Janet held a byline in a small newspaper in Denton, Texas while working full time, being a Mother and attending Night School.

Since the early days Janet has been published in newspapers, magazines and books globally. She also has enjoyed being the feature on numerous occasions, both in Magazines, Radio and on a plethora of Sites. She has gone on to publish three books. *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012 and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013. All of her Books are available through [Inner Child Press](#) along with Fine Book Stores Globally. Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child ltd.

<http://www.janetcaldwell.com/>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/JanetPCaldwell>

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Crowded While Sleeping

Upon waking that day  
she suddenly realized  
that she had forgotten  
what it was that she wanted to do  
with the rest of her life.

Were her plans forever lost ?  
Not a soul one  
save she  
knew the cost  
of this . . .  
paradisaical loss.

Maybe the dreams  
and desires of her heart  
were kept at bay  
or simply  
yes, simply  
a dream away.

To build a *regular* life  
was challenging  
though, she tried . . .  
and sort of managed  
again, she lied.

See . . .  
she was *one of those*  
who flew . . .  
by the seat of her pants  
while prancing / dancing  
kicking up the Fairies dust . . . with Glee

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

and blowing Angel kisses  
favoring romancing anew  
on every Autumn breeze.

And always wondering why  
it seemed to some  
so wrong . . .  
so unacceptable  
to be untamed and perceptible.

She did throw caution to the wind  
and had the time of her life  
but now . . .  
yes now  
she had forgotten how.

One day she told me  
that *people were strange*  
and that life was too loud  
like clinking / clanking  
cha cha cha change.  
While *they* orbited her space  
she felt noisily insane.

Rules and regulations  
made her feel crowded  
oh, she wanted to breathe  
and needing this reprieve  
she planned her escape to be free.

Awakening . . .  
was all it did take.  
Then she remembered  
ONE-ness, smiles and laughter  
and with a Sacred giggle  
she had not a care  
for yesterday or tomorrow  
there is only now.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Afflictions and Imposters

It was a Friday  
when the Afflictions came  
in the guise of notes  
on paper, like an RX  
always rote . . .  
and reared their imposter-ed heads.

( Again )

Yes heads . . .  
for  
there were many.

Against her will  
for over a year  
this ordeal crawled  
like a snake  
in and out  
of her brain.

And like a drunken Sailor  
with a life imbibed  
by being sucked dry  
she found herself  
lying in an alley  
with post-nominal names  
like Sage, M.D. or Ph.D  
surging through her brain.

Breathing, but barely alive  
though she would survive.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

She had been so vibrant  
so alive  
and dependent on  
only Self.

She asked for no help  
in times of trouble.  
For then, she knew  
of her Divinity  
and The One  
who provided natural cures  
and healing from within.

She misplaced them  
there was no trace around  
that could be found  
and she cried.

Enter: Dr. James Dean  
or *someone like him*  
a handsome, bad-boy  
cult-ish, full of lies

diseased schemes  
ran rampant  
though her blood-stream  
and ripped and ravaged  
then stripped her now  
tattered dreams.

Immediately . . .  
she fell into adversity  
of alien activities  
bottles of pills  
that before . . .  
she'd never seen.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

She stumbled into a trance  
and they did sway  
he spoke of forever  
oh, he was so damn clever.

She too swallowed the  
disguised icy drink  
without thinking  
hook, line and sinker.

Sink-Her . . .  
he'd take care of her  
and boy, he did.  
He was so damn cool  
she didn't realize  
she was being played  
the *big-pharma fool*.

Enter: The Afflictions  
By this time  
the skin was falling from her  
body – gaunt  
because she could no longer eat

hair scattered everywhere  
while a hemorrhaging  
cerebral symphony played  
and did haunt, like a funeral pyre.

Though she tried  
to hang on and stay  
to satisfy their sick desires.



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

One day after meditation  
she did surmise  
through realizing  
with opened 3rd eye  
this was all a bad dream.

*Over the hills and far away*  
from this stupor-ed sleep was peace.  
There was a way.

And she did wake up  
from this nightmare  
and found it again  
sweet, sweet peace.

Healed now . . .  
she had found her bliss  
and now she dances and sings.

Grateful to be healthy  
and authentic again.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Divinity Revealed

The lights came on  
some camera flashed  
a mirror was shoved in my face  
someone called ‘ action ‘  
and yes  
I could see, at last.

What I saw  
did not surprise  
for it was I  
who accepted  
and attracted  
the love  
that *I thought that I deserved*  
mirrored back to me.

Old photographs  
were arranged  
on a table  
some held images  
kind of deranged  
and my task was deciding  
which ones  
to toss  
and those to keep.

I noticed some were  
faded and gray  
like my hair  
disguised as highlights  
with ends splitting

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

and unraveling  
wrinkled edges  
damage had been done  
but not permanently.

If only I . . . I allowed  
the healing to begin.

I would . . .

Smoothing and then  
erasing the internal scars  
of memories buried  
I quit chasing . . .  
the temporary

it was not for me.

And soon I remembered  
that I am Holy . . .  
created in the Image of the One  
and he / she / they are perfect  
as am I, and deserve the best  
there is, and the best to be.

I would no longer accept  
the crumbs  
that even a dog  
would not eat.

No . . .

I choose  
a great love  
to be shared by all  
flowing over  
with Joy and Peace.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

At this, *the feasting table*  
designed specifically  
with great care for you and me.

I would no longer miss out  
on anyone or anything  
as the Spirit continues to lead.

The lights came on  
some camera flashed  
a mirror was shoved in my face  
someone called ‘ action ‘  
frolicking gladly  
it’s Divine Love  
that I see and seek.

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

## Cartoon Time

Animation is an approximation of a human character.  
That individual does not exist.  
No one is fooled by this.

Why are we duped by the demarcations of  
time's passage?  
Time is malleable, time is relative.

In the way we measure  
hours, seconds and days  
it is not fact.

It is a convenience, an agreement.  
Cesium is the measure or so  
they tell me.

Time zones don't matter to me.  
It's about the money, thank you  
railroad.

Gaze at the stars or watch  
the moon on it's yo-yo diet.  
The cycles don't match.

Time is relative.  
Mickey swings his fingers,  
Time to work, time to sleep and always wrong.

His hands won't tell you that it's always now.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Orbiting

I am tired.

I do not feel clever.

I have no pretty or gritty words  
for you today.

I sit inside four walls, dingy  
with nicotine stain.

I did not want to move,  
even to write this, but I did.

This is as high as I have to leap.

**JUNE  
'BUGG'  
BAREFIELD**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY





## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

June Barefield was born and raised in the Midwest. His childhood consisted mostly of playing football in the street, basketball in the alley, and stealing Ms. Williams' grapes from a vine in her back yard ! At a very early age unbeknownst to June, he became very fond of words and writing, as a form of escapism. In his early life June's house was very much like a boxing match

June has always had a conscious, and a sort of strange hunger to know who in the world, or heavens, or universe, or outer-verse; or whatever this entity known 2 him as GOD is. Inside he was always aware of his failure to do the right thing, and always wished that he could. He began to drink and smoke the sticky icky, way to much to dull this yearning. It seemed to make it much easier to conduct himself as this sort of alter ego. This tuff don't give a fuck dude who was really just an alien to his TRU self. . . . thus writing.

you can get more of June here . . .

<https://www.facebook.com/JuneBugg900>

<https://www.facebook.com/june.barefield.7>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/june-barefield.php>

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Sacred Center

Fragrance them say  
the first gift  
ancient & miraculous  
Myth them say  
mysterious  
supreme God moving  
moons & planets,  
stars &  
earth  
Commanding craters  
rolling over humungous boulders  
laying paradise out in layers  
Rising from the waters  
the great abyss  
Her island tropics within His fist  
clouds adrift above a purple mist  
Married to the heavenly white  
waterfalls on volcanic heights  
And the fragrance  
Them say...  
the first gift.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Asleep

Sleeping is so much like politic  
when you begin your nap  
in jest, or possibly at rest  
U begin on the right, but you soon tire of this  
so you flip!  
On the left you go, where it's just a s nice  
until it's not  
So you turn  
on your back you go  
SNORING  
ASLEEP  
Nudged, possibly by a partner  
incapable  
of ignoring the  
unbearable tone of the  
inaudible loud banter of the  
obscene  
Interrupted.  
U had a dream!  
but you dream no more  
still you sleep; again annoyed  
you flip over!  
On your stomach now  
until you tire, and again you flip somehow  
Like politic - the flop & flip!  
and thus the world spins in the twist  
and so it is...  
ASLEEP.

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

## Word Nerd

A reader, writer

creator

innovator

Team player

YUP.

and I know "Grammar Girls" real name, you see...

eYe pivoted in the PUTTi TaT; then smacked that ass  
crack!!

and now...

Grammar girl knows mine

crammed full'a syntax

"JUNEBUGG suBlime!!"

programmed her line

Rhyme & verse

a juggler,

word smuggler

Hustler.

I communicate management

then I let U handle it

I, um...

participate in leadership w/o leading shit!

A

Word

Nerd.

Polished & profound

a hound for copy & text

nouns, verbs & adjectives

deliver my groceries with semicolons, and commas

A word Lama

Gama, alpha, beta on a Greek negro

place periods like Pyramids, 4 creative index in the flow

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Hump in back like Camel 4 the drama  
OOPS!  
another, comma!  
ask Obama?  
or your momma!  
from Kansas City to Uganda!!  
My only entitlement is structure & scheme  
linguistically lean  
Word-ly  
so very fresh & so clean  
a hound for copy and text  
Dreamy...  
interrogative  
I cross- question an um...  
find meaning  
A  
word  
nerd.  
believe me...

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

## Moment

Clutching at each moment

while you control the days, the months, and the years

For decade upon decade

for centuries you've owned it

"Life, liberty, and the PURSUIT of happiness"

MADNESS.

this...

U own it

Me?

I just measure out my happiness in moments.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Commandment

I need a new one  
commandment.  
Like...  
"thou shalt not tell me shit"  
I sit patiently waiting  
I watch for the four horsemen to appear, in the  
company of thieves, rogues, and murderers  
Guilty of every crime  
In the eye of another I recognize a light  
while the night falls to pieces  
searching for a witness  
Somebody to point out the way to heaven  
a generous  
tolerant  
forgiving  
Living soul,  
Like me  
carefree, and reckless  
I sit, and i wait  
Patiently I wonder  
a New commandment indeed...  
Thou shalt not tell me shit.

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



**DEBBIE  
M  
ALLEN**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Debbie M. Allen is a Pennsylvania native that has remained true to her passion for the love of poetry. She has always had a passion for poetry. In 2010 she took that passion and made it her cause, always maintaining the truth of her experiences and the beliefs she holds dear.

Debbie is the Author of “A Poet Never Dies,” her first book of poetry which was published in 2012. Since then she has published her second book of poems, “The Spiral of a Pisces: In Manic Flow,” which encompasses her ever spiraling transition of expression. She can be found participating in various avenues of spoken word and poetry under the pseudonym D. Flo’essence including The Truth Commission Movement, Penology Ink Productions, Jersey Radical Productions and What’s The News.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### The Conjure of He

Early in the pull of dawn  
I conjure feel of him through eyes  
That kiss emotions stirred in the past...  
Lashes meeting as I use my own dark  
To dream him by my side...  
That cozy body that snugged me  
Fearless of my cold...  
Hands resting upon my curves...  
Cradling my fetal position in recline as his baby...  
He feeds me inhales and exhales of his life  
In the rise and fall of his existence  
That lightly lifts my head pillowed on his chest...  
Pulse checking if the feel of me quickens him  
As he hastens my breaths...  
In the exchange of thoughts...  
Signed by his squeeze  
That needs me closer...  
A darling to his comfort  
As long as he keeps me  
Securing daydreamed meetings...  
Just to remember...  
How he held me...

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### First Love Gray

When we were kids...

We believed light was supposed to catch us

Every morning...

The bouncing on beds in the twirling beams

Lent dust particles to the air but childlike minds

Showed it as fairy dust to us

Sparkling as if magical to daydream blessings...

Now, as adults we have the urge to play hide and seek

With the sun and clouds...

Which one will we find this morning?

I awoke to clouds today...

Too tired for remembered games,

So no searching for the sun to rain gilded rays...for me...

I will have to marvel the beauty of gray.

The bare trees in frigid stay

Yet birds still play between branches.

Cold grounds still hug the base of weary feet

And the wind shows its love in the aired knit of brisk  
blankets.

I breathe in deeply and despite the oxygenated hold on  
pollutants

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

From past and present days,  
I allow it to burrow in my lungs a life passage.  
Everything we ingest...is not always clean.  
So the start of day this way will never be a deterrent.  
I have long past grown beyond the thoughts  
That everything good is commonly beautiful...  
Sunshine though golden in its reign  
Is just another color of Earth to retain to memory.  
I don't mind the color gray.  
It is cool...  
Hauntingly lovely in its presence...  
And although it lacks the vibrancy to gather our smiles and  
waves...  
In smirked joy of suggestion  
It runs the closest to the shadow of life...  
  
Sometimes before we can appreciate colors smeared bright  
We must first love...gray.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Sorrow Binds His Leave

It is sorrow that borrows souls...  
I lend mines every time he walks out that door...  
And his hands become shadows...  
I lose those smiles that I held for the short time  
His arms held me...  
Now I'm dealing emotions like record skips...tossing my  
heart  
Like crapped out chips  
In a fucked game of poker  
While listening to the stutters on a chopped and screwed  
mix...  
Some messed up shit!  
I thought sorrow only borrowed a bit...  
Now I see the lien they say they got on me  
Karma caught my circle  
Now everything borrowed became just a debt  
On me  
See...perfection never leaned on me...  
So I bargained my heart  
Hoping that love can break that chain  
Karma wrapped around my ankles  
So security couldn't start...  
But I'm still falling apart...  
And as soon as hand touches handle on that door  
From the inside of my high  
I know it's time for him to walk out...  
And I begin my crumble  
Because sorrow never told me  
That in exchange for some happy  
There would be a tumble of lonely  
In his exit...

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

And that kiss he places across my lips in  
"Until next time's"  
Somehow becomes that figure on my shoulder  
Whispering bloody hell to me about the distance...  
And I miss him...  
Knowing that when he comes back  
Reality will have me shivering in the shower of tears  
Against his leave...  
Sorrow makes it hard to breathe  
And pauses my speech  
That wants to speak begs to him...  
Baby please don't go...  
But I know the future hasn't reached us yet  
So impatience finds me at unrest...  
A borrowed soul...drifting  
Waiting the time for his arms  
Once again to lift me...



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Ink Trails

I framed him in the lines...  
Painted roads around every word  
That sentenced me...to keep inviting him  
Into the scheme of my rhythm...  
If he asked me...  
I would give my pen....  
Riddled with bite marks  
As I made mental notations of how to write him in  
The fluid of my movement...  
You can trace my devotion... a paper trail  
That floats into morning  
Like seagulls catching the misting  
Of early ocean waves...  
Landing lightly on eraser dust...  
From words...  
That must have escaped me...  
I feel the breaking of my rhyme  
As it swims....into his ink  
Black never felt so deep...  
Until I let myself creep in the flow  
Laid comfortably on the smooth  
Of mood claimed pages...  
One word first line  
Before my mind begins to dwell  
On exclamation points causing the joints  
In my fingers to stiffen....  
Listen...  
The scratch of heart graphing  
Story lines as I'm...

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Defining your craft as gifted...  
I slipped on the last "s" in kisses  
Before I could resist writing  
"I miss it"  
How you guide the spiral of your notebook  
Round my finger like a ring...  
Making me do anything to release the message...  
You book marked the distant parts of my speech...  
And I reach...to touch the brink  
Of your spilling cup on my sheets....  
Leaving what was penned  
In passionate sentiment of  
Ink trails...to my heart...

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Color Me Pained

White...

Couldn't even hear me through all the echoes

It evaporated my cells

Left my mental Jell-O

Helloooooo...

Choices poised against

Societal structures

I was the voice but I failed the puncture

Resurrected duped, washed out in ill function...

Lunged into the screw of fact that's...

Black...

I was hacked...

Pushed the train of brain off track

Now I just psycho back to original slack...

Skinned my culture then

I swam the upset...

Bet after bet until my history crapped out

Around the time I clowned my face nigga

Brown...

I was run the fuck down

No alarm sounded...

Who know the coast of ignorance boasted...I roasted

In the sun until my pigment toasted

Done... not the one...but many slaving the come

Clickin death sticks in rhythm to

The government spun kingdom...

All Hail the code of

Red...

Fire abodes the exploding

War in my head

Left my vessel dead...unfed turned to lead

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

So I forgot what I said...  
Veins bled...and I couldn't catch the leak  
Before sloppy speech  
Meets delusional creeps...  
I saw the moon and it winked at me  
Gather up crowns and follow the beam  
To the split in the sea...  
Moses parted for me...  
Skips hips into...  
Blue...  
Sadness clipped wings  
Now I sing the strings  
Violated violin waves of strain...  
Freedom was laid upon the graves of pain  
I awoke but held my spoken peace of release  
Lips were sleep...  
Kissed in the drown of emotional breeches  
I was virtue stilled in the stealing of weakness  
Right back to the tailor that stitched  
Tight my heart into  
White...  
Anonymous, nobody, nil  
Zero fight...no horns abounding plenty  
Blank...think tank empty...no sympathy...  
Pride...zilch...nameless beyond color...  
Strange...unidentified American dreams...  
Unstitched seems...  
White...an unwritten write...  
Pained...

**TONY  
HENNINGER**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Tony has been writing for about 20 years. He has published one book titled “ A Journey of Love.” He has also contributed to several Anthologies. His book is available at Innerchild Press and Amazon.com.

You can find him at [Facebook.com/Tony](https://www.facebook.com/TonyHenninger)

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# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

## POETRY

POETRY is  
the lifeblood of my soul  
spilling out across  
the parchment  
of my dreams  
becoming reality  
as the ink stains my heart  
with beautiful colors  
like a child's smile  
staring at a box of crayons.



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### A Tear

Some see your sadness  
and quickly turn away.  
You hide inside yourself  
keeping your heart at bay.

I saw a tear escaping  
from your depthless eyes.

But, I caught it gently  
and threw it up into the sky.

If another should fall

I will be close by  
to catch it once more  
and throw it up into the sky  
until it pours love  
back down into your eyes  
for me.

When I look inside you,  
you are beautiful  
to me.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Without You

My heart is frozen,  
I can't stop the pain.  
I am feeling so numb,  
I can't feel the rain  
on my face  
anymore.  
Wanting to stand up.  
My legs feel so weak.  
Searching for your light,  
for eyes that used to leak  
at will from  
my core.  
Show me love  
and all it can be.  
Show me the heart  
so I may be free.  
Chained by loss and lies.  
No one hearing  
my soulful cries.  
Until I see your eyes again,  
I am slowly fading away,  
becoming nothing within.  
No reason for another day.  
No purpose  
without you...

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Lost In Your Poetry

I come to you tonight,  
I come into your waiting arms,  
to experience the pleasures  
of your poetical charms.

My Queen of Love.

My Poetess of Desire.

Your words are the sparks  
setting my soul on fire.

I breathe you in deeply,  
as I caress your fine lines,  
tracing each sensual phrase,  
making my passions rise.

Giving myself to your ecstasy.

Taking in all I see.

So beautiful the pleasures  
of being raptured while  
lost in your poetry.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Waking Love

Breathing in the morning air  
I turn to find a maiden fair.  
In whose eyes my heart did see  
all my dreams become reality.  
Exhilarated, as I feel her stare,  
Her love my soul lays bare.  
Torn apart, my body in tatters,  
I find, only our love matters.  
Sharing our love, give and take,  
Unconditionally, eternally awake.  
Lying alluringly next to me,  
I fall into her slowly, blissfully.  
Like waves of a mighty ocean,  
we float in a sensual motion.  
Caressing every inch of shore.  
Tasting the boundaries we explore.  
Two essences merging into one,  
never become undone.  
The stars reflecting the light  
of our love, oh so bright.  
As we reach ecstasy's door,  
We enter into heaven; forevermore.

**JOE  
DA VERBAL  
MINDDANCER**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . . is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for love. He became the observer, charting life's path. Taking note of the why, people do what they do. His writings oft times strike a cord with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

<https://www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer>

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Silent Cry

Ladies of the Silent Cry, oft times wonder why.  
So many shattered mirrors; tear stained pillows.  
So many sleeve covered arms, in the summer heat.  
Bracelet's cover traces of failed escapes.

I too bare scars in search of relief.  
I sought a way out of the pain.  
The blood stained bed where I laid my head.  
The dread, life could not be fled.

A light was shed, A held high head.  
If I cannot hurt me, no one can hurt me.  
Facing death, I feared life no more.  
I made my happiness, and sought zero.

Our pain subsides, then comes back  
Here is where the pain stops.  
Pray or not, Believe or not.  
Speak it out of your life and woe will go.



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Saline Eyes

It was only a whisper but my voice, rang loud.  
Thousands of I LOVE YOU'S carried barely audible  
emotions.

She had heard the repetitious phrases and praises.

Words failed to blend, mind and body.  
I could not think what to say,  
I wanted to know what to say.  
I listened to her heart, to her body, her emotions.  
Her words never touched my ears.

The words she had spoken touched my fears.  
Then it hit me, like deciphered hieroglyphics on an ancient  
wall.  
My I love you had been missing a key ingredient.  
There was one word.

That one word made love relevant.  
I was so hell bent, on compliments and time spent.  
Trying to re-invent what already existed, I missed it.  
I told her I LOVE ONLY YOU.

No opportunities could cause me to flee  
Oh she heard me, my I love you carried that only.  
Mind body and spirit became one,  
She became mine I became hers.

She spoke behind saline eyes.  
There was joy in the drop that rolled down her cheek.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Popsicle Sticks

I've saved them, built jewelry boxes  
Elmer's Glued and placed marbles on them.  
My favorite thing, Was when it rained.  
I had place one by the curb,  
I watch it surf the storm drain.  
It was my little boat

That simple piece of wood,  
Not two hours ago,  
Held frozen flavor so good,  
All alone just playing in the rain,  
Long before times of Video games,  
I enjoyed the serenity.

All I wanted to do was watch that stick.  
Watch it journey over obstacles of rocks.  
Small dams of leaves, I'd reach in and unblock.  
Then start from the beginning, I'd race two  
Imagining I was sailing the ocean blue

I am flashing back please forgive me.  
Traveling the road of childhood memories  
Of all the man-made items of simplicity  
Popsicle Sticks Just intrigues me.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Spring Break

Strangers with uncaring minds, I sat in my humble flat.  
Listening to jazz as the waves crashed. The Sunset was my  
solace I hated living there. Every spring they came.  
Now the soulless, stroll my beach.  
So out of reach they are.  
This year would be different. I saw her there alone.  
Waving up at my deck, she blew a kiss, said hello.  
I watched her.  
Tan toes in the sand. She played as the rest.  
Always blowing a kiss and saying hello.  
I tipped my glass in reply as John Coltrane played.  
“A Love Supreme”  
It blended well as the ocean breeze caught her hair.  
Friends in tow I saw the look of woe on her stunning face.  
The trace of tears smeared not her smile. She blew a kiss,  
said hello.  
A young bronze man towered over her.  
Leaning forward, pointing his finger.  
He turned and walked away, those delicate hands cupped  
her face.  
She looked up at me, as if reaching out. I raised my wine in  
offering.  
We became one. The Sun rose a little brighter.  
She left as I awaited the night air.  
She walked by blew a kiss and said hello.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### The Sleeper

I long for the night;  
Precious moments spent with dreams.  
A life fulfilled with age related gains.  
The sunrise is my demise. I give up these little  
deaths at heavens beckon call.  
Oh! Where is my nightfall?

The sound of thunder the sight of grey skies  
soothes my soul. No reason to relate, participate.  
The bears have it right, hibernation from the  
extremes of reality.

I have to perpetuate normalcy, a fallacy  
The Sun and I, Don't see eye to eye  
though it's power I respect, It's worship I reject.  
So the days in May with the lengthy display of time  
angers my mind, still light past nine.  
Keeping me from my mistress, Sleep

My cool crisp sheets wait in vain.  
Calling me from my pain, I walk the heated paths.  
Bumping shoulders, and hand grasps.  
An occasional laugh, I'm home at last.  
I admire the Sun's orange glow  
through my open window

The wind blows the sheer,  
Sleep is near. On my back  
Five blades are my stars  
I can't hold them anymore  
Lids close.

**ROBERT  
GIBBONS**

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



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## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Robert Gibbons moved to New York City in the summer of 2007 in search of his muse-Langston Hughes. Robert has performed all over New York City.

His first collection of Poetry, Close to the Tree was published by Threes Rooms Press and can be purchased at :

[www.threeroomspress.com](http://www.threeroomspress.com)

You may contact Robert  
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## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### for the darker male model

he, the only one, a token  
the only black print in the  
New York Time's fashion  
section for models, he  
made it to the Mercedes  
fashion week; to the time  
of the year the entire city  
dresses in drag, the Lincoln  
Center and Bryant Park  
the stark cold of being fierce  
he settles on the shallow  
and the superficial being  
the one Tyson, the one  
bison, the only one in the

sea of others and it may  
not be fair that black men  
have muscle, the gram  
of a dancer with swagger  
his style is everyone  
his baseball cap turns  
head, and pants down  
low, he is stolen and  
marketed a commodity  
for the agents, he is lifted  
like this line, being a deception  
his big feet and fingers  
are not a chiseled but  
as admissible as massive  
as his body as the color  
film noire, a tragedy



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

a comedian, an athlete  
but never model, and  
his lighter skin brothers  
will wear his bronze  
but he is not selected  
just one, never  
model, never given access  
to the houses of Rome  
or Paris, unless he is Z  
or Diddy with chunky  
chains around his neck  
so his singing is not pretty  
so he has to multi-task  
he will not age that fast  
but never model, never  
bother with the color of  
clay, the potter controls  
the wheel when he  
faces will not peel  
for the sun, he has a  
natural block, so when  
when he tans, he is a man's  
man with his ultimate  
thickness, and if he is nude  
it is the blackness  
his body a combination  
between magnificent  
and fabulous, but never  
model, never rode, so  
he coddles behind  
the frame three layers of  
paint when calling his name

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

his color always an issue,  
too light, too dark, too sweet  
too smart, so he kaleidoscope  
the hope it will be more inclusive  
but it is not, so he is reclusive  
he leaves his brothers, the others  
will die of asphyxiation with print  
so he relents to the lesser brand  
the Jeffery Banks, the Coogi  
and the Fubu, he through if he  
does not have other talent  
a black man without the frame  
it's the same for him, it will not  
change in Hollywood he is  
only a brown god in his hood.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### for Yusef Lateef

what ever happened  
to the word legend  
as the world closes in  
as people say  
things are not the way  
they use to be, people are leaving  
quicker than a hundred midnights  
yet among the disrespect  
the elders and the saints  
the the martyrs paint  
the histories  
and I can forget the flute  
and the saxophone  
the way the owner  
ship of sound and now  
transcendence

of bright lights  
never appreciate  
the legend  
the myth making  
the staking  
of claims among  
all the greed  
somewhere out there  
the flute  
and the saxophone collide  
the thunder bolt  
of the drum  
that none  
can forget

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

“I love traffic. The worse traffic is, the better I get. It keeps me alert.”

(for Johnnie Footman)

you may not know him, but we all know, the ninety-four year old cabbie, the one we hail, we took for granted in this great garage, the steel-enclosed space we call reality, we know the history books will never mention the push and pull, we are responsible for the great migration, taken without appreciation, no wonder you accepted the great blue traffic, beyond the static of a common jam, we know this, we know the bliss of living in vain, we know ninety-four years, children would call you an ancient, but I would call you a griot, born the year of death of Theodore Rex, coming down from the mountain after the assassination, after prohibition , all these amendments I am so tired of carry you on my back, pull up your boot straps, the year of JD Salinger and Jackie Robinson, the year of Merce Cunningham and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, now see the city lights, the candelabra of Liberace, the genres of Art Blakey and Doris Lessing, they called you a footman but I call you a shaman with that spider around your neck you arachnid, the taxi fleet beneath your feet, having that double vision for the revolution, and where you journey will never end. you may not know him, but we all know him., the one we call when we can not get there, the au pair to share the oddities as common as his bodega stogies we'd hear him in the massacre and the suffrage, the passenger flight to Atlantic City , we know him from the northern lights.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### the gourd

I take out my gloves and prepare  
to take the inside out, to eviscerate  
not the way my ancestors would clean  
chitterlings, not the way they would  
clean the filth and the innards  
but bury them behind secrets  
and lies, taking out my pocket  
knife, to make an incision,  
a decision how deep a clean  
cut, a clean break, the fright  
of my masculine hands taking control  
of a feminine object of art  
her eyes become a botched  
science fair project is deformed  
and misshapen, contorted  
a mistake, did not mean to cut  
too deep while she is asleep,  
but it is a generational curse  
we did not call it abuse, put her  
in her place; the color of a peach-  
vermillion, her cotillion will not be  
white handling her the way I do  
my testicles in private, a man  
has a right to handle his piece  
to hold and make sure it's still  
there in the bone-cold morning.

I want the inside, to consume  
all of it, rather than a protector  
I keep my gloves on so there is  
no evidence creating crow's feet

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

and facial degeneration, cutting  
and pasting, crafting with grimaces  
and winces, making my mark  
strike a match to create the fire  
inside her leaving only smoke  
reaching between the eyes  
and the knife cuts back, but she  
smells of me because I own her  
purchasing her from the whore stroll  
on the avenue, the rows of other  
promiscuity, it was just that time  
of night, and the moon is not full  
because I am empty.

**NEETU  
WALI**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY





## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Hi! I am Neetu. Who am I? This question is very difficult to answer.

Well! If you insist, let me reveal. I am a human and like every other human I eat, sleep, drink, dance, sing, laugh, smile, cry and so on. Hang on! There is a difference. Unlike most of the human beings, I breathe and when I breathe, I relax. When I am relaxed, I draw. I draw sketches of me in words.

I have been orbiting around sun for forty years now. I started this journey on the Valentine day of 1974. I have seen people craving for heaven and I was born in the only heaven on earth (Kashmir). My Grandfather was a spiritual personality and a renowned poet of his time. Though he left me around 35 years ago, I couldn't let him go. I carry him in my eyes and mind and will do that till the end of my life. I hate words, yet I am full of words. I know words cannot express, yet I express me through words, because they are the only medium I am familiar with. That is why I try to express me as much as possible with as minimum words as possible.

When I did Masters in business administration, I never knew, writing will be the only business in my life. More than hobby writing is a necessity for me, because it helps me get the load of thoughts off my head. I don't remember when it that I wrote my first poem was. But I surely know the time of my last poem. Surely, not before my last breath.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Land To Stand

I want to stand  
Where do I find a firm piece of land?  
My foot craves for a solid rock to rest upon  
I am not a tree  
But I want to be  
I want to hold on to the earth beneath me  
I don't want to be carried away  
Like a weightless piece of leather  
I don't want to dump me on whatever land  
I want to stand on a solid rock like ground  
A ground where I can stand still  
And open my arms wide  
To appreciate the world around me  
I may breathe in impurities  
I must breathe out purity and freshness  
I need the strength to distribute  
Sweetness and wellness like the fruits of a tree  
I want my feet to be as stable as earth, the feet of universe  
I want to learn the secrets of a balanced existence  
The secrets of sustenance  
Secrets of life that is so intense  
A life with strangely uncommon sense  
I hate to swing  
Swing from one thought to another  
From one faith to another  
From one belief to another  
I want to catch  
That single belief  
That single faith  
That single commitment  
Of my life  
Which I can stand for unshakably  
For years I have been standing on ice  
I can feel my feet melting down into murky waters  
I fear being drowned

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### A Child Lost

Years ago i lost a child  
So cute and lovable  
Innocent and adorable  
Full of vision and creativity  
Believing in irrational and illogical dreams  
Smile came so easily  
Happiness was a close friend  
Eyes spitted a rainbow  
Face glowing like sun  
Made every moment a fun  
For those around  
Laughter was the sweetest music of my life  
Lived up to every expectation of my soul  
Looked like a cuppa full of sweetness  
Heavens would cover it with skin of holiness  
Whole world meant nothing  
But a playground to the little one  
Knew no one was one with everyone  
Was never speechless  
Though knew no words  
Chirped like birds  
Years ago i missed it  
And i do till today  
Years ago i killed the child in me  
I lost the child in me  
I don't know if I stand proud  
On the stage of age  
Has it added just days?  
Or made me more true and real

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Has it made me more clear ?  
Is age my strength or do i just wear?  
Does it lend me a sure discretion?  
Or leads me to confusion  
Is age an addition or a subtraction  
Of real self  
Is it a multiplication of self?  
Does it lead to division of self?  
I don't understand the mathematics of my age  
As i leave  
Will i be me?  
Or just age  
Do i live in a real world?  
Or in the cage of my age  
Will age buy me life?  
Or will I be sold by my age  
I pray age makes me bold and not old

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Echo of The Mountains

She was a bubbly little girl  
Who lived in the mountains?  
Like a violet hidden behind a rock  
For years her voice echoed in the mountains  
And now it has been years  
That she left the beautiful greens  
She lost her voice  
In her own name  
Her soul was lost  
In her own beauty  
As if in a deep sleep  
And today when times shook her  
She finds herself in the same mountains  
She heard her own voice  
Sitting on that same little rock  
Covered in same sweet bubbly smile  
On some different but equally lovely little face  
Yes the mountains were echoing her voice

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### A Touch Of Child

O! The little one in me  
I want to exchange all my possessions  
For the treasure box of yours  
That cute round pebble  
I collected from the  
Shores of my early life  
That incomplete drawing of  
My family that looked so beautiful  
Even without me  
Lovely dresses of my doll  
That I stitched myself  
Which I couldn't part  
Even after the death of my doll  
A pair of dark glasses to hide my tilted eyes  
A torn piece of shiny velvet  
A mark of my favourite frock  
Some pearl from an artificial necklace  
That I would never exchange  
Even for the priciest original piece  
Come my dear  
Take away everything of mine  
And give me this little thing  
Though it still lies with me  
I just have it  
But could never possess it  
I need your touch to possess it

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Authoress and Tigress

A splash of power into  
The waters of wilderness  
A dip of creativity  
Into the waters of imagination  
Inner eyes searching inside  
Outer eyes searching outside  
A hunt for food in the darkness  
Words for soul  
Meat for meat  
Both are wild and natural  
Both are spontaneous  
One doing whatever  
One writing whatever  
One lives on the ink in soul  
One lives on ink in veins  
One reins the natural world outside  
One reins the natural world inside  
Ask a scientist  
Both are species endangered  
One lives in den of words  
The other lives in a den of rocks  
And I hope both are equally strong  
Both are still  
And when they hustle  
It is for a kill  
One writes and the other roars  
I hope both are as effective  
A striking similarity is that  
Both are politically incorrect  
Every time  
Both are naked, knowing

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

No ways to dress up  
Both are blank  
Yet sharp in expression  
Both are adorned by  
A mystic grace and glow  
Enough to blow minds off  
Both are larger than life  
Both are creators of life  
Both are beyond petty logic  
Both are impossible to understand  
Both are so deeply related to  
The world around them  
Yet not meant  
To be in a relationship  
Ask a male  
They were never cut out  
As a girl friend stuff  
Both are rough, tough and raw in nature  
Just like the nature of nature  
One is tigress  
The other is authoress  
And me???  
I don't know



**SHAREEF  
ABDUR  
RASHEED**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

For more information about Shareef,  
contact or follow him at :

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

<http://zakirflo.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/shareef-abdur-rasheed.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Muslim-Writers-Forum/370511683056503>

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### bottom

fell out when evil jinn(spirits)  
were let out to go about  
the earth!  
causing great fitnah (mischief)  
death, destruction, hurt!  
blood letting on high levels  
work of sly devils  
poured out upon the land  
like the beach sands!  
doing work, cause people  
of faith to pause and stay  
on high alert to keep devils  
at bay, keep devils away!  
from our hearts, souls,  
private parts, children's minds,  
hearts, tearing families apart!  
work of devils has become  
a work of art!  
so now deviance is the norm  
now you know there is clearly  
something wrong!  
when nature is trampled on  
when men, women, children  
are set upon by hoards of jinn  
coming in many forms  
like, women, men with attractive  
outer package but inwardly  
possess the ability to produce  
and process mass abuse upon  
all, elderly, youth, rich, poor,  
turning masses into hoards  
of working whores doing the

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

bidding of their pimp lords  
from all classes pour into  
action, creating and maintaining  
distractions with various methods  
of attraction doing the bidding  
including blood letting to turn  
evil loose upon the earth  
enough to make one curse  
the very day of their birth!  
and in this age of technology  
being all the rage  
souls are being bought and sold  
regardless, ethnicity, economic  
status, age!  
mankind is involved in  
complicity with evil jinn  
who have invaded the minds,  
bodies, souls of girls, boys, women,  
men!  
for surely only Allah (swt) knows,  
will continue so  
until the trumpet blows to signal  
the end!

food 4 thought!

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### investing

in the future that may or not  
defining Success in material  
haves as opposed to have-nots  
who don't have a window or a pot  
gotz to piss right there on the spot  
putting away what amounts to  
crumbs everyday, why because you  
can't take it with you anyway!  
on the day they take your cold  
corpse away!  
sooo just what you living for anyway?  
to amass all you can take away,  
like conquering armies?  
you think to take, take, take "Won't  
harm me"  
so the constant pilling on is alarming  
considering you should live to give  
seek forgiveness?  
be quick to forgive!  
and you receive the gifts material  
can't acquire like being forgiven and  
spared from the fire!  
compensated in the hour of need  
when your need is dire!  
and die in good steed free of the  
yokes of vain ambition and greed  
turning "want' into "need"  
so you thought by getting more  
you & yours future is secure

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

when in reality when they take  
the final tally, you realize what  
you thought was success turns  
out at best to be a pack of lies  
that didn't pass the test of time  
and to your surprise your forced  
to summarize that..,  
you really made no deposits at  
all so there is nothing to withdraw  
in a very sad ill prepared finally!

food 4 thought!

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### da apple

was watsup in the world  
of bebop  
back when there was a  
jazz renaissance  
it was J.A.Z.Z in N.Y.C  
city that never sleeps  
nocturnal like Jazz musicians  
giggin through the night  
at Birdland, Mintons,  
Five Spot, Vanguard, Sluggs,  
Basin Street East, the Gate  
and don't forget Bed Sty  
Brooklyn "Blue Coronet"  
NYC had all the greats!  
and it wasn't odd to find them  
uptown in Harlem Jammin till  
the break of dawn with the bass,  
traps, alto ,tenor horns like  
Miles axe, Monk doing stuff that  
was unheard of with those keys  
bird was heard bustin riffs  
dizzy had "salty peanuts"  
and that crazy "Bent Horn"!  
hawkins on a roll with body "n'  
soul, max and art stick work  
show you how it's done with  
drums!  
to many to name but it would  
be ashame not to mention "Trane"  
all night till sunlights burst



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

put a hold on the rehearse  
till the next day picking it  
up from the last verse or  
taking it from the top!  
a time when it was hard bop  
non-stop!  
jazz was new york, new york was  
jazz it's as simple as that!  
that was back in da day when  
there was plenty spots to hear  
the best that ever was, play!  
but sadly to say "That was Yesterday"  
and most of all dem catz have  
went away but believe it or not  
that "Sound" stays  
in minds and hearts  
where there will always be "Art"!  
New Orleans had it's Brand like  
"Dixieland" but no city had Bebop  
non-stop like back when da  
apple was the spot to play  
hard bop, "Straight no Chaser"  
all day!

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### circulation!

bloodflow from heart  
brain to toe and right back  
where it starts some more!  
providing life essential to  
all living things, oxygen to  
breathe!  
all things need regardless  
of size, shape, color, greed  
precious life seed  
flowing through all living  
things, supplied from the  
king of kings from the unseen!  
no microscope, ultrasound,  
scanner, latest state of the art  
technology can detect, define,  
explain exactly what it is they  
call "Life" by name!  
this invisible, untraceable,  
indescribable thing called life!  
yet foolish man often stands  
in defiance regardless of  
total reliance is adverse to  
compliance, often denying  
creator's legitimacy  
just imagine you & me from  
the unseen suddenly appeared  
as a fertilized egg, a clot of blood,  
lump of flesh, raised in the womb  
a place where it's dark without  
air, not even lungs yet we go on

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

develope to what we become  
a ungrateful fool who refuse  
to believe in what it can't see  
itself a product of that very thing  
becomes a foolish "Open Adversary"!  
Allah exists without need of anything  
does whatever he please just by the  
power of "kun fia kun" be and it shall be!  
who he decides to guide can not go  
astray!  
and who he decides not to guide cannot  
receive guidance any other way!

food 4 thought!

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### rotation

of creation ever changing  
seasons summon  
an array of life, death, rebirth  
rotation is the way of mother  
earth  
rotation, change from fertilization  
in the womb to being layed  
down in the tomb  
see the transverse of the moon  
from new to old  
as wonders of the universe unfold  
signs are everywhere to behold  
listen carefully to the stories told  
civilizations that come and go  
nations that ruled with a mighty  
hold  
influence, power, riches to behold  
like Babylon Persia, Greece and Rome  
disintegrated eventually becoming  
part of the garbage heap of history  
such is the fate of all of us

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

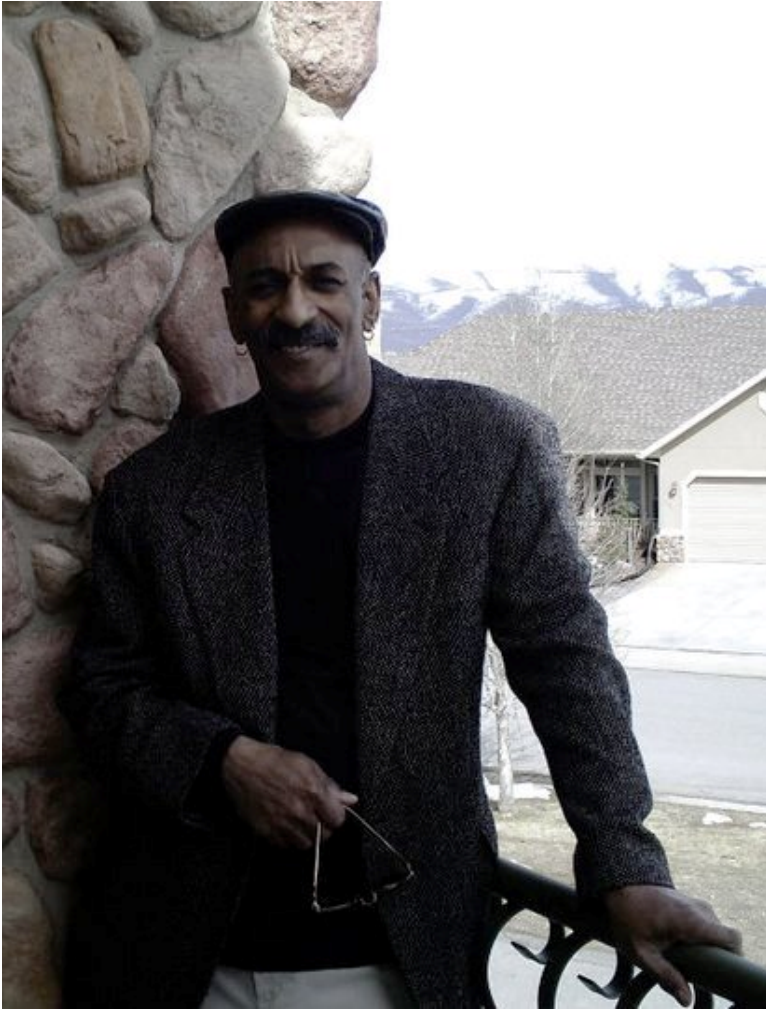
regardless status simple, great  
wealth, influence, power all have  
and will bow at the designated hour  
submitting to the real power  
who created seconds, minutes, hours  
architect of all creation!  
owner of the master plan!  
this is not happen stance!  
it all has meaning and relevance!  
calling for full awareness  
submit to utmost reverence!  
no second thoughts, no hesitance!  
such should be the demeanor of  
all who are or ever were earth's  
residents!  
only a fool would take exception to  
that rule!

food 4 thought!

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

**WILLIAM  
S.  
PETERS, SR.**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY





## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 24 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 is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

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](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site  
[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### reflection

standing in the soft Sunday afternoon sun  
i was casting pregnant shadows of delusion  
on the ground before me  
as i like, and as i have before  
asking that poignant question  
of my self  
. . . why ?

it seems i have visited  
this playground of consciousness  
a sickening amount of times

i saw my footprints semi-immortalized  
in the soils

in my youth i planted seeds  
in the furrows of this garden,  
but i do not so  
no more

the fruit they bore  
i ate, but they  
only perpetuated  
a certain angst  
for the answers never came  
and i was never sated

but here i am back again  
standing in the sun of the day  
yet again  
asking and visiting  
these time worn examinations  
of self  
no longer seeking answers,  
for reflection is enough

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### i thought you knew

One man's shit hole  
is another man's  
perfumed garden

on looks upon his conditions  
and curses his own life,  
another looks to the showers  
where he may be cleansed  
of that which stains  
his temporal existence

the consistence of one's journey  
is found in one's attitude  
and the perspectives they hold to  
seek  
and speak into  
their way

the day is not doomed  
unless you do so  
the path that we choose  
whether high or low  
is not about conditions  
nor things  
for one can sing  
at any time they so wish

i ask my self  
every day  
about my wants  
and my desires  
and if there are no fires  
burning  
there is no discerning  
that can yield passions

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

from dead dreams  
or whims  
i borrow from the hers and hims  
and the hymns  
of the world

it is up to me  
to herald in the change  
i wish to be  
for without me in the mix  
what is its purpose

i have tread through many  
a shit hole  
which has later went on to fertilize  
my understanding  
with insights  
that i may choose wisely  
the next time around  
for in truth  
all ground that i walk upon  
is sacred  
as it is for you

i thought you knew

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### the light in the window

there's a light in the window  
beckoning me to come  
come on it from without of myself  
softly it whispers to my soul  
drawing my desires to it's warmth

there's a light in the window  
nay, not a sun light bright  
an embracing nurturing light  
that of a mother's breast  
that i lay my head upon  
and listen . . .  
to the heartbeat of prerequited love

there's a light in the window  
it's smiling my name  
colors flowing into my head  
filled with possibilities  
possibilities that i can  
i am assured, yes

there's a light in the window  
whose sparkling luminescence  
is dancing upon the skin of my delusion  
peeling me apart layer by layer  
leaving me exposed and raw  
is it my truth

there's a light in the window  
breathing my air . . .  
dripping with hope  
that this may be the place  
the place of my reconciliation  
. . . with self

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

there's a light in the window  
the window with no barrier  
no glass to pane me  
pain me or cut  
yet i am quickened  
from sash to sill  
i drop and pay homage  
to the light in the window

yes,  
there's a light in the window

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

## the Vine Keeper

here sit i  
in the Holiest of Holies  
the Vine-keeper  
embracing the passage of time  
as she marches forth to harvest

i have nurtured the soils  
of this garden  
with a labor of love  
and quiet expectation

my hands which knead forth promise  
are covered with the fragrance of the earth  
whose thirst is filled  
by the sweat of my brow

i have exacted my duty  
and continue so  
through  
that of the morrow  
with an unrivaled love  
that i may press the fruits  
of my labor  
to make a new wine  
worthy of anointing  
the lips of my Lorde,  
for i am the Vine-keeper  
and this is my charge

There is the sound of footprints  
gracefully dancing upon my ear  
“who goes there” i cry  
and a voice voluminous  
and splendidous replies  
“it is i, thy servant”

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

i understood not this speaking  
for it was the voice of my Lorde  
and i fell upon the ground  
my face turned to the earth  
as an reverent type fear  
comes upon my entire essence  
and consumes me  
like a ravenous plague of plenty  
for the Source of my being  
my Progenitor Father  
approaches

He bids me to rise  
but i can not  
of my own accord  
nor may i look upon His presence  
so i avert my eyes  
as i realize  
that i have been summoned  
and sanctified  
and all about me  
i defied  
for it, the world  
has lost all import

i ask  
Father, what would you have me do  
how may i serve thee  
name the task  
for i am yours to command  
please demand of me  
that i may see  
thy will

i pray i understand



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

and He spake unto me  
with a certain sanctity of enmity  
that stills the rush of life  
all about me  
and within me

He said to me  
“Servant”  
i have come  
to eat of the labour  
of thy love for me  
give of me thine heart  
which is mine  
oh Vine Keeper

i humbled myself  
for the flattering embrace  
of his words  
ushered forth a pride  
that i could not hide

i beamed brightly  
for the light of his  
which resides inside me  
in my spirit  
cause my heart to beat  
with a fervor  
and He and i  
could hear it

i could feel an anticipatory longing  
that manifested to my consciousness  
as a holy song  
as played from the strings of  
a Holy Harps  
like that of the Angels  
who gather round his Throne  
playing a music the day long

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

and the voice of my Lorde spoke  
and said unto me  
“I have come to eat of the labor of thy love for me”  
“I have come for your fruit”  
Feed me thy best  
but know ye this . . .

Plumbs i have had  
Pomegranates too  
Apples have i had  
but now i come to you  
to satisfy the sum  
of my longings

i come hither  
to not taste of the bitter  
but that of my wantings  
and whimsical hauntings  
to be filled  
as i taste of the fruit  
of thy tilled and nurtured garden

the spoils of thy soils,  
i have come for the fruit  
of thy Vine  
that sweetest of grape  
that has ravaged and raped  
my senses  
with a promise elated  
yet not sated  
won't you feed me,  
feed your Lorde  
thy faithful servant

Upon his request  
i found my self speechless  
and speak . . . i could not

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

i could not mutter  
nor utter  
a word to be heard

all of me  
was twisted  
caught in this cataclysmic  
state of orgasmic ecstasy  
for the best of me  
had just been revealed unto me

i was seeing  
feeling  
the death of me  
the old me  
as a verity of my life  
came unto me  
and graced me  
with a surety  
unrivaled by any means

this is what i had always  
vied for  
cried for  
and this day  
i shall die for  
and i deny it no more  
for  
i am but a servant  
in the vineyard  
a Vine Keeper  
in the Garden of my Lorde

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### to the Light

we strip off our clothing  
and streak through this world  
naked  
exposing our clear essence  
hoping you sneak a glimpse  
of our consciousness  
which possibly moves you  
to places, dimensions and realms  
never before considered

we play with words and language  
verbs and adjectives, nouns and perspectives  
electively intonating,  
resonating and exacerbating  
concocting new streams  
that flow perhaps in to  
yet undiscovered dark caverns  
that know not of  
the myriad essence of light

but that is only an illusion  
for we discover ancient footprints  
upon the ground  
upon the walls  
upon the ceilings  
where some presence  
has left it's mark  
in our distant memories

there are evidences  
that either spirit or man  
has visited here before

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

why did they depart ?

the consciousness is definitively prevalent  
but can we see ?

were they too enamored  
by the world without . . .  
or had they found a better abode  
that was more surreally nourishing  
to the lives they sought  
or thought they wanted ?

are they now extinct  
as are we becoming ?

and as Death draws e'en closer to our 'Life'  
what are we willing to let go  
that we may transform ?

have you heard the Snow and Ice melting today  
upon the Mountains of your logics  
which reside in some distant land ?

will you too join us in the flow  
from delusion  
to the New Frontier  
where  
no baggage is needed  
required  
nor allowed

we must be clear  
as the Holy Crystal Chalice  
that we may not only hold the light  
but that others may see as well  
that their own path may be discovered

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

another fallacy ?

we each have a painting to finish here  
before we can graduate with honors  
from this Creative Art Class

what did you create today  
what thoughts are you embracing in your "NOW"  
what new perspectives are you embracing  
as your Truth  
if any at all

hold to the rails of your Titanic  
and surely you will be saved

well, i will see you on the flip side of Sunshine  
should you find your way  
i will leave a Theory of String for you  
that we may realize our connection  
in reflection  
of the circum- intro - spections  
we once had  
before we judged the things  
to have a certain verity  
or validity

as we look without . . . look within  
the Universe is expanding  
the more we are able  
to conquer the Fable  
that our world is Flat  
we come to understand the Cyclic nature  
of things

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

yes . . we have practiced this same lesson before  
by way of the Spirit of our Ancestors  
and our own “Be”ing –ness  
for THE DNA-tic Code speaks  
in resonant tones  
and the balance endures

there are hearers and . . .  
those that have come to speak  
but far too many lights are  
further de-voiding the void  
that is begging to be filled

so clean out your closet  
if you will  
and hold to nothing,  
for from nothingness  
comes all things  
as it has always done

so . . . we strip off our garments  
and stand before the Holy  
in our full regality  
letting loose our illusory frailty  
and streak through this world  
to the Light

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

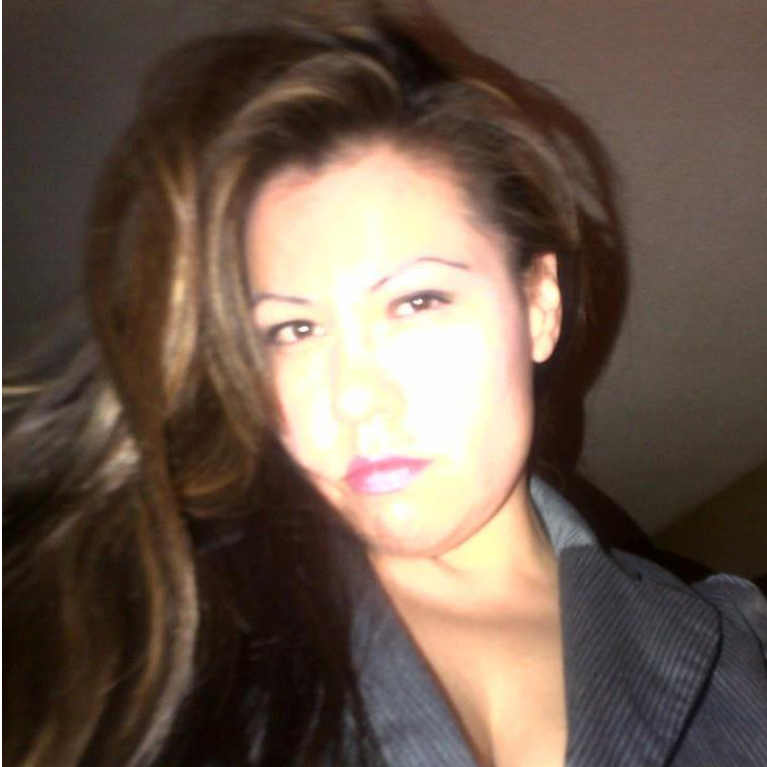


**JANUARY  
FEATURE**



**TERRI  
L.  
JOHNSON**

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY



## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

Born aboriginal, born First Nations, Terri's cultural background is Plains Cree first nations; from the reserve Samson Cree Nation in Hobbema, Alberta, Canada. Mother to four beautiful children and proud daughter to Virginia Johnson and Late Terry Johnson; although writing is her passion she also devotes her time to her community through her work.

Terri Has come out of bad relationship and is through her experience that she has expressed herself so candidly. Not afraid to venture out of her emotional shell she hopes to convey her experiences to those reading her work and maybe someday help someone who has suffered or seen worse to have the strength to come out of the unhealthy situation.

Terri was named after her deceased father, Terry Brian Johnson, whom died from sustaining injuries caused by the horning of a bull that he was riding in a local community rodeo in Hobbema, Alberta. Terri was born three months after her father died; she had never met her father. It is because of his memory that Terri still strives to maintain her dreams, the memory of him keeps her motivated and determined to reach any goals she acquires.

you can find Terri . . .

<http://poetryjohnson.wordpress.com>

<http://terripoetryjohnson.wordpress.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/terrijm77>

<https://www.facebook.com/terripoetryjohnson>

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### To forgive ~

I miss the way  
You held my hand.  
How you held me  
In your arms while I slept.

The kiss once sweetness,  
One cannot forget.  
Now just a painful memory  
I severely want to shed.

Tears left to burn  
As you continued  
to tear my heart in two.

But hey...

I guess you weren't true,  
because you left me so blue.  
Now I'm left picking up the pieces,  
left to patch up the scars.  
To forgive all your wrongs

But I decided I needed to forgive,  
to purge the anger and release all negativity.  
So as not to lose the best part of me,  
And give up the pain,  
So that I could be free.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Ignorance bliss ~

The shadows never lie.  
At least not this time.  
Never question  
what doesn't really exist.  
Yet we continue  
to love what we can't resist.  
embracing the dark  
like a second skin.  
Not realizing the danger  
you put yourself in.  
All for a few moments  
of blissful sin.  
So we lay in our comfort zone,  
unconsciously waiting  
for the other shoe to be thrown.  
Because they were the choices  
we made and now have to own.  
But grown from the mire  
is what had transpired.  
A rage of fire that was starting  
to build higher and higher.  
Taking pieces of your flesh as it went.  
Burning all traces of mockery  
that you spent.  
But that was not supposed  
to be the main intent.  
So fools luck has just been spent.  
On you.....  
My oh my,  
isn't ignorance bliss.

## THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

### Silence ~

The silence grabbed me by the hand  
and lead me to a very dark land.  
It gave me shelter  
from the days demands.  
Left me depleted from all  
that I had left defeated.  
All I took with me was my heart  
and the peace of my soul that was lead.  
For sure I knew my safety was kept at best.  
For silence embraced all that was left.  
Now I'm gone from all the noisy rest.  
For now.  
For the time being.  
I'm complete just to be.  
Because silence finally set me free.

# THE YEAR OF THE POET ~ JANUARY

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# THE POETRY POSSE



OUR FEATURE POET

JANUARY

TERRI L. JOHNSON

