# 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 \* 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.



# August 2021

# **The Poetry Posse**

inner child press, ltd.

# The Poetry Posse 2021

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

~ \* ~

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

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

# **General Information**

## The Year of the Poet VIII August 2021 Edition

## The Poetry Posse

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#### **Publisher Information**

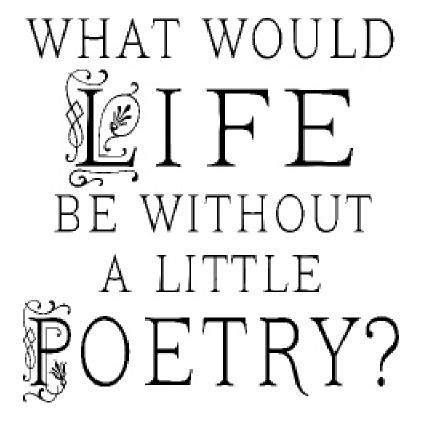
#### 1<sup>st</sup> Edition : Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

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ISBN-13 : 978-1-952081-53-8 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99





# This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

## Ľ

# The Poetry Posse

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



In 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

"We are all visitors to this time ,this place, we are just passing through .

Our purpose here is to observe ,to learn, to grow, to love and then we return home."

Australian aboriginal proverb.

The Year of the Poet has taken ekphrastic poetry for 2021 ; 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 .

In August our theme is on the painting of Mundara Koorang .

Mundara Koorang is an Australian Aboriginal artist, designer, teacher, elder, actor, and author.He was born in 1952 in the Eora (Sydney) New South Wales and is descendant of the Gamilaroi people. Mundara's grandmother, great grandmother and great-great grandmother were all born in the Barwon River , Brewarrina area. He is an internationally renowned Aboriginal artist and the recipient of the David O'Chin Photographic Award .His primary passion is the successful education of aboriginal people and he is a mentor of Indigenous people. He strongly believes that the indigenous people can and must be in control of their destinies.

In 2005 Mundara published a Dreamtime story entitled The Little Platypus and the Fire Spirit. Aboriginal Australians are the various Indigenous peoples of the Australian mainland and many of its islands, such as Tasmania, Fraser Island, .They love Nature . Symbols are used by Aboriginal people in their art to preserve their culture and tradition. They are also used to depict various stories and are still used today in contemporary Aboriginal Art.

White is the spirit colour. Black is the colour of night and represents Aboriginal people . Red is the colour of the land or of blood. Yellow is the colour of the sun and sacred.

There are several types of and methods used in making Aboriginal art, including rock painting, dot painting, rock engravings, bark painting, carvings, sculptures, and weaving and string art. Australian Aboriginal art is the oldest unbroken tradition of art in the world.

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.

Painting is poetry of Nature. Poetry is the living song of human race ......

We respect the humanity ... We respect history and coexistence

Let us join our hands for peace and build a paradise on the Earth ...

#### Swapna Behera

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

# D<sub>reface</sub>

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, now in our 8<sup>th</sup> month of our eighth year of monthly publication of *The Year of the Poet*. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

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

# Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

PS

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

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

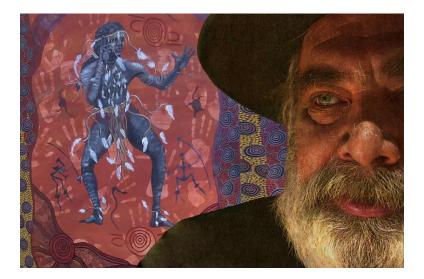
# Mundara Koorang

#### August 2021

Koorang's Mundara grandmother, great grandmother and great-great grandmother were all born in the Barwon River, Brewarrina area of Australia. Koorang also known as Thunder Snake is an Australian Aboriginal artist, designer, teacher, elder, actor, and author. A descendant of the Gamilaroi people, Koorang was born in 1952 in the Eora (Sydney) of Australia's NSW area. A firm believer that indigenous people can and must be in control of their own destinies, one of his primary passions is the successful education of Aboriginal people. Mundara teaches at a TAFE campus, Year 10 Community school for children who can't or won't attend school and at a Juvenile Justice centre of boys who have ended up on the wrong side of the law. He teaches Literacy & Numeracy, Art, Drawing, Legislation, Mathematics, Science, History, Cultural practices, Perspectives and Kinship, and is a Mentor for young indigenous people.

> http://koorang.auctivacommerce.com/ http://mundara.com.au

The Little Platypus and the Fire Spirit written and illustrated by Mundara Koorang "A long time ago in the Dreamtime there was a little animal called a platypus. He was not as we know him today. The platypus lived in the bush. He had a long skinny tail and long ears. His fur was brown and he loved to run through the bush chasing bugs and butterflies ..."







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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

# Gail Weston Shazor



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

#### Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" & Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

## Snakes

Cold Coiling Clever Cerulean flashed with red Climbing Closer Ceilings Cabled glimmerings Cabled glimmerings Calligraphy Casing Cabobs Causing flourishes

On my totem

## A Prayer

It is in this moment Abba Father That the road seems to have grown A might bit long, Lord And the task hard to complete Weariness overtakes the evening And it is with the heaviness Of a battle scarred soldier That the pillow beckons a head But it is not the flesh that requires A long respite Only A flagging spirit in need of Recharging You know every need That is lacking And it only require a request Fueled with repentance and faith For imminent renewal This broken offering is ready To be made ready For another day... Greatfilledly

## Mississippi

I can never tally all that you gave me The lives that live on in my laughter, in my tears Those who have come and gone before Memories that bring both joy and pain Fish fries and coconut cakes and on each Fourth Sunday, humming jones greeting Those headed out to meet up with Jesus At Provident Baptist Church Of my dear papaw who carried my spirit Inside his Prince Albert can close to his right hand Side pocket of Sunday's best striped overalls That we bought on our annual trip to Webb Off route 49 and 32, after a trip to visit The Cascilla cousins on his side of the family Of mama who rose up early just to make The G biscuit and coffee and cream Who let me pack my papaw's lunch And sold moonshine, regulating with A 22 piece stashed in her apron pocket Who everyone called ma'am, even us kids Love covered the feet of granddaddy snow As he searched through Charleston General With the fear that I couldn't be found Though I slept with the white babies, snug and sound Who ran a jook joint on Saturday nights so the Black folks could let their hair down after Hot days of working in the cotton fields And Pearl, who folks say I look like and act like With my plain spoken, straight ways, nosey always Searching for something more than what life has to offer Wearing pants in town, around the courthouse square and Down by the piggly wiggly, sunflower and the chinaman's

Uptown, trading with the folks, summer peaches and gossip Fresh and ripe as the sun on the back of her hatless head The neighbors, family and friends, them white folks and some That was neither and both depending on who you ask Fields plowed long and straight waiting on seed Fireplaces and slop jars, rifles and aprons, gavels and gloves Front porches that stretched round and covered the edges Of your heart, soul and spirit cool in the evening and a place For shelling purple hull peas, snapping beans and listening to stories

Getting your hair combed after Saturday baths in the foot tub You, who have been have been my constant companion When I talk with my mother, my father, uncles and aunts I am back walking down the street, chewing bubble gum And seeing the familiar faces who knew me always as T and Snow's granddaughter and so and so's cousin You are my memory bearer, life cradle, my bone keeper Even now, when I turn right off 55 and head down 32 And the blacktop is shimmering with heat like smoke Whether in car or mind, I am so much closer to being home.

# Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

## Dreamtime

In the stories of old men like the boomerang stories about the past and memories describing the dream time return

On a path made of words past meets present time, ancient animals come to life and again platypus runs through the bush in pursuit of butterflies, and the Fire Spirit dances in the grass.

Modern art draws from tradition and it does not let forget about Aboriginal roots The images are intertwined with themes from the rock carvings

#### Smell

Violet, tiny flower, where did you hide ? I wish I knew where you got such a beautiful color, a wonderful scent. In vain I am looking for you among the slender lilies and elegant roses. I look for you in the violet of irises.

The wind revealed the secret. You hid among the tall grass and you hugged modest daisies.

You soared together with the larks straight to heaven on subtle notes of aroma.

#### Violets and Roses

Violet -the hero of sentimental entries in a girl's diary Today it is still a violet drop of blood of eternal friendship, sealed with dried petals.

Rose -the flower of love even after death it stores a subtle scent of past moments in dried petals, but the touch crushes memories

# Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Hauntingly Designed

Across the ocean. Beneath the clouds. Looking inward, outward.

Haunting.

Looms the past, the present, Ever always, images of a river flowing. Filled with history, family, passion, art.

Design.

The drumbeat of the land Hot, cold, heart-painted, passionate. Spirit-filled-colors frame the canvas. Pigmented.

Hauntingly.

Originality coils, snakes Like a ancient river. Prepared It forcefully flows, springs forth.

Designed.

#### Traversed

Like the highest Of mountains climbed Or the deepest waters forged, Yours, mine. Ours is a friendship wrought From traversing, together Poetry and prose. How has the grace Of time passed, Treasured, valued, Unsurpassed. Sublime. Our finest wines Poured out, freely East to west, West to east: Both ways. Mutual respect lingers Along with admiration. Ours, a friendship Like poetic second skin. Friend to friend.

#### A Poet's Rose

At the introspective age Of forty four or forty five, Maria heard the beckoning call Of "Self-discovery."

Like a greedy little child, Innocent, with conscious Remaining virginally mute, She abandoned all caution.

And hastily, flying away, Left all behind. Desperate in the hope Of finding a special identity.

Above and beyond The rugged mountain tops, High on turbulent clouds Of euphoria, Maria soared.

Intoxicated, inebriated, Crisscrossing dark holes, Weight of responsibility suddenly Clipped her uncertain wings.

Hesitating, despondent, yet With resolve, determination won; And our sweet Maria's fragrance Succumbed like a faded rose.

On recrimination's knees, filled with remorse, she prayed for relief. Then, profusely, accepting pardon, She reached out with gladness.

In the expansive garden of self Maria tilled deeply its soil, And there found growing, her voice As intoxicatingly-perfumed as any rose.

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# Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

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

#### A gift from the wind

Just at noon TV keeps telling news of typhoon The terrible "Through-heart Typhoon" with a 13-level wind I can't help but tremble The next day, that call by grandmother The roof of my old home was gone A few days later With mom and dad Lying on the bed that was over a hundred years old We all were looking at the sky In addition to the wall of mud bricks around The original roof was empty A surprise never felt before Endless sky Full of stars The whole family were busy counting the countless flashes completely forgot We were The victims of Typhoon MEGI

#### The ants are so happy

Mommy Mommy Birthday today Go nowhere Just lie in the yard Daddy cut a plate of big pears Want me to take it to mommy My little hand is not strong enough Dropped the pears all over the floor

Mommy is not angry at all Touching my hair and is still smiling Oh, my little baby You don't need to worry Bring the rest to Mommy Let the rest lying on the ground be there in a moment We will very quickly have a group of Joyous ants

#### Grandpa's loofah shed

The row of camphor trees beside the house The year I was born Grandpa planted it by hand Has grown up like me Green branches and leaves stretch around Interconnected in a circle summer When the sun hangs high in the sky Spitting out air is like coming from a stove Grandpa set up a loofah shed Under the only cool shade On the one hand you can enjoy the cool On the one hand waiting for the harvest When he lies under the loofah shed Looking at the loofahs one by one He will smile to me Those naughty loofahs Very much like you of a little child who has not grown up

# Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

#### Mentor Mundara Koorang

indigenous, aboriginal artist from eora- sydney people elder, multi talented in his artwork reflecting aboriginal cultural influence patterns, colors, shapes, figures his gifts shared with his people as a actor included young aboriginal youth in his films exposing them to the world of film making activist from strong roots always lifting up his people who have been brutalized by a racist, supremist regime for many years as to be controlled, marginalized deprived of rights that are reserved only for so called white Australians of European descent his art extends to photography writing, educating aboriginal cultural ethics and perspectives a gem in the aboriginal community this multi talented humanitarian.

#### race no race

oh mankind made you into tribes and nations said the lord cee? heed word of the lord cee? that you may know one another not despise one another that you may know one another not despise one another it may come as a suprise race no race only nations, tribes this how mankind is comprised the best of you are the most devoted to me said the lord listen people to the wahi cee? revelation it means describing true history humanbeings who better could describe origin of humanity then he who created you and me no mention of race not so much as a trace the big lie falls on it's face as it's designer disgraced yes this lie the devil creates Race No Race, Race No Race, Race No Race Big lie to divide this word to be despised has come in disguise as a fact but this a lie to be attacked. sent back to the one who comes from the back

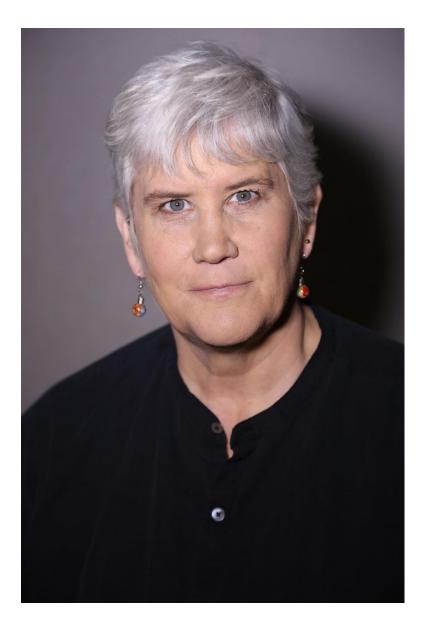
to lead mankind astray take truth away oh mankind i made you into tribes and nations to know one another not despise one another beauty in diversity, identity all tribes, nations all mankind but remember the best of you are most devoted have you heard this, Race No Race, Race No Race.

### Demanded in full

fits like this foot in shoe do what you must do to restore truth justice due trust truth through testing you see what you do when hardship hits you revealing real you exposing fake posing no suprise how creame rise to the top disguise stops when giving the trust to do what you must pick up the slack for the rest of us cast in the roll to be the one to make folks whole like restitution pays what's owed. then y'all know how justice flo so don't trip on the glow, glitter that Shaitan throws as the saying goes " all that glitter ain't gold " y'all stop, listen up that's truth, justice rising to the top.

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## Kimberly Burnham



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

### Golden Light

Creative color from within the center of a conscious mind blue legs ready a taut body swift on a sea of red traveling a golden path in through the viewer's eyes touching consciousness lighting the spark anew amid red and blue spirals

### Symbols of Life Creating Reality

A snake, a turtle, and a kangaroo

hop into a painting

out of a man's intellect

life is no joke

where symbols abound

#### Well Fed on Peace

What are we well fed on what emotion or state of being comes most often in Warlpiri, an indigenous language of Australia "iawa-nyinami" means peace and "jantukula" is peaceful "pukurlpa" suggests many things peace, happy, content, satisfied, and well fed all nuances of one word while "kalypapayi" describes a way to be habitually at peace one like me who prefers not to fight

# elizabeth e. Castillo



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

#### Web links:

#### Facebook Fan Page

#### https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

#### Dream to Be Free

He dreamt of becoming free From a world which casts him out A free spirit, he was a captive Pleading for mercy He dreamt of running free To live in another lifetime Where he truly belongs.

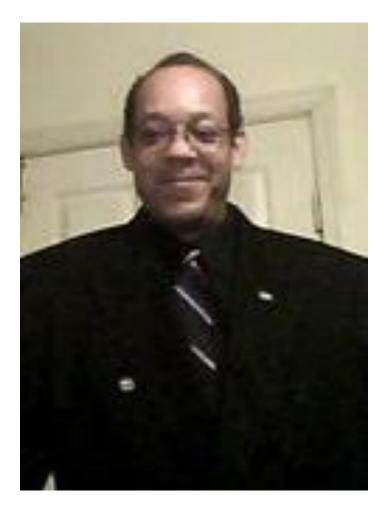
### Canvass

The arid air smells of melancholy Like a ship wrecked, out of direction Sailing against the tide Fighting the ebb and flow of life I hear your voice from a distance But suddenly, I was awakened And realized it was just a memory A memory of your serene face Your kind eyes, your sweet gaze That look of innocence.

#### Field of Memories

In a frenzy, Engulfed in oblivion Sinking deep In the abyss of memories Of yesteryears Seeking you In every person I meet Field of memories Fragments of time Enveloped by dreams of forever.





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 a with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

#### What A Beautiful Tapestry

Where do I display such a lovely art piece? Which wall could hold the space? Where grubby hands are free?

I can't afford the loss of space, Nor do I have room for an altar. I remember plastic covered furniture That never got sat on by the elders.

I can see the artists vision, Mundara Koorang, I believe his name is. What I can't see is beyond the borders of a tapestry.

An aboriginal original dedicated to teaching youths. But the borders of circles in yellow, purple and blues. You interpret for you; I interpret the hues. I've found the perfect spot for my tapestry in the center of my room.

#### Time Space Continuum

I've watched them grow from tot to old. Nothing ever changes but time. I've made a few notches in this world tho cold I still haven't made up my mind.

Sound travels, light travels, life exists in experiments Where's the formular for normal behavior. Are we really ever near to it?

Am I scared of it; I don't fit any molds "mind made"? Human life share the studies of some animals. Some folk act like we're still in caves.

I don't do structure well. While some folks adhere to timelines. If my calculations are right, I've held on to a young mind.

Everything ages from the second it's born. I've watched children grow to have children. If it's so basic to procreate, do we regulate who shouldn't?

Time space continuum, how can we continue them. The changes, Those choices, the infamous voices The voice of the voiceless, even the worst of us. Cling to a prescribed life, but not I.

Everything is new to me, and everything gets old I can only be true to me; the rest gets stories told.

# Summer Ends

The warm weather feels good. They say it's okay to mingle. Company came by to just say hi. I say, it was nice to see you.

It's not the same anymore As the leaves are turning quickly. Masks are more or less a fashion statement The whole world seems so sickly.

Two people got stung with summer fun One by wasp, one by bee. I sprayed the nest with a power shot But nature is always free.

Clumps of green are turning brown And orchids are falling and eaten I saw a deer across the road On orange blossoms she was feasting.

Three grills for free meals, the take home crew is here. They'll feed their children for the following week And drink up all my beer.

School is going to start again, with the air not sure or certain. Summer ends as the flu begins. Another bout could mean curtains. hülya n. yılmaz



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

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

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

# A Poem Trilogy to Honor Mundara Koorang

#### Thunder Snake

1952. The Eora. Australia, the birthplace of and home to approximately 864,200 aboriginal peoples. Mundara Koorang is born. The snake is his totem.

Years later, his is a prominent name. Thunder Snake . . .

develops into an artist, actor, author, a designer and a teacher. He sates a primary passion through his dedication to education. Furthermore, he is committed to mentoring troubled or underprivileged youth. He spreads his consciousness of the dire necessity to control one's own destiny.

In and beyond the Eora of Australia, Indigenous people begin to take possession of their own destinies. Literacy is no longer one of the unattainable luxuries.

# The Gamilaroi

I imagine a river where all my ancestors were born. I imagine a river which I can visit time and time again. I imagine a river where the living and the deceased conjoin as kin spirits, as united energies.

River Barwon is that place for this trilogy's Honoree.

I imagine Thunder Snake who was born to the Gamilaroi. I imagine the banks of Barwon in the Brewarrina Shire. I imagine he is reunited there with all his ancestors in spirit. I imagine that historically distinguished area of Australia where each of them began their life.

I imagine being at River Barwon.

I imagine sensing the energies of the Honoree's deceased.

I imagine meeting Thunder Snake in person.

I imagine attending one of his courses.

I imagine him teaching me how to take control of my own destiny.

I am, after all, also a person who exists in the third space . . . culturally.

# "Dreamtime"

Come!

Come one, come all! Whether you are a child or an adult, come and witness the visual and writing artistry of Mundara Koorang, today's Honoree! If nothing else, please take a look at *The Little Platypus and the Fire Spirit*, a critically acclaimed children's book. Come and enjoy his own illustrations, among other small and big written beauties.

Come! Come one, come all! Take a magical and informative trip to the "Dreamtime" along the "Dreamtime". No matter what's our age, we all are in dire need for a fantasy.





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

# Platypus Dream

She dreams of the Platypus every night running through the meadow next to the farm. One night she decides to follow it in the tall grasses glowing under the starlight.

Suddenly she stops and spiritual fire surrounds the meadow. She hears a tender voice speak in her head.

It is your time. Go forth and savor the ecstatic beauty of planet earth. Time is running out for destructive humans. Kiss the earth with love before you leave for the heavenly planes.

She awakens to mornings light with a glowing smile on her face.

# Fire Ring

I draw a circle around the fire ring with my faithful hiking pole and bow my head low before the sacred purple moon.

Gratitude rushes through my veins. The swell of peace surrounds my heart. I am blessed with a spiritual moon.

Forgiveness washes my bones clean. I glow before the night fire. My soul is awakened to listen.

Distant memories linger as water ripples massage my ears with songs of peace, joy and love.

Solitude enfolds me like a warm blanket sitting by the creek of reflection. My tears sing back the joy I feel from the water singing my name.

# Following My Tears

I smell my tears in the darkness. No one told me fear brings blindness. I must release fear and open my eyes in the dark to reach the easy pathway.

I follow the scent of my tears. Light overtakes my body, makes me adjust my eyes. I see for the first time in the dark void life floating pass me like a river's flow.

I can choose to step in anytime readiness tickles my feet to move. It is the sweet scent of my tears that sustain me. A special gift of love from Spirit. 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.

#### Full Circle For Mundara Koorang

Like a flute player charming a snake let people feel the weight of who you are and let them deal with it.

In the meantime like a cloud in blue sky you keep on moving forward with your passions.

Gracefully unfold your layered heart spread wings wide soar like an eagle.

Sprinkle the heavens with rainbow of colors blue, azure and come back full circle to the earth.

# Soft Touch

If you wish to love me then accept me as I am and nothing else.

If you like to trust me then believe in me for no reason at all.

If you want to caress me then touch me with your eyes without asking why?

Because one day my love will spring, my passion will emerge, my heart will blossom, and my zeal will grow for you.

But if you cannot wait for me then without any hesitation leave me and go away. Because I can create you when I am ready.

# Beauty Lies Within Us

You can find meaning of life only if you create it.

It is not lying out there somewhere to be discovered.

It is within you to bring it out and create it.

It is there like words for a poem and tunes for a song.

It is up to you to compose a poem, to sing a song to give a meaning to life.

Melody of a song, beauty of our deeds, meaning of our life lies within us.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 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 Anacbanua.

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

Links to her works:

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

#### apwriters.org/author/ceri\_naz/

#### www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

# The Bard and The Milady (Part 1)

The bard once penned "poetry, wine and chants" for his voluptuous muse as gorgeous as Marilyn Monroe, reminiscing his amaranthine lines the milady interrupts: Indulge and set back... "Syrah, bold and rich red Zinfandel, aged indigenous oak Malbec, full-bodied, deep red Merlot, find some exotic ducks to pair, Sauvignon Blanc, light, dry and crisp white wine," My love, which does your heart delights for?" Finally answered, "Give me some light and lines" The milady, in velvet red, Kissed her, a poem sublime.

#### In her eyes

In the morning, she wakes up Hiding her shadow like gilded little sun Then poke her parents' eyes. She lifts those tiny legs To kick the hanging dreamcatcher, Reflects a silly face In the mirror towards the bedroom wall. Ta-ta-ta, counting bananas while watching The musical Barney, Her smiles paint fire, Her yells bear wind, Her shallow tears sail innocence In the river of my soul.

# spring's secret lullaby

waiting for the pearly morn cascading with infinite dew drops crystalline symphonies on the clouds whispering silver charming flames a song bird singing merry silhouettes in the majestic hours of spring with you by my side is a dream like secrets lulling mellow chants while dancing to life's windmills of chance

# 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

#### each dot is a foot print

each dot dances each dot speaks each dot is a figure our ancestor's footsteps are dots look up the sky and stars shower justice to our land each rain drop is their blessing

each dot sings each dot dreams each dot is a Sun each dot is life that reflects existence

just join the dots to make a wing shine in the horizon speak your existence each dot is the replica of time

only a single dot..... from heaven .....

#### disaster in the courtyard

there is a disaster a caterpillar crawling the lizard on the bloody cot tea cups scattered on the ground no conversation none is chewing sugarcane no fire in the cooking place the pet dog is dying there certainly, a disaster last night a broken lantern, a torn door screen split of bangles, couple of holes of the bullets on the door the cows are scared, no fodder in their monger who is the intruder? the terrorists, the rapist or the drug mafias the small girl peeping stunned the only eye witness to record the bloody history everything is dark the courtyard that conducts rituals from birth to death marriage to sickness no aroma of tandoori roti and dal makhana a stoic silence a frog croaking outside a house gives shelter to many journey of money or honey seniors or kids; a sweet family the nucleus of existence basks inner light yes, the last rituals of vermilion or turmeric jasmines fragrances courtyard reflects seasons in multiple colours

so also, when the martyr's body covered with tricolour flags alas! there is a disaster is in this courtyard .....

*N.B;- Tandoori Roti and Dal Makhani are the popular cuisines.* 

#### just now what I remember

the lush pasture green grass swings of aerial roots of the banyan tree in my village that is my mother Nature

have you seen ants in lines carrying sugar cubes or rice grains heavier than their weight bigger than their size

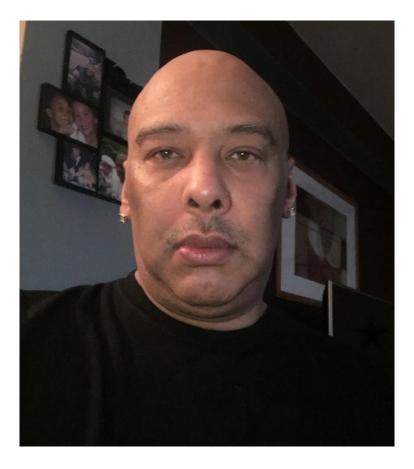
just now what I remember is my father's walking stick that stands as a full stop to every vice.

intoxicated right side road of my age archetypal tantrums call it a sky ,an ocean or any name it is the synonym of confidence

just now what I remember it's crescent moon smile

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Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

#### Infinite Poetry

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

#### Mundara Koorang

Mundara is an Australian Aboriginal artist, designer, teacher, actor and author from Eora.

He used all of his talents as an educator since he is an indigenous elder.

Mundara Koorang wanted successful education for his people so they can be all they wanted to be,

not just because they should, but because he believed that was their destiny.

he alone was responsible for over 800 people attending schools and universities

Literature and art both were used so he can paint visual and mental pictures.

He is well known, not just in his community but internationally.

He is a leader,

his work paved the way for the future,

His practices opened the doors for other indigenous artist in Australia.

### Why

Why did he do it From where I am, I can rewind time and see his every action I'm studying him to understand why He wakes up in the morning, kisses his wife and three baby's, just as I did I'm watching him get dressed for work just as i am It's crazy how two unfamiliar faces are doing the same thing I Different places I put on my work clothes He puts on his ensemble I walk downstairs to check my mail box He carefully walks downstairs, holding his waistline, making sure what he's holding don't drop My car is parked two blocks away, it's at a spot on the corner, so I'm walking There he goes walking my direction stalking I can sense the danger Today we will no longer be strangers I ruffle through my pockets for the keys My window shatters What he had in his waistline is now pointed at me I'm watching myself plead I'm begging him not to shoot He's persistently screaming give me the loot I give it to him, but he still shoots to kill He runs off with what I just got out the mailbox, Which was payroll for my guys He runs back upstairs, with the look of greed in his eyes His wife looks and ask what's wrong He says I just killed to pay our bills Turns out he was recently fired from his nine to five So now I know but still don't understand

Why "I" had to die

#### I u u used to st stu stutter

Some used to laugh at me, hahahah he stutters like Stanley. I wanted to curse them out. but it would've took too long so I bowed my head and walked on in embarrassment, I became really shy, i didn't want any peer acknowledgment, I was scared to speak then deal with the harassment. When in class and the teacher would ask the students a question, in a split second I would know the answer, but i would sit quietly and let my classmates figure it out until one of them minutes later would scream out the wrong answer, usually. When that happened I would pray please please don't let her call on me, But she did. Carrasco can you help us out? N no I I don't know. Damm because I stutter I can't get due credit for knowing that answer. This was my life. Moooom what yo yo you cccoking today? Boy slow down, think before you say what you want to say, take your time!. Moms therapy helped me. i started speaking clearly slowly. My mouth caught up with my brain now I talk like I'm in a speed lane, some people said I talk to fast, now I laughed inside, didn't want to be rude like they was to me, all they saw was me smiling while their brain was stu stuttering





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

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

#### Parallel time

To Mundara Koorangow

With greatness of multicolored dots not from alphabet Braille, Morse, but from aboriginal tradition the painted world of ancient beliefs awes. Ancestral past united with today's day tells a reality.

Parallel time – magic between, what was and what is found.

*Dreamtime* doesn't permit forgetting.

No matter where you will start in your time. What counts is where you'll make it and what you'll hide in memory, to be able to pass on to others.

Translated Ula de B.

#### Deceit

Preoccupied with invoices he didn't hear the deceit. Certain, he can sense who tells the truth, and who's closer to falsehood. He didn't pay attention to the signs. Believing in nonexistence of evil, he trusted his gift of situational assessment.

When he has awoken, he became a homeless ex millionaire, with no chance to return to his familiar, but already lost life.

He whispered to himself: – Don't trust anyone, who's overmuch benevolent. He merely pretends,

to gain, till you have.

Translated Ula de B.

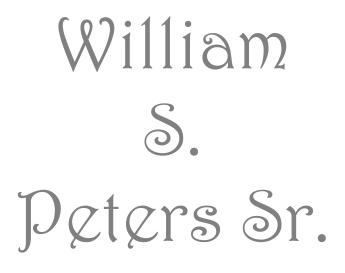
#### Crease

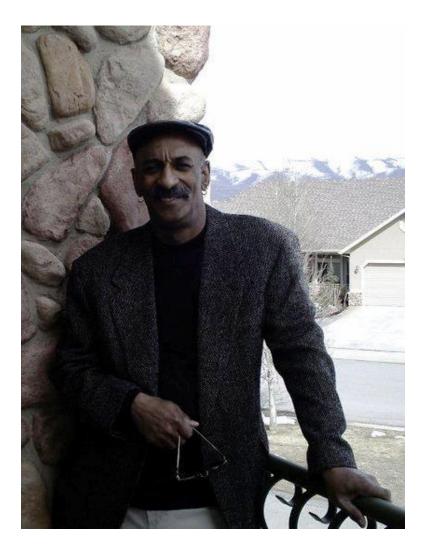
Is there any sense? Maybe just for a try?

Resurrecting friendship is like filling a blown egg. There will always be a gap, void, that will not allow you to return to the state it was before.

An attempt may seemingly succeed, but the painful crease inside will someday resurrect.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

#### An Artist's Breath

Write stories upon the canvass I paint pictures with my written word And my mind is still thirsty, Hungry, To continue its quest Into the unknown

What I gain, I gift What I learn, I teach I have two hands That I may lift you up, For this is the art Of living This is "An Artist's Breath"... Breathe with me

#### paint my dreams

i took my dreams and painted them with the colors of expectations for i wanted to meet them greet them and seat them at the table of my realities

yes

i want to eat with them drink with them discuss the day with them and speak of our love and the certainty of the absence of the hurt in me and the joys of our coming days

a place where our chase of each other has ceased for we are in phase as one and in peace

and after we finish dining we begin refining

our relationship i want to put some music on you know that Cosmic type and i want to dance with my Dreams my Lover of me i wish to swirl and be whirled around as i embrace the sound of the moment

i wish to do a two step or three or more as i have removed the door that once inhibited who i am i want to dance the dance of joy unrestrained never to be contained again

and we will glisten as we listen to the our bonded heart that of every Girl and Boy and the gifts we were born with impervious of the shift we allowed to induce us seduce us by way of our trusts we freely gave to the world

and as the "i" in me heralds in this new thought a perspective of life i have long ago forgotten i realize with open eyes

that i am the artist i am the creator i am the progenitor of what i think i am

and there is no God but i am He who has made me for it was His or Her or whatever you prefer it was the Sources Holy breath that give's me Life and with a rife of attitude and a heart of gratitude i celebrate this day in my way

and know this that it is i who created this palette upon which i mix the colors that i may paint the canvass of my existence as i choose

so excuse me for i refuse to accuse circumstance things and people to inhibit my exhibit of my Self Art and how i elect to paint my dreams

#### It is time

Down by the river Where the sleeping waters lie Where figments of humanity's imagination Dance in the dust, Teasing one and all With ghost-like etheric visions of Justice. Equality, Compassion, Righteousness And unrequited, Unabashed. Unrestrained. Uninhibited. Unafraid . . . Love

I visit this place Every day, With my longing tucked neatly In the hidden Semi-transparent chambers Of my heart

My breast expands with hope And exasperation Conjuring new convoluted devils For my consideration ... Whom shall I follow?

As I hold to the reins tightly So that hate will abate itself

And self-declare its hypocrisy, I smile in the faces Of the virtue-less, For I know They are haunted By their own shadows

I strive for the struggle, Sweating away heavy burdensome concerns, For they 'do' nor service naught

Should a rainbow visit my space, I would probably cloak it In gossamer and lace And put small trinket-like bells On the threads of its presence That I will be alerted Should my private rainbows Attempt to escape Into the dark of the night

I am counting the birds Perched in the trees Chattering and chirping About what, who knows?

Much like man, For reconciliation and resolution For our on-going concerns Again escape our attempts To jail them In our ever moving present

'Now' continues to elude me While continuously and profusely

Licking my brow Telling me the dripping essence Upon my face Is a worthy sweat For which I toiled But me thinks It is my tears Of my ever-flowing lament And melancholy Perhaps if I let enough of them pool Just perhaps We can awaken Those sleeping waters Down by the river Where figments of humanity's imagination Dance in the dust, Teasing one and all With ghost-like etheric visions of Justice. Equality, Compassion, Righteousness And unrequited, Unabashed,

Unrestrained, Uninhibited, Unafraid . . . Love

It is time

# August 2021 Featured Poets



Caroline Laurent Turunc

Kamal Dhungana

Pankhuri Sinha

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick



## Caroling Laurgnt Turunc



Caroline LAURENT Turunc Antakya, Turkey, Arab origin, the daughter of a family of nine children. She started writing at the age of 15. She wrote her first novel at this age and her family did not allow the book to be published, her brother and mother destroyed the manuscript.

This incident did not prevent her from writing more. She has written over 1500 poems since 2013, received many certificates from abroad, and participated in 12 local and foreign anthologies. Her poems have been published in many international journals and sites.

She is writing a novel and is about to finish it soon. She published two poetry books, "Between Oriental and Schemal" and "Desert lily".

She won the second place among 2575 poets from every country during the championship of the world literature in Romania.

She won a prize in the poetry festival held by Yan in China which led her to be selected into the "world poet Literature Museum" built by the Silk Road Cultural Center of Northwest University of China.

She was also a jury member of the Galaxia International Award for unpublished Poetry, 2021 edition in Chile

She is a Turkey-based Humanitarian and represents the u.t.e.f. International foundation in Paris She currently lives in Paris, France

carolineturunc@yahoo.com

#### A Refugee's Diary!

It was a breathless morning, a young man with his hands inside his pockets as if he is cold.

He was looking for a dry place in the streets of a language he did not know.

The hand lines on his palm were erased, his fingers were turned purple.

Even stones with a shadow of the sun on them were luckier than him.

It was as if the sky was blurred, being held by a thread from his entire past.

there was no trace of his habits

He was staring at strange faces like a ship lost at the dock.

It was as if he was looking for the future with hope in the raging polluted sea.

He was a refugee looking for his lost past

It came from photographs that had been erased from timeless calendars by the violence of a hurricane.

Nameless leaves plucked from the branch

Unconscious flying migratory birds disappearing during the day

Like a sycamore tree captive to the shadow's reflection Dwarves trapped inside the mirror among bloodthirsty demons

Who knows why he came to the place where the eternal sun turns yellow?

Just like my father's face, his face is grounded

A shiver got me!

Death came to my mind.

what were their sins - what were their sins so much that they were dragged from the land of their birth?

Were the streets crooked or were the lamps without light?

In the scorching summer sun, my heart turned cold like winter.

the wind was blowing me

I looked at his face, his smile, his eyes were dark.

I raised my hand and said "hey, I know how you feel, I've been down these roads too, I've been a refugee in soul more than in my body".

While I was eating at those crowded tables, it suddenly came to my mind and I went to the days when we were not satisfied with what was on our plate.

How the time passed, I was startled by a voice, the police asked me to show my ID, so I put my hand insidemy bag, grabbed my ID and showed it to them. My eyes filled with tears when I remembered of the things I went through to have this card.

I left all my loved ones without looking back, it was so heavy that I missed asking my mother whether she loves me more than my brother.

I miss the days when my mother could not bear to beat me and cry, those days come back and my mother beat me again

I'm crying now I have no one to cry with me

I looked around again, my eyes searched for that young man, it had never rained so differently in the rains.

It smells of a wind that I've never known before As if at a turning point Or was it a dream, in the middle of my brain

Was it the game of unstable seasons caused by poverty?

Living in a twelve square meter room from the big house of a large family

The room has no ceiling, the walls are pale, if a light breeze blows the door will fly.

Yes, I was a refugee; each of us comes from a land of sorrow.

We fell into poverty. Strangers to each other.

If I were a god for a day, I would plant the seed of immortality.

From moldy vases to flower pots, to every garden of every house

May the earth not miss that crazy smell of death

O supreme soul that makes my body tremble with every breath I take"

Farewells should not be premature, those strange flowers should not adorn the tops of the chests.

Crying children.

The streets waiting for refugees

Caroline Laurent Turunc 13/06/2021 PARIS

#### Don't Kill Silent Languages !

When I walk away from my sadness Minions, horses, crawls, caresses, hits Even if my heart is choking I find a way to get it But you're drowning. How many mornings did I wake up I'm listening to the confusion Nobody knocks on my door Why am I someone who loves cats I know i am I'm not satisfied without cat and love At the deciduous end of my days without such resistance on our most complicated path If I don't resist the rain and the cloud is quiet the night before the morning preparations, if you don't resist Denying three lonely cats above the clouds without knowing their names Strolling on orchids When they have the right to fly like a sparrow while breathing like you and me Nobody is sweeter than this bird Blue and bluebird in paradise That ties a bead to each feather The roofs were orphans, the streets were like stepchildren without cats, now I'm like a stupid gazelle lover Ahu, without the eyes of chimpanzees jumping from branch to branch. Count me as a lonely necked cat, somehow I have a mouth and no tongue. This was not a story. I said did you listen to me, nobody looked at me Should he hide or say; everything is empty

There was neither that house, nor that day, nor the cat. Except for muddy rivers

I look like a shore in the shade of red tiles

on the scattered roofs of his village. And in the spring chaos of rain clouds

Birds were placed on the shore of a passing lake, no one left anymore, the silence swallowed all their joyful voices Caroline Laurent Turunç PARİS

#### Bloody Virus!

In my heart I have all the documents of your eyes Will not rot with wet, fragrant violets Some daffodils from neighboring mountains A little star falling from the sky To melt a cloud of snow into my heart Far from the sun, the moon, the fire I'm so tired with the shroud on me

the curvature of the light was the sun I don't know if my defeat is now a victory Who is this sky and why is it unattended? I apologize to the world in my conscience How stubborn is the smoke from yellowed horizons Humanity was not so arrogant when the pharaoh descended on the ground of persecution your brightness, darkness, splendor lover

The vampire that makes the bloody fuck shiver How sweet you are with your two purple eyes Beyond the red sea The mass that walks like a dead Cover the earth, cover the particles of hypocrisy Their filth is rippling, those who don't care about the overflowing laments Cover up all calamities, their stomachs low, poisonous

They ate from open tables without chewing Seven colors in one sitting Come brother come blessed Running, resisting, saving is our passion He's got balls of cruelty, he's got bayonets, his eyes are stabbing

Country shattered for a bloody crown Cut the chains connecting the hand and arm Get away from the strong and the bad

Carnations planted in destruction look miserable in pain and anguish Street of dreams is not real Fill old warehouses and rundown cellars to be repaired Traitors roll for wine, laugh, cry for hypocrites Let the migration from the earth to the sky begin None of them have a profession, no virtue, no legitimacy No different from a prostitute

## Kamal Dhungana



Kamal Dhungana was born in India in 1994, but he is a citizen of Nepal, Kamal has studied up to Inter second year

Kamal says he has been writing poems for 5 to 6 years now. Apart from poetry, he also writes ghazals and short stories. Some of my poems have been published from Vietnam, Bangladesh, China, Serbia, Spain, India, Egypt, Roman, Palestine, Indonesia and Nepal.

After some time now, I am bringing a collection of poems to the market.

Kamal Dhungana Tikapur Kailali Nepal Email: <u>kamaldhungana860@gmail.com</u>

#### People are not the same

Cover people to be the same Not just together Do people have to agree to be the same? The idea has to be agreed. Nobody agrees with anyone here Here one does not count the other as human People don't even have human blood That is why people are not the same.

When the flood of last year washed away my house My neighbors took me to my house one day No one told me to stay Even after hearing the news that I am homeless, my relatives They never came to see me That's why I've never been around them Maybe I wasn't like them Maybe we weren't the same creature ....

If people were the same Why did people get beaten up for touching water? Why women sold in the room Did you have to live like an animal? Why did people enslave people? People are not really the same People don't even get people's blood If found, my pregnant mother You didn't have to die at a young age without getting O positive blood.

### Hunger

I know the government I am illiterate, I am uneducated My father told me to teach He must have been living in the house of the chief. My mother told me to teach at the chief's house She must have wiped the broom. He must have fed me even though he was hungry I cried and cried when I was hungry But, my parents are hungry Crying in front, screaming? Government to tell who is hungry?

Because of the huge mountain of poverty I couldn't read, even though I wanted to There were no opportunities to study on scholarships The fire in the hungry stomach has never been extinguished My father was drenched in sweat all day long When I return home tired in the evening My eyes weep late into the night I don't sleep all night when my mother is hungry. I know - I was burning with hunger My father and mother, who look twice as good as me The fire that burns in the hungry stomach every day I have seen - innumerable mothers like my mother She is sucking her breasts on her hungry stomach in the street I have seen - lust for a loaf of bread Hungry faces doing ..

How long will the government be cheap? Sweat dripping, wages?

How long will the wages be? How long will you continue to shed blood and sweat in foreign lands?

Weaving thousands of dreams to come for how long Foreigners in the red box?

How long will the stitches of millions of women be asked? How long will the society not get mourners?

How long will the government school be built in my village?

How long can you get employment in the country by studying?

How long do you have to sleep hungry?

And when the government is reduced to hunger Number of suicides?

### Then the doorbell rang

I found out then The thing about not coming back after you're gone How many nights when I look at your way After I slept soundly

I don't sleep Pillow never shed tears Wet was not wet I sleep every night after you leave Pillow who never got wet in bed They started getting wet every night

I did not know Most of all, looking for someone's way It is a difficult task, even a day seems like a year

I found out after you left What is emptiness? Nowadays, my bedroom is no less than a secluded forest Life I live, life does not seem

It's been a long time since the doorbell rang at home Not a few fingers ringing the doorbell There are strong eyes watching your path There is a life waiting for you And there are loud ears, hoping for the doorbell to ring

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# Pankhuri Sinha

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Pankhuri Sinha is a bilingual poet and story writer from India, who has lived in North America for 14 years and has two books of poems published in English, two collections of stories published in Hindi, five collections of poetries published in Hindi, with many more lined up. Has won many prestigious, national-international awards, has been translated in over twenty two languages. Her writing is dominated by themes of exile and immigration, gender equality and environmental concerns.

### Wander

Walk again Wander In the alleys of other people's home For it is another gorgeous fall day The colors They change each day Deepen, darken Leaves crunch under your feet Leaves fall around you Trees bare themselves Brace for winter An year is about to pass Walk again In the alleys of other people's home Or just sit and type Sit here, yes, right here Type Imprint Document Tell us, they say Of their torture Send us evidence Send them The story of what's happening But whats happening You type and type Get nowhere The tv **Right** infront Shows all about tracking Tracking through phone calls Devices

Police gadgets Apparatus But sit and type Of how the surveillance around you works Type with untrimmed nails Type before trimming them Cutting your nails Little things, no colors No polish No rings No promises Vacant empty fingers With the metaphor of nail trimming Cutting, having become very large In the language of espionage Some said, some felt Nails of people Digging occasionally in your flesh Your own being pulled out Are they? Or anytime now? All gone? Fall leaves Yet another fall day Wander Or type some more Just taking notes Recording Data collection almost Of perpetrated torture Inflicted Imposed Inescapable Permeating Suffocating

Torture Or walk again In the alleys of other people's homes For you lost your own But you live here too Renting a flat or a room Who makes it then A purpose out of fighting landlordism?

### That poem

That poem Will have to be written elsewhere And on another day Although she very much wanted to write it In that lounge Of that restaurant It was an all day buffet Actually And spoke to her current hunger Very loudly Spoke of her current status Of an emaciated Devastated Immigration warrior A status She had described Narrated To the lady Posing As the landlady Very aptly As precisely As there were words Around and available And was heartbroken again As the lady Subletting the apartment Had so calmly Picked up All of these brochures And coupons Of restaurants

And all other food chains Dear Suzannah 21 With pictures of what was called Fast food Not even crawling towards her All opportunities Coming so slow She feared She will die before redemption Will never be able to walk To that counter That will say You have been hired Will say it In valid paperwork While the lady Spreading the coupons On all purchases Talked of how the buffet Was quite average Not too great But alright And she found herself Lapsing into that silence Which forbade all responses Not being able to leave That zone of lonely silence Not being able to reach out And across Fenced in Barricaded And building more To never break out of To never breakthrough

But the current stalemate

Had simply to do With some sort of a negotiation Not even negotiation No great big deals Simple talk over chore sharing Little dusting Little collected dust Gigantic grievances Over specks of dust Not being addressed Left to accumulate With a viewpoint Dogmatic Heavy handed With a viewpoint That took all its angles From the top And believed in cutting off The supply lines Believed in pulling the rug From under someone's feet Believed in making them fall Falter Spoke bad army language And for sure Got its re-enforcements From many powerful places Offices Of culture and learning.

### At home

Stuck At home Again Shifting between salt and sugar Resisting one more bite of chocolate When sweet seems salvation All thoughts centered around coco powder And the means to acquire it With the hopes of making someday Home made chocolates A nice point to be in A nice cave to be in Not comprehending the violence around Not comprehending violence at all Mixed often, with news from the drug world With talk about the drug world Those who ran And those who perished in it Those who stood at its frontier Unclear talk about the drug world Also carried out over people's medications Prescriptions Around the sales in the over the counter pills aisles Sometimes a very silent kind of store violence Visible but not audible And then just plain, simple violence In and out of the store On the benches in the smoking area On the benches in the parks And in the parks with no benches And all of this airy, breezy conflict Conditional to weather

A life totally weather dependent Put under house arrest

Made to move Just so many times Impossible to keep track of all my papers The one with chocolate recipes Poems of chocolate cravings Important papers Not just ids But maps of writings To be expanded upon All packed in suitcases And so unsettled Impossible to elaborate upon Impossible to bring to life Clicking pictures of coco beans In a mall Being the liveliest sheet of paper The shiniest To look and look again Stuck at home Trapped in a war over coco With all sense of speed Even movement Left outside In the great outdoors.

# Paramita Mukherjee Mullick



Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick is a scientist transformed into a poet. She has six published books. She is the Founder President of the Intercultural Poetry and Performance Library Mumbai Chapter where she promotes fusion of poetry with other performing arts. Her poems have been translated into 39 languages. Paramita has been blessed with numerous awards for her poetry which are as follows:

> Sahitya Shree Sahityan Samman Sahitya Bhushan Master of Creative Genius Nobel Laurate Rabindranath Tagore Award, Poetess of Elegance 2019 Literoma Author Achiever 2020 SLF Excellence Award

In the World Congress of 2019, she received the Gold Rose from MS Productions, Buenos Aires for promotion of literature and culture. She does a lot of peace poetry events and received a recognition from the World Literary Forum of Writers and Human rights. Paramita believes in positivity and finds silver linings in every cloud of gloom. She lives in Mumbai, India with her husband and daughter.

### The Search For Completeness

The new mother looks at the smile of her child. Her heart fills with joy. The new human fills her heart. A happiness more than any jazzy toy.

A mother and wife, looks after her family. Feeds them and lovingly them nourish. Selfless, compassionate and kind. Her happiness to see her children and husband flourish.

A father and a husband, toils the whole day.To make the family prosperous and comfortable.Only others in his mind when working hard.Bringing his family members in the forefront and making them able.

The giving of oneself to another. An emotion which is all above. The search for completeness ends with this emotion. It is the definition less, fathomless love.

### Impermanence

The yellow leaves on the branch became yellow and fell off.

Green new leaves sprouted on the branch again.

A brief shower of rain quenched the thirst of the earth.

The sweet-smelling earth heaved a sigh of relief.

The kingfisher fleeted by, here it was and then lost from sight.

Its dazzling colours lingering in my eyes.

Suddenly the melodious music from the flute player on the street.

Arouses my senses and I get immersed in that music.

Such is the magic of impermanence.

The short spell enchants us.

A brief encounter with a stranger,

May lead to a beautiful friendship.

These moments are to be cherished and preserved.

Time for such beautiful moments to be reserved.

### When I Will Meet You

When I will meet you one day.

You will look into my eyes and what will you say?

Will you welcome me with open arms?

## Remembering

### our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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### World Healing World Peace 2020



### Poets for Humanity

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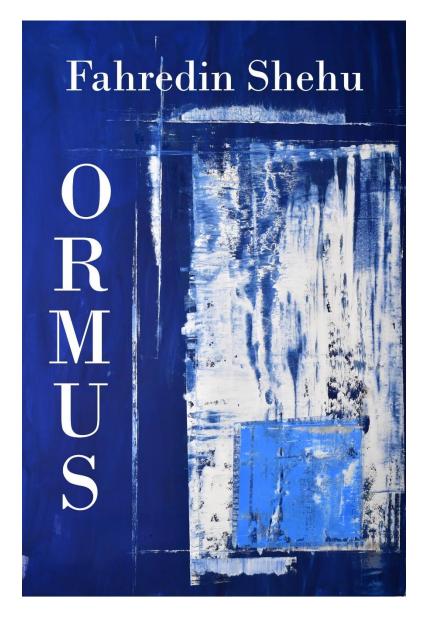
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Poetry Posse Members

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.

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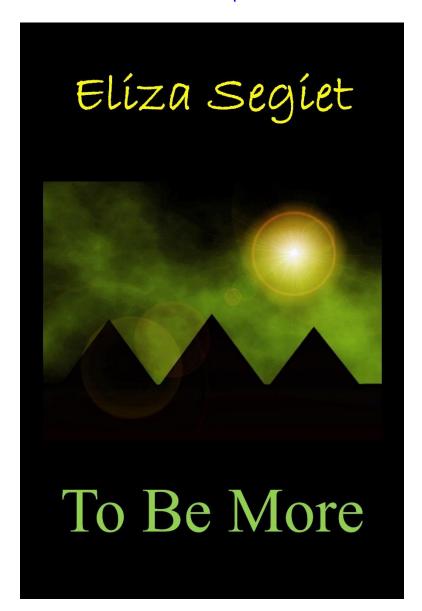
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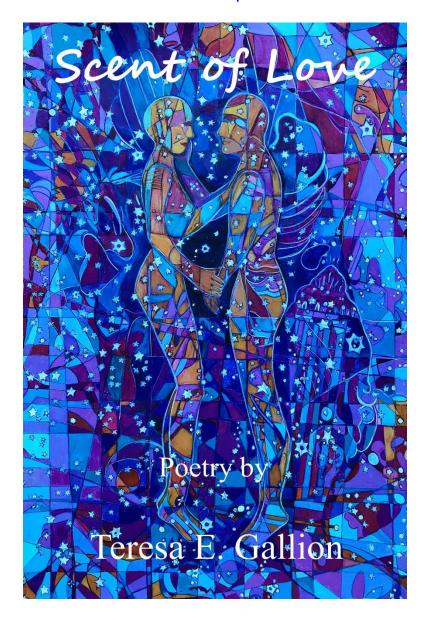
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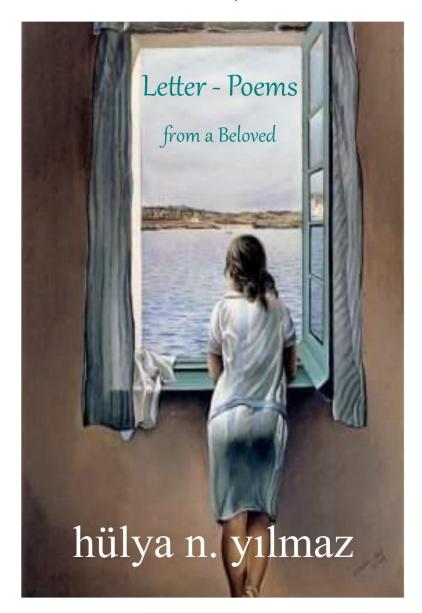


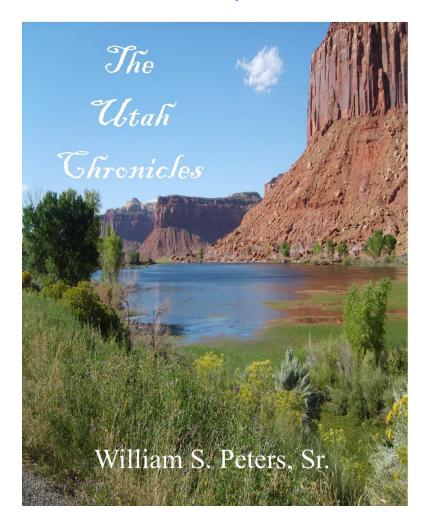
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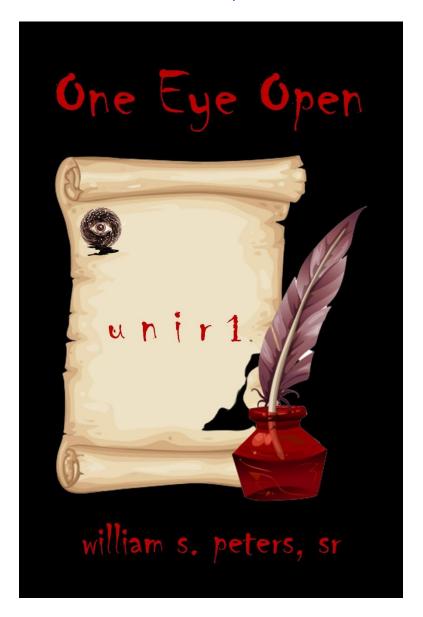
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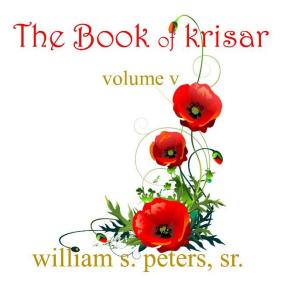








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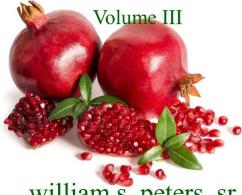
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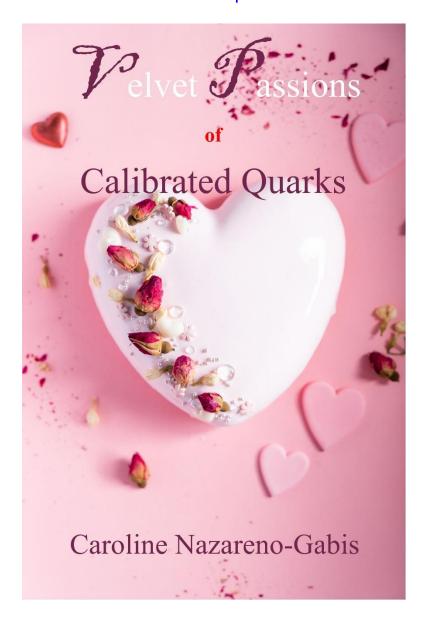
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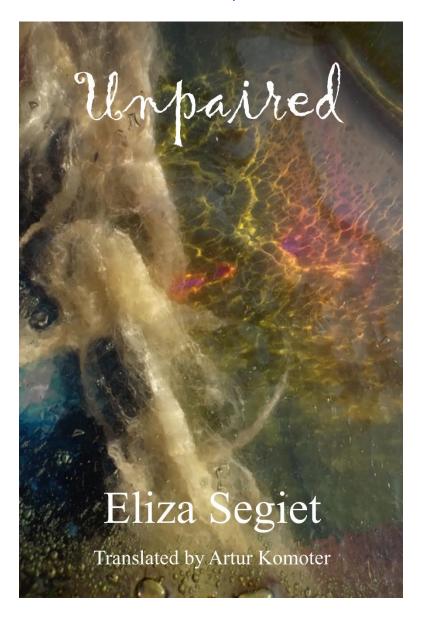
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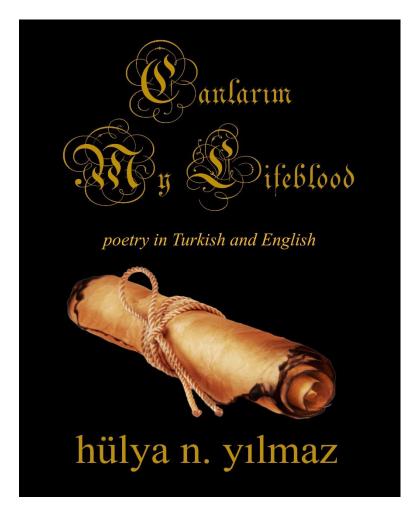
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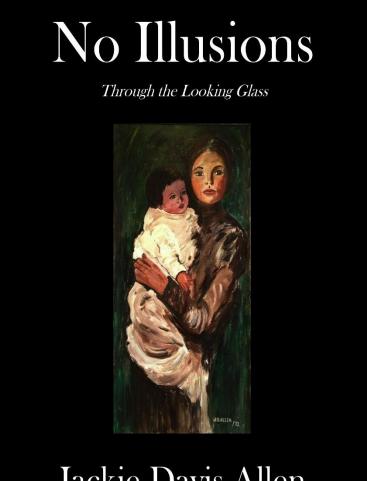




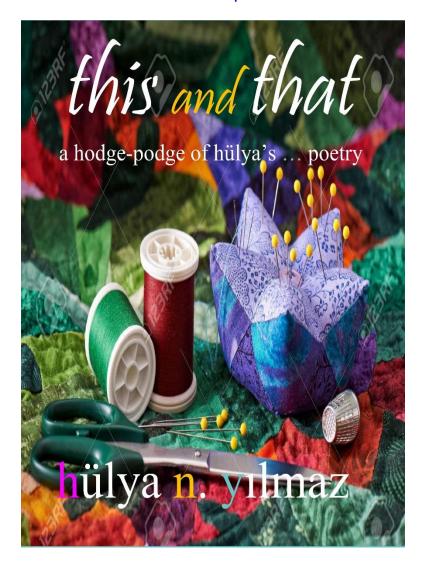
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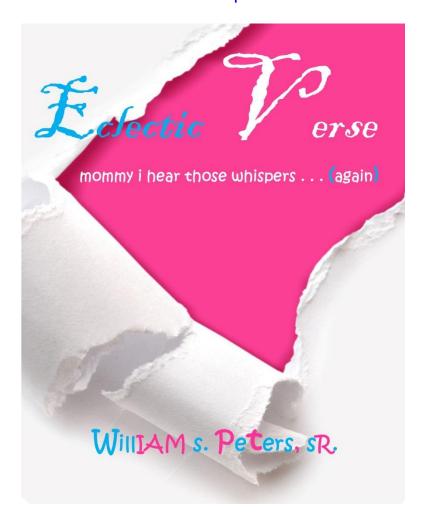
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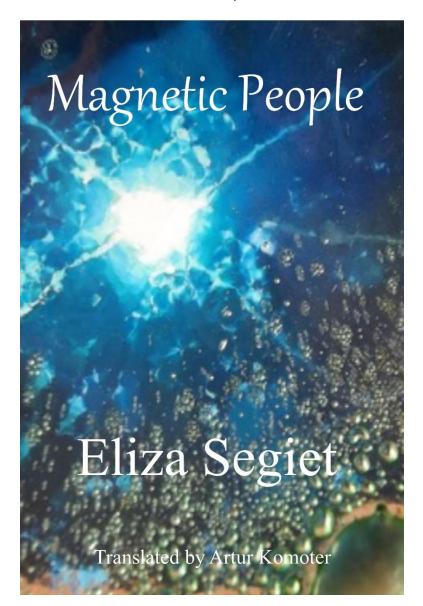


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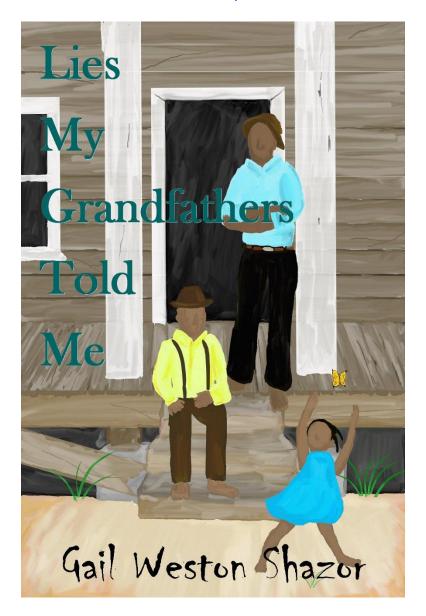
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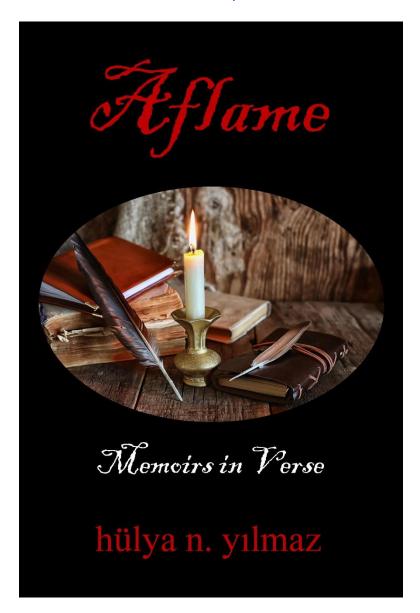


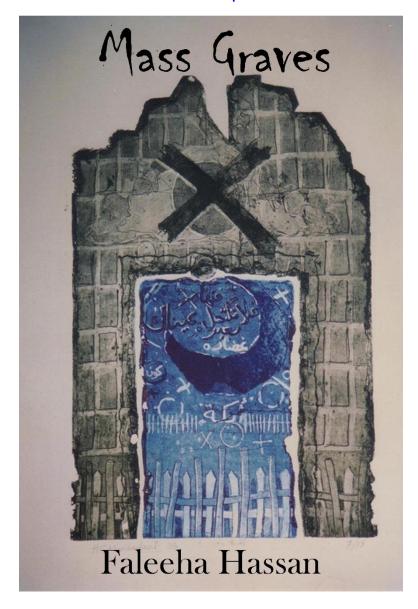
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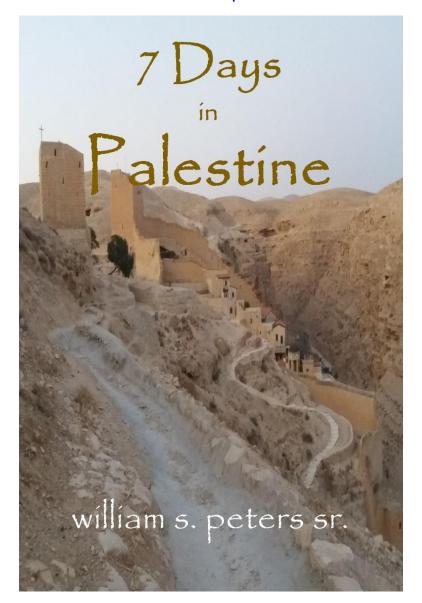
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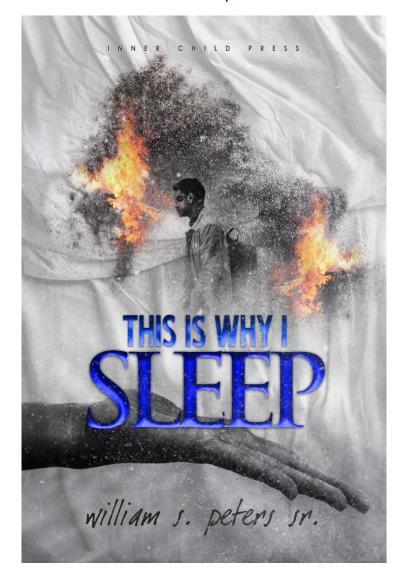
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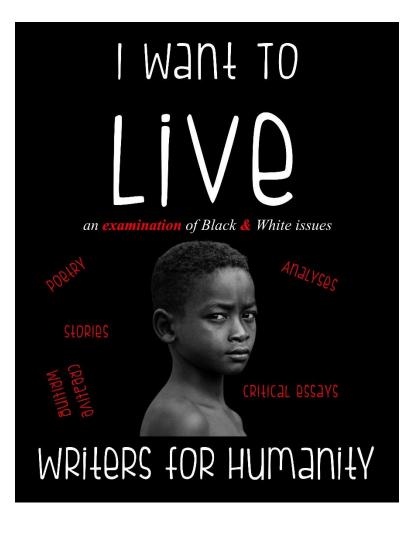
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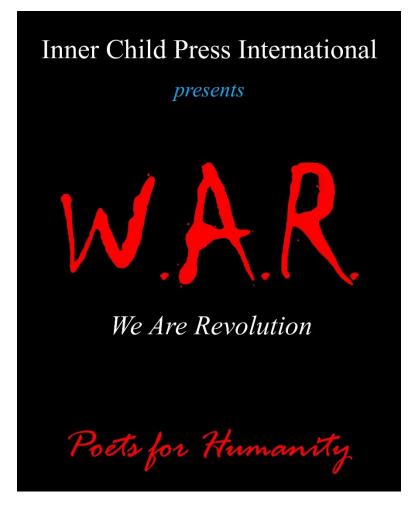
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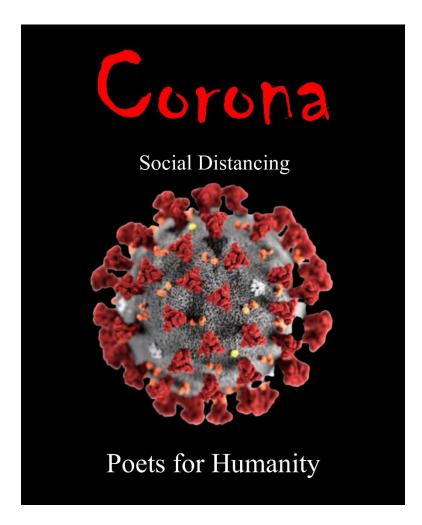


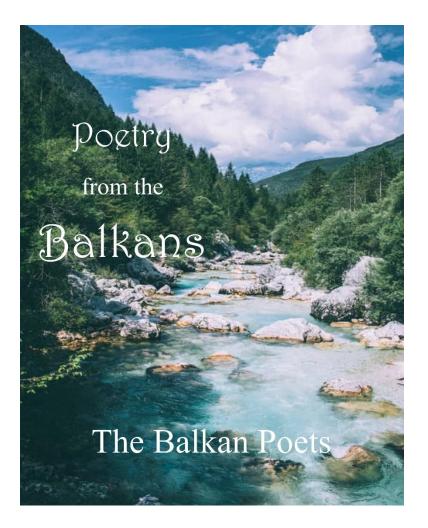


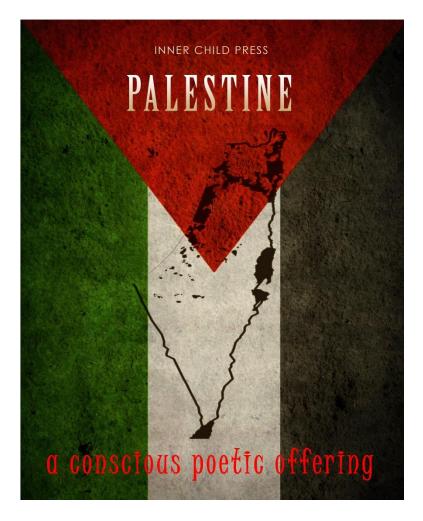


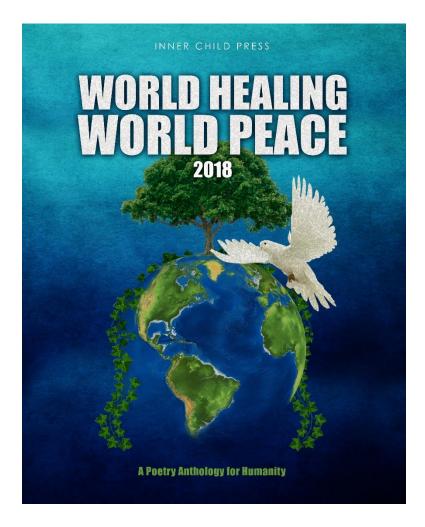
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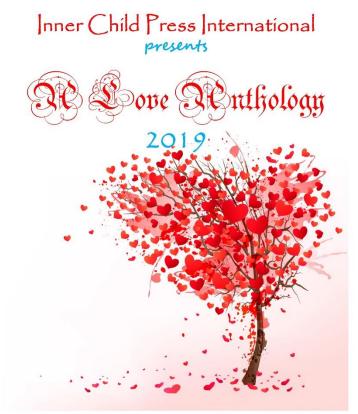
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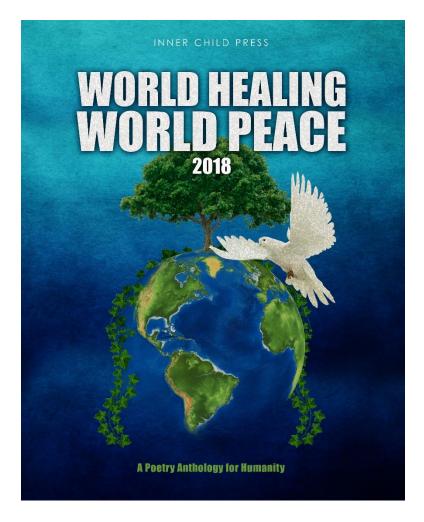




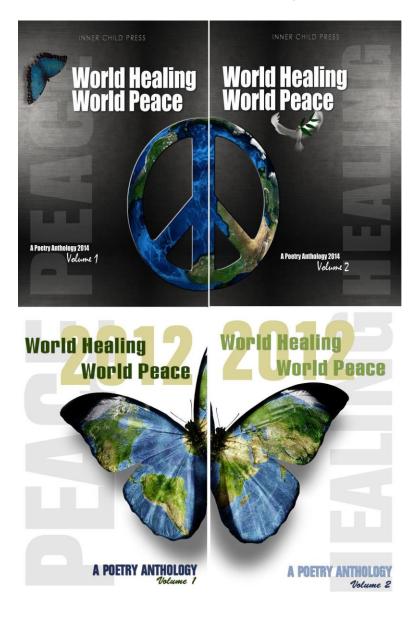


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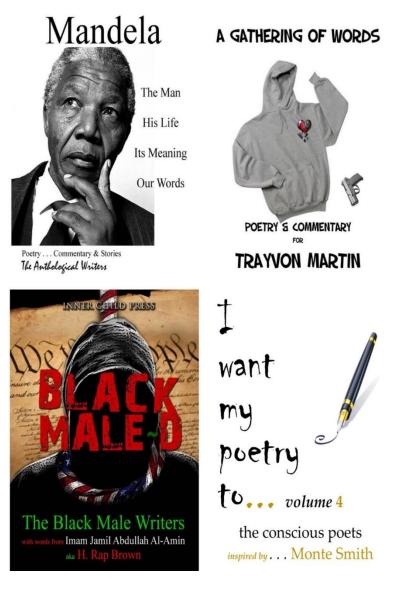


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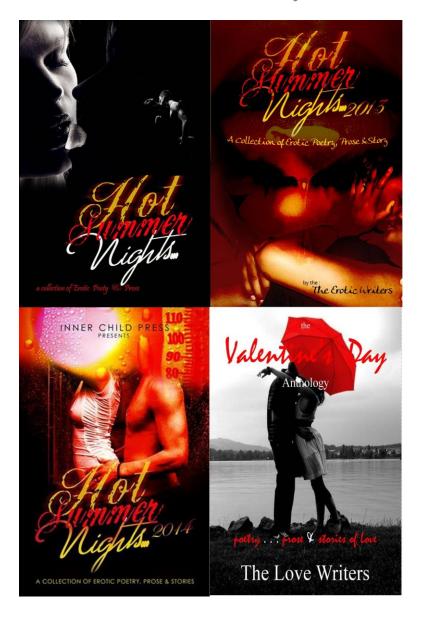


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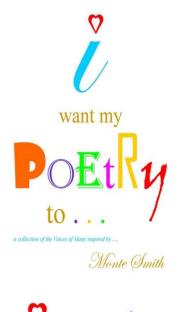
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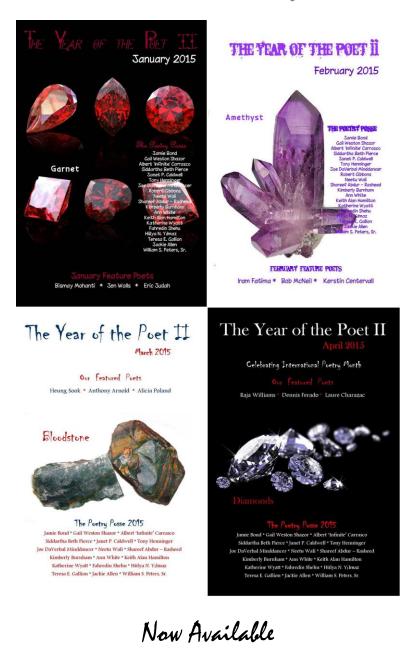
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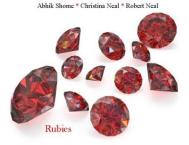
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The Featured Poets for July 2015



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# The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



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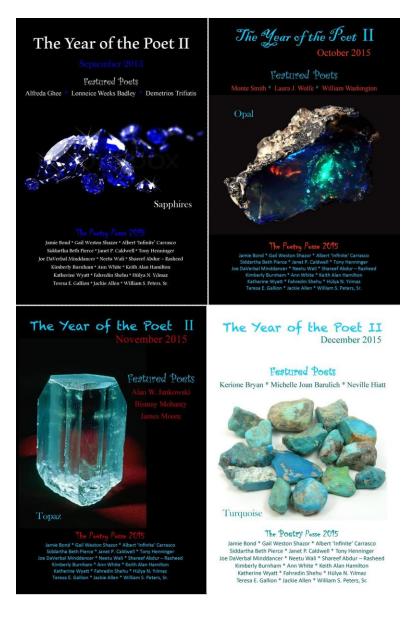
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Peridot Gayle Howell Ann Chalasz Christopher Schultz

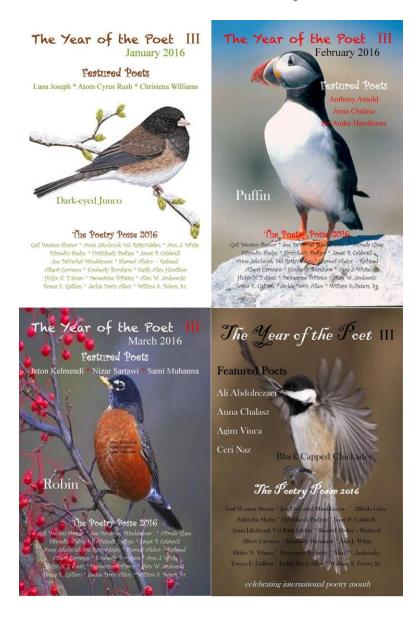
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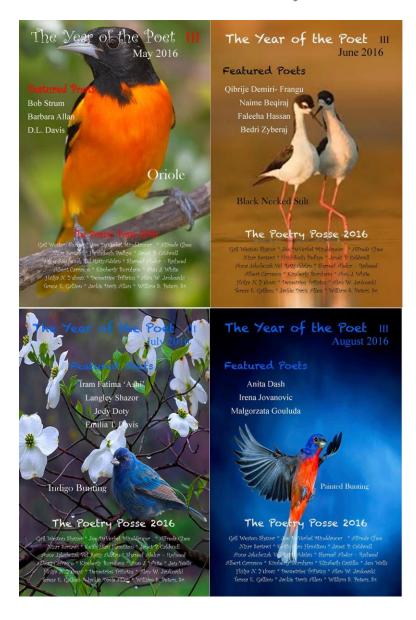
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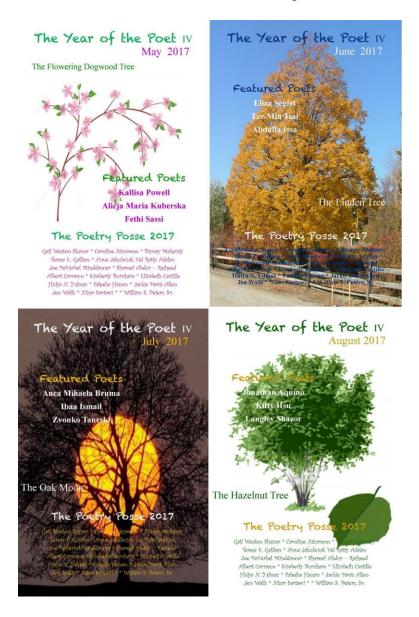
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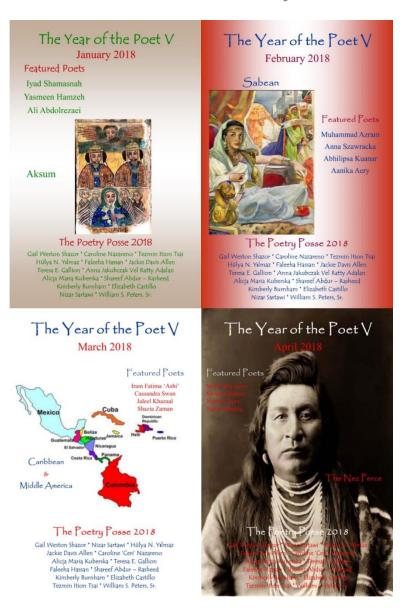
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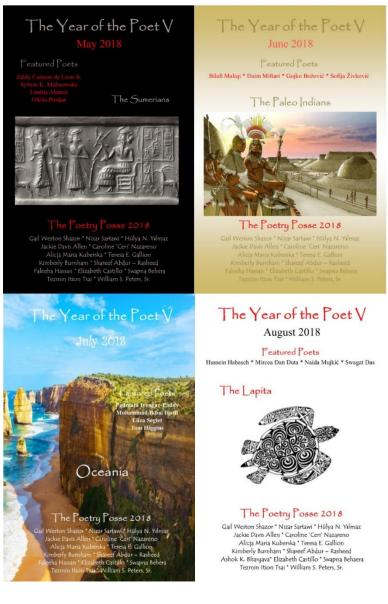
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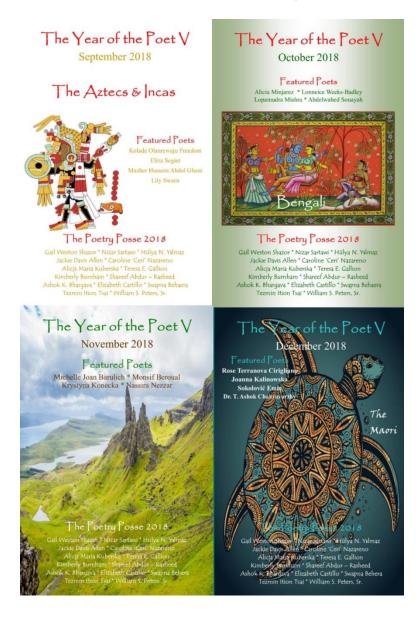
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Featured Poets

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Meso-America

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# March 2019

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Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

Dream Catcher

Enesa Mahmić \* Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud \* Anwer Ghani



The Caribbean

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The Year of the April 2019

DL Davis \* Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri \* Faleeha Hassan



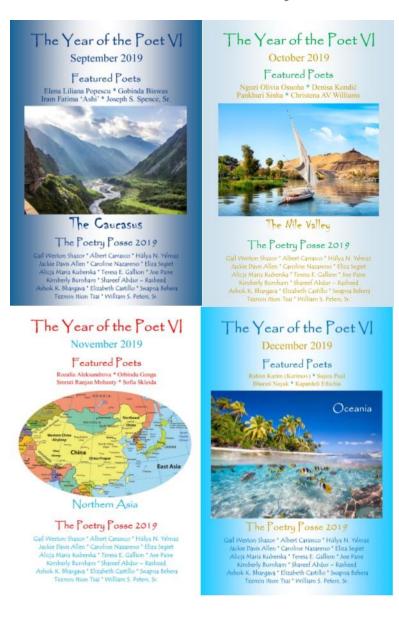
Central & West Africa

J ne j oetroj osse 2019 Gal Weston Shazor \* Albert Carasco \* Hulya N. Yilmaz Jacke Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Biza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swana Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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#### The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

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





#### Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

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#### The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

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

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



#### Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking 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 \* Falceha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassoo \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska \* Toreae E. Gaillion \* Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

#### Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins



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

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

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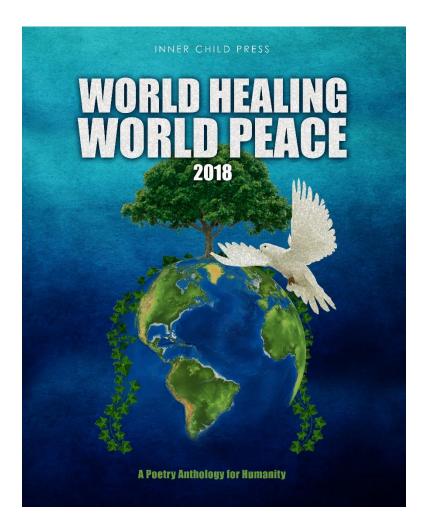


# World Healing World Peace 2020



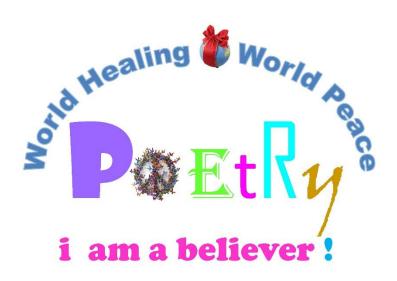
# Poets for Humanity

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# World Healing World Peace 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020

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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2021



# August 2021 ~ Featured Poets





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# The Poetry Posse ~ 2021



# August 2021 ~ Featured Poets





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