The Year of the Poet IX August 2022

Featured Global Poets

Pankhuri Sinha * Abdulloh Abdumominov

Caroline Turunç * Tali Cohen Shabtai

Climate Change and Agriculture



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

The

Year

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Dogt IX

August 2022

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2022

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet IX August 2022 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2022

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Publisher Information

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

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ISBN-13: 978-1-952081-78-1 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Climate Change and Agriculture

Clobal warming and climate change continues to grip the world today and cause tremendous effects around us.

Climate change affects agriculture in more ways than we can imagine. The known negative impacts of global warming includes the reduction of crop quantity and quality due to the decreased growth period because of the continuous rise in temperature; decreased sugar content along with bad coloration, and reduced storage stability observed in fruits. There would also be noticeable increase of weeds and insect infestation in agricultural crops.

The increased carbon concentration in the atmosphere can be attributed to large scale changes such as deforestation, and erosion on machine-intensive farming.

Multiple climate pollutants with CO2, CH4, and N20 are the three largely individual contributors.

Surprisingly, agriculture both contributes to climate change and is affected by climate change.

In this August Issue of The Year of the Poet, The Poetry Posse leaves traces of creative pieces centering on Agriculture and Climate Change. Vividly expressed and well thought of, their verses center on the issue offering their readers with a cascade of different, exquisite, and poignant poetic voices.

My congratulations once again to The Poetry Posse, William S. Peters, Sr. and Inner Child Press International for yet another fabulous and enriching issue! It is an honor to write the Foreword for this wonderful August Issue.

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo Author ~ Poet ~ Visual Artist

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are once again, making our way onward through the 'New Year' of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#104) represents the 8th month of our ninth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

Loast year, 2021 and and the previous year of 2020 has been challenging for many of us throughout the year. We at *Inner Child Press International* were busy. We envisioned our role where the arts meet humanity to continue doing what we were good at... publishing. In 2020, we managed to not only produce and publish this series, *The Year of the Poet* each month, but we were also very proactive in the arena of human and social consciousness. We were able to produce several other anthologies to include: *World Healing, World Peace 2020; CORONA . . . social distancing; The Heart of a Poet; W.A.R. . . we are revolution; Poetry, the Best of 2020.* Going forward for 2022, we are seeking to

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

We have now completed another epic volume of *World Healing, World Peace 2022* which was published April 1st of this year. Additionally, we have released another meaningful volume of poetic consciousness... "*Climate Change... do or die*". Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetric voices to the variety of causes in promoting a better world / planet, a better humanity for us all.

We, poets and writers do have something to say about it all, and we intend to do so in any and every way we can. So stay tuned . . .

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

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

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

Climate Change and Agriculture

from Kimberly Burnham

August 2022



Photo Credit: Wikimedia
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2).jpg

"I want you to act as if the house is on fire, because it is." ~ Greta Thunberg



Photo Credit: Crop Wild Relatives

https://stories.cwrdiversity.org/story/potatoes-changing-climate/





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



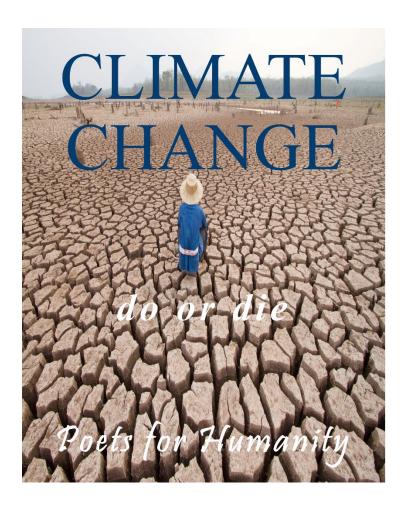




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

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Gail Weston Shazor

The Year of the Poet IX ~ August 2022



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

Free Soup

Orange, Green and Brown
Gleanings form a bowl
Of promises
Brought in from sowed
Rows and gardens of dreams
We put one seed in the ground
Cover
Water
And protect from disappointments
When the wind blows rain
In monsoon seasons
I will eat daffodils instead
And be greatfilled for the color
Of feast

Reclamation

My song is lonesome and sweet Tunes falling across meadows Delayed dreams lying fallow On a gleaner's harvest field Wind rushes through the reeds Bending and breaking weak canes Disturbing napping crickets

My song is tired and weary
A tune sung over again
Melodies never to change
As long as true lover's hearts
Remain in separate spaces
The miles stretch far and forever
Seemingly without a break

My song is hauntingly clear Tuned to empty embraces As the sun sets on days end And the only warmth is found Under the layered blankets Wrapped close in pretend comfort With just a pillow hugged close

My song resonates daily
The toothbrushes timbered tune
A crackled brush's static
The z's of nylon zippers
Easing my work face in place
Smoothing the lace of lonely
Over the plastic façade

The Year of the Poet IX ~ August 2022

My song is sung with blindness All tuned in eternity As the heart does not have eyes Only a believing soul For the universe will call The spirits of reckoning To uphold a love's patience

My song ebbs with the tides
Tuning blue waves into sound
Waves crest soundlessly around
I wade far enough to see
The lighthouse's clear beacons
Left to guide you back to me
Calling the wind to your back

My song peals as a clear bell
Tunes matched to my beating heart
I am beyond any point
Of giving up my night watch
Standing ever resolute
Against life's buffeting waves
Awaiting reclamation

DayLight Savings

How much does it take to Turn the hands of angry Words back to save Time Day light, night light When I was hungry for change When we whispered about The coming by moonlight In quiet loudness On the skin of drums Tapping out the slow warning Even before morse code And yet my blood memory Is fading pink So I reach for a pen To quickly capture the thoughts Of my forefathers Before I can no longer afford To hear the words On the winds

And they change quickly
Pushing people from poles to
Medial understandings
And back again until they are gone
Altogether
Buried beneath mortgages and
Loans set about to create
Students and scholars and homes
And cars and businesses and bills
But what about the creation of
Thinkers and healers and griots
And changers and savers

The Year of the Poet IX ~ August 2022

I want to plant a garden
I want to turn back from harvesters
To plowshares
From chemicals to manure
And grasp hands to help me push
Through the soil
Go to bed sweaty from the toil of the day
Forget the GMO's
Let's reforest the rain
Pull the skin back over the coal
My watch can't reset itself to daylight
Saving the sun
My hands will turn it's hands
Because the night is coming

Alicja Maria Kubgrska

The Year of the Poet IX ~ August 2022



The Year of the Poet IX ~ August 2022

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

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

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

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

Contemporary Jungle

The concrete forest grows faster and farther.
Huge skyscrapers touch the clouds.
Their roots pierce the heart of the earth.
Human residences consume space.

Rows of metal and glass buildings stretch to the horizon.

There is no room for old inhabitants
- fewer and fewer trees and bushes, less and less silence and oxygen

The age of concrete and the great extinction continues. More species disappear into nothingness Humanity is tormented by an unanswered question - why did this happen?

Liberation Anniversary at Auschwitz

The survivors' memory fades, they pass away one after another. Fewer and fewer numbers in stripes cross the threshold of hell. The gate, guardian of the death factory, sneers.

The words "Arbeit macht frei" turns back the time, memories come alive. Sad eyes of the prisoners stare from old photographs. A huge mountain of shoes holds your eye, doesn't let you go away.

The railway ramp remembers the laughter of the torturers and the wail of the victims. The green shroud woven of grass has covered the reeking mud. The scream of the suffocated is embedded in the walls of gas chambers.

Pilgrim, pause, don't pass indifferently by. Forgotten histories will return and come alive somewhere else. Remember: "it's people who dealt this fate to people".

Menorah

In my grandparent's kitchen stood a big table covered with a linen sheet.
Plates would appear on its huge surface like islands in an ocean.
There was never a shortage of chairs.
The table welcomed every unexpected guest.

The darkness of the night enfolded a thin form of a poor tailor.

Mousze dragged with him the fear and grim horror of life in the ghetto.

He turned up and disappeared like a shadow - with a loaf of bread hidden under a chalet.

The shiny star of David, led him through the road less tracks and woods.

This bread was worth
life for those who survived the yesterday.
His daughter's heart broke of sorrow.
Sparkles in Sorka's eyes faded away.
She passed silently
- the hunger and the illnesses
recited Kadish daily.
The seven candles
and people's fortunes burnt down quickly.

Jackiz Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

a farmer's woeful prayer

wars, rumors of war, drought, floods, violence across the land. in the cities, towns; so too, political unrest

climate change, rising inflation, the propagandists, activists for change, all seem to have gone out of their minds.

and, dear Lord, I'm searching for a way to pay off my tractor, my mortgage, how to feed my farm animals,

raise some crops, feed my family, care for those dependent upon me. all from the little in my pocket.

I'm so tired, down on my luck with nothing fit to watch on TV; still I'm worrying about paying for the electricity.

guess I'll never get to visit relatives in Chicago, or the mountains; my dreams, my vacation, like a cruise, are non-existent.

my leisure time I'll put on hold. until, I'm at least one hundred years old, when, most likely, I'll be six feet, down below.

oh, the stories my children's children will tell, how those in power, and their blind sighted narratives filled a peoples' lives and hearts with dread.

help, help me please, help all those farmers all those like me pleading, praying for everyone to wake up before it's too late.

already inflation, gas prices, food, hospital, electricity bills, and more, gone out of sight. life dwindling, fears increasing.

with the loss of health, wealth, peace and something to eat, everyone I know is feeling the pinch of sky-high taxes and inflation.

these are but a few things on my mind. so too, an immediate way to protect my crops. in like manner, may we all be rescued from mind control.

> may we not bury our heads. may we yield not our thoughts nor accept the legacy of propagandists or yield our labors to those yielding greed's power,

those who wave batons like dark clouds over our heads I 'm but a simple farmer wanting what everyone wants: a way to make a living without outside interference.

The Midwife

Lord, a'mercy, time's I be a'goin! Sister Mae, she'll be needing me.

> Yall's goin to have to fend for yorselves, while I'm gon. No tellin, how long, it's gonna take.

Mighty long time.
Or not, 'pends upon the baby.
Recken' it'll come pretty quick,
seeing's how's I be a'thinking,
this one's be her tenth.

Unless...
and iff'en ther's a problem.
No one knows for sure.
God will'en,
And iffen the crek don't rise,
I'll be back
before the week's over.

Don't y'all be looking at me like that!

It ain't fitten!

It ain't as if you'ns hav'n the baby!

Go on now, fetch the mule .

I gotta go 'bout gettin me burthen tools.

Upon Reflection

In the regal seat of power, he sits high Above everyone else; See now how he swaggers,

Down the corridors. Down the aisles.

He's a royal character, not
So surprising, he's eyeing all those beneath him,

With suspicion, with disdain. With contempt. How is it, I wonder, that he's not content, Satisfied with his elevated status, himself?

Why else does he disrespect, denigrate those, Who from necessity, close their eyes to his contempt?

It's a shame, is it not,

How he props himself up against a wall Of mirrors, always on the offense? Yet, he dares not to seize a moment

To take even a glimpse of himself.

Perhaps, the risk too great?

His fears too great, lest the mirror

Of illusion crack, shatter? Might he fear He'd actually see himself. As others do?

Me thinks he thinks he has won.

And, perhaps he has?
But only in a way
That he can live with himself.

And yet, he's unaware, caring not That the minions he holds In utter contempt, see the truth

Of what, or who he's has actually become: Something so terrible, so painful, something He cannot bear to see. Or to accept.

> Neither does he understand, Nor comprehend the difference Between reflection and genuflection.

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai comes from the Republic of China(Taiwan). In addition to being a professor of literature at a university, he is more committed to writing poems, novels, and proses. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text, an International editor of "Contemporary dialogues" literary periodical in Macedonia, and Vice-Chairman of the International Jury of the SAHITTO INTERNATIONAL AWARD in Bangladesh, and a columnist for "Chinese Language Monthly" in Taiwan.

In a wide range of literary creations, he is particularly fond of interesting stories or novels, and writing articles or poems about the feelings of nature and human beings. He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 55 countries and have been translated into more than 24 languages.

The Fragrance Of Rice Flowers That Stretches For Ten Miles

This ancient deserted city

Although seeing the tall willow tree, evoked the hissing sound of the cicada

The afterglow of the west wind appears hollow, and the sound of the horses and carriages has become silent

The stream is getting old, and this temple is small but the inscription stands tall

The plane tree accompanies the stone canal to eat the rest of the autumn drunk

The setting sun hangs with light colors, looking at the fragrant rice fields ten miles to the west

Falling flowers under the hibiscus fence, mountain fruit hanging green and waiting for the autumn to ripen

May is the beginning of summer

The voice of insects recites the green of the earth at a loss for words

It was still the east wind that disturbed the dead leaves of those Paulownia trees

The lotus sinks and asks why there are only two pods left of the holy grass

There are tame birds in the courtyard, but no barking dogs in the village

The yellow ears of rice are connected to the path, blocking the shadow of the water village

The japonica rice just vomited, the cold lamp in the thatched hut was weak and only the laughter of an immortal was left

Beautiful flowers all over the mountains Bamboo branches move the wind, and the tips of the leaves are long and white in spring

A cuckoo flew over the forest, fragrant rice spewed the awns and shook the wind and waves

The sunlight grows with the trail of the fallen flowers of the white tung

The lotus leaf by the pool declares that summer is deep The thick fog knows that autumn will come sooner or later, and the thin clouds cover the sun and gradually turn cooler The guests came, there was wine in the house, but had to go to the stream to catch a few fish

Silently Old

I wake up early
And can't sleep even lie down
Facing out the sky
Why keep not remembering?
Isn't these clothes just two cuffs?
The pot is waiting
Anxious people are waiting
The cups stare blankly
Only the fire is on
Watching the boiling water

Stillness

The teapot waits beside blankly staring at cups...
Only the fire flickers
Watching the water boil

The night is fading
With the sound of firecrackers
The dragon is still dancing in front of the streets
They say the year from now on
Scripture is opened
My heart floated and panic
Sound into the ears
Muyu knock on my floating heart
Look against the Buddha's eyes

How Can The Railway's High Speed Be Urged?

that castle

The lights come on every night
Like a glass room, the whole house floats
The imagery of playing with flowers everywhere
High-Speed Rail Changhua Station, in Tanaka
Built by all the residents of the county
a dream

station

To be able to carry thousands of miles in an instant Now she stands there Was rated as the most beautiful scenery in Changhua Wall columns in the shape of petals, skylights in the imagery of flowers on the roof Introduced light, facing the northern tour of Gaoqiu

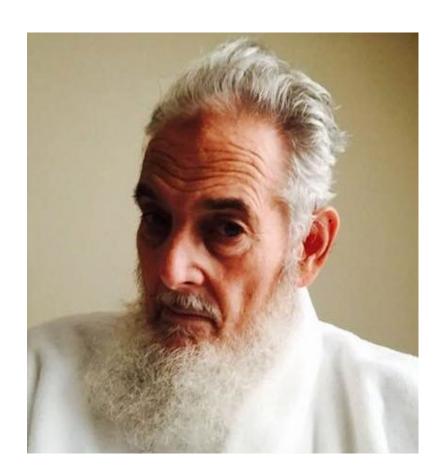
Lifelike

The image of the rice field in the ground, the foreign land, and the hometown melt into the hustle and bustle of the corridor

When the horses return to their hometown, they sigh with emotion

Maybe, haven't thought about it yet is getting closer the world is getting smaller Or has the world become wider?

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

look away?

no not on judgement day when food, water, trees, all sustainable contributors to your survival somehow just went away you really think then all y'all ain't got no time for doing what it takes to save our planet so y'all will still look away? y'all who constantly violated simple measures to ensure the very things that are here to allow all of us to survive, thrive simply stay alive need our concern as caretakers all of us just to be humble, grateful givers not just takers who don't look out for this plant that is our only home in the universe no matter what quest there is to find other homes out there we all belong here sorry fools there is no there, there so y'all keep looking away hear

writing

release fear pen, paper here express my passions concerns fill me so, i must release thee free me need inside of me to express, proclaim truth without fear not one who suffers in silence defying science known as truth said to set me free dam set me free? who wouldn't want to be? so let the words flow heart, pen, paper then making quest for inner peace labor of love gift from above for me to share so that i'm free from fear i'm writing

dem lies

everywhere indifference hopelessness selfishness greed, materialism corruption, deception trivial pursuit shallow ambitions reality altered by misconceived perception reverence afforded to irrelevance concern for what is "Relevant" aborted values, distorted, by false images electronically transported into our brain, again and again by those few who have something to gain those few who use me and you to make sure what they want they attain so, they proclaim, "What you don't know won't hurt you" "get this, buy that, you know you can't afford not to you know you want to " on and on poppin' da same "ole" game' non-stop all in the plot to keep you on the bottom so they control the top make you so mad you want to HOLLA there's nothing they won't do to me and you to have, hold and control their god, dollar\$\$\$'s

Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet IX ~ August 2022



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Potato Diversity

A pile of potatoes
tiny round one's roll
with large brown baking potatoes
red and golden
purple with creamy white insides
even potatoes in shades of blue
remind me of Peru
growing in high mountain air
so many different kinds
potatoes toasted alongside fish
mashed with butter
fried with eggs
in a world full of diversity

Hot

Hot, so hot
food is dying in the field
for want of water
children disappear for need
of cool clean liquids
and food from the field

Hot oil pours from parched ground fueling cars and businesses we try to drive less recycle more plant drought resistant crops

But it is getting hotter

Water and Sky

Reflected clouds and sunlight bounce off waves in a flooded field a quiet river full of fish a lake growing plants and air for the planet all dependent on water falling from the sky reflected in stillness

Clizabeth Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Where Are the Greenfields?

We woke up one day to an arid, barren field What was once full of greeneries have gone dry, Oh, people of the Earth, supposed to be Protectors Defenders of the Environment, Where have the Greenfields gone? Climate change is here to stay What about tomorrow's generation now? Look at the crops we have been harvesting lately, The colors of our fruits have gone bad We cannot help but be dismayed and get mad. Where are the Greenfields our children might ask, The ones we often told them in our little stories.

Que Sera Sera, My Friend

How are you my dear? I see on your cheeks a drop of tear Your life is an open book to many But have you seen yourself in the mirror lately? Creases of wrinkles envelop your face, I now cannot see traces of your once grace. When I ask you what will happen tomorrow? If you succumb to defeat and utter sorrow, You replied "Que sera, sera my friend." We are the ones responsible for what happens our lives, We cannot leave all to fate and just fret in a corner When everything seems to fall apart We can choose to rise above Be like a phoenix rising from the ashes, Tell the world we have conquered the tempest And emerge triumphant in the end.

The Mask

She used to be an unassuming lass, The one who quietly sits at the corner The wallpaper, the silent observer People around her wonder what's on her head, As she rarely speaks and interact with another She dons a mask-Carries herself with class, The others do not realize the genius in her Until the day, she made a name And many clamored for her sudden fame She dons a mask-Like a silent river she flows with her own divinity, Enveloped ideas resurface in her masterpieces And always surprise the audience with her madness She dons a mask-Each day and let people discover The collateral beauty behind the veil.

Jog Pairg



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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Grow Your Own

I have a garden now I've been harvesting twice a week I'm not starving now

My family seems to have a greater interest The way the weather's changed Things are not the same I have to be socially, and emotionally invested in this

Let's write a policy on community gardening
For every ten homes built, they'll be a farm, you see
The right to bare fruit instead of arms suits me
A new agenda to mend the arguments about you and me

Potatoes, tomato's pronounce them how you want to My early morning walk through, my garden soothes my soul

The climate takes its toll, it's hot as hell in England Although I hate the cold, I need the change of seasons I don't want to know a life that's earth less Climate change effects more than the surface Fields of rice overnight, cooked in acre sized plots

I hate that we're not addressing the situation Living as though we're the only nation with people We were created equal until taught otherwise

I have a garden now I've been harvesting twice a week I'm not starving now Yet I still hunger for world peace

Home Schooled

Tiny hands and a shaky walk Spoken to before they can talk What are they hearing and seeing?

Listen, I don't want them better than me I want to teach them better to see There are choices, and consequences for everything ABC's and Dick and Jane 123's and time on the swing

Mother and father are arguing not bothering to think they're still teaching a child's reaching for the stove thank God for older siblings

immune to the constant squabble public schooled with an attitude he plans to run away tomorrow

parents or peers, it's what you hear it's what you see, what you learn is up to me, to be a better teacher

modern day electronics with whom knows what is on it every teacher ain't honest and honestly every preacher how do I reach you Homeschooled?

The Cliffs Edge

I walked along the path covered in green My thoughts were with the next step I wanted to see the view from the cliffs edge Books and nature channel images are fine They lack the existential quality

Sight, sound, touch, and this scent could never be canned, ah' to smell a free breeze Trees and vines, those sweet bee catchers

I caught a glimpse of a stream
I've dreamt of places like this
I made a heaven for myself
Eternity lies in the memories of those who loved me
I have to reach this cliff

Encompass my moral conscience
I need a compass tho I'm not lost
Trails from the souls laid before me
Show me the way to everlasting serenity
They sing for me, the birds sing for me
I listened silently, moistened from human dew

There were whispers, leaves became prayer warriors Although this was not a fight between heaven and hell This was the light often spoke of in ending tales I reached the cliff and sat a spell

I was never going to jump, although many have I went to give praise from my highest reach I went to enjoy the gift of Eden A place were humanity forgot it's right here Right on the cliffs edge, right in your backyard Right where Eden is in thought

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 https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

cause and effect

it cannot be denied the dynamics of cause and effect plays a critical role in the Universe

agroecosystems on one hand, the natural environment on the other

agricultural undertakings do not merely produce crops but rather directly cause changes in the ecosystem, impacting water quality, pollination, soil preservation, nutrient cycling, carbon appropriation and biodiversity protection

the increasing utilization of chemicals for the sake of farming reflects, among other warning signals, on the level of erosion of soil thus, the unsustainably intensive agricultural practices affect a wide range of ecosystems, which, in turn, collide with the agricultural systems

confusing? not really please make sure to read between the lines

besides, what is written here is widely found online

overgrown

correct me, if i am wrong do the countless corn fields bragging about their overgrown corns signal the negative impact agricultural drills have on ecosystems?

you see, the rural area where i live in now shows off corn fields left and right on each of my rides through the depth of the countryside

agroecosystems

running out of time
we'd better wake up awoke
the damage is vast

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

Climatic Food Impact

Are we ready for declines in food production?

Are we ready for increased prices due to food shortages?

Are we ready to consume more toxic food due to out-of-control climate change?

Science continues to warn us.

We do not believe. We do not listen.

The price will be high for lack of attention.

River Reflection

My walking meditation draws me to the Spirit of the Rio Grande, soothing in the morning light.

I feel regal after the benediction of an Egyptian massage.

No words to adequately describe the ancient hold of energy of temple ruins and tombs

unearthed in all their glory, tease my many lifetimes sitting here beside the river.

I am remarkably blessed here in the Bosque with a wave of New Mexico

love light surrounding me. I gaze the eloquence of delightful cottonwood

as it sings in green lyrics all around the river and me. I could shout my gratitude

over and over again and that would not be sufficient to express my joy

to be home in my beloved New Mexico reflecting on my journey.

I touch the Rio Grande, step out of my body into the Nile River.

I feel the weight of 4000 years speak to me in tongues I can understand when it tells me:

I am still here. Mankind may pollute and abuse me, cause a temporary flu, but cannot destroy me.

I will be here when all the pathetic souls of earth leave the planet for I am eternal.

I am the key of life.
I am the fluid of life.
I am the Goddess of energy.
I will survive another 4000 years.
I will still be here.

My soul feels the cold vigor of those years making me tremble in the magnitude of those words.

It is the power of earth to tell its story in generational waves as we repeat the cycles of life and death and the river still flows.

Coming back to my body,

I sit by the Rio Grande, run my fingers across the water.

Feel the connection between the Nile and the Rio Grande in the essence of a River's flow.

Mount Nebo Reflections

Standing on top of Mount Nebo surrounded by the strain of a sandstorm, I cannot see the Dead Sea.

I see the Spirits of the Pharaohs, images of their gods and goddesses and I see Moses looking into the Promised Land.

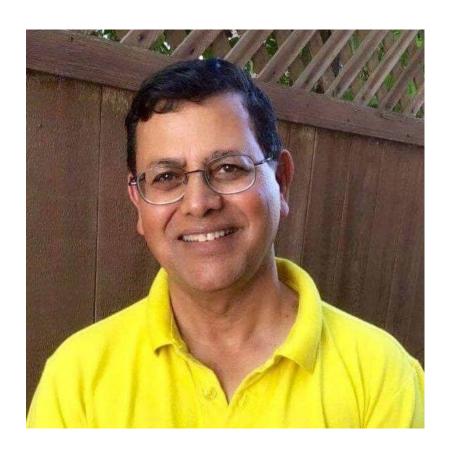
Souls on the color spectrum parade across my visual bridge from the ancient lands.

I feel confused until Spirit brushes my face with wind currents and my ears hear:

All my souls are broken stroking massive egos, drowning in pride and carry material trash to an afterlife that does not accept gold nor silver charms.

Only light bodies may enter the heavenly kingdoms. We do not learn. We still hold onto the sorceress greed.

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.

Acid Rain

Rain coming down on the parched land thirsty plants and withered flowers

to give nourishing blessings of water to calm the sweltering heat

to spread the aroma of wet soil all around

but it is industrial pollution sigh acid rain

Mustard Fields

stretched to the horizon thin golden yellow petals in the light of the dawn

rising pink glow of light over the distant sea of haze in the blue sky

this is the heaven on earth cultivated by sweat of brow of the toil of a farmer

it's spectacular day flowers splash smiles on the beauty of sunshine busy butterflies, bees and hummingbirds feed on nectar of colours

oh, it's a day in paradise and I feel blessed

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.

unfold the layered heart spread wings wide soar like an eagle.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet IX ~ August 2022



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

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

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

Links to her works:

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

apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

Ode to the Farmer's Harvest

This florilegium is not enough To salute the farmers who planted Seeds of Love, Hope, Patience, Understanding, Most essential than any other things, Watered and grown with Tears, Sweat, Blood and Heart, Witnessed by the weather of life, Caressed by the sun and the rain, In other corners of the globe, Beds of snow and snowflakes So many stories it can tell. The harvester's hands are golden maps That offers food, shelter, medicine, Clothes and furniture and many more The gift of miracles That we share for many years.

showroom of bliss

i can see morning in different reasons: a flame burning, reminding me to rise and shine; a portrait of divine grace, whenever odds come in, you and me sharing a home; a paradigm of reality, when someone distorts the story, i believe, i share the beauty of honesty; a design of attitude, if others want to throw mistakes over me, i am the reflection of a happiness; a rhyming bliss, i dare, i was born to be a peacemaker; a healing promise, i can see today's a bouquet of roses that i am loved so much, i am a showroom of hope, joy and peace.

The Coffee Bean Story

I got by the cafeteria I smiled and said hi to the barista, Ordered for a cup of coffee 'n cream and a croissant He said, "you look awesome, how are you today ma'am?" So I answered back, "I need to have a tickling caffeine, metamorphosing aroma, and a little touch of sweet sunshine, over the minutes and hours passed, while waiting on the skytrain, over the flagging of words I need to swallow and digest from the coffee bean's winter-tales, until I'll get by with a cup of love. Then he smiled back at me, He wished me "May all the coffee beans Send you safe in your home sweet home."

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.

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climate change and food scarcity

here a change there a change farmer's kitchen is closed the frozen voice marching on the high way hunger challenges bigger hunger the conscience is paralyzed super ego is catered in the celebrations wasting food of rainbow colours and multi flavours delayed monsoon, global warming weed grows more and more so, pesticides used the yield of crops reduced rise in the sea level changes in water cycle loss of soil ground water recharge rate is reduced where is the food security! precipitation pattern changes affects food quality salinity of the soil increases call of the hour is rotation of crops, mixed cropping land use pattern has to be changed bread for each is the call of the time listen to the tears save food; save Nature

Does God ever live beyond the sky!!

Does God ever live beyond the sky?!
God created land, air and water
man created religion, boundaries and all dark patches
Countries have dark patches
Patches of hunger, illiteracy and poverty
Scarcity of water, food and values

Pregnancy suffers, babies die
Ethiopia suffers, Uganda cries, radiation kills
Deserts burn, flood washes fertility
Disasters break backbones of economy
Social stigmas create food insecurities
Food becomes gold and beyond universal reach
Bread is the only solace and peace for hunger
Preaching and practice differ
Hypocrisy can never fill the belly
Hunger creates injustice crime and melodrama
Food is universal as love is
Love thy neighbour as your own-self
Peace reigns where food is

No more tears no more pain
Don't ever cry-babies and mothers
Enough is enough
Hearts will welcome hearts beyond boundaries
No more racialism, no discrimination
People will worship living Gods
Perfect world will come up
New crimson Sun will evaporate
all black patches
New crops, flowers will bless

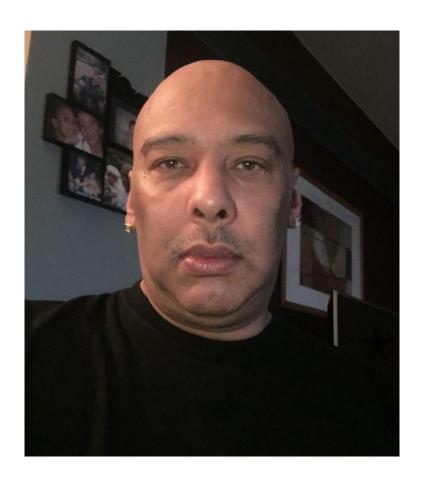
The rarest moments will come
When all will smile
Every heart will pray for others
Food will be for all the people, by the people and of the
people
Every hand will till and grow
Food will be in bellies and not in granaries of tycoons

Is it so difficult to live and love?? Is it so difficult to care and share?? Blessed are the merciful those who rejoice in wiping tears Does God ever live beyond the sky!!!

a holy sin vs. a red rose

the perennial flow from eternity bright illumination of the burning fire fathomed soil germinating civilisation of humanity the allegory of passion is the parenthesis of life passions are the catastrophes of a moment or of years In a deep ocean or in a desert a vibration in the existence fragrances of memory or frankincense in the monger passions are explicit scribbles on the time zone sparrow's nests woven on the trees in the monsoon at times may be fractured or forbidden but a life line of all passions are grouched mercers and the metaphors of life who has measured the perimeters of passions? neither Adam's heart nor Judah's coins Is the passion a holy sin or a red rose??

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Agriculture

It's getting too hot in the fields, climate change is reducing crop yields.

A growing population depends on a certain level of food production.

We are already feeling the negative impacts of climate change,

if this continues, in time all our resources will dangerously decline.

Invasive crops, pest and extreme heat are changing the food some people eat.

There's huge populations going through diet adaptation. wheat is deceasing and the amount of livestock loss is increasing.

the production of cereal, poultry and meat will deplete.

This is cause and effect.

Farmers are trying to weather the storm, but it looks like science is going to take a big part of continuing what was the "norm".

Climate change is happening rapidly, millions of people going hungry could be a sad reality.

Slam

I really don't get involved with the competition thing unless it's a slam, after we spit verses we congratulate a winner by shaking his/her hand. We gain respect for each other, it's a battle kept friendly, it's about out thinking while spitting, it's not about threats of killing, this way we make no enemies. You go, he goes, they go, I go, we all enjoy each others flow, I'm not trying to make a person that just started slamming not want to slam no more. I know the words from my brain pop off like a slug at the highest grain, after 3 mins the mic gets killed none of my comp gets maimed, I just let them know I play no games and my respect for them on or off a stage remains the same. I know I'm one of the highest flying poetic bombardier pilots, my ballistics move crowds without inciting riots

I'm from a place

I'm From a place the Devil knows well, a surface of hell where evil dwells, welcome to the ghetto, temptation roams rampant in housing tenements, the good get caught up doing bad to do good, it's the hood like the reapers ensemble, territorial turmoil always has youngens in trouble, hell serenades stops at graves and starts from the cradle. Bad is advertised, good is criticized, facades cover lies, new York New York, hells kitchen, waiters serve death to those with slow suicide in their eyes, holding the fries, it's a huge restaurant of genocide. It's the way of the new world order to obtain the pyramid from the paper equivalent of four quarters, lucifer was our neighbors, The faces of Jinn comes in many complexions, delivering darkness into this metropolis where most are option less, they say walk that path, Keep walking no matter the consequence.. Blindness. I have awaken, im back to ave's and dead ends dousing the streets set aflame with infinite wisdom.

Eliza Segiet



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

Author's works can be found in anthologies, separate books and literary magazines worldwide.

Rush

We live in a rush, we don't notice, that our achievements aren't always successes. Still proud of the records

- faster,
- more,
- better.

Insolent, we boast about deeds, warming not just our image, but also the climate.

Warmer means

- drought
- melting icebergs.

When

- water takes the land
- drought will starve the living,
- smog will not permit to breathe. Wounded lands, seas, and air will fall silent. It's the time, in which nobody will hear anymore how slowly was being killed, the future.

Translated by Ula de B.

The freedom of imagination

Sculpture living in the garden, verily shrinks its space, but freedom of imagination gives the chance for its expansion. The mind has no frenulums, Nobody spurs it on to rush it.

You see that, what you want to see: ships in the clouds, fish on the land, a human, one who thinks that world is free of humanly harm, and earth will feed everyone.

Translated by Ula de B.

A Desolate Place

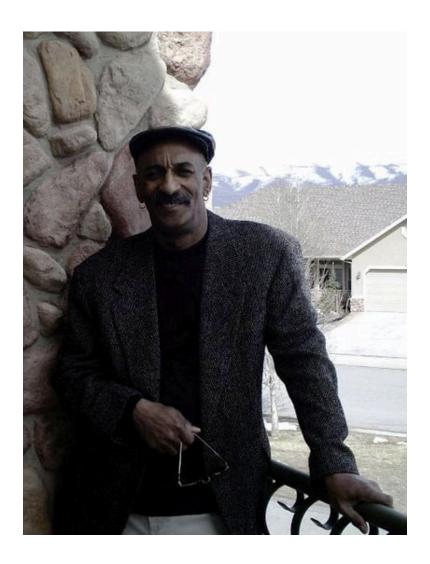
Nature wakes to ponderings at beauty of self created magic. Meadows attract flying insects, people are lured by multicolored gardens, a desert is for those, who can find themselves in its seemingly raw beauty.

It's hard to refind roses hidden among the countless quantity of specks of sand.

In this desolate place human's dialogue with an omnipresent void, among the multiplicity, brings awareness of the essence of existence. Time and space – always together.

Translated by Ula de B.

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Alternatives

The plains have flooded, The crops have drowned And the world is burning While people are yearning For food

Learn to drink More salt water, Eat more seaweed

Let Me

Let me embrace you this day,
This hour,
This moment,
For who knows
What this night,
The morrow
May bring
For eternity has expectations of me.

Let me make the call,
Send a text,
Say a prayer.
Let me send you flowers,
Flowers of my good intent,
My love for you ...
Be it literally or vicariously
That my essence divine
Be upon you,
And anoint you with my 'Holy"

I pray that you feel my presence, But even still, Know that I am with you Always, As you are with me

Let me
Speak the words,
Whisper incantations,
Ink the lines
That tell of my undying commitment
To remember who we are!

.

We are souls,
Drifting upon the seas of life,
Subject to the currents,
The winds,
The calm
Of it all

May my desires
For fulfillment be sated;
May my reflection in your eyes
Be wholesome and joyous;
May my want, your want, our want,
Be no more
When this journey
Arrives and lays claim
To its zenith.

Let me embrace you this day,
This hour,
This moment,
For who knows
What this night,
The morrow,
May bring
For eternity has expectations of me.

Let me ...

I run

What we chase only runs faster. ~ krisar

I Run

I have pursued you Throughout my life Only for the pure essence of you To slip between the fingers of my grasp

Like water,
I can not hold you
With my hands alone,
And I am only left with
Remnants and memories
Of your once full presence

I thought my self to be fortunate
And thus sated
When I first held you,
But as I tried to contain you
You elected to teach me
That 'Love' is not to be contained,
Save in the heart,
And even then,
You aptly remind me that
The heart is only a vessel
For sharing

Yet I pursue anyway . ..

I Run

August 2022 Featured Poets



Pankhuri Sinha

Abdulloh Abdumominov

Caroline Turunç

Tali Cohen Shabtai



Pankhuri Sinha



Pankhuri Sinha is a bilingual Indian poet and story writer. Two poetry collections published in English, two story collections published in Hindi, five poetry collections published in Hindi, and many more are lined up. Has been published in many journals, anthologies, home and abroad. Has won many prestigious, national-international awards, including the Seemapuri Times Rajeev Gandhi Excellence award, awards in Chekhov festival in Yalta and in Premio Besio Poetry competition in Italy, Sahitto award in Bangladesh, and Premio Galateo in Italy for poetry in mother tongue. Also, awarded by Albania, Nigeria, Romania among others. Has been translated in over twenty six languages.

After 14 years in North America, currently residing between New Delhi and Muzaffarpur, Bihar.

The Orphan that I am not

No, I am not an orphan Just the fifth child of that worker Who works in the brick factory in between the village and the town

Stands in the que before the liquor shop, each evening I was born perhaps out of one such inebriated rape of my hungry mother

Who has never known how to protest or resist Not just his sexual appetite but his beatings Ever since I was three I have been gathering firewoods For food to be cooked and never got a full meal!

In the big premises of the buildings
Where I often gather little wooden sticks
The goat herdsman told me, is a school
Its private, but there are schools like that for all
Where with teachings, they give mid-day meal
That night I had a dream! I was a student in uniform
Knowing how to read, write and codify! Is it true?
Can it be?

Can someone rescue? Where is that school?

A very big brain game

On the level of eugenics

One that involved

Babies

Children

Health

Baby making

Baby raising

Sending them to school

The grades

The big brands of nations

Citizenship of children

Everything

Being extra branded

Life extra fenced

Territorialized

Labeled

Beat

Defeated

If not played right

In an unfair game

Beginning with problematized medicine

Problematized sex

Body building stunts

All ending in nothing

Bad steroids

Barren years

Plain and simple choking of her womanhood

In the nothingness of eugenics

In the great wastage of her child bearing years

In the deafening, ringing silence

Of her caused barrenness

The school yard outside my window

That there is a schoolyard outside my window And my heart is not breaking at all

After my pregnancy

Was aborted, almost

Is not surprising

Children's noise

Is healing

Watching children play in the school yard

Recovery

Children in the school yard

Live and bubbly

All around

In lines and circles

Their uniforms

Their colored dresses

Their shouts

The school bell

The class breaks

The teachers

The after school hours

The lonely grass field

The empty benches

That there is a school yard

Outside my window

And my heart

Is not breaking at all

Is recovery.

Abdulloh Abdumominov



Poet Mili Das from Kolkata was honoured and awarded by the Hon'ble Vice President of India SHRI M VENKAIAH NAIDU on 18th September, 2021 from Parliament House, New Delhi for translating the immortal lines from the poem of famous Tamil poet Subramania Bharatiar to commemorate the Memorial Day Centenary of Mahakavi Bharati.

Mili Das is a bilingual poet and international published poet from Kolkata, India. Her first poetry book 'APEKSHA KORCHHI BANDI KAFINE' was published in January 2019. Her second poetry book 'RAJBHABANER SAMNE' and third English poetry book "YOU ARE STILL THERE" published from Romania. Fourth English poetry book "NEVER BROKEN" published from Florida, America. She started writing death poems. Everyone continues to say after her poems, it seems as if she has touched death. In every week her poems are recited on Mexican radio "ODAS MSGICAS DE UNAMOS AL MUNDO CON LA POESIA" Voz: Amalia Figarella de Jesurum de Venezuela, Español. Poet Mili Dad's two Bengali poetry books are being published at International Kolkata Book Fair. One English poetry book is being published in this month of January 2022.

Winter

Silver Winter has come again,
Kids flying sled.
We make Christmas,
We play snowballs.

They hit my window,
The sound of a bitter winter.
Invites you to the new year,
The playful word of the snow.

Tales told by my mother

Great from each other
My mother tells fairy tales
Leads to good
Tales of generations
Pillars in the future

We tell my mom
Thank you very much
We get it from fairy tales
Examples of goodness
We will ask again
Stories, proverbs

Peace

May there always be peace,
Let there be no war.
May our country be beautiful,
Rejoice, our people.
Wherever you go, always,
Do good to you.
They say that even the ancestors,
The near future is you.

Always in our country, It's a wedding, it's a spectacle. Tulips on the hill, Come on guys.

We celebrate, Now you guys. In our independent hands When we live happily

Caroling Turunç

The Year of the Poet IX ~ August 2022



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

Longing from me to me!

hello hello to you my love

I don't know how to hold the pen or what ink to write with.

Where should I start, how should I do it?

How to write uninterrupted days?

Which side of me should I tell behind bars?

In a bag I put a yellow leaf

And sometimes I feel like I've lost my heart...

On a day when I spit on greed

Where to start?

Should words be said or hidden between unspoken words?

Are memories forgotten without a hug or a kiss?

Are distant ones forgotten?

While waiting for a spring day to return

Ah oh darling now let the sky split and let it rain If I comb your wet hair without getting tired of it again On the wings of a lost time under a crushed pine tree tell me where to start With love or with anger? Or should it start with the best greeting?

I write, I write, I answer myself:

I say tell my love I'm fine

leaf floating in the river

go tell him i love him

Don't forget me, tell him:

Tell her how can I be so good without you

My eyes are always on the sparkles in the stars

the moon is always high

Like a season that takes care not to spoil an ancient history,

Torn, in the deepest part of my nights

I'm looking for a while.
My youth, where I go, to my childhood
He will understand my dreams, my soul is in doubt,
like all dried flowers

ah ah what ah my love
I carried my life, as if it wasn't enough
I carry the burden of all humanity,
With the deepest smiles to all
Lifts my sad face,
I'm wearing my smiley face
My loneliness no one knows
Tell me!
If I say I miss you, how many centuries would you leave behind?
Just like the rush of a mother whose baby is crying...
who came running like a storm to appease her baby

Then I think I'm leaning my back against the wall,

it would be nice to be in the bushes now
We caress each other in a whisper without anyone seeing the
rest

I miss you so much I say to myself
Oh how nice it would be if you were with me now
How to navigate this life without you.
Who do I call my friend, my soul, my soul?
If you only knew how loudly I called you
my voice falls into the dark

Oh if I wake up and see you in front of me If you come suddenly like the letters of an impossible day, you will warm my heart I'll say I'm here when you say you miss me

Ah, if only this dream were true, I wish I could find you waiting at the door of our house as usual You pray for us without looking back
No matter what is missing in our house, without contempt You're waiting for me by the fireplace in our old room. it would be nice to feel good

.

ah ah my love ah Saba holds the wind, it never stops.

What was our fault? we die at birth we die young and we are already dead

Avalanche Drops!

It blows with sadness, a loneliness before September in my trembling hands

I'm trying to hold it in my palms, blood is flowing from my eyes

from river to river

They steal my joy, fake dew drops With a piece of my singularity, I scatter like a day scattered in the hands of dried flowers.

He had fallen into the darkness of the night with traces of sadness

Words are drying on my lips, I run, let a drop of hope fall into my heart

With the highlights of the memories written on my forehead in the past days

I'm slipping like the cracked earth

We are captive to the toy called time

Dawn awakes September from her sleep and makes the birds sing the song of longing

Oh the spring roses of love Memories written by destiny Life in the blink of an eye Moved to the hopeless morning of the hopeless September evening

How could I have known that there could be dead ends? without moving the autumn leaves when I already forgot to cry

An Old Tale!

I met him on a rainy day

I was waiting at the stop, she was running towards the ticket office.

The ticket office was closed, I realized for a moment that she was scared and upset, I had an extra ticket in my pocket and I gave it to her.

When I say hello to a friend whose language I don't know

She was trying to warm her hands, which were pink from the cold. I took off my gloves, told her to wear them, she didn't want to take them, I insisted on it, then she thanked me and took them with a sweet smile. I'm glad them took the glove and put them on.

It was as if I had suddenly fallen into silence and the world had stopped there.

My heart felt like it was going to explode, It was a dream I didn't want to end

Crystal clear beautiful face, elegant lady

Spring had come to my soul, it was as if there was no white hair left on my head.

And the sky suddenly changed colors, I felt all the colors of the rainbow on my cheeks

Paris: This must be what they call the city of lovers, I wet my bones like two clouds merge.

It was like going up to the sky, if there was a river next to me, I would wet my heart with cold water.

I won't get tired of looking into your eyes for days

I quickly fell into the garden of love.

I turned my head and looked at the garden of love It was very different from the Grass I played with in my childhood, it was more lively and exciting.

They say every wound has a price, the smell of that price was very nice.

This was my dream, I'm ready to trap myself if it's a trap

Just as he was about to fall asleep, there was a clicking sound.

The doorbell rang, I opened the door, the princess of my dreams was in front of me, she was a little shy! She was wearing a purple silk dress Smell of amber, her hair was a flame in the dim light

I'm in the sky where lightning strikes and splits When I look down I am in a great fire, as if I were the smoke from a volcano.

I sat on the sofa to clear my mind.

Fears I've never felt before

I started looking at the ceiling as if searching for something, I looked for a long time.

mixed fear and joy love all in one

If you don't speak for a long time your throat will rust I touch my nose, my mouth, my eyes, my face, I see the green night.

We made love until we melted in the pouring rain With our white kisses we carried all ages to the sky without stairs

This is not a dream. A fairy tale from Paris

Tali Cohen Shabtai



Tali Cohen Shabtai, is a poet she was born in Jerusalem Israel. Tali began writing poetry at young age of six, she was an excellent literature student. She began Publishing her impressions in the school's newspaper. She firstly published her poetry in a respectful literature magazine in Israel the "Moznayim" at age 15

Tali has written three poetry books:
"Purple diluted in a black's thick" bilingual 2007
"Protest" bilingual 2012
"Nine years away from you" 2018,
Two of her books are bilingual, and the third book "Nine years from you" is scheduled to be published in foreign edition abroad.

Tali's poems expresses spiritual and physical exile. Cohen is studying her exile and freedom paradox, Her cosmopolitan vision is very obvious in her writing Cohen Shabtai lived years in Oslo Norway, the USA

By 2020, her fourth book of poetry will be published which will also be published in Norwegian.

Love Letter/Tali Cohen Shabtai

I want to write you all the beautiful words

As if it's before a holiday now, And I'm completely in excited waiting to wear the white lacquer shoes reserved only for special occasions.

In particular, the holiday is intended to allow me to mark a joyous occasion of historical significance not for the first time will I endeavor to write love without it and had it not been but it is an event of its own!

I do not remember an event like this since '83 at a ceremony held in my childhood home where the Thanksgiving feast was held on the birth of my sister Amit.

To that end: I invited myself to content with writing love. This will be marked as proof of my ability to cope with difficulty and a high standard of accomplishment if I have succeeded in writing love without using wisecracks and turning to alternative words rather than a direct application.

I am aware that there are alternatives that are liable to appealingly make me bypass even remotely this love letter in favor of terms from the world familiar to me

reminiscent of the classic realistic painting in it. Every wrinkle and white hair are a celebration of orgy and drunkenness

Nevertheless, I tend not to process information in general and briefly because I belong to sad people who process information logically, carefully and long

Accordingly it will be difficult for me for me without the dark glooms and my melancholy to come in reconciliation with net words of love - after I remove the total deductions from the gross.

I object inside me to admiring so foolishly as the admiring one who loves those loved by her because love makes man enslaved in all to the beloved personality.

So I will write to you my love: I am tortured by the passion fed by the hope aroused by the despair tormented by suspicions stabbed by jealousy

Finally, there is no need for special equipment from the recipient to receive this letter.

Almost every person has an address where he can be

reached. All it takes is a mailbox at the recipient's

and I don't have one of those since noon. Now let's move on to a farewell letter.

Dear poem/Tali Cohen Shabtai

I offered congratulations from this morning to tomorrow even though I was corrected regarding the date of birth. How do I explain that a person has no idea when he will end his life this time around?

I write to my mother my love for her in the most unexpected moments of tribute

how will I explain that perhaps it is the penultimate greeting of a daughter to her mother before the present cuts the latter and not the resurrected midwife from the year 80 the umbilical cord between me and her placenta and not to give birth to me again? but to kill.

I look at my father and cry for another twenty years or so that he will not be here
I was ahead of the artist to "grow and sanctify her great name"
in the Kaddish prayer in the twilight hour in Sacker Park.
I shed a tear.

If you live in consciousness as I wrote "God does not pass over life from man, as he does not pass over death."

You are the most miserable person there is, with such insight you do not enjoy a single piece of bread and no drink.

You are dead.

To my father's surgeon

I've realized how it works: It is announced that ... and it's known all of a sudden! *

You know that suddenness has an action plan that is comprehensive and detailed – it's a strategy within itself.

When it (the suddenness) receives existence in a person's ears it is experienced as a malicious trick indeed it has no advance warning or alert before taking action.

Did you know that I had to dismantle this trick of suddenness

On the 27th day of January, 2015 on the 10th floor of hearts in question marks under full anesthesia and full monitoring in waiting very exact for waiting for the cardiology ward.

After all, the obvious suddenness is no longer understood

and has many consequences, it is the realization that we are winning something that we would not necessarily be entitled to

when
my father is on the operating table
at a supervised temperature
at which

you bypassed the blockage with an additional route

in his heart

and I could not offer you assurances at this time my father!

And/

I was to the Traveler's Prayer and the chorus in the Book of Psalms, from "Blessed is the Man" and to the verse "And all that he does will succeed."

Did you know that I have connected to every special quality for any trouble that may come obsessively?

And I was for every letter of the letters of your name in Psalms

and I searched for any mention in those hours of heredity

Did you know that my father has three daughters of wonderful Semitic beauty will you recognize my father in them? When you operated with this suddenness on father.

And is charity not just a theological term for gratitude to be considered — please accept this (from me), surgeon!

^{*}Heart bypass surgery, decided on within three days of detection!

Remembering

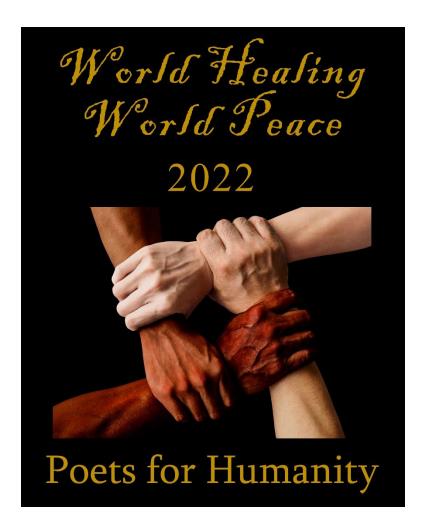
our fallen soldiers of verse



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

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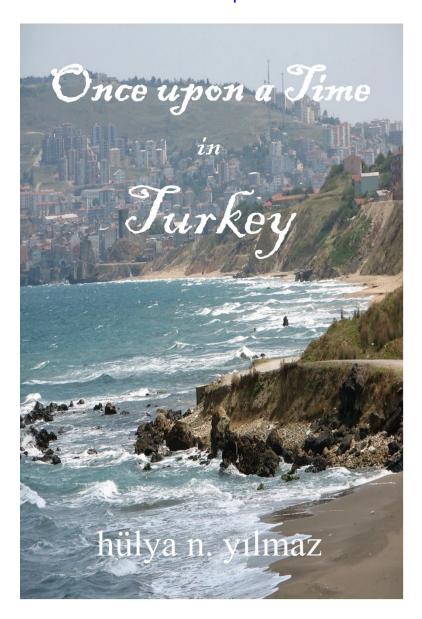
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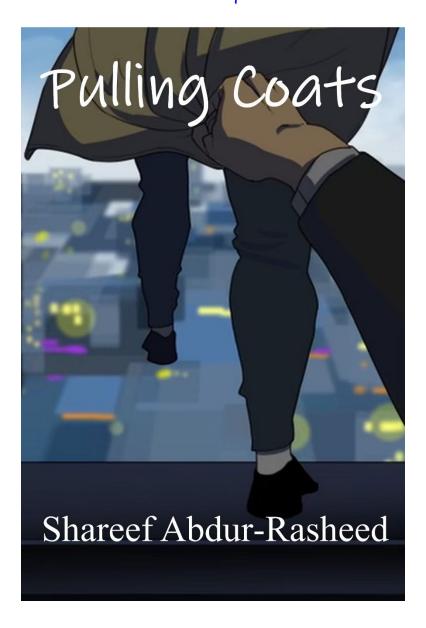
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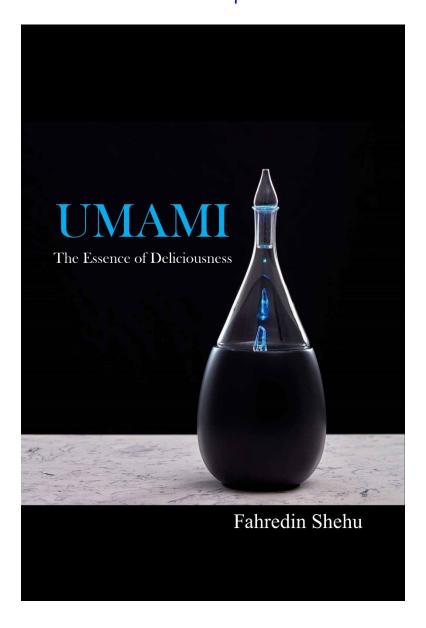
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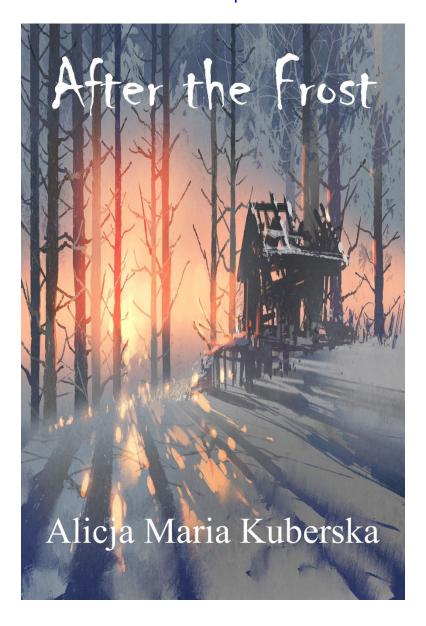
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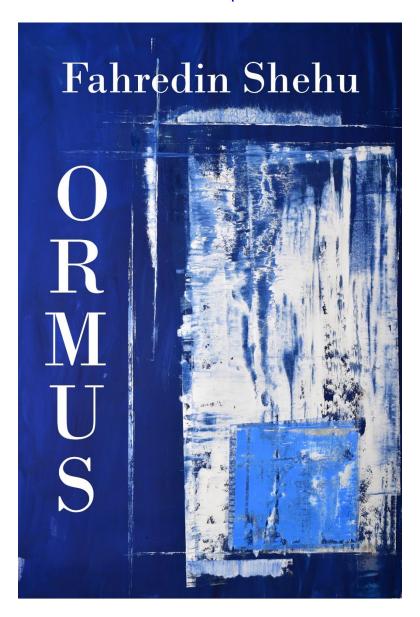
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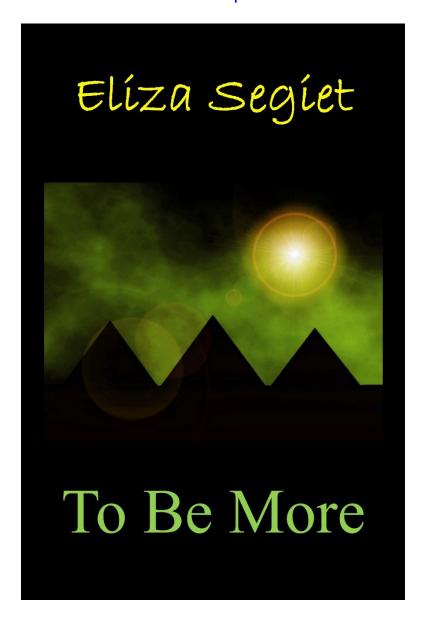
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. . . from the Streets to the Stages



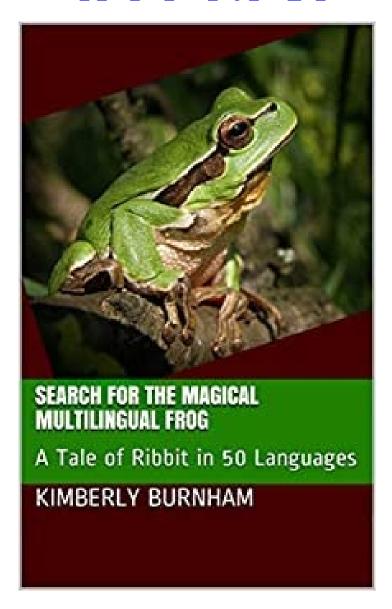
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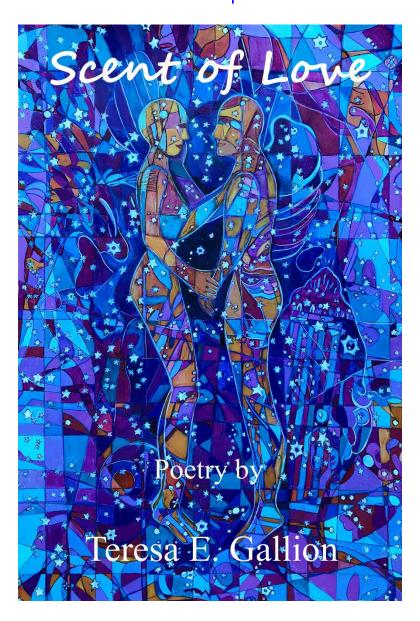


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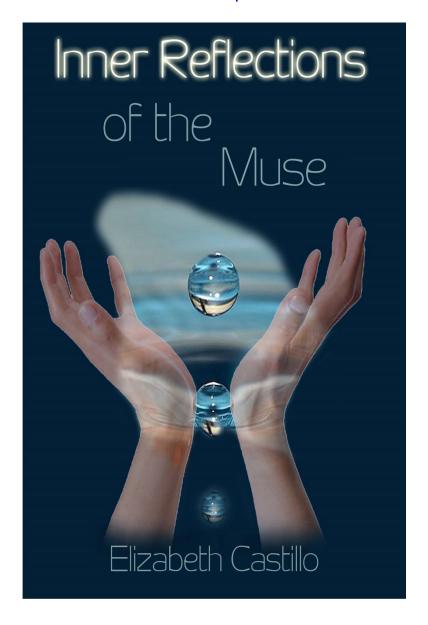
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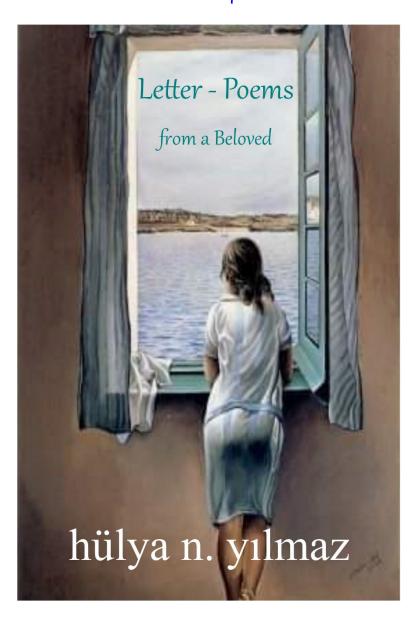
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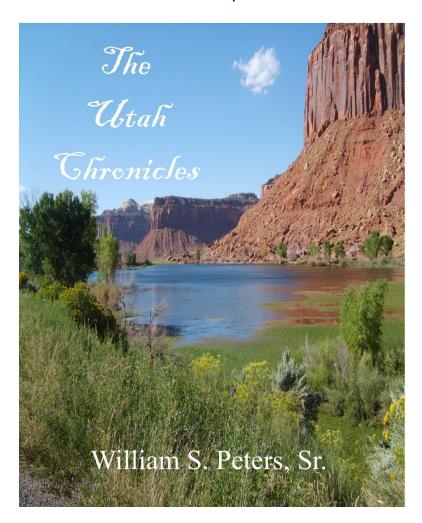
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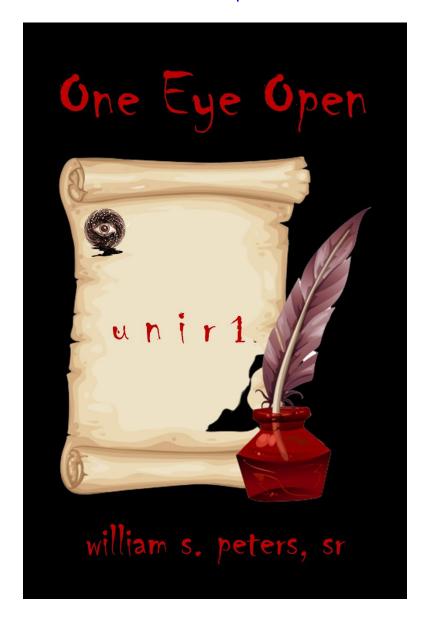
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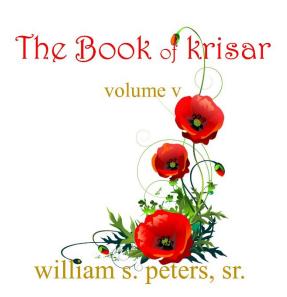
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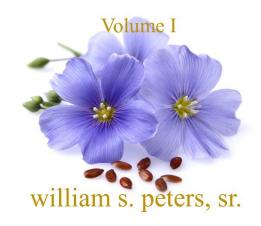


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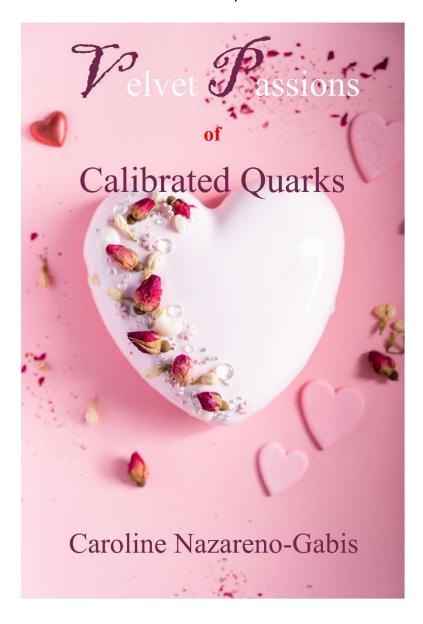


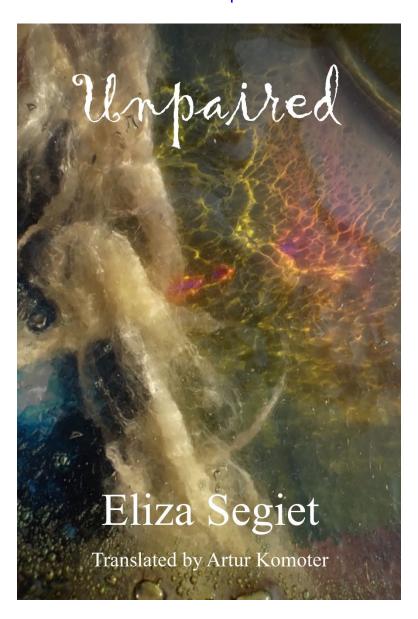
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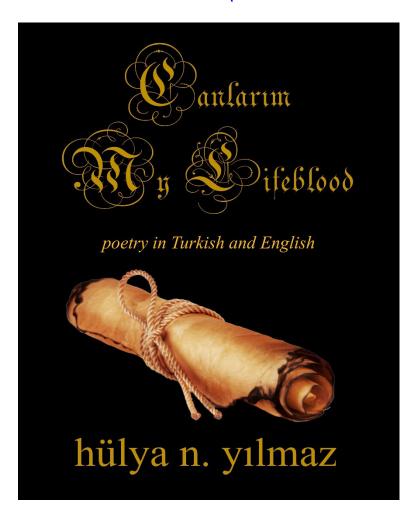


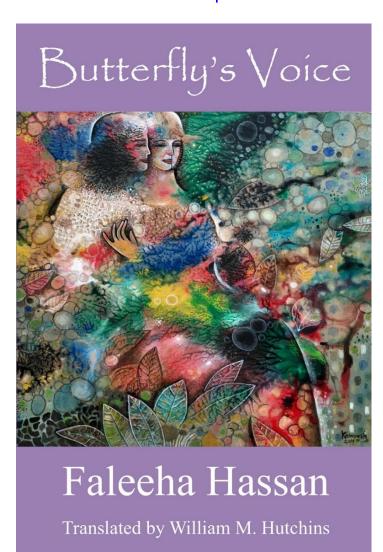
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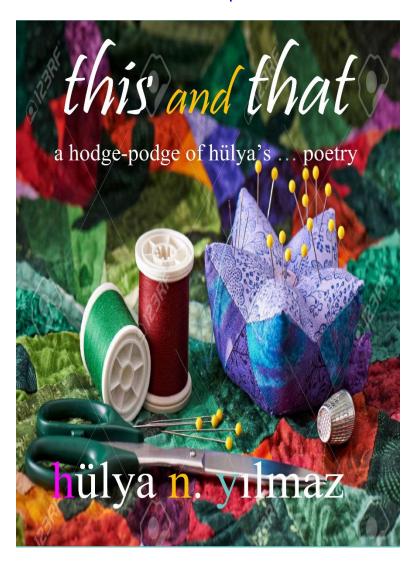


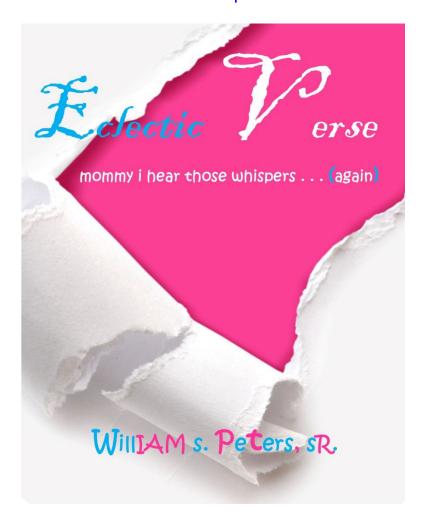
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Through the Looking Glass



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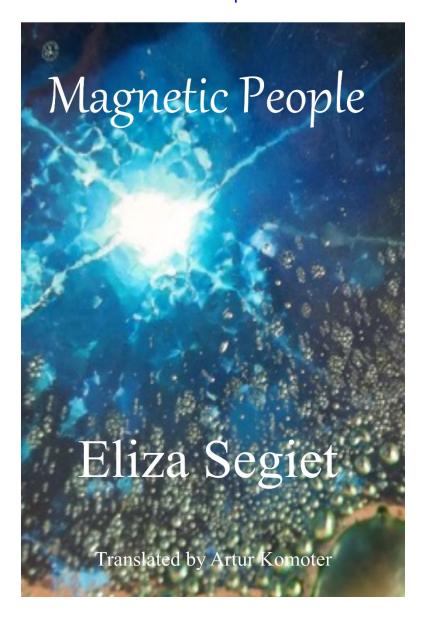




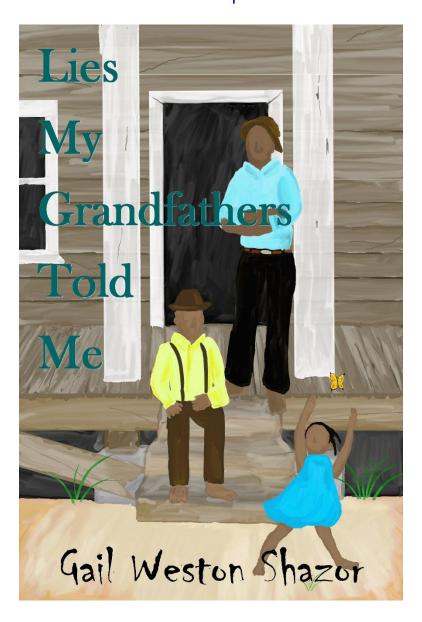
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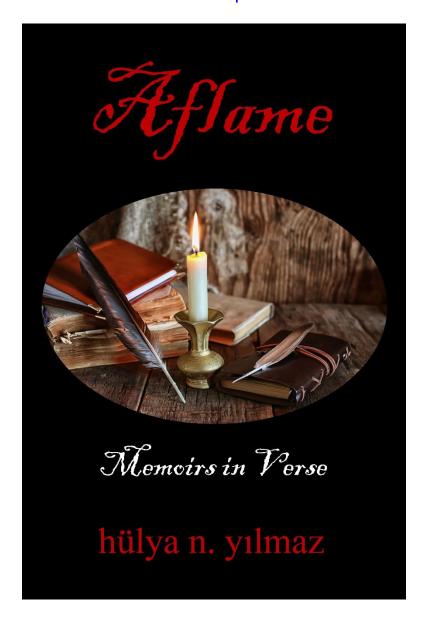


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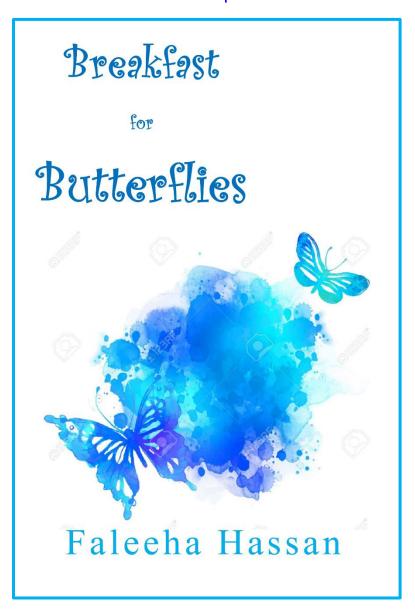


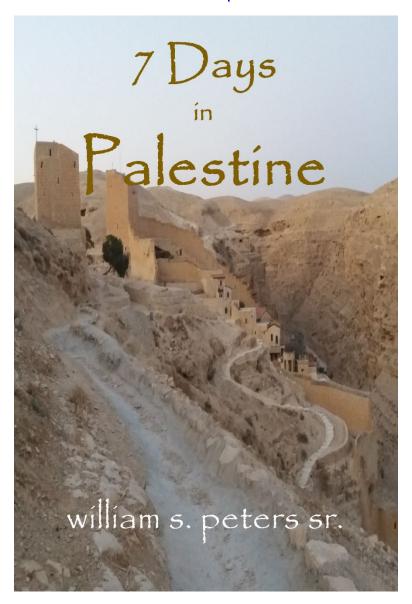




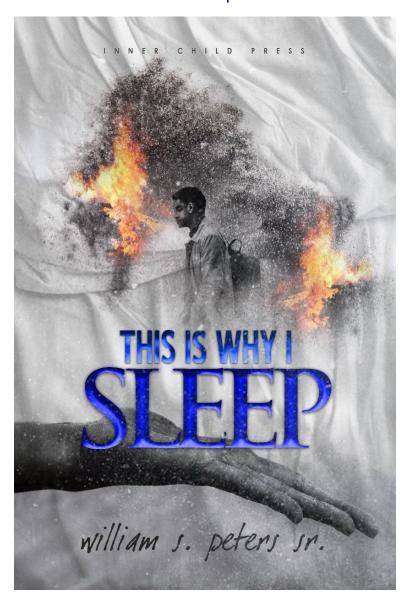


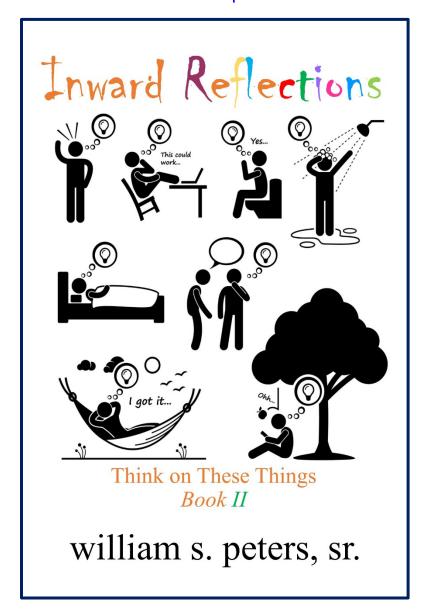








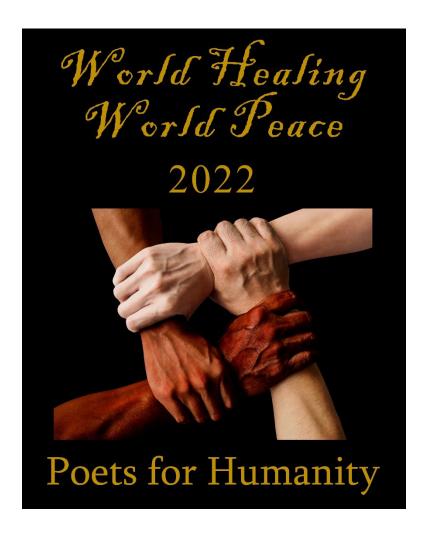




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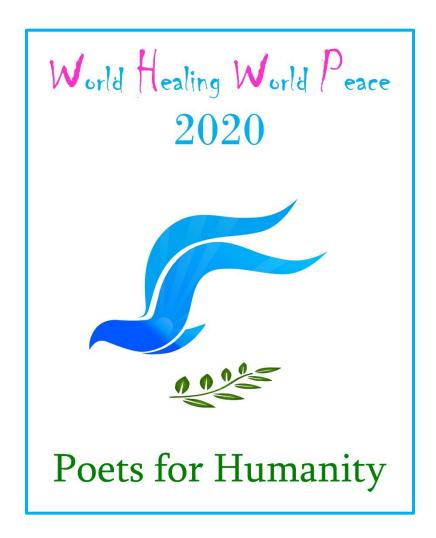
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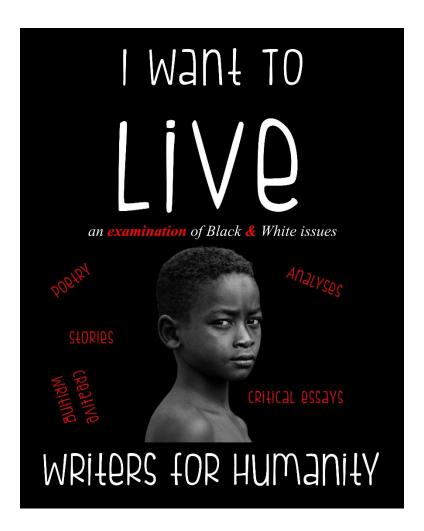


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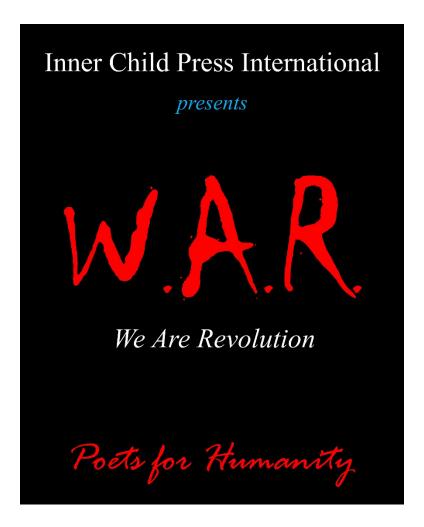
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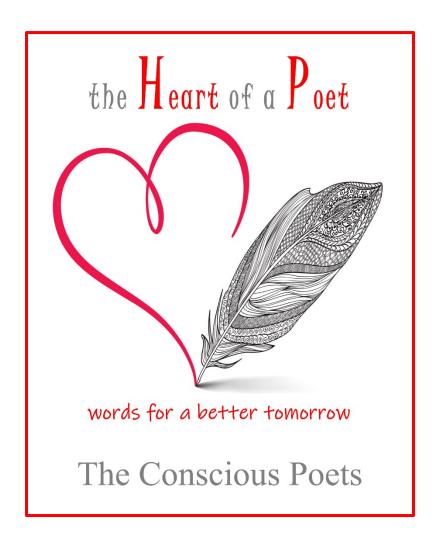
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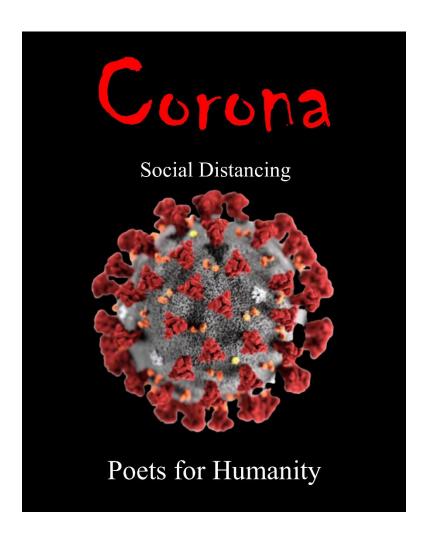
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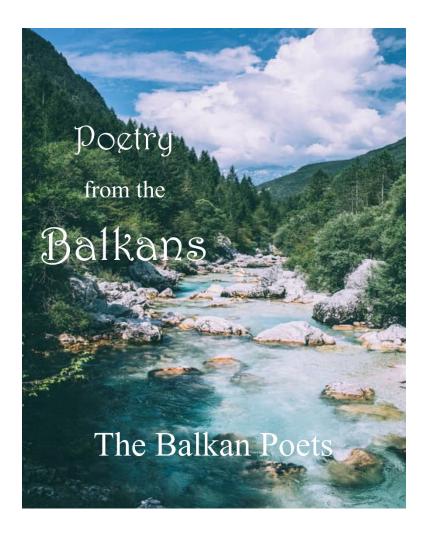
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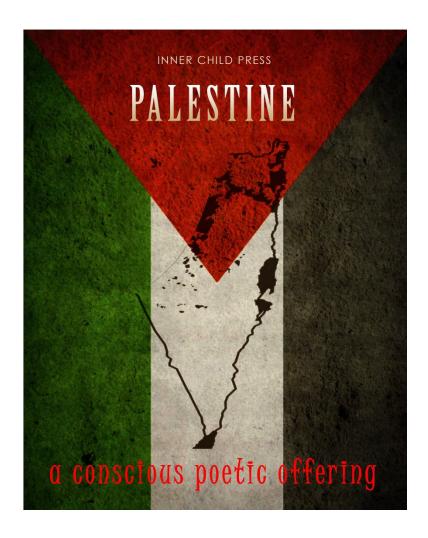


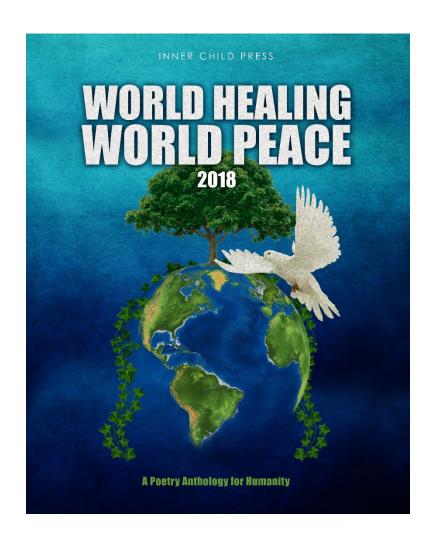


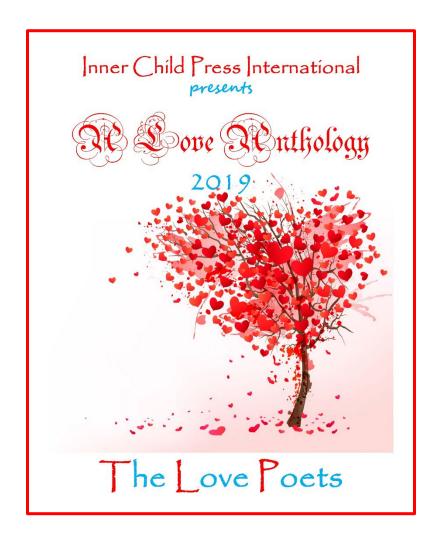




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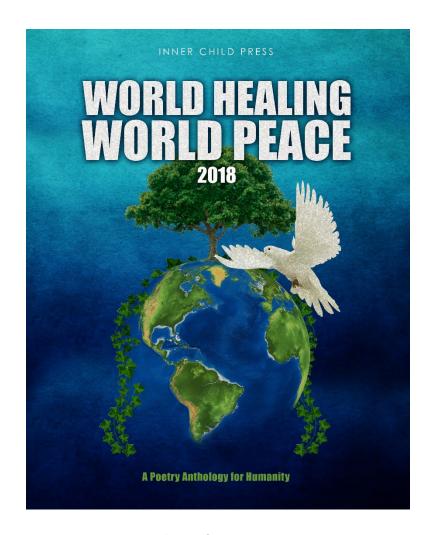




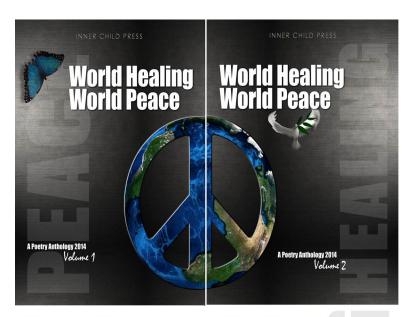


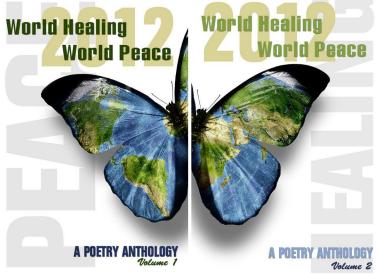
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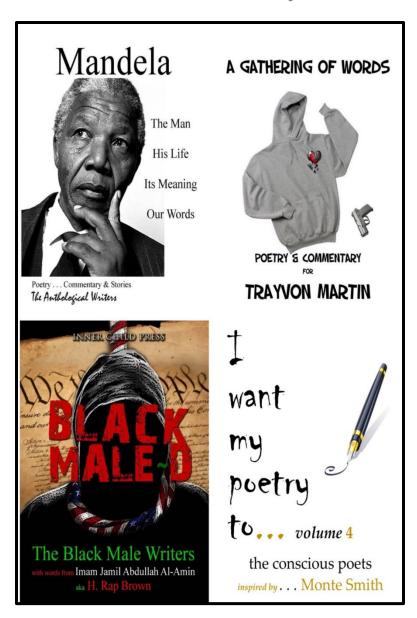


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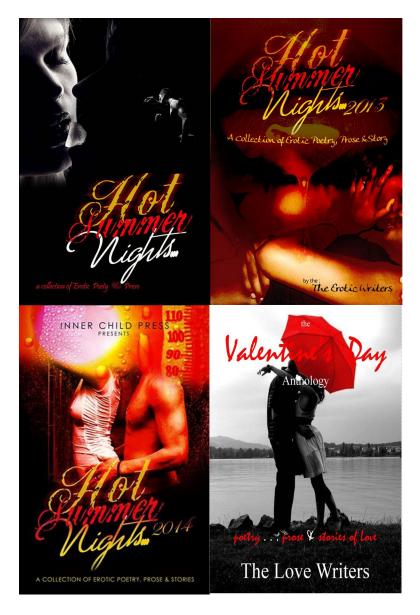
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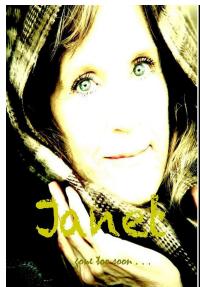
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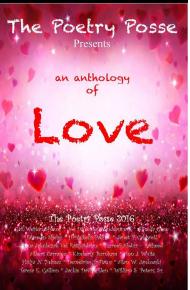
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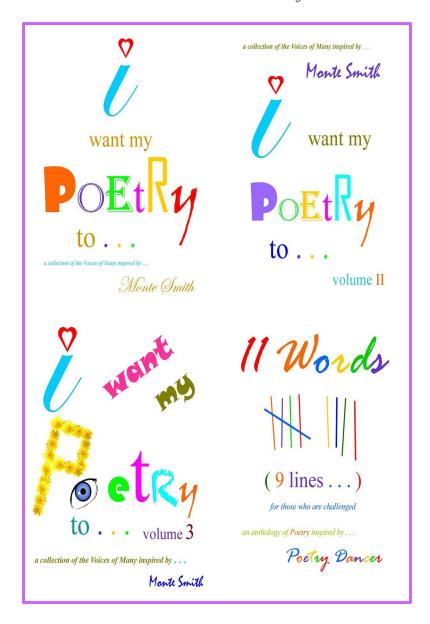




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The Pooling Plance
Samle Bond * Call Weston Stazer * Albert Infinite Carnasco * Siddertha Beth Pierce
Same P. Cathwell * Sune Blag Bereffeld * Debto M. Alben * Tony Herninger
Soe Delvietad Medicane* * Robert Call Samle * Netal t Wall * Servered Abuth-Anaheed
Collecty Sumham * William S. Proten, Sy.

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



The Packey Page

Samie Bond * Call Weston Strace * Bloth I Individe Camson * Sidder the Beth Pierce
Samet P. Caldwell * Sure Bagel Borellids * Debbie M. Allen * Torry Henninger
Soe Delverbal Minddencer * Robert Cibbons * Neetla Wall * Shreee Abdar-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sh.

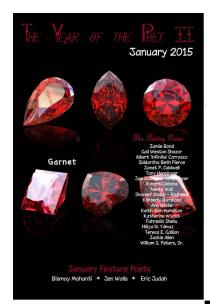
October Feature Poets

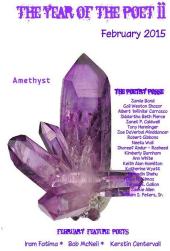
Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



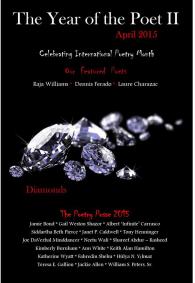


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The Year of the Poet 11 June 2015

June's Featured Poets

nyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker

The Poetry Posse 2015

Iamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

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



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

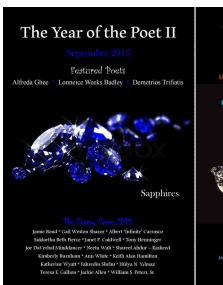
Pearl

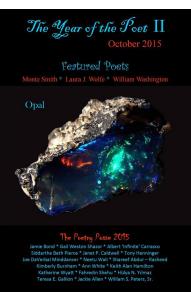


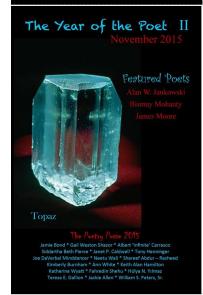
The Poetry Posse 2015

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

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The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Netu Wall * Shared Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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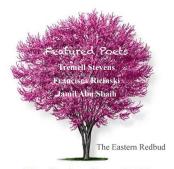


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



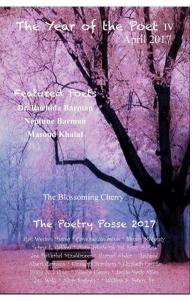
(gall Weston Shazon * Carolline Xizareno * Bisnay Mohauty Noar Sertunt * Inna Jakobczk Vel Retty Holan * Jan Vells Joe D'Verfall Minddenen * Sharend Holan * Deshend Albert Carraco * Kinberly Burnham * Elzzbenh Castillo Holya N. Vitnaz * Felenha Hassen * Alba VV. Jankowski * Taress E. Gilllon * Jackie Drek Alba * Vvillan S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. (dillico * Homa alanhezak Vell Batty Hiddan John DaVarbid Minddapoer * Barned Hiddar - Baghed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Cestillo Hidya N. Yalouz * Estedha Hassan * Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Vellis * Nazar Sattoni * William S. Relets Sr.



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The Flowering Dogwood Tree

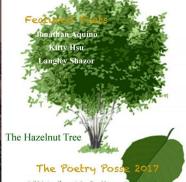


The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shuzer * Carollow Aszareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion * stone Jakubezak Vel 1841; silaban Jon DeVerbolt Middlencer * Sherens silabar - Bishead silbert Carrasco * Ethoberly Burnham * Elizabath Castillo Hulyo N. Vilouz * Esleahy Hesson * Jackie Dreks sillen Jen Wolfe * Nizer Serbout * * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



Gell Weston Shizen* Ceroline Nizarenov Teress E. Gelllon* Hinos alekubezek Vel Nativ Adalam Joe DeVerbolt Mitodalene* Shirenes Hisken — Rishaed Albert Cerrisco* "Kimberly Brunham" Elizabeth Certillo Hilly N. Yulmaz. "Eslenbe Hosson " Jackte Dreis Alllen Jen Wells" Nizar Sertent* " "William & Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets
Kay Peters
Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shatiyu

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



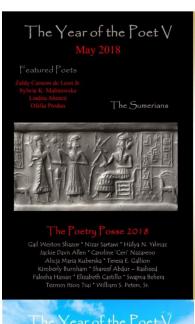
The Poetry Posse 2017

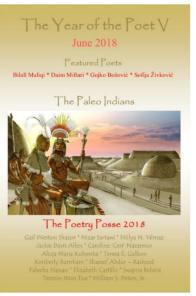
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Galilon * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Sharefa Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

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The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

Hussein Habasch * Mircea Dan Duta * Naida Mujkić * Swagat Das

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Adria Kuberski, "Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava' Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin titon Tsai ' William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawa * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubesika * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behaera Tezmir Ition Taji * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

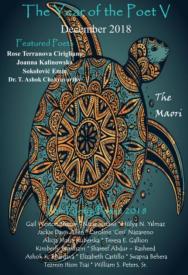
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



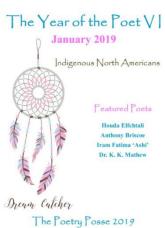
The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Cerr * Nazareno Alicip Amria Kubenski * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, St





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Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019 Featured Poets Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier

The Poetry Posse 2019

Meso-America

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 5. Peters, Sr.

April 2019



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Featured Poets

Emad Al-Haydary * Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff * Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kubesika "Terese E. Gallion" Jobe Patre Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Bizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tail "William S. Peters.

The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

Kate Gaudi Powiekszone * Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff * Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberiy Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.





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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 * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera The Year of the Poet VI December 2019 Featured Poets Rahim Karim (Karimov) * Sujata Paul Bharati Nayak * Kapardeli Effichia Oceania The Poetry Posse 2019 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 * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Feace
Celebrating past Nobel Feace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Year of Teace

Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassoc * Hølya N. Yilms Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Carllo * Swapna Beher Tezmin titon Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace rating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.

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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan

Banksy's The Girl with the Pierced Fardrun



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska Teresa E. Gallion "De Paire Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tail "William S. Peters."

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hulya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska Teresa E. Gallion Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tail William S. Peters.

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsal * William S. Peters, 3

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

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazon - Albert Capassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet - Aliça Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire - Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed - Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera - Tezmin Hion Tsai - William S. Petess.

The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Featured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maria Kuberka * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bharjayar Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera * Ezmin Itlon Tsai Willian S. Peters.

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The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

September 2021

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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

October 2021

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

Dale Lamphere



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

Featured Global Poets Errol D. Bean * Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic * Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alıcja Maria Kubeska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Sharecf Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

Featured Global Poets Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change: The Ice Cap



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesia" Terese E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai " William S. Peters, 20

The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

in a second

Featured Global Poets

Dimitris P. Kraniotis * Marlene Pasini Kennedy Ochieng * Swayam Prashant

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsai * William S. Peters, 2008.

The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Oceans





*Celebrating our 100th Edition *

Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubersia "Teresa E. Gallion", Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tail "William S. Peters. 3

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The Year of the Poet IX May 2022

Featured Global Poets Ndaba Sibanda * Smrutiranjan Mohanty Ajanta Paul * Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

Climate Change and Birds



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

June 2022

Featured Global Poets
Yuan Changming * Azeczat Okunlola
Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

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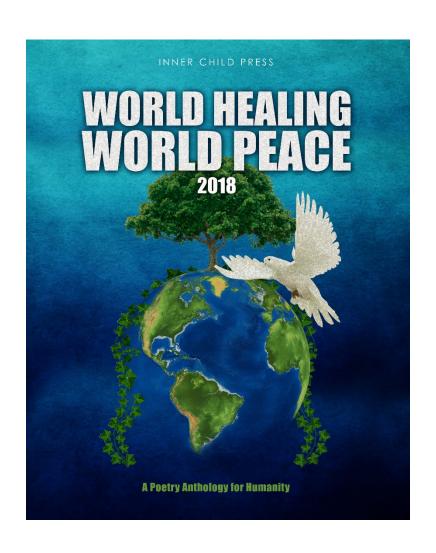
World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

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World Healing World Peace

2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020

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building bridges of cultural understanding'

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