Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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



April 2021

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

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The Poetry Posse

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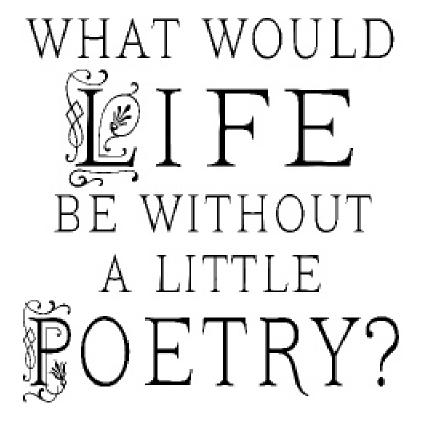
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Pablo O'Higgins

The Poetry Posse remembers the American-Mexican muralist whose works had influenced powerful instrument in the global context of defeating fascism and other forces of oppression.

Pablo O'Higgins was born in Utah, grew in California and flourished in Mexico.

The started his artistic training at the School of Fine Arts in San Diego, then moved to Mexico when he was 20.

O' Higgins joined the circle of anti-fascist League of Revolutionary Artists and Writers (Liga de Escritores y Artistas Revolucionarias, or LEAR) including the master muralist Diego Rivera, José Clemente Orozco, and David Alfaro Siquerios, and later, he became Rivera's assistant.

His *obras* expressed dramatic and monumental realism, which he adopted in depicting images of labor and local inhabitants. His works had intriguing history.

He is considered as one of the most important muralists of its "second generation" of mural painters.

Sources stated that O'Higgins became politically active in the post-revolution art movement in Mexico. He was the only non-native to be included in the historic 1940 exhibition at the New York Museum of Modern Art, "Twenty Centuries of Mexican Art.

O'Higgins played a significant role in Mexican-US connections, thus, his contributions to the national arts and education had paved way to get an honorary Mexican citizenship in 1961.

T is sixty-foot long mural strong anti-racist, antidiscriminatory, politically rebellious mural entitled *Ship Scalers Union Hall* in Seattle is installed in Kane Hall, University of Washington, Seattle. The mural represents Seattle's Ship Scalers Union's (SSU) history in social politics.

Pablo O'Higgins murals had etched inspirations in history of struggle for social change.

Caroline Nazareno 'Ceri Naz' Gabis

D_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, beginning our eighth year of monthly publication of *The Year of the Poet*. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

Last year, 2020 has been challenging for many of us throughout the year. We at Inner Child Press International were busy. We envisioned our role where the arts meet humanity to continue doing what we were good at . . . publishing. We managed to not only produce and publish this series, The Year of the Poet each month, but we were also very proactive in the arena of human and social consciousness. We were able to produce several other anthologies to include: World Healing, World Peace 2020; CORONA . . . social distancing; The Heart of a Poet: W.A.R. . . we are revolution: Poetry, the Best of 2020. Going forward, we are seeking to invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'. We, poets and writers do have something to say about it all, and we intend to do so in any and every way we can. So stay tuned . . .

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

PS

Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry initiative for 2022. Mark your calendars. Submissions will be opening . . . September 1st 2021

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

For Free Downloads of Previous Issues of The Year of the Poet

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

Pablo O'Higgins

April 2021

Pablo O'Higgins studied art at the School of Fine Arts in San Diego and developed an affinity with revolutionary Mexican artists. An assistant to Diego Rivera, a lifetime friend, and a mentor, O'Higgins created many images of labor and local inhabitants. He became politically active in the post-revolution art movement in Mexico.

https://www.historylink.org/Content/Media/Photos /Small/PabloOHigginsMuralKaneHallSeattleMexi canAmerican.jpg https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pablo_O%27Higgins

Pablo O'Higgins dedicated his artwork to "the struggle against racial discrimination and transnational perspectives."





https://www.historylink.org/Content/Media/Photos /Small/PabloOHigginsMuralKaneHallSeattleMexi canAmerican02.jpg





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 . . .

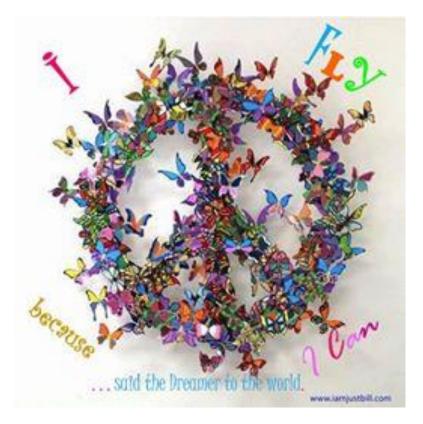
~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor



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" & Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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Gail Iskulani Weston Shazor

What's in a blood name? We are everything All at once Irish and Latin Choctaw and Caucasian Melungeon African American Negro Black Mixed And we choose To be even more Sometimes changing our names To solidify A new world But not the columbused one In which we live We dream of being free To be FREE

Smiles

I think it's your smile
So much more
Than lips
The way it sparkles
With
Very
New
Secrets
Extending the corners upwards
And sparing the leftover glimmers
For waiting eyes
Even they need to
Catch up
Meet up
Match up
To the sensuality
Of the humor cloaked within
Exuding
Yes. I think it's your smile
That I long to try out
Just to see if
It is
My size
My flavor
My silence
I become pleased
When you share it with me
But I am lost
When I am the cause

At the Crosswords

"And still keepin up wit they family Exactly how many days we got lastin' while you laughin' we passin' Passin' away"

On the block Passing time away Me and my boys Laughing and drinking and smoking We been on the truck all day Chasing that dollar bill, y'all Cuz this woman, she want thangs And my kids, they need thangs And my momma, she deserves thangs All they got is me The only daddy left The money don't come fast enough So I gotta do what I gotta do Until I can't no more It used to be just a bag or two And that was easy Now folks be calling my name Round the way I gotta have a crew to watch my back But now they backs Facing the stars And I know I might be next That's them VI streets tho I kissed my momma today And hugged all my chirren Because today might be that day That I won't be coming home

And I meet my daddy at the crossroad They say the devil went down to Georgia But I saw him last week And he winked at me

"And I ask the good lord why He sigh, he told me we live to die Whats up with that murder y'all?"

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

Streets say

Poem dedicated to Pablo O'Higgins

Listen to the voices of the street - Soft murmurs of dissatisfaction And shouted out revolutionary slogans

The mood of the city changes quickly When the charming cafes go silent And the main arteries buzz loudly.

There is a growing anxiety in the air The apparent order breaks down, And silent anger is as tornadoes

Then the street boils, bubbles and soars Like a mad river during a flood -Shoulder by shoulder, word by word.

Listen to the voices of the street Know their destructive force Hear a voice of a simple man

Farewell to Medusa*

Goodbye our golden-winged sister .

You died unprotected in your sleep. There is a stone dream in your eyes And a frozen grimace of pain on your lips.

The sickle cut the thread of your life . You were like a stalk and he mutilated you. Sorry my dear - we didn't avenge you.

The murderer disappeared unnoticed. He hid in fluffy clouds And behind the rays of the sun.

Wish you could see How calm the ocean is today. Despair lasts in the silence of the depths.

*The ancient Greek myth. Medusa, the youngest sister of Gorgon, beloved of Poseidon, was killed by Perseus, who cut her head.

Untolerant people

Sword and Bible Kalashnikov and Quran should not fit together like love and hatred

There are people , who know everything the best They know God's thoughts and plans and they are infallible.

These people are able to break the stone tablets and build a road with them leading straight ... to a hellish paradise.

Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

In 2015 she authored *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art*, and in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*. Both books of mostly narrative poetry were published by Inner Child Press and were edited by hulya n. yilmaz.

in 2019, No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of InnerChild Press, ltd.

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

A Blue Eyed, Blond Haired... Artist

Paul Higgins Stevenson, curiously, changed His name to Pablo Estaban O'Higgins.Born March 1904 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Grew up in Utah and California, American-Mexican, Studied at Academy of Arts in San Diego, won Soviet Scholarship to the Academy of Art in Moscow.

Turned away from studying piano. In 1924, became a student of Diego Rivera. Himself, a painter muralist. And, a Communist.

For twenty years, 1927-1947, Pablo O'Higgins, gifted with artistic talent, Became a member of the Mexican Communist Party.

Died, July 1983, in Mexico City, Mexico. Remembered by family, friends, Communists, And leftist artists whose politics lean toward activism.

Shadows

She is entirely amenable To learning something from him: If he would but let her be herself.

She resents persistent attempts To change her into a carbon copy of who, Or what it is he thinks she should be or do.

Perhaps, a word of advice will suffice To explain that she is happily content With the person she is becoming.

And yet, with reflection, in time, Might not mirror's illumination allow him To see the light that's focused upon himself?

Self Talk

Heart thumping, Breathing rapidly Pressed down, The walls are closing in.

Shame calls him a name.

Reverberating Against window panes The wind tangoes With his fears and years.

Blame calls him a name.

In the darkness, he cowers For he is but a shadow Waiting, praying, for love To call his name.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering

and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is a professor at Asia University (Taiwan), editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text and a columnist for 'Chinese Language Monthly' in Taiwan

He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 40 countries and have been translated into more than a dozen languages.

The Toiling Swallows Are Addicted To Dreams

Along the edge of the courtyard, the shadows of the sycamore trees follow the wind The image of autumn trembles slightly at the tips of branch On the top of the jade building, who is playing the jade flute? Is it possible that besides me, there are still people who ignore the low cloud covering the mountain in front of the building? Seeing autumn so joyfully Don't you see the August wind of last year? The toiling swallows flew away, feeling melancholy at the loss of news with their family My plates are full of simple diet but the willow trees standing in the water is so exuberant I, a poor worker, can only use my arms as a pillow Only the wearer knows where the shoe inches However, the west wind only takes care of the sorrow of the guests Rain has fallen Pear blossoms fall all over the ground Long night brings good dreams but it is still cold before dawn Hometown dream, always Never leave it to the swallows to end the morning conversation Don't even learn the toiling swallows to addicted our dreams I was squandering my half a hundred years, can it be that Shouldn't sigh why I didn't miss my hometown when the dream is broken?

Horse Trail Mountain

Snow flies over the back of those ancient lamps The geese lined up quietly passing by Ah, That poor scholar Could recognize the quilt that only covers the upper body The small screen in front of the door How long it has been standing by the side? Looking at the horses on the slope far away calmly Running wildly

The tears just wiped away Poems written on the wall a long time ago Hanging everywhere Just like bunch after bunch of silk Fine jade panpipe carried the sadness that can't be covered Blowing leisurely night after night Ah, My plum blossoms full of mountains Do you know this?

That Roaming Figure Beyond The Great Wall

The scenery of Northland Thousands of miles away, the ice field seals the dust Thousands of miles away, the snow is floating everywhere Looking through the inside and outside of the Great Wall, only a vast white plain remains Up and down of the big river, the turbulent water suddenly stopped surging The mountains brandish the silver python Like a herd of elephants galloping under the full moon, striving to be higher than the sky The landscape in front is so gorgeous Countless heroes have been conquered What a pity Both the first emperors of Qin and Han Slightly but not suffused in literary talent Taizong Emperors of the Tang and Song Dynasties Couldn't par excellence in a unique style The person specially favoured by heaven, Genghis Khan, Only knows how to pull to bend the big bow, to shoot the eagles It's all over with time Today No one knows yet Who are the truly great men of our time

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

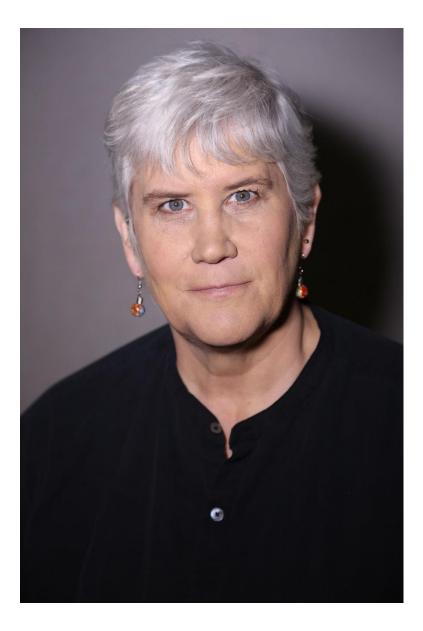
O' Higgins

artist of the salt capture humanity salt of earth Pablo exhibited plight of mass's work to survive staying alive everyday workers told story of survival message resonated promote value of working class families diamond in the rough pearl in oyster not elitist bourgeoisie living in fantasy earth revolves around me told the story of reality his art of humanity

frontal lobotomy

vegetative state what's left of me not the way Allah(swt) created me opened my mouth and my brain was taken to be studied in some state sponsored lab latter lab rats in a nation where they use behavioral modification if what you got to say resonates with significant population igniting thought raising conscious make dem get up, stand up, speak up for their rights speaking truth to power seeking justice must be intelligent thought out not just spewing words out the mouth chanting empty slogans then get arrested, beat only for the same ol, same ol repeat innocent children gunned down in the street they always wanted you to smile even while the bodies pile keeping the people docile we'll just keep your brains awhile you'll be good to go as we maintain the status quo reduced to data like Hannibal Lecter serving your brains up on a platter. food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada; and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Her poetry weaves through 80+ volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, and A Woman's Place in the Dictionary. She is currently working on several ekphrastic writing projects. One is a novel, Art Thief Cracks Healing Code for Parkinson's Disease and the other is non-fiction, Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

https://healthy-brain.medium.com/bears-at-the-window-ofclimate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

Blue

Blue collars shirt sleeves rolled up ready to work to serve to see decide all in blue colors of water and fear and boys turning into men the throat sending air and sound pouring through a narrow place creating words out of energy expressing what is desperately desired to fix our community launches the best we can be

At The Border

Fate of birth at the border you there on the other side othered by me here seeing you across a bit of land water where fish swim back and forth not knowing this is the border blissfully ignorant birds fly landing on this side then that oblivious of the power that divides the fates of you and I

Build a Free World

Free of hate discrimination and pain

Build a free world

Welcome, do something great learn determination experience joyful gain

Build a free world

Open the abundance gate love creation jump on the opportunity train

Build a free world for everyone

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

A Free World

People struggle to belong In a world full of discrimination The greatest dream of man Is to live in a free world Embracing the concept of oneness. It's all beyond one's color, one's race One's ethnicity, one's beliefs To be free is to liberate To let compassion and unity win For in the end, love is the only cure.

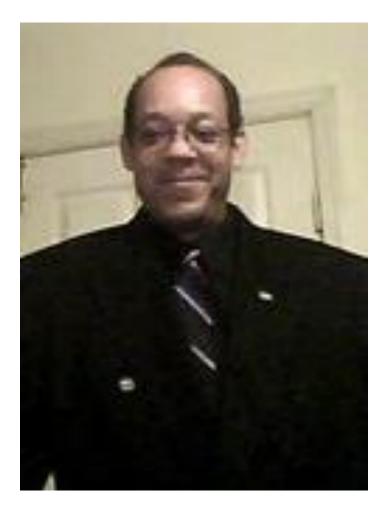
I Am Woman

I am woman from the genes of Eve, I may be a temptress at times But the world can never be without me, Cities have fallen down, enemies defeated Because of great women seeking the truth. Joan of Arc was one of them, A woman warrior, a Blessed saint Role model of a fierce woman But never losing her femininity Worthy to be idolized by many. What is the essence of being a woman? We learn calmness from her softness, She is the light in the dark A source of hope and inspiration, Admired by the whole world.

The Bareness of Trees

Misty dew drops from the sky fall Mixing with every tears I cried, Does it hide the pain, the grief, the loss? Somehow it masks the emptiness of the soul. The autumn leaves left scars at dawn When you chose to chase the light The bareness of trees signifies your absence When everywhere I look, There's no trace of your shadow And I ask myself, would I be fine? Every piece of music we played lingers Bringing tears to my eyes and once again With every breath my mind drifts to thoughts of you. Until the last leaf falls. Revealing the nakedness of the trees Below an overcast sky over a downpour The bareness of trees, branches ran dry Unlike the welling up of tears in my eyes, An artist can paint the sorrowful aura Where the trees have grown on a barren land Alas, when the sun sets again over the horizon Until the hues of the rainbow cheers me up once more Behind the veil where angels ascend, I await for spring to come to witness the blooms take over the gloom.





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.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

No More Divided

One table seven minds as we climb. Words within the lines express our oneness. Souls were lost although we all want this. The struggle for just being is far reaching. For whatever season through its teachings. The common goal for all mankind is to be believed in.

Pick a race no; you can't. Humanity doesn't exist without every man. We eat we drink; we work we rest; we laugh we play. Some don't and some pray, check your congregation. At the end of the day, we all go through life's progressions. Question: Do you know that person who's always late?

Do you know that person who can never wait? Do you that person who just ate, and asking for yours? Well, I'm asking you to explore the possibilities. Of working together without mirror imagery Philosophies know no boundaries. It's based on the bias of humanity.

Who truly knows how our planet managed to be? We managed the un-answerable to separate beliefs. And all these things mean we are no more divided. I gathered this from an image by Pablo O' Higgins. From the point of his works there was nothing hidden If justice is blind; how can we make the right decisions?

It's Okay

If it brings you to the point of contact, it's okay. If you find yourself tracing steps, it's okay. When tears fall over nothing at all. When years stalled knowing you could have done better. Now this weather, you don't know whether you should. You know it's better that you could because you're okay.

I snapped a shot of a daffodil on my lot. It was cold and nearly froze but it's yellow is hot. If natures display comes out to express themselves It's okay to enjoy the sunrise as you imagined. This is what happens when you capture you. The pure beauty of you comes out in a solum thought.

There are three now, the daffodils, the yellow ones. They set in a scene of filled in well. There was nothing left of the well whence it came. It's okay to lay a lame rhyme from time to time. I mindset of no regrets, know regret, it's okay. We spend our whole lives trying to keep from dying.

It's okay not to say, it's okay if you do. It's okay if you rock how you've always rocked you. After all you've gotten through, claim your peace. No flames in speech can reach your level of cool. No one can teach your level of schooling. And ruling! "Forget about it" I read about it.

It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's always been.

Surrounded by Love

What keeps me from screaming and scheming,Dreaming always helped to escape.Call it fate or the gatekeeper is well aware of me.I remember things erased by progression.I remember things that I should have forgotten.Forgiveness is rotten but vengeance is taught and.I left love hanging still hanging in the hammock.

No 6 by 9 time to rewind. Just my minds crimes to be found. I need not be around myself. I heed not the laws of social grace. These are the flaws of time and space.

I'm surrounded by the cries of a toddler. The tantrums' the screaming, the I can't believe things. The way she just see's things, and dolls can talk. She crawls and barks when she directs the scene. Plastic inanimate objects set like she was Spielberg's daughter. She yells cut, then "Papa" "I hurt." I don't know why she won't take off her boots.

They're cute, Frozen, like the way they stay on her feet. She's dancing now, but I swear she can sing. But I sink back into disparity, clarity is brown. Love is clear, without cheers and I'm surrounded I rarely speak on profoundness but thank you. hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita (Humanities, Penn State, USA), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is a published tri-lingual author, literary translator, and Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, USA). Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at poetry events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, the WIN of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award. Her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* (USA). hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

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

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

The Meeting

a painting by Pablo O'Higgins catches the eye it is said to be representing unity within humanity the banner on this artwork claims thus: "Build a free world. No masters. No slaves." Signed: "Makers of the world united"

a portrayal of men only . . . Caucasians only . . . clothing . . . differentiated by class mimics and gestures of the few front-view men stress who has the last word

unity within humanity? "Makers of the world united"? i, for one, do not think so!

this visual art is more like an emphasis on hierarchy amidst various segments of societal authority . . .

skin hues

what i am about to say is a no-brainer, for sure my intent is not to assault your intellect but rather to express the most obvious so that none of us attempts to disrespect the basic reality of our humanity any longer

we are all born with melanin in our bodies some of us have more of this natural pigment while children are blind to such nuances (unless they are taught at home) as adults, some of us beg to differ we then choose to go against the stream, disrupting the most natural flow: all for one, one for all for the sake of harmony within humanity

skin hues, thus, become a means to hate, to hate unconditionally and passionately it is only a matter of a short time then before that hatred turns into sizable inheritances for generations to come

on account of our outer traits . . .

on account of variations in our pigments . . .

what a badge of shame to wear as the heritage of one's family!

struggles

art to signify

labor and revolution

true dedication





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

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

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

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

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

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

Marking Territory

They gather at the table with stern faces ready for the verbal fight.

Whose voice will be the loudest? Who will control the fiery blood before the physical battle?

The burning glare in each eye holds the tales of each warrior clan. Each male releases his inner power to the table.

Scratching every word in the paper with his mark like raising his leg to mark territory.

Who will be king of the table today?

Miracle in the Woods

There is a miracle in the woods with her name on it running through the trees.

Gratitude floods her eyelids. The light streams bend her knees in reverence for the woods.

She looks beyond the breeze caught in deep space thoughts. Eyes burn with intensity.

Her soul floats in front of her boldly moving as if a musical sonata plays just for her.

Look for Your Name

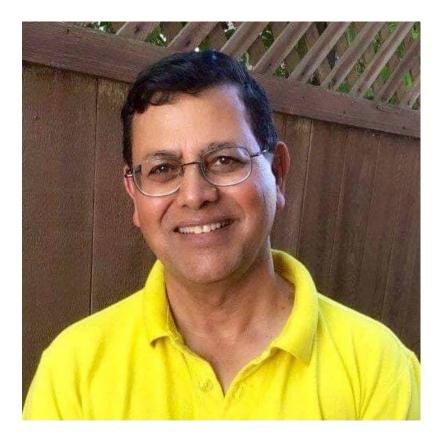
I can see the laughter behind your teardrops trying to expose your joy.

You fight so hard to mask your feelings in the fields of pain.

Fear is a stifling bull whose horns must be cut so you can rise with the sun.

Love is coming on a black stallion to rescue your soul.

Keep watching the horizon. Sunrise expands each day. Your name floats in the light. Ashok K. Bhargava



Ashok Bhargava is a poet, writer, community activist, public speaker, management consultant and a keen photographer. Based in Vancouver, he has published several collections of his poems: Riding the Tide, Mirror of Dreams, A Kernel of Truth, Skipping Stones, Half Open Door and Lost in the Morning Calm. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines and anthologies.

Ashok is a Poet Laureate and poet ambassador to Japan, Korea and India. He is founder of WIN: Writers International Network Canada. Its main objective is to inspire, encourage, promote and recognize writers of diverse genres, artists and community leaders. He has received many accolades including Nehru Humanitarian Award for his leadership of Writers International Network Canada, Poets without Borders Peace Award for his journeys across the globe to celebrate peace and to create alliances with poets, and Kalidasa Award for creative writings.

Pretense of a Promise

each dream lingers each bud soaked in tears nourishes the bloom

day after day breathing in the air that destroys the body

the smell of neglect is the only thing that is assured

rebellious minds skitter unanswered prayers ambiguous future

rhymes of life bruise with fake sacraments

the night pushes away the light of the setting sun

nothing lasts of promise such is the promise of light

bare hands toil hard beg for mercy

silently tolerating excesses that's all they can do

Sweet Surrender

you and me flow into each other as wave into a wave

we drift towards ocean without knowing the way

we need not to know the flowing to flow to immerse

we connect a raindrop a teardrop

unconsciously flow to something sacred and cease to exist

Empty Nest

a scribbled image reveals the impression

you left for me to keep.

childhood behind you moved on

on your own.

memories like baseball cards

still in the dressers.

your jersey holds me tight the way your tiny arms

wrapped me.

*This poem is about my son leaving home.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua.

Her poetry and children's stories have been featured in different anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis

apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

The Muralist

He put revolts in the streets, Words scattered like nymphs Whimsical parabolic hues Take revenge on the wooden fences, At night, the village has faceless shadows There are squalling babies Close to the clinic rooms, Then he filled his cup With great eagerness To finish the meandered Land, air, water themes.

His rolling paintbrush Were like playing a solitaire Deck of spades, flowers, hearts and more Then the queen, just passed him by, He sniffed the bubble gum scent, And was mesmerized To mix more colors in his bucket.

A young boy kissing his mother's cheeks He grabbed his eyeglasses, pressing the wall Butterflies, birds, flowers, and bees And a couple wearing tropical shirts, His arms console century trees, Whistled and hummed ''Fly me to the moon'' His masterpiece smiles Thousand times and more.

Formulas on Fire

Remember the formulas you learned from An Organic Chemistry class, You have soaked from grins But calmed by marmalade and *pan de sal*, And *kopiko* on the side to Wake you up, So you will solve the alluring empirical Mutations in your brain, Causing a domino effect To your carpals and lumbar parts.

And if it's time to sleep, There are parading pre-nightmares into your pillows, Re-calculating again And again. You got it almost perfect, Then you got up again, Reviewing the last unit, Suddenly, the Lee Min Ho portrait Collapsed your membranes To giggles, Brought you another norturnal agenda You want another Korean novella,

The google classroom has a reminder, You have at least few seconds to send Your chemistry revolution assignment. Time is up!

Her Majesty For All the Women Heroes

She creates like Isis; she owns the sky, the sun and the moon. the alchemic maxim of force and femininity; She rules like Hathor; she wears the crown of love, joy, music, dance, motherhood and fertility; She wins like Artemis; she is fearless, strong, adventurous, and youthful. She is March. The birthmark of empowered homeless suns.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha. India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of the Prolific Poetess Award , The Life time Achievement Award ,The Best Planner Award ,The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE Award, ATAL Award 2018 .Global Literature Guardian Award .International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award .She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society Lasher one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 60 languages .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child Press African is the life member of Odisha Environmental Society.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

Building A Free World

building a free world is as simple as boiling rice on the fire making foams in the tea cup taking a decision for each reaching every heart where there are no masters no slaves a clarion call to the workers of the world to unite only to remember those syllables holding hands unscrolling the message migrants, labours synonyms of hammer and sickles grow and le others grow simple journey is so difficult for there are parasites who live on the sweating, bloods of others? can the tear ever replace the? with all strength to fight against discrimination a muralist of post revolution movement the journey id towards

Catch Me If You Can

I am on my way to the roots of my homeland where the jasmines are spread on the road hunger is deciphered to smiles no metallic metaphors no zigzag jingles no demon; no goddess only me and my being seed, soil and song no death no birth no cursor, no internet no tickets, no money no numbers, no hidden agenda no formal dress, no horse race no breaking, no anguish no lust, no back counting only fresh alphabets I am walking with slow pace catch me if you can I am beyond your reach certainly, I am beyond ...

Shame on You

shame on you dear brothers and sisters you are always missing missing in summer and in winter when someone needs you needs your response needs you to listen

how do you expect? the trees never react they can never sit in your air-conditioned seminars or zoom meets to discuss their post operation plights your electric axe is so sharp you have cut their tongues, lips, hands and feet shame on you!

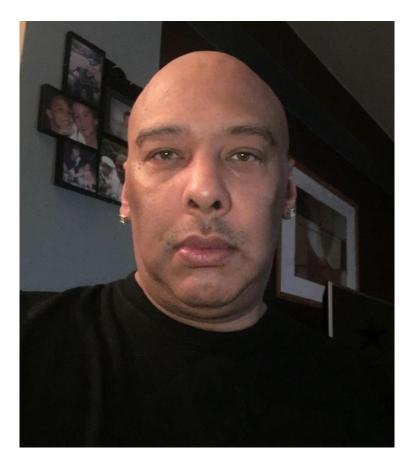
you earn curse of the leaves and flowers the squirrels are gazing at you with innocent eyes

shame on you for you can disturb every one the bees, birds, butterflies, birds and whole bunch of their clan who has authorised you? in primal sadness

how tenderly the buds pray where are you from? where is

your city? your muscle power is so terminal shame on you the tree still smiles and fills your lungs

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

> Infinite poetry @lulu.com Alcarrasco2 on YouTube Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Pablo O'Higgins

A moment in time, during a meeting of minds.

I see an artist depiction of wanting out poverty and oppression.

I see a blueprint of revolution.

Hands are shaking as ideas for a better life are in the making.

It almost looks like "The Last Supper",

Instead of apostles there's ordinary people with hopes and dreams

to live in a world in the near future,

where families wouldn't have to live, to suffer.

There's a band of brothers uplifting each other,

A bunch of diamonds in the rough wanting the world to shine brighter.

All they want to see is unity and equality.

Pablo shows it with his concrete image artistry.

Failed to Succeed

I lived a harsh life and learned harsh lessons in these New York slums. Fails helped me succeed, I've been educated through experiences most wouldn't want to experience, so I share bars of scars by making my pen bleed. Everyday I wake up is a blessing, I thank the almighty for his guidance, had to witness joy and pain, sunshine and rain, so I laughed, cried, smiled and frowned dealing with the ghetto pestilence in order to overstand and teach the pros and cons of red money violence. I swear when I reflect it feels as if those reflections were a dream, they're nightmarish reactions to past actions, unfortunately they're nonfiction. A lot of men didn't get to celebrate being twenty one because at sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen and twenty they were victims of redrum. I grew up with good friends. I was the youngest, I did what they did, they did what I did, we walked the same paths as kids. When I was younger I wondered why they're in heaven and why was I left to deal with poverty's oppression?, as I got older and wiser I realized God saved me to rewind time with my mind after living out their forever, to dissect history with literature that will educate the future.

The voices are quarreling

Do that, do this. No don't do it. I brought you this far, I need to go further faster. One voice wants me to prosper, the other says the same but ends with some sinister laughter. Take cautious steps, let's ride to the death. The next step is coming, make it happen now, why wait? It's a mental Armageddon that leads to an unwanted fate.

Weigh your options, the scale is even. Do good, do bad too be good. Your almost out, go back to the hood. reach your goal, do what you know. That's a righteous conscious and the temptations of evil conversing in ones cerebral. Follow me, commit blaspheme.

Hydroplane to the top, float on phlebotomy. That's the voices inside of me.. That's a person trying to deal with todays economy.





Eliza Segiet: Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The NWNU - Union of Writers of the World.

Her poems *Questions* and *Sea of Mists* won the title of the International Publication of the Year 2017 and 2018 in Spillwords Press.

For her volume of *Magnetic People* she won a literary award of a *Golden Rose* named after Jaroslaw Zielinski (Poland 2019 r.). Her poem The *Sea of Mists* was chosen as one of the best one hundred poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada.

In Poet's Yearbook, as the author of *Sea of Mists*, she was awarded with the prestigious Elite Writer's Status Award as one of the best poets of 2019 (July 2019).

She was awarded *World Poetic Star Award* by World Nations Writers Union – the world's largest Writers' Union from Kazakhstan (August 2019).

In September 2019 she was 1^{st} Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando* \dot{E} *la Vita ad Invitare* for poem *Be Yourself* (Italy).

Her poem *Order* from volume *Unpaired* was selected as one of the 100 best poems of 2019 in International Poetry Press Publications (Canada).

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

Laureate International Award PARAGON OF HOPE (Canada, 2020).

Obtained certificate of appreciation from *Gujarat Sahitya Academy* and *Motivational Strips* for literary excellence par with global standards (2020).

Ambassador of Literature granted by *Motivational Strips*. Author's works can be found in anthologies, separate books and literary magazines worldwide.

Without division

In memory of Pablo O'Higgins

On a way to freedom there's no place for evil. It's unavailing. Target can be reached by bluffing, that we don't notice enemies. Seeing but not responding, intent comes to fruition.

Harmony needs understanding, but all have laws and duties - Freedom for the world - Regard with no segregation - for everyone.

Translated Ula de B.

Glow of the Eyes

Curious about the world, with a chilled drink in hand they admire the black land, and the sight of the creviced earth completes their needs.

At the same time emaciated, covered with flies, children are fighting for life.

And they are there. In the midst of ubiquitous poverty, they see the magic of light, and only later the glow of the eyes of beautiful African women.

They are in the same place for years, the same needs and a constant lack of water. – So little and not so little to be able to live.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Barrage

She escaped from a place, where the urban bustle ceased to tempt her, where the lit streets no longer agitated.

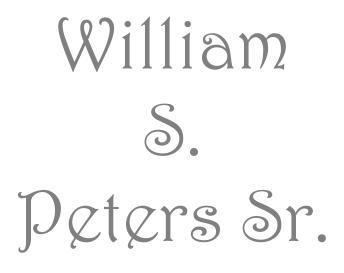
Neon barrage of ads of unnecessary, bargain items no longer lured.

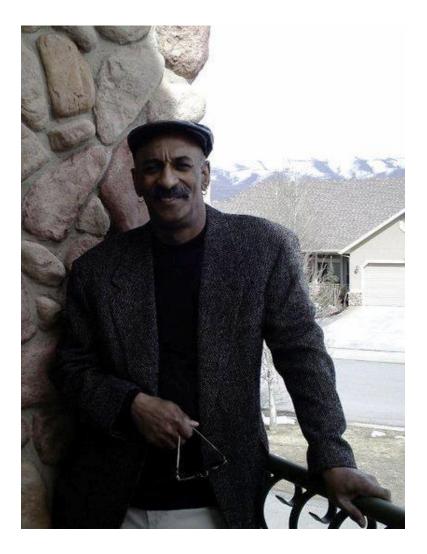
It was so hard to live in the hustle and bustle.

She loves silence – now it is her only friend.

Maybe something more, but she doesn't give away. for they will come thirsting for paradise to unwittingly break the nest of peace.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Pablo Esteban O'Higgins

Or was it . . . Paul Higgins Stevenson, Who am i?

Diego allowed me to work with him And the influence of My Mormonism ways Did not get In the way

Art was the movement I embraced And my Communistic ways Was the path I travelled

Freedom to express my self Without Repressing My self

Embracing my Multi-culturalism Rejecting the Social isms For I was a prism Of creation

Pablo Esteban O'Higgins

Or was it . . . Paul Higgins Stevenson, Who am i?

Guess !

Question everything

Yeah, Question everything!!!! What are/is The motive? ... Behavioral modification?, Mental colonization?

Where is the exit From the box We ALL are trapped in?

Where is the map That will lead us To that 'Promised Land' Where men and women And children From all persuasions Can stand Hand in hand With an acceptable peaceful understanding That does not demand Anyone to exercise Their lower selves

Many, if not most Have bought into the 'Columbus discovered America' Syndrome ... or Jesus had blonde hair, White skin and Blue eyes theorem ...

But, did you know That lies told often enough Become some folk's truth, Even though their nature Is still a 'Lie' ?

My oh my . . .

Toxicity for free Is fed to us Via the media, Social platforms, Billboards And commercials ... Which is everywhere One looks, Even in the books One studies, To supposedly 'Learn'

We must learn to discern, Or we will burn Down Hope's hope to acquire All that humanity yearns ... For

I went to the store The other day, Shopping for a miracle ...

.... I wanted to purchase Something, Anything,

Everything

That would sate this hunger, Quench this thirst That never leaves me

I did manage to quiet The rumblings, The yearnings, But for a little while, And wouldn't you know it, Here I am ... back Once again In the store, Looking for more Treats and Tricks Seeking to cessate My insatiable need To ... Question everything

Question everything . . . even the questions !

Conundrum

We strive for it, Knowing that the road To its home Will look unachievable, But we must believe, Don't we?

Utopia

Love of the purest essence Evades our understanding, Though we delude ourselves In the telling of the incessant lies of 'I Love You'

Truth her self Plays such games With our small perspectives, As she dances and hides In the shadows of obscurity Laughing to herself About our silly vanities ... But we seek her out Just the same, Never know What she looks like, Nor how she is dressed, So we lean to our own Feeble imaginings

Compassion, True compassion,

What is it, And where can it be found?

Though we tell ourselves, That our hearts are contrite, They are but empty vessels Whose walls are filled With mirrors of illusion, For when has any one of us Totally submitted To anything?

Understanding ... Is tethered loosely, But securely To a variable base of knowledge That we think we possess, But what is it we truly know of That can stand the tests Of time?

I tried to listen, But there was noise

I attempted to quiet my thoughts, But my thoughts were Of the quiet I created

I knew not how to yield When it was required, And still After the many years

Of alacrity, I still am that spun bundle of energy Seeking a place

To definitively unwind And cut the bonds That define me, But then, Whose task would that be To explain to 'Self', my self Where the path begins To 'nowhere'

Everywhere I look, I am blinded By the activities of mind-stuff, A consciousness that abides, So where belies the resolution To these spoken conundrums?

It is said "seek and you shall find" ... I say ... "don't seek, and 'it' shall find you!!!"

April 2021 Featured Poets



Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk

Anwesha Paul

Rozalia Aleksandrova

Shahid Abbas



Katarzyna Brus-Sawczuk



The author is a doctor of Medical Sciences, specialist in microscopy endodontics, teacher in Warsaw Medical University. She writes poems and short prosaic forms. She is a member of the Associacion of Polish Authors (SAP.) Her poems have been published in a lot of polish antologies and were recognized in poetry competitions. She has published 3 poetic volumes. Poems and prose touch the choices, emotions, they carry a certain loneliness, do not give unambiguous answers. Closed rows are the key word that turns out to be a surprising title. Such a construction has become a characteristic sign of the poet.

The Moment of Beginning

Dessert wind brings the shadow of ancient trees the wind whispers wisely in heads of old people shisha smoke wraps the air in river line between two borders first babtism connects people separates nations the wind blows afterall gently freezes

Women Power

Burj ... lights possesion of the brain American girls, European women from Lebannon Emirates intersection of cultures muslim mullah singing a prayer city noise languages mixture beautiful girls dancing in high hills eyes without faces in black intoxicating scent of perfume women like flowers distant memory freedom how do we understand?

Fish- Sign of Life

Today I have sent sms to God online instead of a postcard with a wishful thinking virually I won't wait for a personal answer about an unlimited hate about a stupitidy about a state of my soul about a tricky plan of our enemies -praying I cuddle to the cold wall warmed up with a touch of humans' presence four- armed cross I weigh in my hand trying to understand the lack of conscience

Anwesha Paul



Anwesha Paul is an animation film-maker and user experience design specialist working as a Manager with PwC to create original visual content. She has ten years of experience in visual design, storytelling and scripting for the screen. She is also a writer and speaker having contributed pieces to 'The Statesman' since her childhood and conducting design workshops in Rwanda, Kathmandu and La Martiniere for Girls' School, Kolkata in addition to her own workplace PwC. She is an award-winning animation film maker with screenings in several film festivals across the world. She has designed book covers for Routledge and Orient Blackswan, and has illustrated and designed for UNICEF, Rwanda and Room to Read.

Death and deathlessness

The wordless poem The formless painting The soundless song The bottomless pit The emptiness which defies definition The crucible of dissolution

Ah! The freedom of being ness The awareness of nothingness Watching the waves of creation crash into the shores of non-existence If this is death, then let me die to every moment For I AM.

Wanderings

In the labyrinth of my mind I walk through the scourge of time In the hope to find A little piece of paradise.

And when the piece cannot be found I mine others' hearts for gold And when I see their blackened soul I recoil in horror recognising it to be my own.

Darkness

I exist. Not visible to the eye Subtler than air In total silence And in a deafening stillness I exist.

I existed before time And I will exist after it For I am beyond it.

I exist. Before the universe came into creation For all arises from the womb of the void

And yet we fear This nothingness. This nothingness which is our mother and our grave.

Rozalia Aleksandrova

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Rozalia Aleksandrova lives in Plovdiv, Bulgaria. Author of 11 poetry books: "The House of My Soul" (2000), "Shining Body" (2003), "The Mystery of the Road" (2005), "The Eyes of the Wind" (2007), "Parable of the key" (2008), "The Conversation between Pigeons" (2010), "Sacral" (2013), "The Real Life of Feelings" (2015), "Pomegranate from Narrow" (2016)... "Everything I did not say"(2019). Editor and compiler of over ten literary almanacs, collections and anthologies. He is a member of the Union of Bulgarian Writers. In 2006 he created a poetic-intellectual association "Quantum and Friends" for the promotion of quantum poetry in civil society, Plovdiv and Bulgarian phenomenon. Initiator and organizer of the International Festival of Poetry "SPIRITUALITY WITHOUT BORDERS".

When Thoughts Draw A Road

When thoughts draw a road and shadows pierce the darkness. A star burns without flesh. From the glowing ashes of our fire. Followed by a meteor shower. A sunny foal-like sparkle in the eye. In amazing pure rye a spark has flickered. But thoughts draw a road. And shadows sway. Love is on its way. And autumn goes insane.

Promegranate From An Alien

No matter if you love. Or if you don't. You are a cry in the womb of the Pomegranate. Splattering The Time and Meaning of the magical grains for the nectar.

My heart is a verse, which is writing an ode to you.

Shahid Abbas



Shahid Abbas is a poet and writer, he was born in a village 421GB, Tandlianwala Faisalabad Pakistan. He studied first at the government degree college in Tandlianwala and also at GC University Faisalabad from where he attained a MA degree in English literature. He has worked as a teacher. Shahid began writing poetry when he was nineteen-years-old. He has received many writing awards from on line writing organisations. Shahid's poetry has been published in many international books also his stories in an international newspaper. At the present time, he is working on completing his own book.

Dear Almighty

We humbly beg your blessing Forgetting to ask We are helpless Only you can save us

Throughout an ungrateful universe People are dying Souls savaged The world has closed upon us Lives ruined.....

Dear God protect us Listen to the voices of the innocent still in lockdown Fear fear everywhere Humans refusing to be human Death wanders like shadow

You are the real King Omnipresent You alone can do for us What we mortals only dream of We are here to serve you To do as you ask We believe in You Please forgive us

Darkness pervades You are the pure light Please show us the way Almighty forgive us

We have forgotten your love Roads are riddled with bodies The graveyards filled

Dear God have mercy on us We have forgotten Only you can do the impossible No matter we have worldly goods We remain helpless and powerless The heartless owners of universe spewing their empty lies They do what they want We are nothing to them To you we are everything Please save us Only you can.....

Lessons from the Night

I turn to the night Searching for some escape to teach me lesson in love and restore my lost heart and faith

Reminding me that I'm not perfect The night and moon pass into one another it's when she slips on her starry dress That I see why she and the moon are perfect lovers

The moon adores her beauty He shines his brightest pose for her Awed by this beautiful duo I sat down and watched in silent wonder

Too quickly Night turned from me Refusing to stay much longer No matter how much I plead with her She says it's time to surrender

So many lovers has she I declare love with them in unision All the worlds moths and fireflies Desire to drown in her flame in fusion

Morning appears as she prepares to vanish Holding on is now futile Rays of sun surround and warm me Still I yearn for Night for more of a while

The sun scorns my desire and the moon starts to fade away Nay! says the sun to me To see her, wait another day.

Love's Purity

When every word is love How is it possible The tongue speaks deceit

When the chest heaves From a heavy heart Can you speak of love's purity

Redeem me in my suffering Vindicate me in an unspoken covenant Forgive my iniquity aspiring to fly to angels I plummet in free fall to earth with the mighty heft of stone

Point to the new reality Turn to me in gratitude I am lonely Afficted Remorse imprisons Release me from anguish Look kindly upon my distress Set my heart at rest

Let me not drop into the pit Where lies deep shame In you is my refuge You protect me In your promise is my hope

Redeem me A lost man stumbling Mumbling words of despair I surrender my anguish to you Ecstasy and joy my sole rewards My trouble sacrificed at your feet

Dance me to the moon And please never ask why.....

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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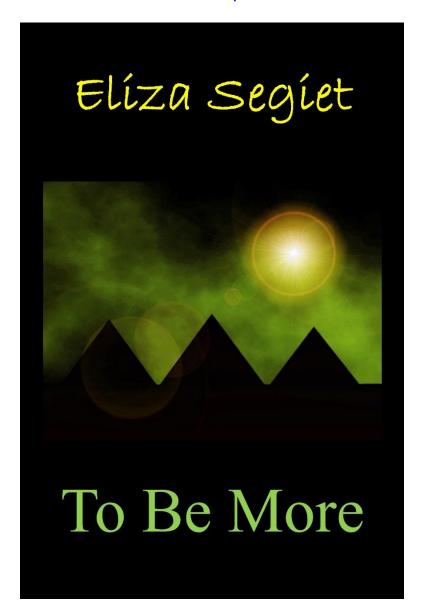
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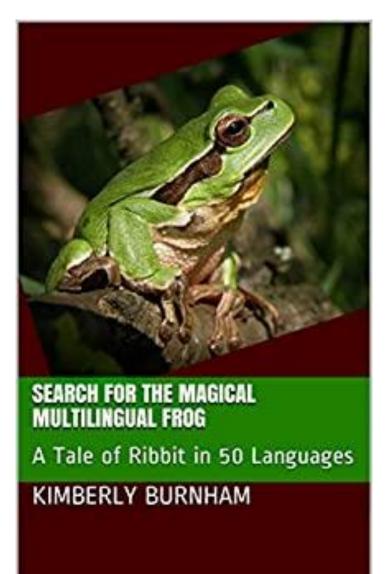


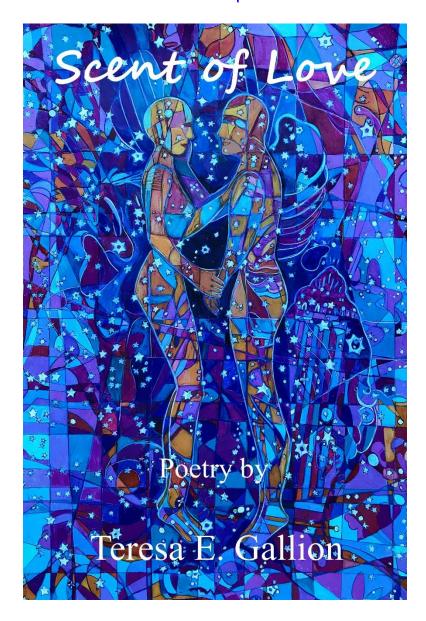
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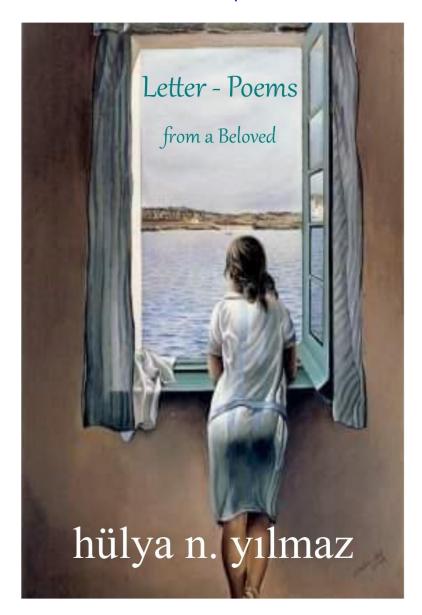


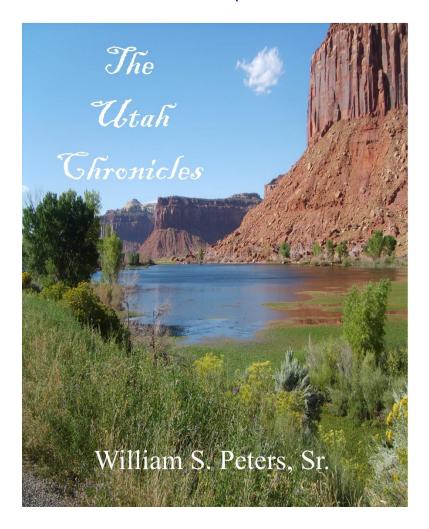
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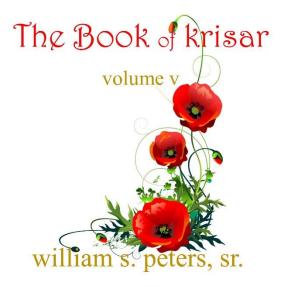








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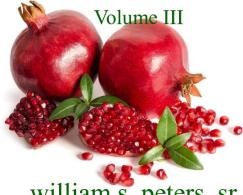
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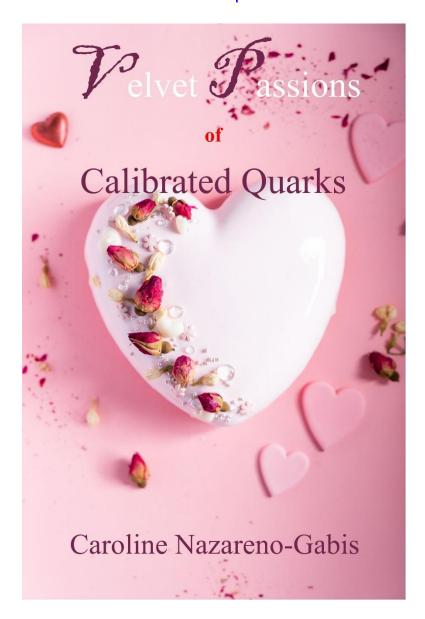
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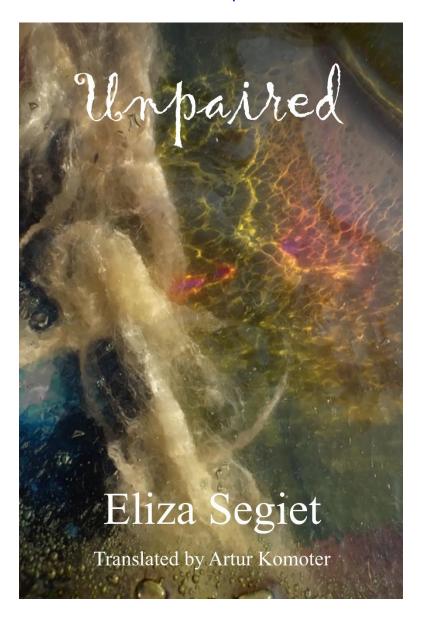
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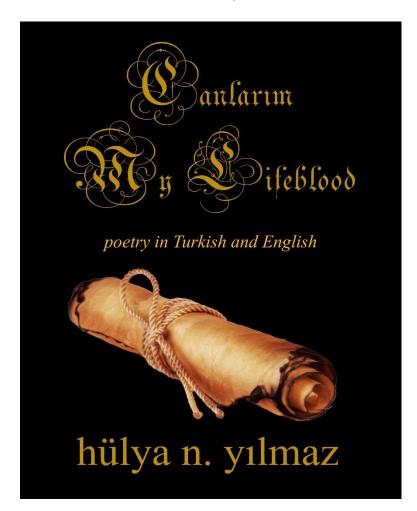
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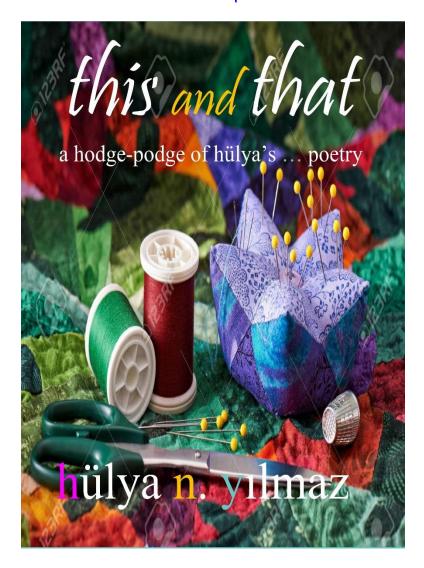
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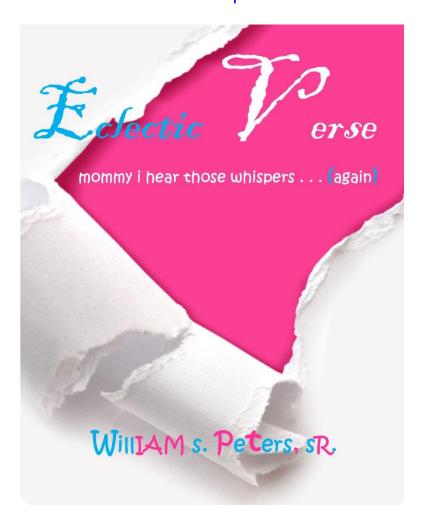
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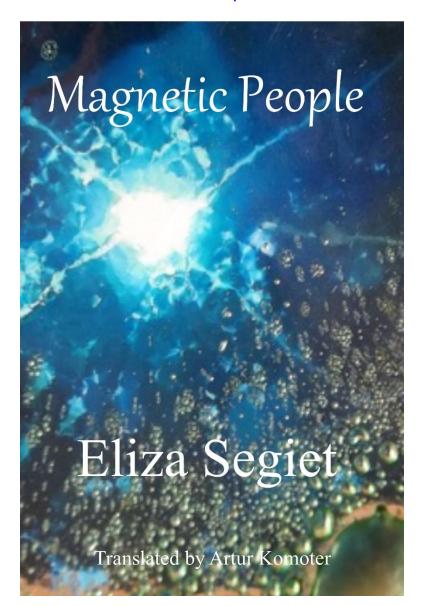


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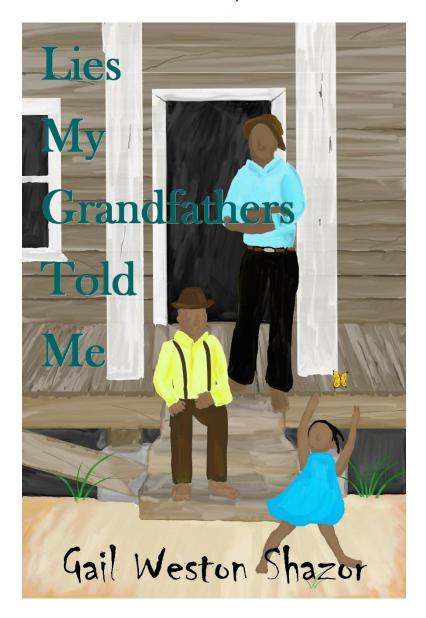
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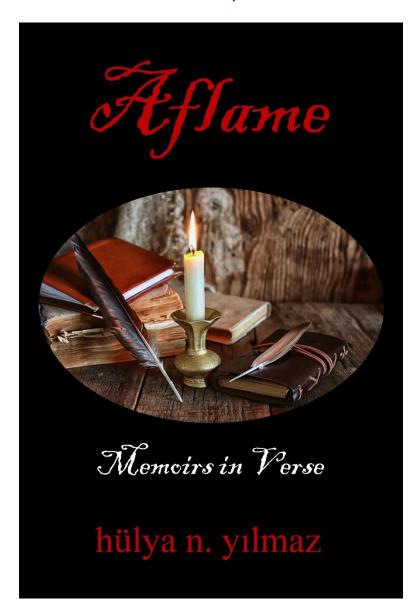


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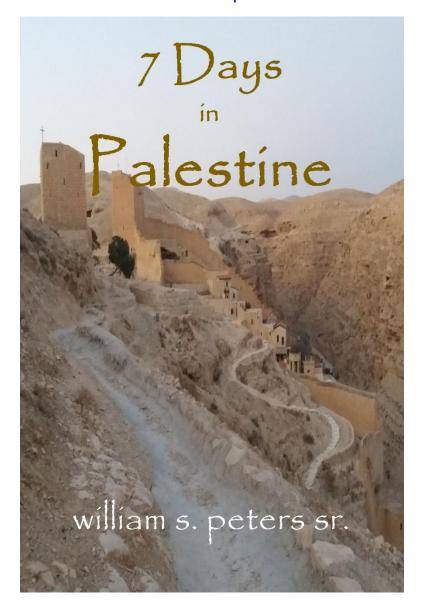
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Butterflies



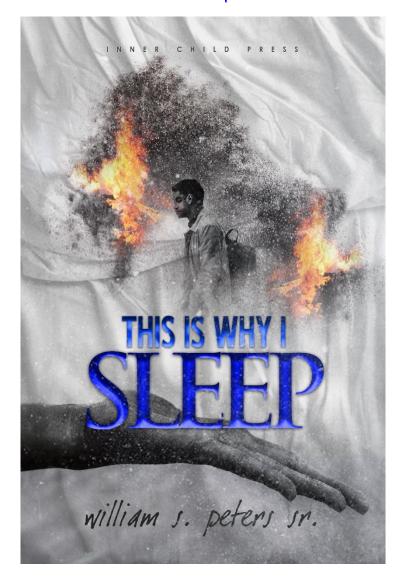
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The Year of the Poet VIII ~ April 2021



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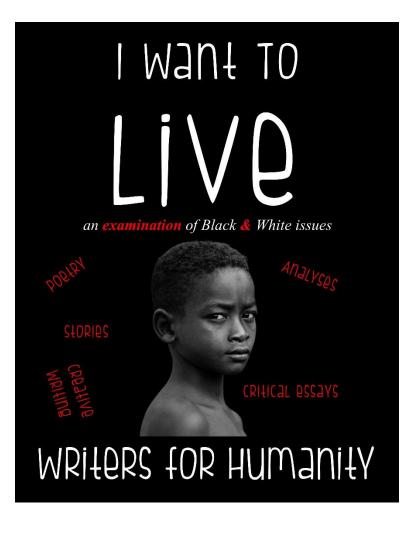
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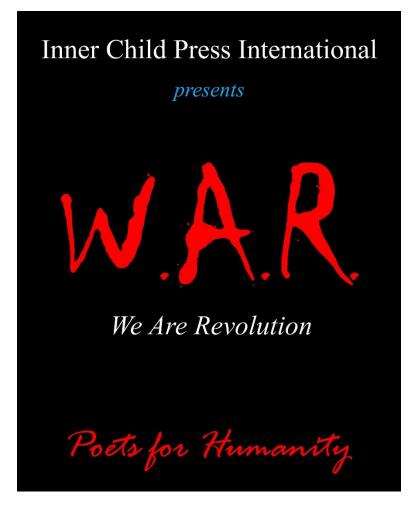
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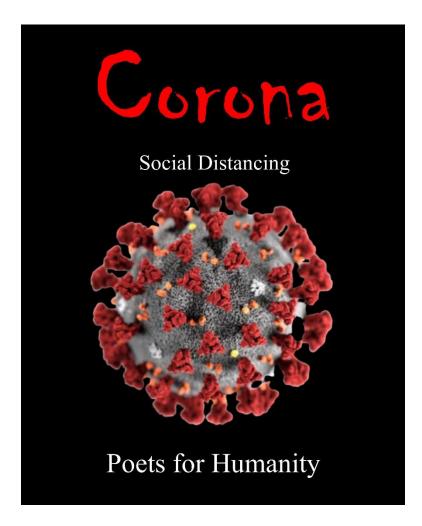


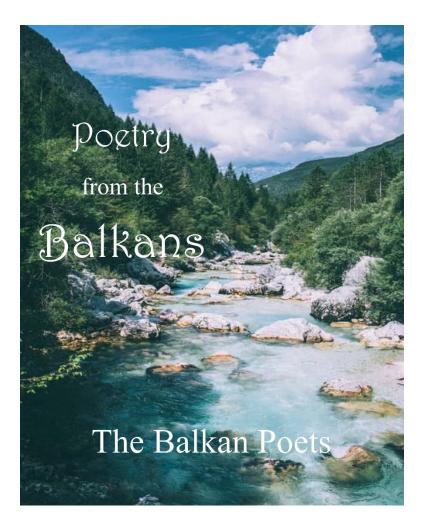


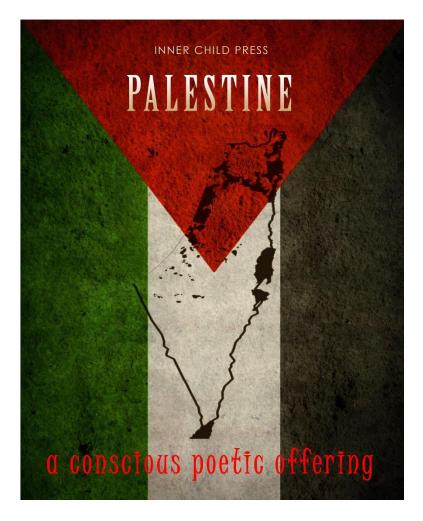


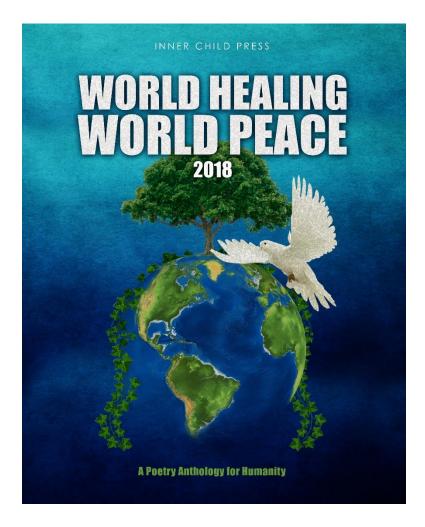
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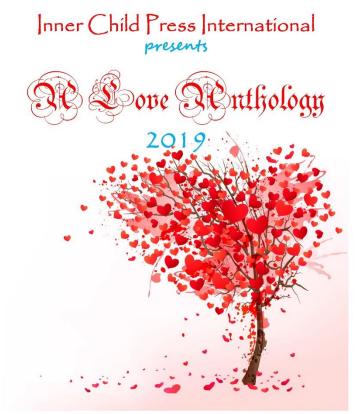
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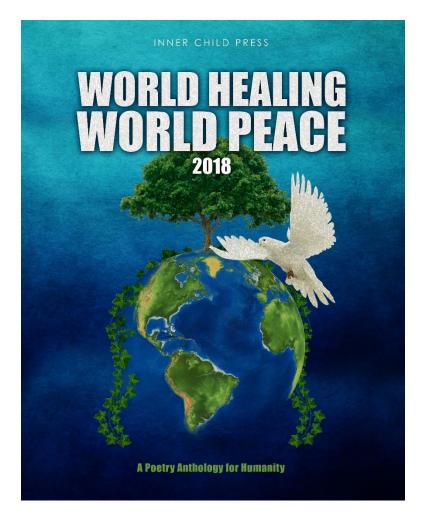




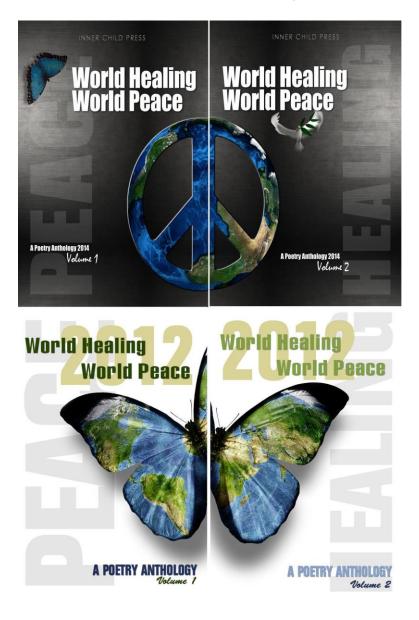


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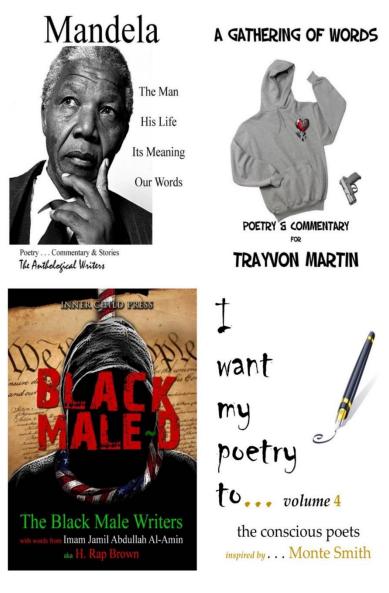
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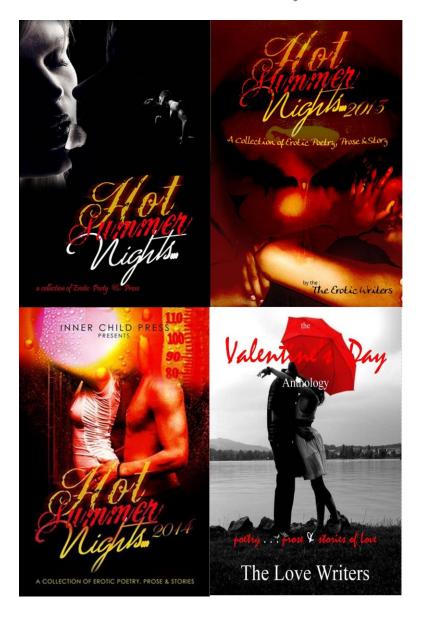
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a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ... Monte Smith want my POEtRy to ...

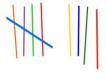
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11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

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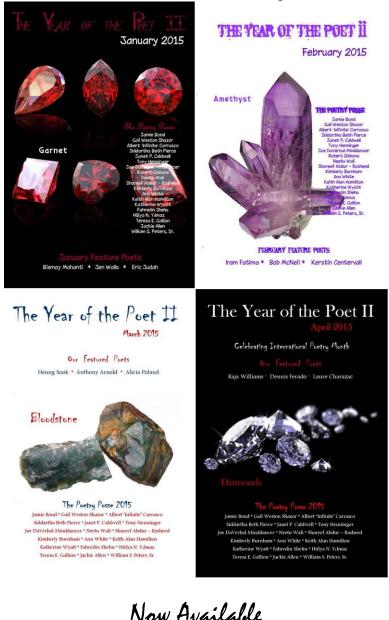
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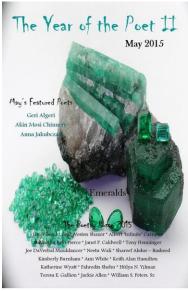


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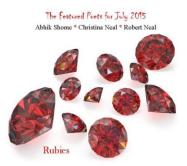
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The Year of the Poet II

July 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015 Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazer * Albert Tufnitie * Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Yony Henninger Joe DaVerhal Minddancer * Neetin Walt * Shareef Addurt – Rasheed Kimberly Bursham * Ann While * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Tahredin Shehu * Hilya N Yihmaz Terena E. Callion * Jackie Adm - William S Peters Sr. The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger De Daverbal Muldimcer * Neettu Walis * Shareet Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelm * Hubya N Yimaz Terena E. Calion * Jackie Alberta * William S. Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015





The Poetry Posse 2015 Janie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Yufniki Carrasco Siddartha Beth Flerce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe Daverbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Aldur - Kasheed Kimberly Burtham * Ann White * Keith Alam Hamilton Katherine Wayth * Fahredin Shahen * Hidya N. Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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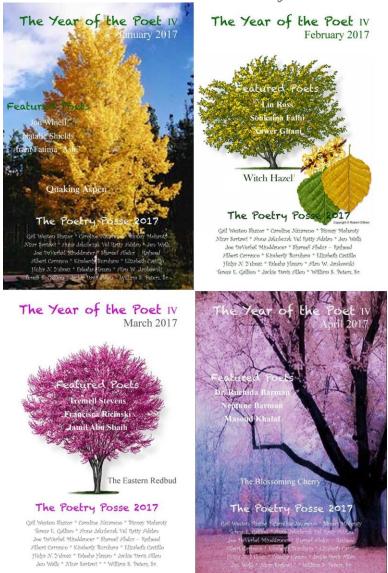
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Ameer Nassir Christine Fulco Neal Robert Neal

The Elm Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

November 2017

Featured Poets Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee

Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



The Tree of Life

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV October 2017



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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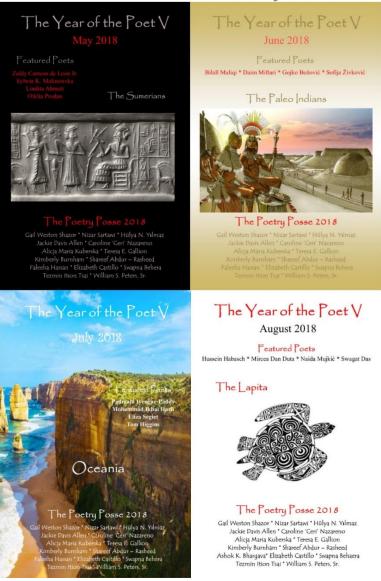


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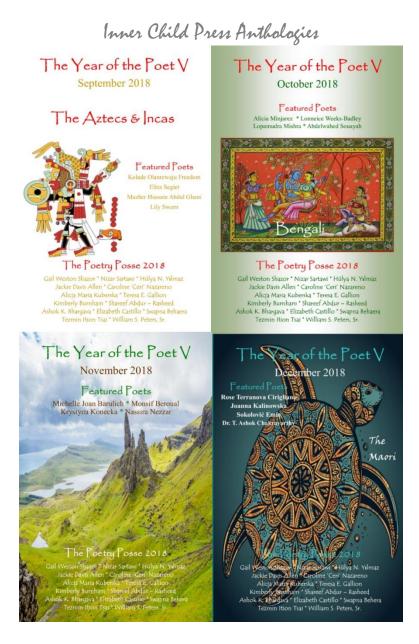
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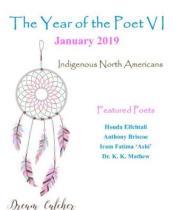
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The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

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



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carasso * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maria Kuberska * Terese E. Gallion * Jooe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hoin Tai * William S. Peters, S. 6.

The Year of the Poet VI March 2019

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Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.

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



The Caribbean

he Poetry Posse 2019

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April 2019

Catured Coets DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

The Poetry Posse 2019

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Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz

Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet

Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

(教) Ethiopia

7

Somalia

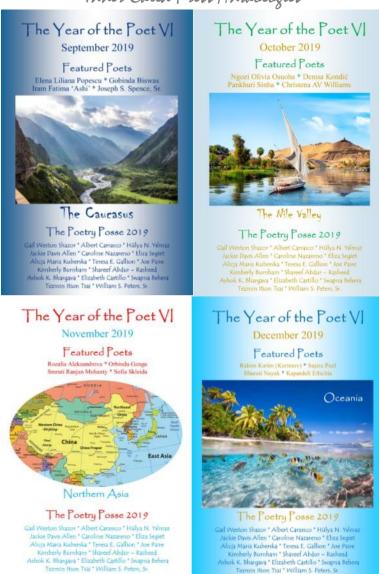
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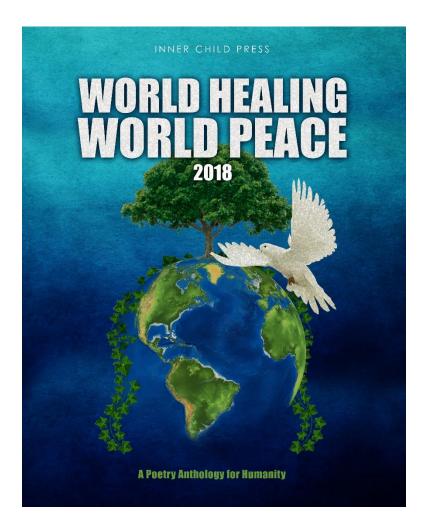


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April 2021 ~ Featured Poets



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