# The Year of the Poet IX April 2022

#### Featured Global Poets

Alonzo Gross \* Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas Monsif Beroual \* Carol Aronoff

#### Climate Change and Oceans



#### \*Celebrating our 100th Edition \*

Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza 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.

The Ygar of the Poet IX April 2022

**The Poetry Posse** 

inner child press, ltd.

#### The Poetry Posse 2022

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

## The Year of the Poet VIII April 2022 Edition

#### The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2022

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#### **Publisher Information**

1st Edition: Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

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ISBN-13: 978-1-952081-68-2 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99

# WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

## Dedication

# This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

"Be an ocean
move swiftly
and roar
or move softly
and lap upon the shore"

Leigh Fisher

The ocean and sea are the eternal music of the nature save the music.... save the oceans .........

In April our theme is oceans and climate change.

Oceans, seas and coastal areas form an integrated and essential component of the Earth's ecosystem and are critical to sustainable development .Marine conservation is the protection and preservation of ecosystems in oceans and seas through planned management in order to prevent the over exploitation of these sources .Marine resources means all living and non living components of the marine ecosystem .Marine ecosystem provide us

food security ,feed for livestock ,raw materials for medicines, building materials from coral rock and sand and natural defences against hazards such as coastal erosions and inundations.

We have to reduce marine pollution and debris including from land-based activities, promote sustainable exploitation of marine resources control over destruction of marine resources through acidification encouraging sustainable small-scale fisheries, protection of threatened species and ceasing poaching and trafficking of endangered species

The ocean plays a critical role in removing carbon from the atmosphere and providing oxygen. It regulates climate. The ocean is an important source of biomedical organisms with enormous potential for fighting disease.

Let us save our oceans because global warming hits sea creatures. Ocean acidification is caused by increased concentrations of atmospheric carbon emission dissolved in sea water. The Year of the Poet has taken ekphrastic poetry for 2022; reflecting the world-famous pictures of our time. The word ekphrasis, or ecphrasis, comes from the Greek for the written description of a work of art produced as a rhetorical exercise, often used in the adjectival form ekphrastic. It is the verbal description of a visual work of art, either real or imagined. Any poem about art, whether rhymed or unrhymed, metrical or free verse, may be considered ekphrastic.

The ocean has a very significant role in poetry since time immemorial. The ocean both wild and calm. and beautiful is up dangerous made contradictions and mystery. The ocean is the mighty harmonist. Certainly, ocean is not a dustbin. Over 8 million tons of plastic is being dumped into the ocean.50% of the plastic carrier bags and water bottles end up in the ocean once we dispose them Last year in 2021 the theme of the world ocean day 2021 is the ocean; life and livelihoods. Ocean current distributes heat across globe regulating temperature and weather. The ocean also absorbs 90% of the heat and approximately 30% of carbon dioxide emissions produced by human activities. Let us use fewer plastic products. take care of the sea beach, reduce carbon footprints.

The Inner Child Press with its mission of building bridges of cultural understanding takes the responsibility for global peace and harmony through poetry with International Anthologies.

We respect the land, nature, folk tales, culture, music, literature, perceptions, ideas, thoughts, language, art, artisans and all ethnic groups of the world.

Literature has undergone a tectonic change. We express our deep reverence to all for they are the apostles of a time zone who have solved the situations, saved human lives and helped the economic, cultural social growth of society.

Dainting is poetry of Nature.

Nature is our eternal Love Guru

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

We respect MOTHER NATURE. We respect the humanity ...

We respect coexistence, sustainable development

Let us join our hands to sustain our lovely nature for future generation and build a paradise on the Earth

Environment is our responsibility

Save the Oceans.

Swapna Behera

Cultural Ambassador of India and South East Asia for Inner Child Press International



## Dreface

#### Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are once again, making our way onward through the 'New Year' of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#100) represents our 4th month of our ninth year of monthly publication. 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.

Loast year, 2021 and and the previous year of 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. In 2020, 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 for 2022, we are seeking to

invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'.

We are now in the stages of completing another epic volume of *World Healing, World Peace 2022* which will be published April 1st of this year. Additionally, there is yet another call for submission for "*Climate Change . . . do or die*". Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetric voices to the cause(s) of a better world, a better 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

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

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

#### Climate Change and Oceans

#### April 2022

"By polluting the oceans, not mitigating CO2 emissions, and destroying our biodiversity, we are killing our planet. Let us face it, there is no planet B."

-Emmanuel Macron, President of France



Photo Credit: Wikimedia https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Marine life.jpg



 $\frac{Photo\ Credit\ Pxfuel}{\underline{https://p1.pxfuel.com/preview/681/354/409/fish-sea-life-aquarium-colorful.jpg}$ 





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 . . .





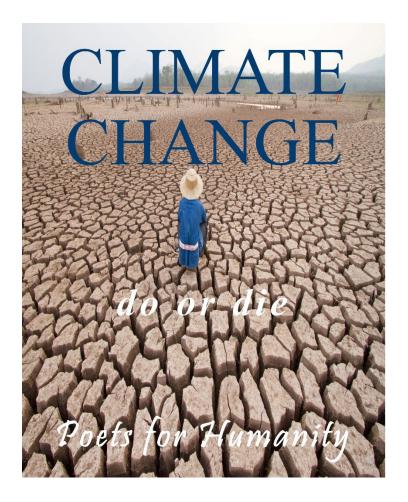


Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim$  wsp

# Now Open for Submissions

Closing 15 April 2022



1 Poem
Picture of Poet
Bio of 50 words or less

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

# Gail Weston Shazor

#### The Year of the Poet IX ~ April 2022



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.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor navypoet1@gmail.com

#### For You are the Sand

I pull the sand over me As we have done many times My heart melts For now, I must remove The straws and soda cans From the mixture of this God-given exfoliate You will never know the ocean As I once knew her Clear and wild With infinite promises Now when I cast my net On either side of Of my boat I pull back bits of dead coral And plastic filled fish I weep For the legacy we leave you The trash that leaves the hand And ends up on foreign shores I hope That you can turn the tide To slack this disaster To pull clean sand Over my grandchildren

#### **Surf Fairies**

The ocean is dotted with small conical caps i the believe the sky drops the sprites down to an unsuspecting earth And we have to get high up To see their drowning parachutes i try to catch the leaves as they fly by But the wind is in a hurry And although a few have taken a refuge under my skirt but they too, i surrender to their journey Speak to me trees tell me the stories you have heard with your gnarled ornamentation close to the ground where i sit and your beauty out of reach The water is bluer than it really ought to be some kinda cotton candy cloud blues that lay close to the horizon so close that i want to pull them across my feet i can feel you breathing as you try to slow the thoughts that have run amuck through your mind and i want to draw the threads of your fates through my fingers

#### The Year of the Poet $IX \sim April 2022$

until i can see your way through the conical caps bob with the wind i follow their progress along the surf that echoes the sprites singing along with your song and i am pleased being here with you

#### Beens

you so delicately wrap your arms around both me and my insecurities and I would bow graciously to the silence I have found in the heavy breathing. My struggle is just to inhale the air just as it is in your acceptance of me. Honestly I want to thank you for this I've found a smile in some dark corner to give and give and give to you In the peace of mind tucked into our quiet moments even when you are raging, a tempest seeking affections In the calm of the quarrel Allow me to reassure you Even when it comes and it hurts like hell in return... I will love you if you let me and somehow I'll manage to find the courage and i will love you I would carry my convictions clear across... the spread of your wings. To the distance where your voice fell silent

#### The Year of the Poet IX ~ April 2022

to ring throughout my many

Could've beens

Should've beens

would've beens,

had I been braver, and smarter maybe...

I would've loved you sooner

I would've have listened long ago

Even now

when you speak

Into the recesses of my hollows.

Echoing your oblivion into my own.

I see how our nothing

Always

meant something

to us and

I would watch your strong hands.

Create

As fingers would dance and write and move beautifully

building upon everything,

Monuments of affections

testimonies

with such grandeur.

I would watch you, love

Push aside your fear and

love me...

I've been thinking

Maybe I should learn to be brave and love you

like I've never been hurt...

# Alicja Maria Kubgrska

The Year of the Poet IX ~ April 2022



#### The Year of the Poet IX ~ April 2022

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).

#### Contemporary man

He stands on top of a heap of plastic garbage And he gasps every sip of air with difficulty. He puts a mask on his face and he is afraid to breathe. The Earth's green lungs stop producing the oxygen.

He looks with hope into the endless black of the cosmos In the search of a planet beautiful like a blue gem. In vain he wants to escape from his family home to abandon old problems and his own mistakes.

He still believes in the power of money, So he was caught in a trap made of delusions. He forgot that not everything can be bought. A drop of clean water and fresh air are priceless.

#### I'm crying for you, Ukraine

My life is like a broken window pane - dreams crumbled into rain from crumbs and memories hurt painfully.

The view outside the window is the same and not the same. Trunks of burned trees stick up like exclamation marks, the blind eyes of the houses stare blankly ahead.

I can't hear the birds and the chirping of the children. The silence is interrupted by the wail of the alarm sirens and the terrifying whistle of falling bombs.

How to pack the past into one suitcase? How do I tell my child, that there is no home left? How to shut a torn door behind me?

#### Four stamps

Do not wake up the Horsemen of Apocalypse!

Four horses snort, hooves tap. They are ready to gallop.

War, death, hunger, plague are always together and ride side by side.

Auschwitz was not a dream. The demons are born in the dark side of human nature.

The lust for power
The glory of winning
The greed
The fraudulent propaganda

Do not break the seals!

# Jackiz Pavis 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

#### Step by Step

Slow as a turtle
Quick as a slippery fish
The weather changes; so, too the ocean
Physically, politically,
Or otherwise

Far too often, faster than a speeding bullet
Or the wink of an eye,
History has a tendency to repeat itself
Yet there needs to be a way
To undo the harm

The proverbial clock is ticking
Minute by minute, slowly
Hour by hour, consistently; faster
Week after week.
Year after year

It's time, don't you think
To care, to strive, with heart and mind
Of understanding, for the environment
To do what you can.
For mankind

Let's put love
And effort into action
Let's put a dent
Into the devastation
For the planet's sake

### Crossing the River

Crossing the river
Towards a reawakening
The moon, in its fullness
Calls out to the stars in their infinity

Beware of evil
Lurking in darkness
Hidden faces
In the shadows, they, the wicked

Sword of truth
Dwells within
Its path informs
Gift of love, of truth; hints of peace

Why then
Do a people
Crossing over the river
Choose to hide
Civility, peace, from their faces

#### All That Which Remains

Pressed between the pages,
The memory of a gardenia's scent
Mingled with the fragrance of the past year,
Wherein he and his beloved resided.

Her heart's imprint of love faded; A shadow of a bloom, his lady love. Yet he hovered over her fragile essence. She was lifeless, like a marble vestige.

Delicate, like a quivering feather, Her small hand he held to his mind's mirror. Her frail image caused his breath to catch. His heart rose, then fell. His love was no more.

The heavens rained down their disapproval,
The tragic loss lamented and bemoaned.
The ship of finality, with her, sailed away.
In anger he called out to God.

A chorus of heaven's angels responded.

Witnessed this mournful scene.

Echoing sympathy, they wiped their eyes,

The promise of his tomorrows, gone.

Beneath the palest moon
Of the deepest of dark nights, he, the branch
Of the late bloom severed, began piecing together
The next chapter of the story.

# Tzgmin 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.

#### Elegy of the Sea

On the sea, white clouds lie on the top

Sand, come and go with the waves

Waves, one is born and one is destroyed at the same time If they stop washing each other one day, this white expanse will naturally gallop to peace

No one knew that the water here was supposed to be so clear, that the sun's light was supposed to be so bright

The sound of the waves and the roar of the turtles rooted to the depths of the sea

The green rocks are slightly exposed, and I don't want to talk about the right and wrong of the sea

All night, the east wind blows across the sea

Remnant yellow dust, how dare the sea mud pollute the natural tranquility

The red scales have not changed, but darkly destroy the invisible world

However, the road back to the sea seems to be out of reach Under the slump of the muddy pit, is it possible that there is only room for sinking in the sea of bitterness

When the red on the water has disappeared, the snow-white heart is still bright

Predestined to sit quietly, eager to eliminate the misfortune from nowhere

Learn to fish with the white waves, look back several times to find the way but disappear

Can't afford to sing high, send away the feelings that are gradually drifting away

Throat tragically turned into a brooding heart, drifting to the end of the cloud

It laughs at my broken shadows sifting through the swamp, counting boats on the sea, but the sorrow in my heart is more sorrowful

#### The World

In front of the steps
Looking at the moon shadow
That Clouds merge like ice
Like to sit and watch the stars
Feel boundless from ancient

Sycamore rhizome
Shyly open to my seeds
Buds stick out their heads
Between the waving fingers
Feed me with painstaking care

The old wood fell down
No longer vitality
Half into pieces
Thrown into that fierce campfire
Lure the poets to make their marks

West of the mountain
The drizzle came crookedly
I feel curious
Tighten the ridge of leather
Oh, how much wind did you eat?

The moonlight bright-white The wind blew in the slightest The gentle dune face Wrinkled without any thought Camels turned into small boats

#### That Late-Night Gathering on the Clouds

Clouds gather above the surging Yangtze River Angling rod mingled School of fish swam near the shore Crashed into the net of greed

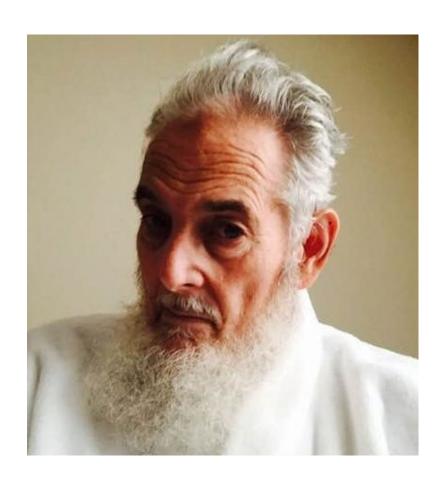
Majestic horses Drinking outside the Great Wall Song of native land The shadows of flying spears Are lonely and unfeeling

Late at the deep night
The angels came quietly
Deep sleepy valley
Shed a drop of lonely tear
Staying turned into this lake

A thousand winds can't blow Reach the thousand-feet dark cliff Look excitedly Plum blossoms carry spring back Melted the thousand-year snow

The geese flew over
In a whispered and low voice
Plums are lost in thought
Taking a leisurely look
Why did you stay in that season?

# Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

#### Home

CO<sub>2</sub> emissions manifistation human traditions raise more then suspicions you keep your fishtank clean all those beautiful fish didn't come from tanks the waters of our earth source of their birth now you abused their home and mother earth is sick bio diversity close to life support gases, gases like methane, nitrous oxide destroying forest that regulated kept balance pervented CO2 emissions from deteriorating healthy conditions trees mitigate toxic effect so what did you do burn them down chop them down took natures protection spit on it, your stupidity greed has eroded our home but you keep your fishtank

clean
while the array of precious
life disappear
turn off the lights
enjoy your fishtank
all those pretty lights
while home to its occupants
slowly die of manmade
toxic blight

#### invaders

land hoarders crash borders indifferent to human slaughter for instance Ukraine, Syria, many more men, women, children slaughtered by butchers intent to eliminate, slaughter innocent humanbeings set upon by agents of Shaitan, Satan! for no probable cause just because they want to be free from tyranny folks like you and me mothers, babies, fathers, uncles, aunts, grandparents, families just want to live and be free but silence is louder then violence SILENCE IS LOUDER THEN VIOLENCE! world stands to the side in the shadows dem hide out of sight, out of mind indifferent, busy indulging out their dam minds turning collective backs indifferent to established facts that establish urgency to ACT! NOW! YESTERDAY IN FACT! But here's another fact

ignore GENOCIDE today because it seems far away out of sight, out of mind has a way of sneaking up impacting on you "n" me someday not far away but near then it won't be out of sight out of mind far away END THE GENOCIDE TODAY! save Ukraine, Syria all the lands under the feet of devils posing as human There are many all who long to be free all over the world stay strong

#### Or get off the pot

you down or not? spitting bul\$#!+ got to stop but it's not there's lives being snuffed when is enough, enough playing politricks while clocks tick y'all sick if it was your a\$\$ you'd be on it y'all don't give a dam a bully killing willfully men, women, children familes yesterday was living normally like you 'n 'me today corpses victims of don't give a f#(k metamorphosis if it ain't us don't give a f#(k good luck with tanks and trucks that carry stuff that make you go puff y'all let us know how it goes while we do what we do best nothing hi joe lets play 18 holes Ukraine still be burning when we get home here's your no fly zone

# Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet IX ~ April 2022



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-of-climate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

#### The Sea of Planet B

There is no planet B no other world where colorful fish inhabit the seas

There is no place but this where lynx and lionfish live in bliss

This is the world we have to save to sun and play in each moment's wave

To grow like trees at the ocean's edge protecting the land and water we pledge

Because there is no planet B no other realm where we are free to live

#### Ukraine, an Environmental Crisis

Blackout poetry missing words for what happens a found poem wired.com

Russia's attack tearing polluting air and water Ukrainians suffer long after smoke the ground sinking a conflict zone hundreds of miles flooding toxic chemicals radioactive

More deep and dangerous sparked fighting ecological catastrophe toxic leaks contamination by shelling chaos of a contested region

Who should bear the cost the environment a weapon of war overlooked damage unfurls in slow motion long after conflict subsides the cost of doing business

#### The Black Sea (Чорне море Chorne)

Six countries agendas a massive body of water another casualty of war

Fish stocks plummet beyond repair Crimean coastline rising sharply the Black Sea's unrelenting grayness dolphins danced a decade ago this sea was alive with beasts, birds, and fish

Now pollutants and floating debris litter murky waters who the hell can live in that millions of holiday makers flock when stifling heat strikes water quality low from the inflow

Wonder aloud the Black Sea might be devoid of life dense, salty waters flowing from the Bosporus sink to the bottom fresh water drains from five rivers fertilizer concentrates spurring suffocation of marine creatures

Apparent officials in Russia, Ukraine, Bulgaria, Romania, Turkey, and Georgia set aside political differences work for the sea's survival found poem from Smithsonianmag.com

# Clizabeth Castillo



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Journalist / Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a 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

#### Blue

Ocean warming and ice sheet melting Sea creatures losing breeding grounds, The ill effects of global warming How do we humans alter these disaster When greed consumes our hearts?

Ocean blue, what happened to you? As the planet warms, More energy you receive Who's fault is this? When man thinks he is living in bliss.

The waters created by the Source Continue to be taken forgranted Of the supposed to be custodians Of Light and Love.

#### Indigo Child

i am not of this world
i came from an abysmal chaos
but from this beautiful chaos, Desiderata was borna child of the Universe, precious and golden
a lovely old soul beyond time and space
often misunderstood by mediocre minds
but applauded by great free thinkers
i long for a world enveloped in serenity
inhabited by empaths with great sensitivity
a loner I may be but this is who I am
but i've got this deep connection with things around me
an indigo girl at birth
my temporary sanctuary is the Earth
lonewolves gather at my feetfor i am their Goddess in human form.

#### Luna

Beauteous royalty
Clothed in immaculate white
Enamoring weary hearts
Tonight you capture
The raging spotlight
With your luminescense.
Luna hear me out,
The Sun worships your beauty
He bows down and gives his life
Just to see you shine at night.

# Jog Pairg



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 cord with the a 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

#### Extinction

Scrapbooks of dried leaves I believed somethings would last forever Buffalo were plentiful long ago Now logos adorn some sweaters

I love to go fishing, never tried to scuba dive Now here I go wishing, the rarest things were still alive Never cared for poached fish, I like my flounder fried If climate change goes without a hitch That's murder by profit in my eyes

Catch and release is one thing
Only take what you need is two
Everybody wants to be in-charge
And the current price of things is proof

An archeologist wrote of how there was once water An astrologist saw traces from outer space If the climate change worsens Who'll discover our human race

Pretty pictures rarely give that physical need Has reality succumbed to greed? What has clearly been taken for granted Can no longer be saved so it seems.

A brain with fins I wonder what it's thinking With what it breathes We pollute, then clean for drinking

#### Rapunzel

I refuse to go down that rabbit hole
Trying to make a point with a four-year-old
I've asked that age old question
little girl, "Have you been here before?"
The boldness of her innocence
I'm trying to control taught discipline
Some children aren't born to discern
The subtleties of language yet

Do we expect too much from our youth?

Do we reject the conversation with a doll?

Tantrums aside there's a budding brain here

To a four-year-old life lesson's often come with tears

She won the argument and continued to watch the movie

Only five times today, but later she'll come crying to me

"Can we watch it again" and then watch Scooby?

Imagination is the why we have what we have How to becomes the teacher Procrastinated ideas never come to fruition I stay preaching to reach her

She's just a child is not an excuse to deny education
Think of the miles saved by giving the right information
"If I knew then what I know now"
Everything has a period of gestation
I can no longer sit idly by and feel it's not my problem
Solutions may not be easy to grasp
I feel I must help her solve them

#### **Invasive Behavior**

I can't leave it alone, this feeling of despair I can't remember a home, that I have not lived in fear Right neighborhood, wrong color Wrong neighborhood but that's what's available

Vulnerable assets but who assess what is vulnerable War machines are rolling down my street All these things are rubble at my feet

Annie get your gun, Grandma's toting one Grandpa's on the hill out back Red Rabbits on the run

What place is this where one soul controls the many We cherish the word but don't apply it to any I can't let this go
I spare the souls through faith and prayer
To save the fold from those who don't care

It's like a bar cheer, "Go, Go, Go"
And he staggers home
No, No, No, to a no-fly zone
And his home is gone, flattened, turned into rubble

I can bully you, and you don't want no trouble It's easy for me to say
But when the truth can set you free
You're

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 <a href="https://hulyanyilmaz.com/">https://hulyanyilmaz.com/</a>

Editing Web Site <a href="https://hulyasfreelancing.com">https://hulyasfreelancing.com</a>

## a crappy poem for a crappy planet maintenance

lately, i have not written poems poetry, however, has always been my go-to

i feel crappy inside, and look thus on the outside negative thoughts have been piling up in me for too long of a while, and they spread like fire of the wild

our planet's state of being leaves me in despair no care for tomorrow, no care for today a gigantic dumpster is what we are turning it into the forests, the valleys, the oceans, the rivers, all of them get their shabby share

i know, i know this poem is utterly crappy but i cannot help writing it for each of us to see

how we supposedly maintain our planet is being done ever so lousily

what are we leaving for our children, for our grandchildren, for our yet-to arrive fellow humans?

a crappy planet not unlike these crappy lines

an egregious chunk of disarray!

#### Planet B Through Z

President of France: "There is no planet B." A factual statement. Many of us do clearly see. Yet, we act as if planets lined up as an endless spare . . .

With a sickening carelessness, we continue to pollute the oceans. We refuse to moderate CO2 emissions. We are thus devastating our biodiversity.

As Emmanuel Macron declares, "We are killing our planet."

But wait, what does the French president know? He seems to have no clue! Is he not aware that we have many a replacement? Has no one told him about planets B, C, D, . . . and Z?

Why worry? Let's have one of our picnics. At a beach, please!
No trash bins around? Not a problem!
Empty bottles – glass or not, cans, paper plates and cups, cutely colored napkins and plastic utensils . . . off they go for a dive in the sea.
Can't you see?
What a disappearing act!

We are done here. Off to planet B we go . . .

### nature's lament

the mom sea turtle's

five hundred years of living

will end abruptly

## Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

### They Know Not

Most homo sapiens know not that the sea is rising. They are busy being human contributing to a polluted environment.

Most homo sapiens know not that the ocean is absorbing more heat, becoming warmer and contributing to greater storms.

Most homo sapiens know not that water is life and the destruction of life can lead to extinction of the planet.

#### Loving From the Distance

Mother nature is a Spiritual light manifest in the natural landscape of earth. Her essence is untouchable and so is yours.

Look at the beauty of a rose. You can see it. You can feel it. You cannot touch it.

Mother tells me secrets in the woods I cannot share with you. They are so personal my Spirit Guide hides them from the sky. Let me rub your face with my energy.

My walking prayer in the desert leads me to you.
I can see you.
I can feel you in the core of my Spirit.
I cannot touch you.

You are almost too much to bear. Still, I breathe you into me. My heart swells with passion. Bubble smiles rain from my eyes.

I come back into my body. You are gone. It is then I must love you from the distance.

#### Waiting for You

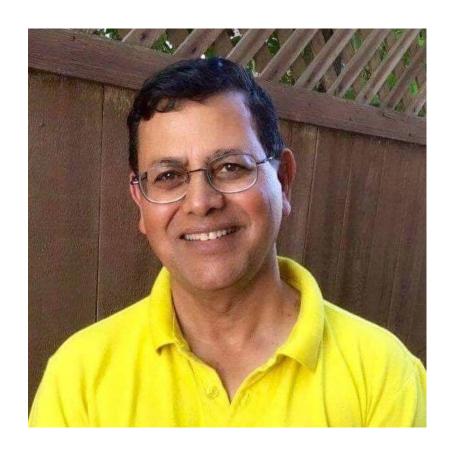
You speak to me in a language that only you and I understand. You embrace with words longing to touch, but afraid to reach.

I sing soft lyrics that vibrate in your soul. You hug them gently because you feel love that is yet to be acknowledged in your loins.

The air is giving birth to seedlings to germinate in your garden. Each is a blessing engraved in your name.

You cannot sleep at night and you know not why. It is because your soul is restless and wants to come to me where love waits for you in the eternal garden.

# 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.

#### Is It Real

Ocean shores Debris from sewer
Oil spill and plastic bags
Wash up on the sandy beach
Where we once played volleyball

Oil stained feathers Helpless to fly Seagulls cry for food Seeing dead fish afloat What a nightmare

How long Can we remain ignorant And wonder If it's real

#### Virtually

"Time is a created thing. To say 'I don't have time, is like saying, 'I don't want to."

My prayers are folded hands holding silence. In the darkness of night I search for the spirit of light. It sparks a deep desire in me to oscillate from here to there, from there to here. My body is brittle fragile glass shatters easily. My resolve is steel stainless unbreakable. Randomly a beam of light shines on me silently bringing peace to my impatient heart. I stop my quest find light everywhere. Don't need any avatar -I am it you are it we are it.

#### Splitting Isn't Easy

I have taken what is mine
I have given you what is yours
I have taken back my kisses writing verses on your lips
I have taken back my embraces firing your imagination
I have taken with me your desire to have me in your arms
To arise from nothingness to furtive sacredness
To mesmerize the splitting of a seed into a sprout
I can't offer you what I don't possess
Even if you ask for more
You said you desire to get drenched and dance
Underneath the monsoon rains and
Sing with the thundering clouds
No I don't want to ...
Because music flows the winds and
I am capable of any tune

## Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet IX ~ April 2022



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 19<sup>th</sup>, 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), 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 Anachanua.

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

#### cynosure

mirroring the ocean stories:
waves, people and aquatic creatures,
i've always wanted to tell
that i admire the covenant
which transcends fidelity,
both keepers
of time,
of life,
and merging finitude;
ocean -sky: cradles
of harmony.

## The Water Story

every time i hold a glass of water, i think of its every drop can rinse trepidation for now, waiting for the rain so all dark matters could be drowned into the abyss.

## The Utopian Whispers

Gazing at the doors
Of the seasons coming
Chasing the fabrics
Of illusion from the blindfold
Of the past
Now, seizing the caps
Of believing and doing
On this ardent, fertile utopia
Taking the prerogative
Even a single

d

r

o

p

Of bloodless silence.

## 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

#### euphoria vs. reality

the morning euphoria so dynamic, enigmatic a cup of hot coffee a newspaper having the advertisements of oil, soap, medicines, food everything virtual is so beautiful

the mid day is so confusing money that matters war that matters rape that matters war widows, orphans refugees that matter migration that matters evacuation that matters death squad and firing squad that certainly matter life that matters death that shatters bombing that matters fear that matters tears that matter humanity that matters "Dad please don't die" the screaming of the soldier's child that matters

in the evening the noble peace award on the auction table

for the peace process
for the wounded soldiers
emotion that plays hide and seek
like the coconut trees running back
as seen from the train window seat
the playing card of drunken river
in fact the plastic bags choking its mouth
the polythene from the stomach of the fish
is it not a dangerous game
who is the game changer
who is the show stopper
everything is at stake

at night the turbulent poetry
is so sceptical and dark
ocean is our eternal music
where is the aesthetic movement?
where is the new moon that brings the tide?
is it lost or baptised
to rise as the new Sun!!

#### ocean is an eternal music

a river mingles an ocean accepts a being merges to be a Being a metamorphosis happens myriads of waves scatter the aura of cosmos reflects the galaxy the bohemian ocean current deletes the ego, super ego a dot travels to melt a soul proofs its identity the blood streams are the rivers inside the body somewhere I can hear the sound is it the murmuring inner voice of my cells love and peace are in tandem lo, behold the celebration of the estuaries is somewhere

#### a sailor's last letter in a bottle

a sailor's last dream his body should reach his home he left his land at the age of twelve his mother had cancer no food, no medicine

for forty-five years in the sea facing the storm doldrums of horse latitude the dazzling waters, the seals, the hemisphere the magnetic needles, the polar star and of course, his red tea served in the enamel mug

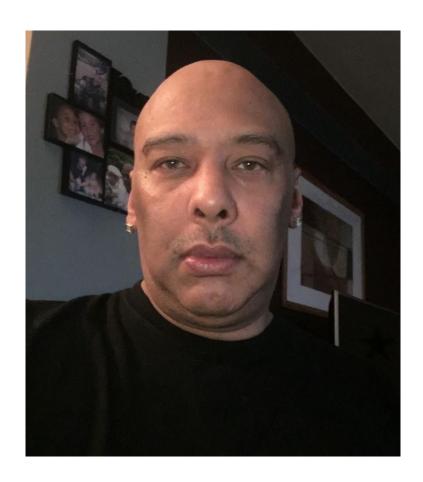
who has polluted the sea?
no more planktons .no more fish
global warming increasing the volumes of water
the Gulf stream and the Labrador stream merging
there is fog every where
cataract in his two eyes
carbon is killing the fish
polythene is choking

#### dear anonymous

if at all you get my letter please do me a favour in the distant village near the sea shore of Atlantic lives my family

mother might have died
as I remember
near my hut a tiny girl was living
she had blond hair and frilled red frock
i love her
make a grave in my village
engrave my last words
save the sea, save our climate"

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

#### Climate change and oceans

Three quarters of our planet is covered by water, so many different species of life exist in the abyss that will not survive climate change bringing in warmer temperatures.

Rising water levels of today can eventually drown coral reefs and seagrass meadows tomorrow;

they cant photosynthesize unless water levels are shallow. Oceans absorb one-third of carbon dioxide created by humans,

doing so slows down global warming but causes acidification higher than natural variation.

Higher acidity is damaging species that use calcium carbonate to form skeletons.

Fishes are migrating towards the poles, local fisheries are losing money due to the non availability of what is usually sold.

Acidification is also reducing the flow of the oceans sulfur back into the atmosphere, this also reduces the reflection of solar radiation back into our solar system... resulting in more warming.

#### Time

I lived a crazy life. If you was to ask me... if I could turn back time would I relive it all again? I would reply yes in a heartbeat. Why? Because I'll have all those that died by my side in these ill BX streets. I'll make sure I wouldn't lose them again. I'll change history drastically, past tragedies definitely wouldn't repeat. I'll know the when's and how's when murder was to take place, I'll be there that day to eradicate a death date. They won't understand that this is my second chance living the same life and that I know when they'll take their last breath. It'll just be my duty to make sure knives don't slice, stab and cut and they evade slugs intended to break bones after melting flesh, breaking homes and the hearts of kin they left. Oh yeah you're going there? Ok me too, you're going to handle what? I'm coming too, homie I know you're thinking about messn with blazay blazay don't do it, they don't love you. They'll be buggn like... how does he know? as I alter witnessed deadly scenarios. Now that everyone is kept alive, I'll let em know we aren't going to spend cash because we could, we're all going to start businesses and buy property down south and up north in the woods. If only I could hear toc tic ya know the sound of time as it rewinds.

#### **Imagination**

I can see the grays on their head and in their beards.

I hear them complaining about aches and pains.

"When I catch you I'm going to beat that ass",

That's them when it's time to discipline their children but they're too fast.

War stories, they'll be on repeat,

Remember I did this and that in the street?

OG's clean and neat, khakis, button downs and j's still on their feet.

No more dutchies or entourages,

It's back to bamboo, playing dominoes yell'n out capi cu.

This is my imagination of what life would be,

if my dead homies was still here with me

# Cliza Segiet



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<sup>st</sup> Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando È 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.

#### The pier

Once unspoiled, now already fed with the plastic islands prompt to reflection.

The sea turtles, fish should they swim amid that leaves behind one's self a reckless landlord?

#### To think is:

- to forsee
- to see
- to sense

To keep water, earth, air in the appropriate lordiness. The care belongs to us, so that the beautiful world wasn't stamped into oblivion, wasn't saturated with distaste.

Through the pier, between the delight with nature and its destruction, should be the mind.

Translated Ula de B.

#### Trauma

When brightened by joy day transformed into murky afterglow of uncertain future, decided to change the rules.

Life's traumas, which he carries with him everywhere, will not be pushing him into the void, from which it's hard to get out from to the surface.

New wounds will bring him strength to conquer gifts, even amorphous pleasures.

Those imaginary joys are more beautiful than true pain of existence.

Translated Ula de B.

#### The strength of mind

How much can one sacrifice each day, for the still unfinished to become fulfilled?

How many times can one give up, because yet again the trial didn't succeed?

How many times can one say:

- Who am I if I can't?

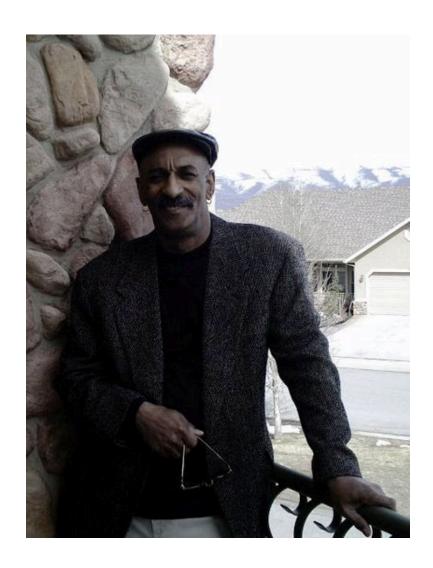
Strength of mind suffices, for the white flag not to be a part of ourselves.

The strife for dreams, is often difficult, but when they come to life, and seemingly impossible already is the touchable

- you rise above

Translated Ula de B.

# William S. Peters Sr.



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

#### But we remained silent

We knew
Over 5 decades ago
We were coming to this,
But sleep seemed to be
A better choice

Can I still swim

Swim to . . .

Where can they hide

Without catching something
That I must take home with me . . .
Perhaps
.....
But what about those
Who call the Seas and the Oceans . . .
Home . . .
Where do they walk to,
Run to,

Choking on plastics
Getting caught in fishing lines
While man passively slaughters
The Oceans,
A living entity
With their indifference
Or for the sport of it all

From our dastardly ignorance

We knew
That it would come to this,
But we remained silent . . .

O Man, O Man, Who art thou That would destroy that Which gives life unto thee?

No more peaceful sleeping allowed!!!

Let us ...
The Ides of March

Let us be liberated From that which binds us To this realm of convoluted things

Let us allow our innate light To be uncovered, uncloaked, Uninhibited and unbound By the conjured Doctrines of darkness We so blindly and ignorantly Embrace

Let us loosen our selves,
Frolic to the rhythms of creation
And dance with a glee
That exhibits our divine connection
To one and another
And to that
Of all things
Past, present and future

Let us embrace each other, And the possibilities Of what we may become While in rembrance Of where we have come from

Let our tongues utter Naught but 'Truth' absolute, That Truth that speaks Of oneness and unity,

And shared consequences and outcomes Pertaining our actions, Deeds, words and thoughts

Let our hearts
Open their doors
And allow the overwhelming goodness
We posses,
To overwhelm the entire world,
The 'Multi-verse,
With a blinding, inebriating love
That can not be denied

Let us come to know thyself
And 'thyself' come to know itself
... intimately
As we purge all falsehood and falseness
From our experientialness,
Our imaginings,
And our dreams ...
Let the nightmares, hauntings and
Trepidation be no more

Let us speak these things Live these things, Give these things, Be these things As we were meant to be, As we are ... Let us ... so be it

#### Chapters

Vowels and consonants, Syllables and words, Lines and phrases, Paragraphs and pages, Chapters and books ... Libraries

I am the story being written, By the circumstances, Thoughts and feelings.... The final outcome yet To be told

Moments and minutes,
Hours and days,
Months and years,
Meandering at their own
Variable speeds,
Sometimes rushing,
Sometimes idly languishing,
Yet always perceptibly
Or not,
Moving on, moving forward,
Weaving and
Contributing to the tale

Questions unanswered, Dreams unattended, More imaginings waiting At the gate of my Potential reality ...

What is to come, What if any is the plot?

I am the protagonist, As are you, and you, and you,, And together, We act out the expressions Of life, With a spontanéité That no script can replicate

Enuciation,
Pronunciation,
Proclamation
And translation
Fail the sought after edifice
Of clarity, parity and ability
(thank you hülya for yours)

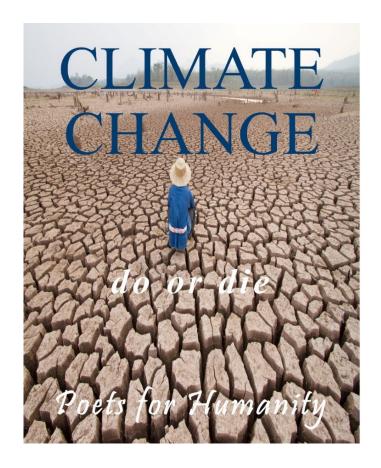
Wondering and wandering, Seeking and exploring Uncovering the fruits Of deplorable things We wish to extricate ... Is there hope? .... YES ...

WE MUST SPEAK THE WORDS, Breaking it all down, One piece at a time Until we arrive, Yes arrive To that final chapter Where happy endings Are always welcomed ...

Vowels and consonants, Syllables and words, Lines and phrases, Paragraphs and pages, Chapters and books.... And libraries.

### Now Open for Submissions

Closing 15 April 2022



1 Poem
Picture of Poet
Bio of 50 words or less

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

# April 2022 Featured Poets



Alonzo Gross

Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas

Monsif Beroual

Carol Aronoff



## Alonzo Gross

The Year of the Poet  $IX \sim April 2022$ 



Alonzo "zO" Gross or zO-AlonzO is a songwriter, Dancer, recording artist and writer.

His short stories were first published internationally in 2005 and in 2006 in the Staying Sane book series published by Evelyn Fazio. Staying Sane when family comes to visit (2005) and Staying Sane during the Thanksgiving Holiday. His first book of poems entitled Inspiration, Harmony and the World Within was published in 2012. Also in that same year he was awarded "Best Spoken Word Poet" at the Lehigh Valley music awards. In 2016 zO was selected as a featured poet in the film "VOICES" directed by Gina Nemo filmed in Los Angeles California and released in 2017 in select theatres as well as Amazon Prime. Then in January of 2018 he released his second book of poetry entitled "sOuL eLiXir The writing Z of zO" which was greeted with rave reviews and a 5 out of 5 star rating. In November 2020 zO was named as one of the best poets of 2020 by Inner Child Press where his work was featured in their Anthology. In June of 2021 zO released his highly antcipated 3rd book of poetry/art entitled "PoemZ 4 U AND YourZ" available globally. zO is a graduate in the field of English Literature from Temple University, and looks forward to releasing music cds as well as new books of poetry and art.

#### Locust & Wild Honey (lookin' 4 me)...

O' my Insanity!/ my Desert- Calamity!!/ PARANOID THOUGHTZ RUN CANDIDLY!!!, FitZ Of Rage Cloaked In Vanity/. "O' my Love) slow my Dove") twas this I said. fore' it All came 2 a head. Yes. thought never again could I bare Love) "never again, (Said i) shall my feet, tread so sweet, in LoveZ Palace Thereof"/. But Alas, as the change of weather\* (iZ Certain') the pain shall wither\* (amidst hurtin') 4 A Cold Heart iZ Not Yet Frozen Hence Drink From The Flask, Knowin, Some MemorieZ R Better Left Golden Just as Some RoadZ, R Better Left, Un-Chosen . (Twas' Only Then Did I Know, What I Didn't Wanna See---) Round & Round I Go, lookin' 4U, (But Really) lookin' 4 Me---).

#### Emperor David (In eXiLe)...

(2 The Majesty King Leo 700 AD), As i ponder on things I've lost, through this horrific war, i indeed, reminisce of things I've tossed, amidst my angry shores. Verily, i thought riches, wouldst cover my mask, Merrily, I've partaken of the finest wines, that one man could ever ask. But Twas all 4 naught, 4 all began 2 rot, the day a sword, into my Wife's heart was shot, (A Most Cowardly Plot) She died in mine arms, (in her womb) our unborn, i cursed those wretched thorns. thence on Pure Vengeance i sworn. Tillest, in mine sleep, wouldst the enemies creep, thence cut out mine tongue, but never did i weep. 4 what are the tears of the proud worth? wherefore, before i leave Earth. and in Heaven or Hell, i doth perch. Heed this lesson with a smile, (whilst i clutch mine last breath)

Revenge is like Hemlock i drinketh Till there is none left, may i die a most expedient death, filled with regret all the while-----\* Sincerely, Remorseful, Thy Emperor David, in eXiLe.----\*

## Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas



Dr. Biswas is an Indian Bengali poet. He is also bilingual poet. He is honored with several literary awards at home and abroad. He is a member of different national and international literary groups. His poems are published and translated (Odissi, Marathi, Indonesian, Persian, Polish) at home and abroad. His creation is mainly on social life. He is a believer of humanity and universal brotherhood.

#### Disciple

The sky instructs me to be broad-minded
The air whispers me to be a worker.
The greatness of silence is taught by mountain
The open field inspiires me to be open hearted.
The sun advises me to glow with own brightness
The moon teaches us to laugh and to be sweet speaking
The ocean hints us not to disclose our inner strength and
quality

I have learned from the river to go on with own motion
The tolerance I have learned from the earth
The hardship of activity is learned from the stone.
The rythim of songs in our heart is the effect of fountains
The living woods give us alms
I am the student of all features from worldwide schooling

#### Banyan tree

An old banyan tree has branches How many branches are there How many of them are ruined How many crows are there How long are they residing How many cranes are there How many nests are there How many of the nests are different It is the shelter of so many lives. Parrots snakes insects parasites and what not. So many boys are playing under it. So many cow- boys assembled under the shadow. Wood cutters are managing fuel Migratory people creates fire for cooking on routes. Some are collecting skin for herbal drugs But nobody cares to save the tree. Nobody cares to save all those family members. Our society is that banyan tree The branches have the cultural harmony. The free oxygen is important For children to survive Let's pray for the

#### The garden

Oh baby come to my garden Oh baby come to my shoulder Oh baby you are not burden Oh baby come to this flower.

Have you seen the colours Can you name all the flowers Can you name the colours Can you step up to the towes.

Come here with a group
I have no companion to play
Let me face with your troops
Who will build up model with clay.

I like to see me within you I like to know your present view I like to have friends a few I like to walk with you on dew.

Let us enjoy the singing birds Let us avoid the night guards Take care of walking high and low While looking to the sky with rainbow.

# Monsif Beroual



He was born in MIDELT, Morocco, on 1994. Monsif graduated from Sidi Mohammed Ben Abdlalah University, section Public Law in Arabic at Taza City, Morocco. He holds his Master Degree in "Strategy of Decision –Making" (Political Science & IR Field. Mr. Beroual is a multi-awarded and International renowned poet. His poems have been translated into a dozen languages: Spanish, French, Chinese, Polish, Arabic, Romanian, Bulgarian, Bangla, Serbian, Croatian, Italian, and Taiwanese. He has also been published in more than 300 International magazines and anthologies.

#### Can You Imagine

Can you imagine? The world fallen Yes, the world fallen Because us, Humans We destroyed everything, we touch The nature, the animals and the life Can you imagine? You are the cause You and I, Us, humans Can you imagine? No oxygen, No clean air to smell And No green views to watch Can you imagine? Just you and the wars Can you imagine? You are the cause And you are the reason Us, humans who killed the life.

#### Save the Planet, save the Generations

I came along to hear your pain I was asleep When you inspired me to talk To explain your sadness That I will write for the world About your screams Words came to me In my dream To share your pain to the world, My ink pen Is about a dream Our dream, Our existence that in danger to fade today Cause what our hands commit against the nature We destroyed it With our hands Without cares Even we know: It's our future It's our home, Our homeland that has no price Priceless, without it, there's no existence And without it safety Our existence will be gone; faded forever Maybe Like dinosaurs And more money, tech has no values without our existence.

# Carol Aronoff



Carol Alena Aronoff, Ph.D. is a psychologist, teacher and poet. Her work has appeared in numerous journals and anthologies and won several prizes. She was twice nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Carol has published 4 chapbooks (Cornsilk, Tapestry of Secrets, Going Nowhere in the Time of Corona, A Time to Listen) and 6 full-length poetry collections: The Nature of Music, Cornsilk, Her Soup Made the Moon Weep, Blessings From an Unseen World, Dreaming Earth's Body (with artist Betsie Miller-Kusz) as well as The Gift of Not Finding: Poems for Meditation. Currently, she resides in rural Hawaii.

#### The Sounds of Healing

Who speaks the language of tenderness– makes it their mother tongue–

has a hunger for love and knows this love is in the loving, knows that words form bridges—soul to soul, no matter the divide.

#### Who sings in the key

of kindness— has a voice that echos the divine, echos across whole universes, lighting the way for starships and voyagers

through difficult landscapes, turbulent times.

#### Who chants the prayers

for healing—knows the secret to reconciliation, knows what is needed for peace to be restored:

let go of the focus on differences, separation—focus instead on what we can share—a beautiful sunset, child's loving smile, our deepest grief.

#### A Small Kindness

The red flower in a vase on the cafe table where I drank my nonfat latte and ate pain au chocolate was a small kindness that opened my morning.

A bouquet of surprises followed: the crew member on our flight who sang blues before take off, the attendant who asked us to be kind to each other as we left, the shuttle driver offering candy to a cranky child.

Each gesture was a seed carried by sparrow to a far nest, each thoughtful moment stretched time and breached borders. Moved people closer to where joy and relief at our shared humanity intersect.

#### The Nature of Gratitude

Yesterday it was enough just to be alive. This morning I yearn for beauty, for the peace of an unhurried walk along the shore, for a day without news.

A hawk floats on easy currents above my head, showing me the art of flow. I listen to the chatter of mallards and marigolds, each in their own language, feathers and petals

on gaudy display. I don't need to know what they are saying, their sweet nearness is enough. And the soft lingering scent of sea on a slight breeze from the west unencumbers my spirit.

Although the beach is closed, my feet can take a different path, find magic in a half-demolished coffee shack, a strangely curled coconut tree still bearing fruit. In the richness of the found world, how can I hunger for anything?

# Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

*Glan W. Jankowski* 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

# Inner Child Press

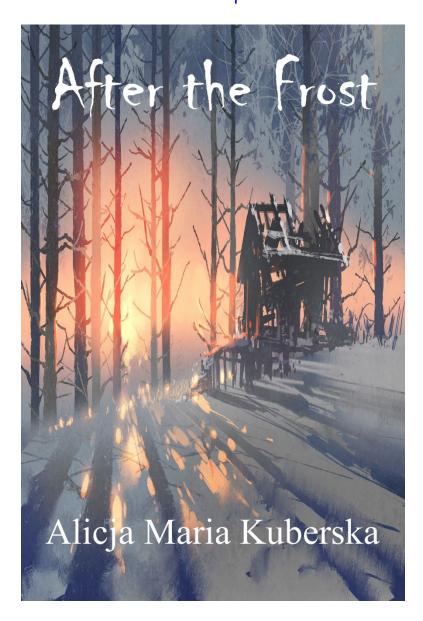
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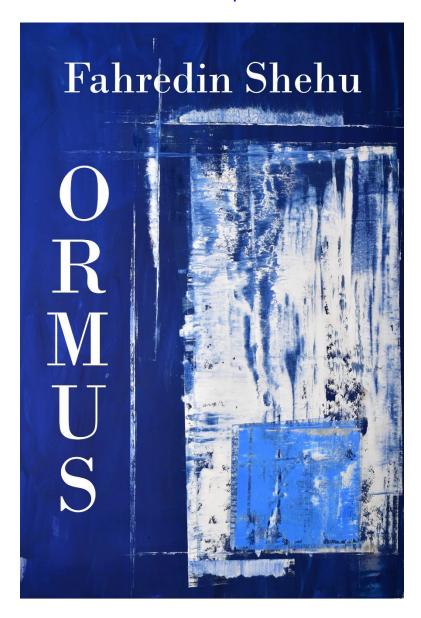
Poetry Posse Members

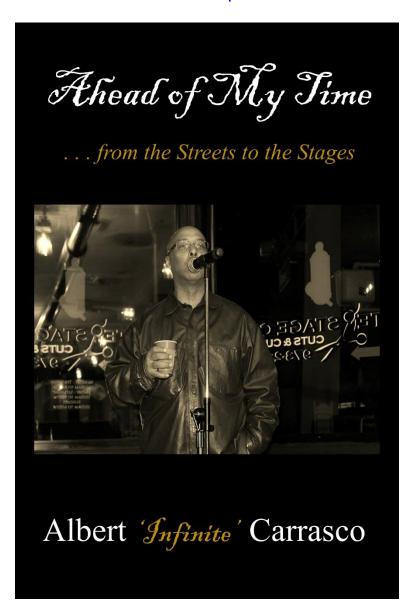
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

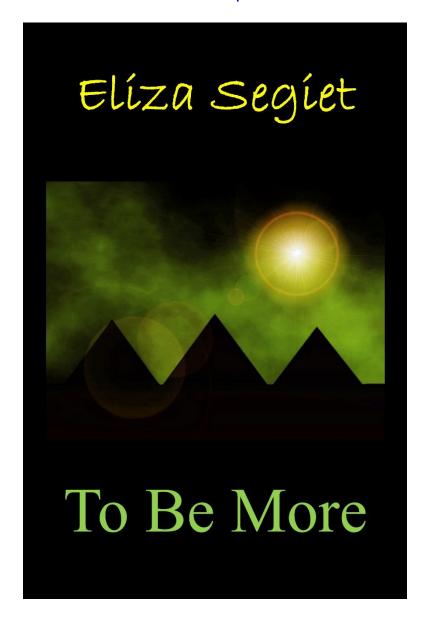
On the following pages we present to you ...

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



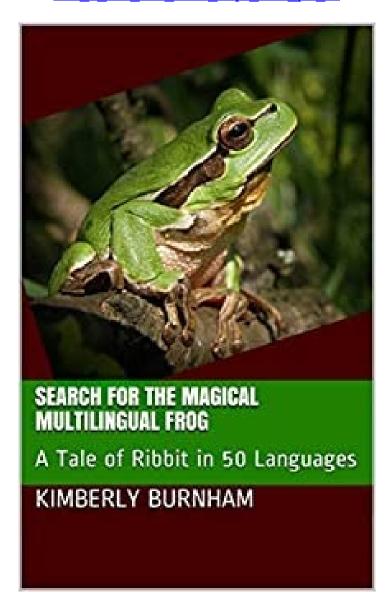


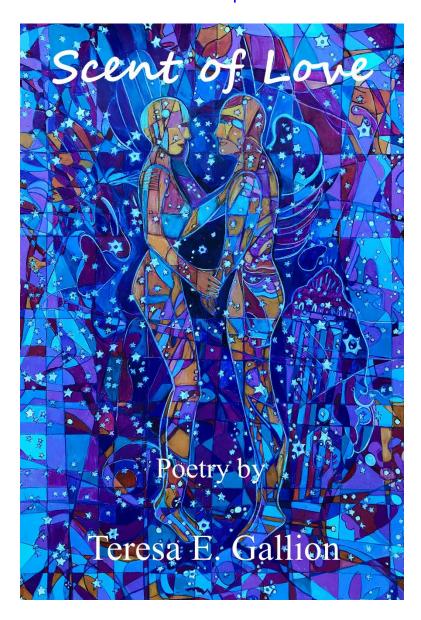


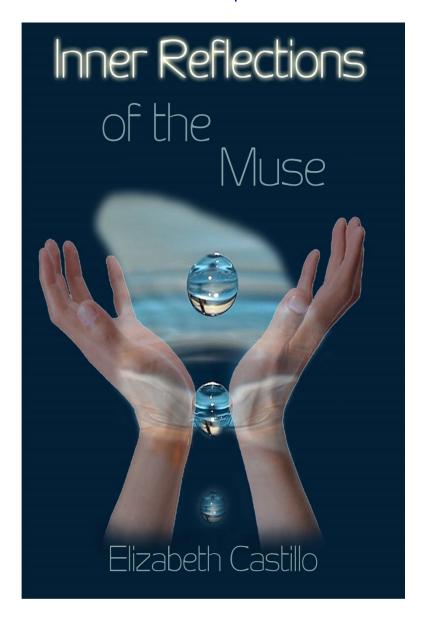


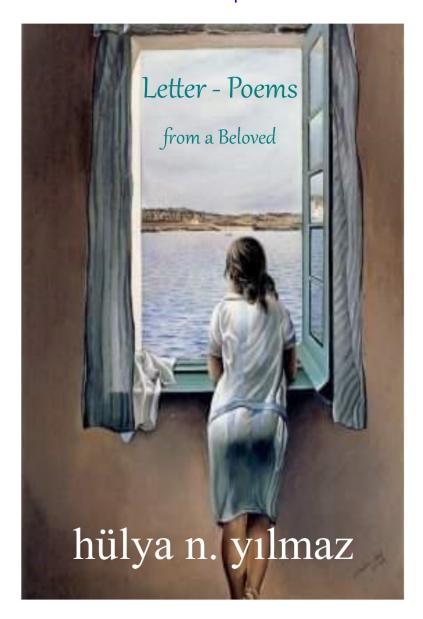
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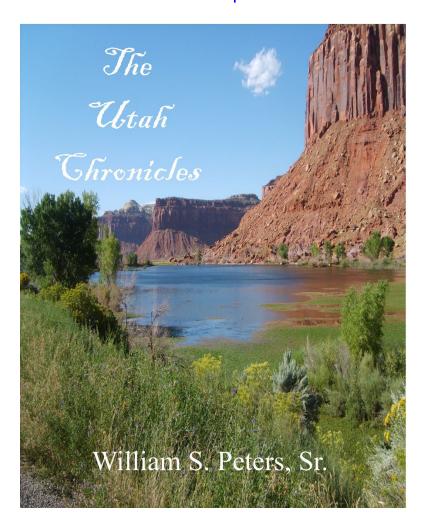
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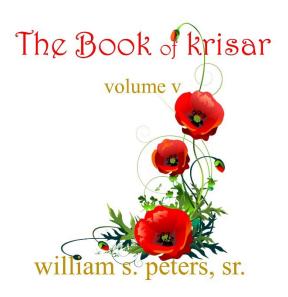








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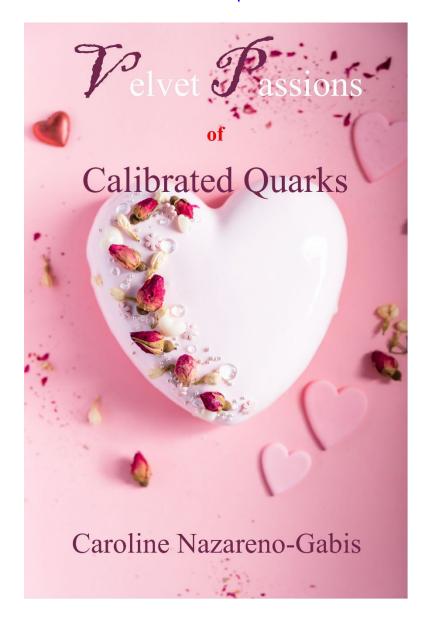


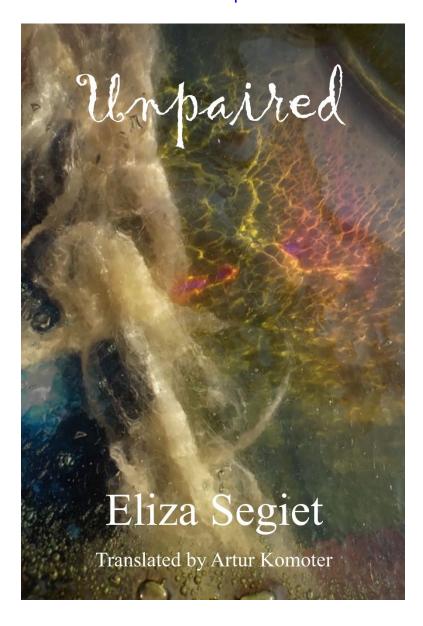
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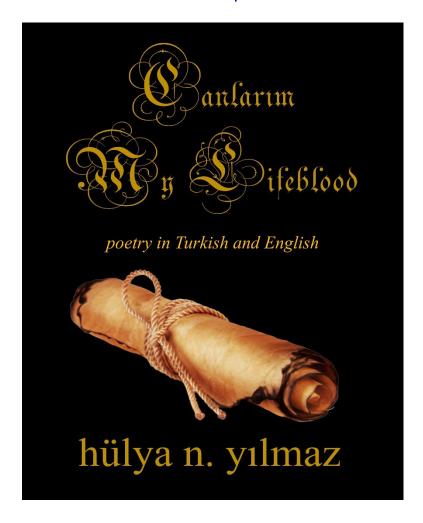


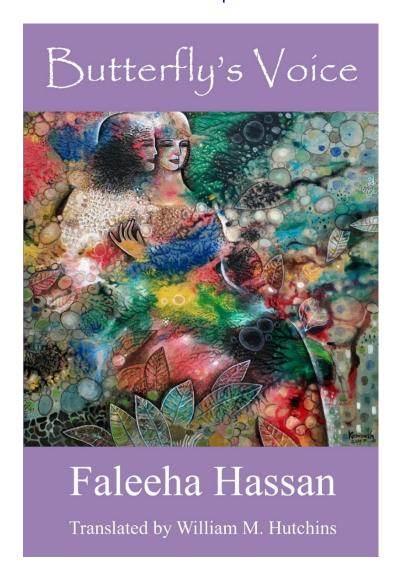
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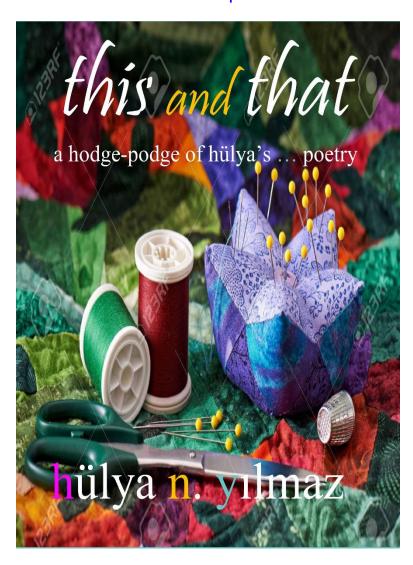


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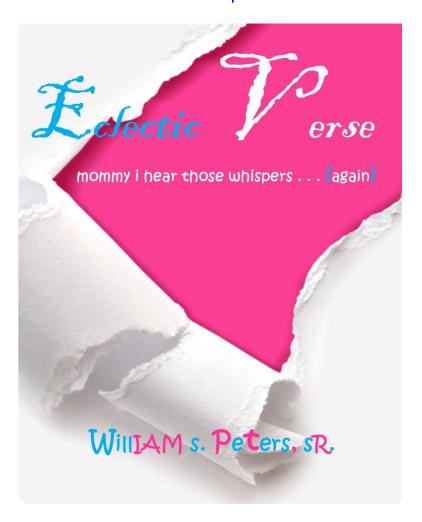


Jackie Davis Allen

#### The Year of the Poet IX ~ April 2022



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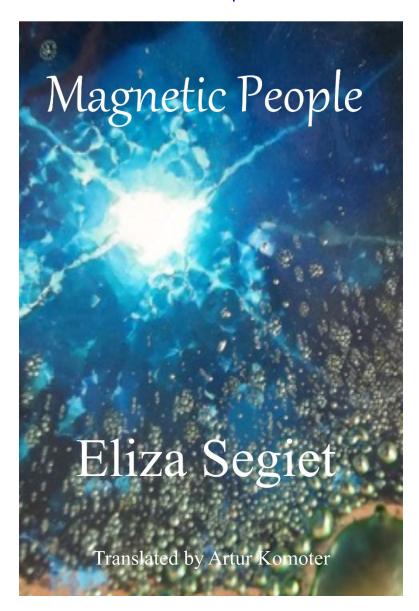


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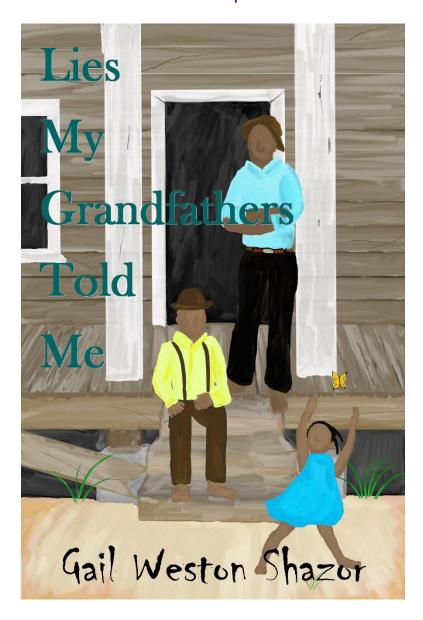
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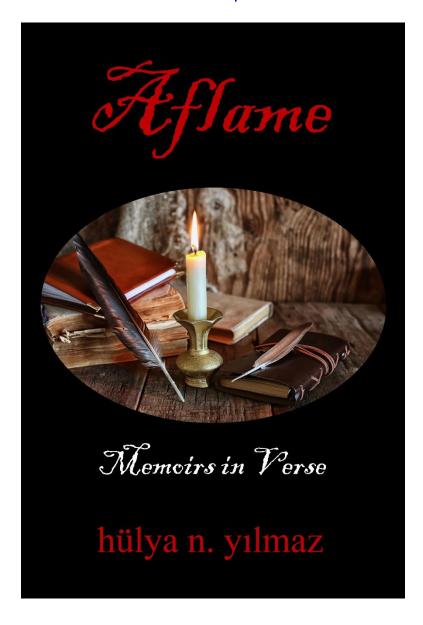


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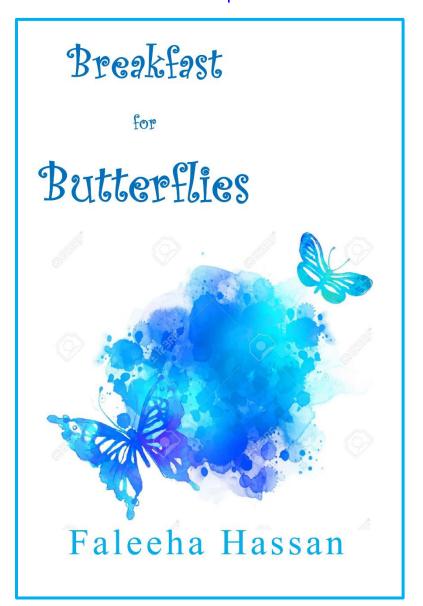
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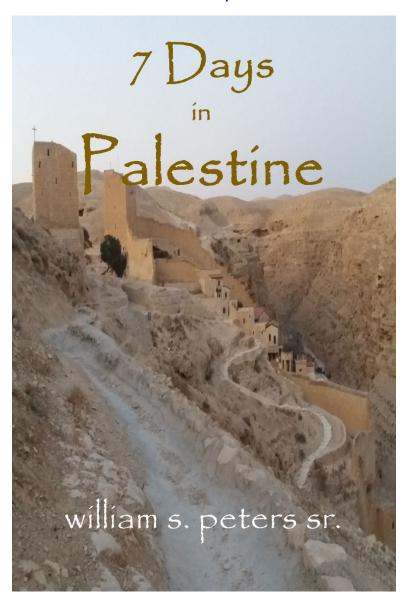




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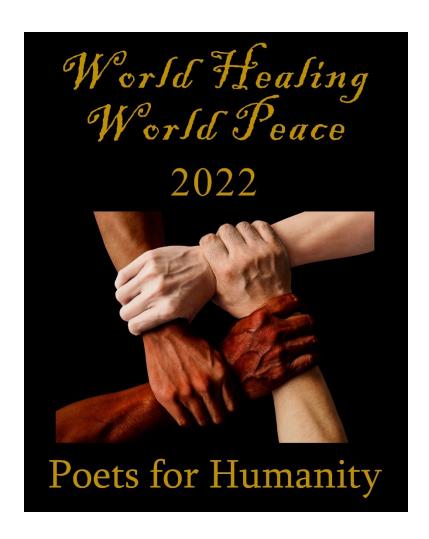


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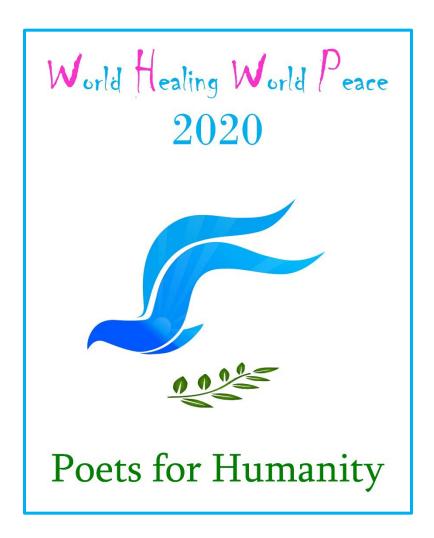
#### Coming April 2022



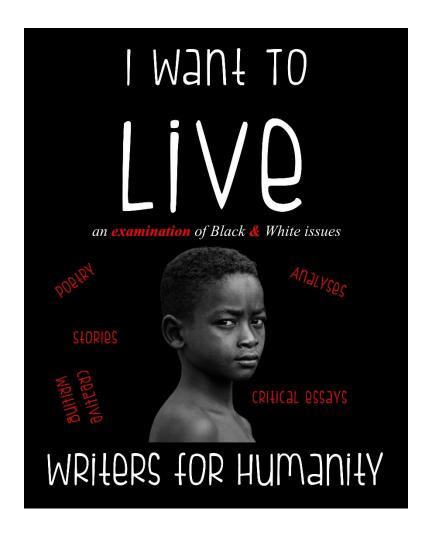
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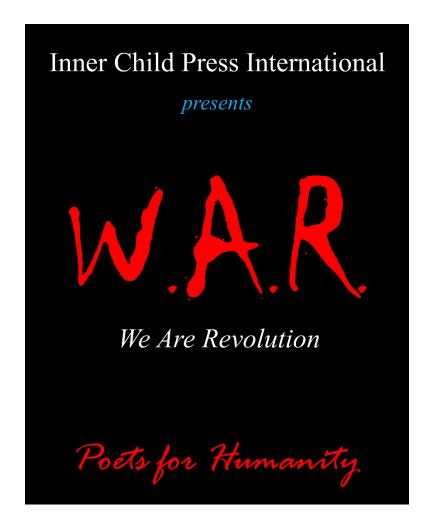
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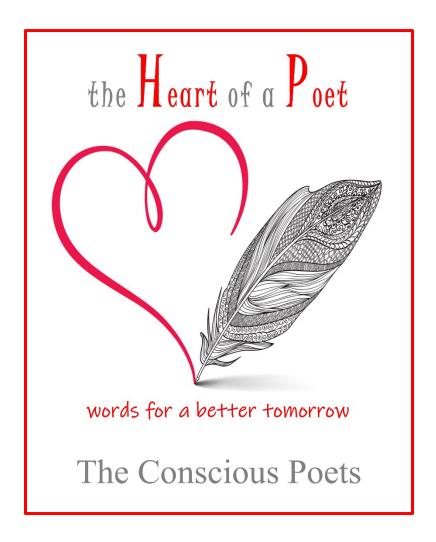
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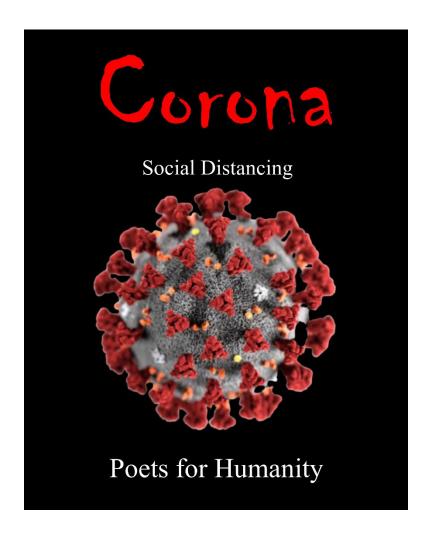
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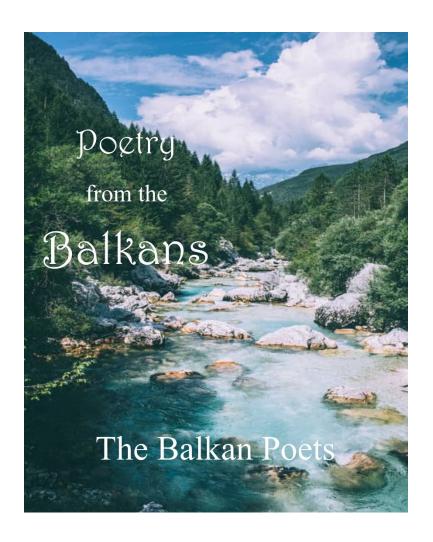
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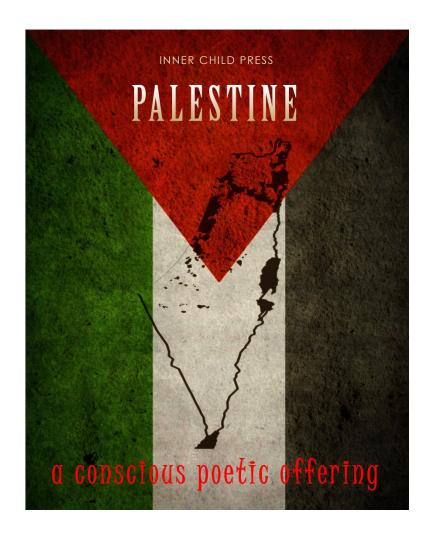


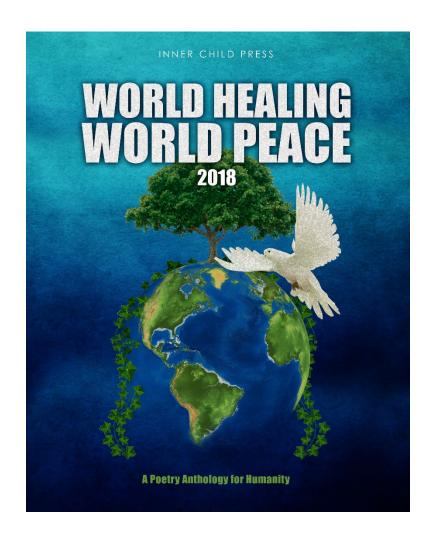
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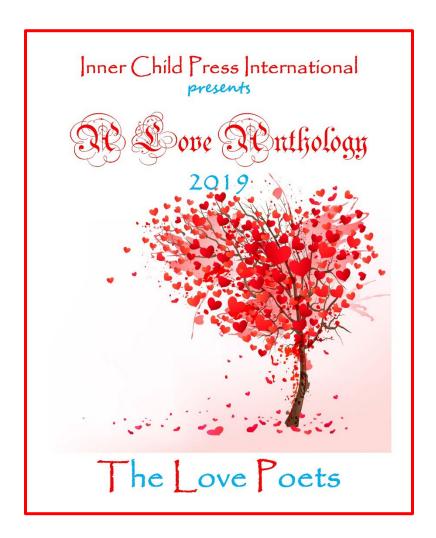




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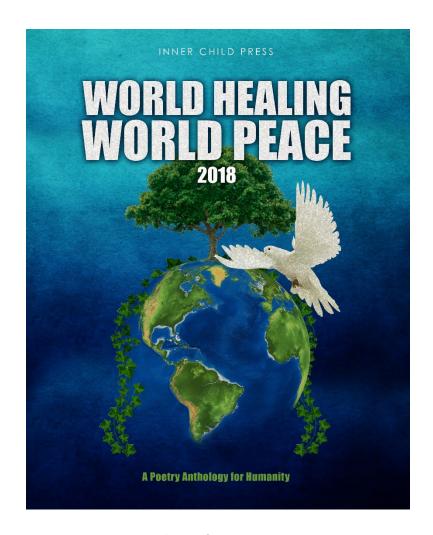




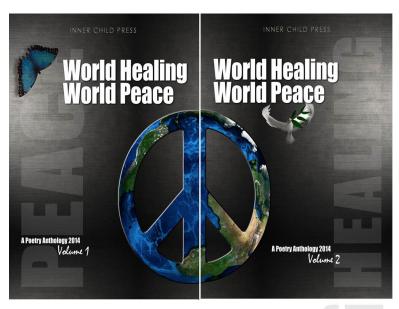


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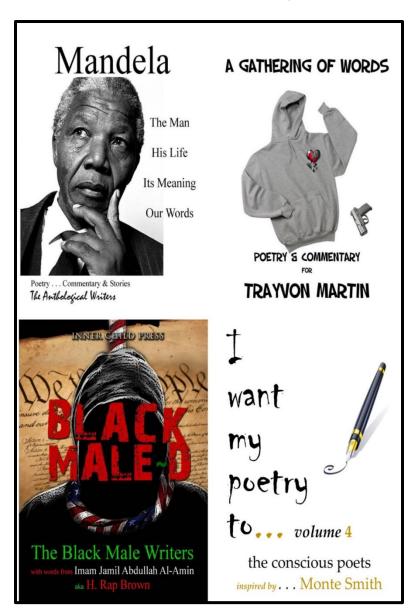


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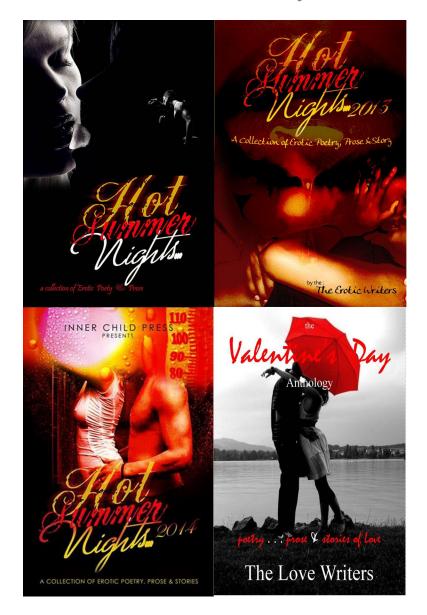
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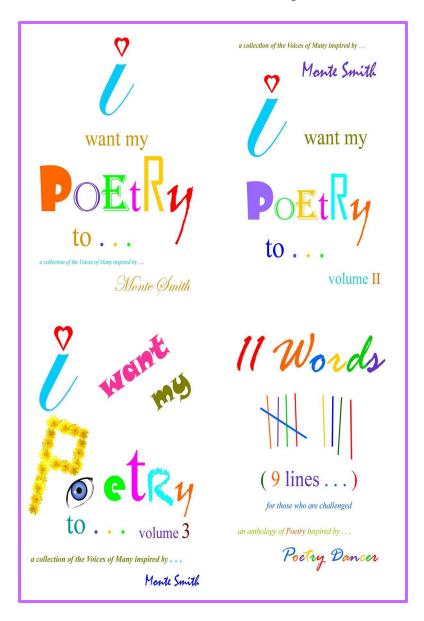




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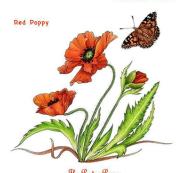
## The Year of the Poet September 2014 Aster Morning-Glory Wild Carlos September Feature Poets September Feature Poets

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Some P, Coldwell \* Sure Bugg Borefield \* Debblo M, Allen \* Tony Herninger
Joe Dolverbol Minddoncer \* Robert Cabbons \* Neetu Wall \* Sharee\* Abdur-Roshed
Kinther's Warman \* William S, Peters S, Tr.

Florence Malone \* Keith Alan Hamilton

#### THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



Somie Bond \* Cail Weston Shazor \* Albert Infinite Carnasco \* Sadartho Beth Pierce Sonet P. Caldwell \* Sune Bugg Barefield \* Debbie N. Allen \* Tony Henringer Soe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Robert Calbons \* Neetu Wai \* Shareef Abdur-Rasheed Kilmberly Burnham \* Millam S. Peters, St.

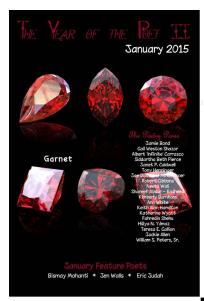
October Feature Poets
Ceri Naz \* Rajendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo





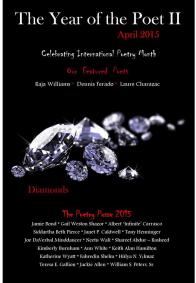
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# The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015

### June's Featured Poets



### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert \*Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce \* Jamet P. Caldwell \* Tony Hemminger Joe Da'verhal Minddancer \* Nettu Mail \* Sharreet Adam \* Rasheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehur \* Hibiya N Yilmaz Teresa \* Callion \* Jackie Blair \* William S Feters Sr

# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

### The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome \* Christina Neal \* Robert Neal



### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend "Gail Weston Sinzer "Albert Infinité Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce" Janet F. Caldwell "Yony Heminiger Joe Da'Verhal Minddancer" Nesth wall: Stancet Alohar-Rashieed Kimberly Burnham" Ann White "Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt "Jahredin Shehu" Hillya N Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallion" Jackie Alber "Williams R Feters Sr.

# The Year of the Poet II

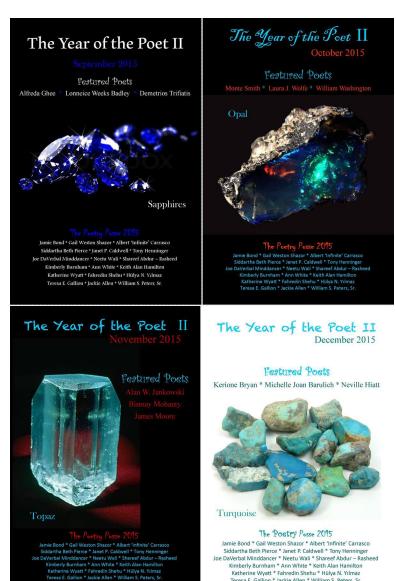
August 2015



### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Ferce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger Joe DaVerhal Minddancer \* Neeth Wali \* Shareef Alchur - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Feters, Sr.

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Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr



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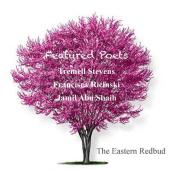


### The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



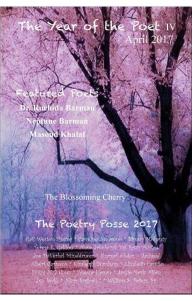
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### The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shizor "Caroline Nizareno "Bismay Mohauty Teress E. Gallino "Stona Jakinbezak Vel Batty Stalan John DeVerbid Middalener "Shirened Stalan - Baghaed Albert Carrasco "Kinberty Burolum" Elizabeth Castillo Hulyo N. Zviboz: "Eskedh y Hasson "Jackle Drets sillen Jen Wells" Nizar Setzheri "Williem S. Felers, Sr.



# Now Available



The Flowering Dogwood Tree



### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shazor \* Corollae Aizzereus \*\* Bismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion \* shaw abstabcask Vel Betty stidalon John Da'Verhold Minddapcer \*\* Baymed stidar \*\* Bayhead stibert Ceresson \*\* Kimbeety Burnham \*\* Elizabeth Cestillo Hulya A. Yulmaz \*\* Estecha J Basson \*\* Jackie Trevis stillen Jen Wells \*\* Abzer Sertoni \*\* William S. Peters, Sr.



# The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



### The Poetry Posse 20

Gell Weston Shizor \* Ceroline Nizereno \*
Teress E. Gellion \* Hinos Jakubezak Vel. Butty Hilden
John Da'Nehl Mithidapene \* Bhirees Hilden — Behned
Hilbert Cerresco \* Kimberly Burnhein \* Elizabeth Cestillo
Hulya N. Yulmaz \* Falecha Hissan \* Jackle Dreis Hillen
Jen Velli \* Nuzer Sertani \* William & Refers, Sr.



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## The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor \* Carolline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sattawi \* \* Vivilliam S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet IV November 2017





### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerhal Minddancer \* Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Cartillo Hilya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartaw \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet IV

October 2017



The Black Walnut Tree

### The Poetry Posse 2017

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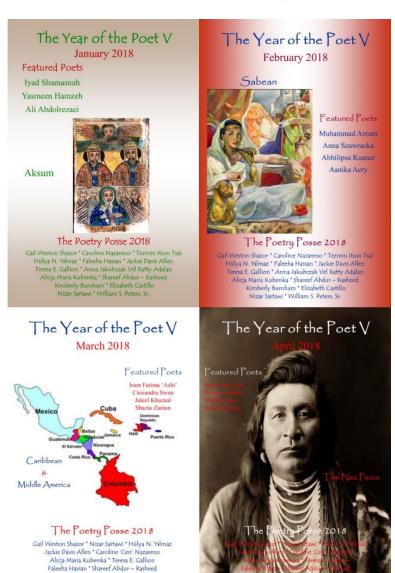
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### The Poetry Posse 2017

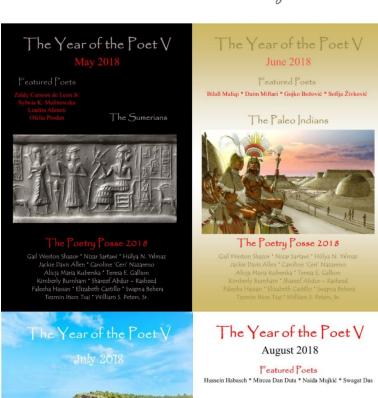
Gall Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizza Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.



# July 2018 Examed Fooks Fadniali Ivenzar-EndyMohammad Abral Itani Eliza Seglet Ton Higgins Oceanía The Poetry Posse 2018 Gall Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Húlya N. Yilmaz,

oline Cen 144zareno 1\* Teresa E. Gallion 1reef Abdur – Rasheed Castillo \* Swapna Behera

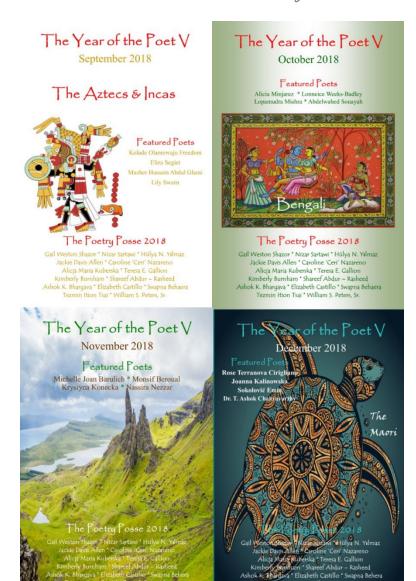
### The Lapita



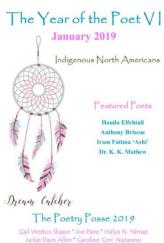
### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska \* T'eresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa\* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapma Behaera Tezmin Hiton Tsaj \* William S. Peters, 200

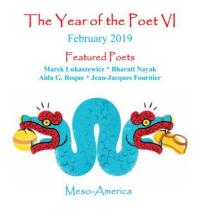
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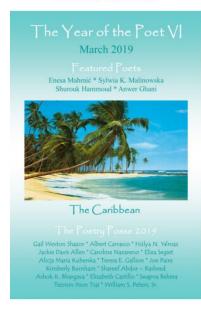


Gail Weston Shazor Joe Paire Hulya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline \*Ceri Nazareno Alica Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* Yıllılam 5. Peters, 5r.



### The Poetry Posse 2019

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



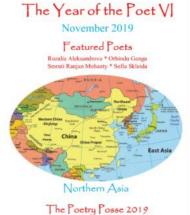


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Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carasso " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alleja Maria Kubeska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin tition Tsal " William S. Peters, and



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# The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

### Featured Poets

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

### Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazon \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackic Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Allcig Maria Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

### Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli \* Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch \* Kosh K Mathew

### Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace

Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

## The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Termin tion \* Sai\* William S. Peters \*

# The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

### Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk \* Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard \* Karn Praktisha

### Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





I he Year of Feace elebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılma Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Terea E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Beher

# The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

### Featured Poets

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

### Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace elebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

## The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska \* Teres E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Eirasbeth Carllor \* Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai \* William S. Peters.

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# Now Available

# The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

### Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott \* Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam \* Changming Yuan



# Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2020

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.

# The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

### Featured Global Poets

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



The Poetry Posse 2021

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# The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

### Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu \* Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman \* Faleeha Hassan

Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



# Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberiska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareet Aduur - Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat \* William S. Peters, Sr.

# The Year of the Poet VIII

April 2021

### Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



# Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

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# The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

### Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick \* Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi \* Bismay Mohanty

### Diego Rivera



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılma Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Beheri Tezroni Hon Tsa: William S. Rotesa -

# The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

### Featured Global Poets

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

### Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

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

## The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

### Featured Global Poets

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

### Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

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

# The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

### Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

### Mundara Koorang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen Garoline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmir Iton Tsai. William S. Peters.

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## The Year of the Poet VIII

September 2021

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

Heather Jansch



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

## The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor Albert Carassco \* Hullya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Seglet Alicia Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Patie Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhayaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* śwapna Behera Tezmin Itkon Tsal \* William S. Peters, 3

## The Year of the Poet VIII

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

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

# The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

Featured Global Poets

Errol D. Bean \* Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic \* Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

# The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazon \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

Featured Global Poets

Orbinda Ganga \* Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold \* Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

## The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Termin Hon Tsul - William S. Peters.

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# The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

### Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change: The Ice Cap





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

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# The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

### Featured Global Poets

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

### Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

### The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maris Kubeska " Terese E. Gallion " Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bharga

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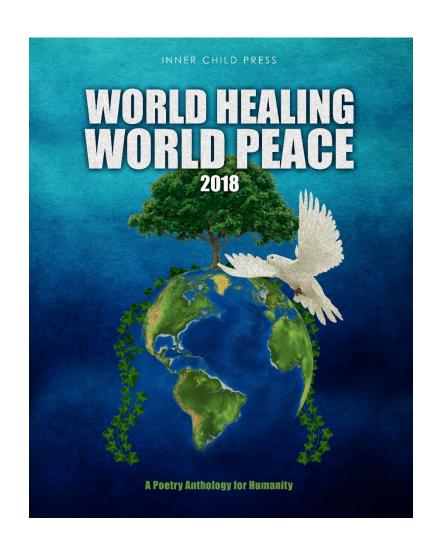
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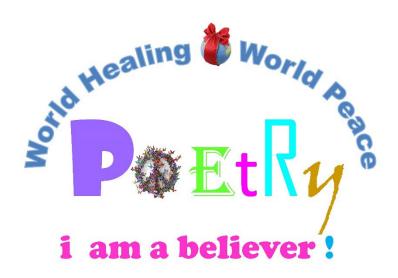


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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2022



# **April 2022** ~ Featured Poets



Alonzo Gross



Debaprasanna Biswas



Monsif Beroual



Carol Aronoff





