

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our Featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

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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General Information

The Year of the Poet II April Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2015

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Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

its Patrons,

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



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

Foreword

What an absolute delight it is to be a part of the 2015 Poetry Posse and its collaborative effort to create the monthly editions of The Year of The Poet II published by Inner Child Press. To be an artist is one thing, but it is a special life experience to participate in the emergence of the poetic word with other fellow artists.

Did I just call a poet an artist? I did ! The word imagery constructed by the artist the poet to bring forth poetry is the ultimate art form in my opinion. As I make reference to my use of poetry in the Preface of my second book in the series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die ! (book now in the process of being written).

“The late David Bohm on page 63 of his book Wholeness and the Implicate Order referred to poetry ‘*as an art form*’ having a primary function ‘*to give rise to a new perception, and to action that is implicit in this perception, rather than to communicate reflective knowledge of how everything is*’. “ As I say further in the Preface, ‘*I hope my poetic style of words have that same type of effect, to inspire the creation of novel and timely ideas through a process of intelligent perception in others*’.”

How fitting to illustrate and celebrate such a powerfully influential art form as poetry, then the April edition of The Year of The Poet II. This month's theme is specifically about the art form known as poetry and how the word imagery used to construct it finds revelation through the symbolic metaphor embedded within the social notion of rebirth/new birth long associated with the spring season. The art form poetry creatively used by the artist the poet,

can initiate a positive effect on others, “*to inspire in them the creation of novel and timely ideas through a process of intelligent perception.*” This eureka type moment emergent from the word imagery of the artist the poet can create the season of change associated with spring within the thought process of others. It can give rise to the rebirth of an old way of looking at things by initiating a new birth or a fresh outlook as to the way something is perceived in society.

How much more powerful is the art form of poetry to initiate change then when it is brought forth as one united although deliciously diversified voice, a collective of fellow artists called the 2015 Poetry Posse? The objective behind putting together this posse as stated by its founders “*is to bring the Poetry Community together with the various Cross Demographic representations found in Gender, Religion, Geography, Culture and Ethnicity.*” I joined the posse in 2015 because I am a true believer in the power of this objective and truly believe this collective force of fellow artists through the art form of poetry can exemplify and initiate positive change .that will be beneficial overall for all THE HUMAN RACE.

I have intelligently progressed as a human being and artist to believe the following without wavier, “*The true act of creating art, is for it to be used for the everlasting benefit of all humanity*” by using art to create change. Where does that start? Right here on these pages filled with words of imagery by artists who are willing to share with and support other artists. As artists, side by side, they see the wisdom in working as one to get each other’s unique vision and voice channeled through the creative process out to the world.

It is my honor to present to you the poetic words of my fellow artists the 2015 Poetry Posse within the April edition of The Year of The Poet II published by Inner Child Press.

Words of Potential

words having potential
seemingly,
manifest this spirit
one that tries to stimulate
some new perception
doing so to invoke an action
being of the creative kind
not to just convey
the way things appear
however,
also to spark
within those
who may listen
fresh notions
born from self-origin

peace out

~Keith Alan Hamilton~

WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Preface

Greetings Family, Poets and Readers,

Here we are with our 16th issue of The Year of the Poet. On April, 1st, 1996 then President Bill Clinton issued an official proclamation declaring April as National Poetry Month. The theme was first conceived and inaugurated in that same year by The Academy of American Poets. It is also celebrated in Canada. We at Inner Child Press feel this was a bit exclusive, so we like to think of this month of April inclusively being “International Poetry Month”. Poetry is much bigger than our individual geographies. Better yet, why not “Cosmic Poetry Month”.

This month we are so excited as usual to present to you our Poetry Offerings for your reading pleasure. Additionally this month we requested our resident Poetry Posse members to also share with our reading public, as well as with each other, 1 Epic Poem of their own creation. In this we are not speaking Epic in the traditional sense, but more of a contemporary application. This we believe allows the reader to look further behind the veil of each contributor and the spirit of their artistry. I do hope you enjoy the read.

Bless Up

Bill

*Thank God for Poetry
otherwise
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp

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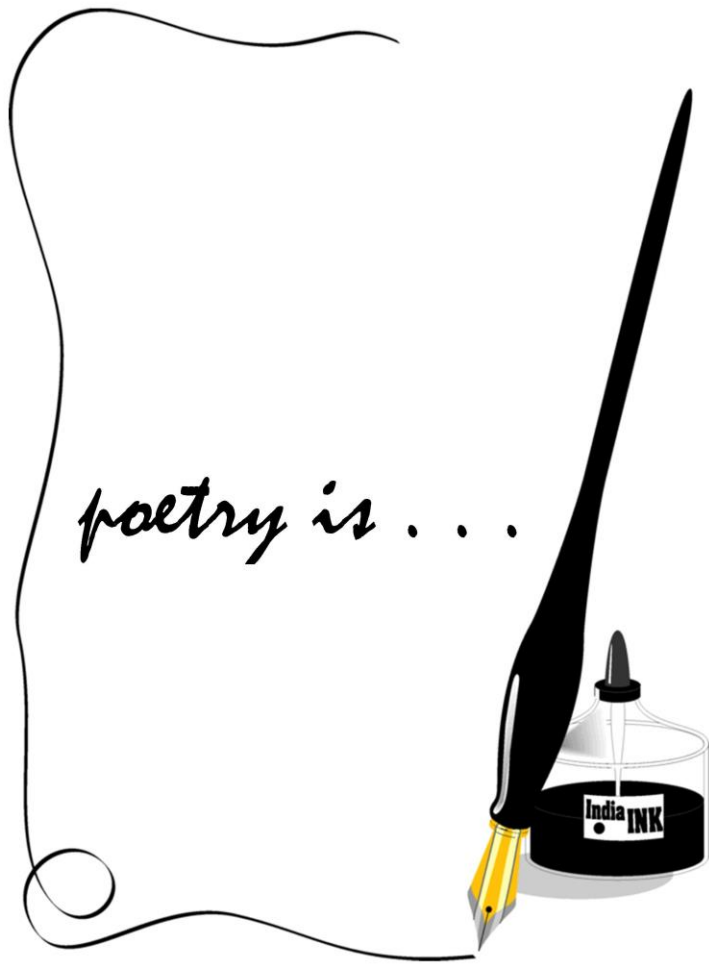
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchanting magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Jamie Bond

Jamie Bond



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

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

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

Her Motto

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

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

Poetry's Reply

Yeah I used poetry as therapy
an outlet to let my soul out
Like spilled milk with no paper towel
like eatin BBQ chicken with no wet nap

Trembled and fought like my pen was a sword
talked about and entertained nonsense
whenever I was bored.
Made it more vital than the sacred bible
never posted
cause I loved my own words in my emotional isle

Stayed loyal to myself
never gave others feelings too much thought
had opinions and solutions
but it never felt good for my health
And so I went from being all about me
to looking dead at me
and I realized the gift wasn't even about me

I was given an abundance of common sense
a third eye and a pen
and I wasted this God given gift
being a Battle Rhyming poet in Beast Mode
against these trifling ass ho's and men!

With great power comes responsibility
And at first I didn't take it seriously
Abuse of power caused low level poetry
sacred scribe Obtained a restraining order on me

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Poetry Said:

if you refuse to use me for a voice
then please set my pen free

Poetry left me a letter and said:

I thought we went together like flashlights and batteries!
JB you don't even talk to me! You talk about me!!
You went from selfless to selfish In less than a decade!

Forget tha peanut butter and jelly
they aren't nothing without the bread,
so either your wrist is going to cooperate
with these images in your head
or you'll lose the ability to pen the issues unsaid

Poetry then threatened me, said:

Don't make me black ball your rhymes
and make all the lines to the paper disappear on you
poetry walked out; left me just like that
she said: spit some something of substance
or else I'm not coming back!

You need to use this gift as a proponent
and not as an opponent!
You're missing the most basic component!
I'm sending writers block
so it stays un penned till you compose it!

Statistically JB

African Americans make up about 45%
of the prison population in the US
And yet less than 1% can be found protesting
against despicable living and social conditions

Jamie Bond

The world needs
more Revolutionary lyricists to become advocates
and what are you doing with that pen in your hand
NOT A DAMMN THING to change the world!
You're just being lazy!

Stop writing!! Just stop...
When your belly is full and your mental is growling
Come see me so I can feed you
and bring you back under my wing!

Inspired by Roe Devotion

Save The Poet ~ Save The World

When this poetess is in distress
Her pen doesn't transform into a bat light
There's no cape or fancy car used to fight crime
Nope... just ink cartridges and a bunch of fly away paper
But I be tryna stick to your brain like my phrases are
flypaper
There's just a bunch of likes and head nods snaps claps and
daps
Just to say they say that they can see me being a creative
creator

And when I'm out of words for this world of ours
Who shall carry the torch of this outspoken poetess?
While I've been a voice for them all who is speaking for me
Whose notes will save me where do I go to obtain some
relief

When the last cloud of breath in my chest
Of my soul shows I'm so broken
Who breathes life back into me besides the EMS
And who restores the hope that's been stolen
When it's all said done and
When I'm on that slab getting my chest cut open
Perhaps Dr. G says a prayer for me during the autopsy
Perhaps she'll see in my MRI the last words unspoken

Jamie Bond

I read and teach widespread like a king size bedspread
Thoughts hang from my head like dreads when I sleep
Words swirl around my head like Shirley temple curls
Mouth wet with twisted verbs get me a wet nap and a wet
vac
Unmuted Ink just that you can see the cadence of my last
breadth
Save the poet save the world let me know by the time I get
back
Trapped inside of a daytime trance going nowhere in an
evening dress
Never give less yet nevertheless save the restless pen of this
poetess
Just so that I may have the opportunity to continually save
the rest of us

Dedicated to Mizz Fab

When I Say "My Poets"

When I say "my poets"
I declare their mindset and cadence
As gelled ink on one page

I wholeheartedly
Adore their pen
And what they stand for,
Don't stand for,
Have, want, need,
Envision and refuse to see....

When I say "my poets"
I say it with my chest out
Affectionately and proudly
To anybody who will listen

When I say "my poets"
I don't own them
But I do take full accountability
For their penning under the influence
As the designated driver
On the road of unmuted ink

When I say "my poets"
Trust and believe!!!
You can't, won't and don't
Want it with them
Because then you're
Wanting it with me

When I say "my poets"
I'm saying that
The DNA is in the unmuted ink
My poets are my family!!!

Jamie Bond

Gail
Weston
Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

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

available at Inner Child Press.

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A Spring Handling

Spring came late this year
Here in the mountains
The shadows run lengthwise
In the cool light
Sometimes we forget it's coming
When the winter is hard
And we can't find the blooming crocus

The muddy ground greets you
On every step in the woods
The roll of your coat collar
Provides little protection upturned
For a leftover northeaster
But someone needs to clear the paths
To the meeting house

The beat up pickup truck
With thawed out and rusty ice patches
Heralded the need for the sticks
And the men took to the woods
As the women took to the kitchen
Eager to be of service
To the grand commission of the Lord

Waking up after winter
Is a hard job for most things
All the wild things are on their own schedule
Surviving in the mountains meant
That men had to learn their ways
And the ways of the weather
In the hand of the all-knowing Almighty

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Being or not being Sunday
Made no nevermind to the time
As long as we could get there
The signs would be worked
And the caught up serpents would be handled
Spring came late this year
The mountains needed the blessing

Clocks

Spring is never late
Nor is it early
It comes when we are least ready
To expect a bit of warmth
The crocus blooms
The daffodil peaks
And kids get cabin fever
But it is not spring until
We save daylight for the fall

A Spring Limerick

In order to really feel more warm

He practiced running in a bee swarm

When they began stinging

Loudly he was singing

Me thinks that skating is more to form

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert
'Infinite the Poet'
Carrasco

Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong < > right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men < > life.

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>

Urban poetry

Dudes used to shoot the five for shifts, whoever's hands were nicer got that paper, shit was real even for hungry pitchers. There were blocks in New York that made OT money so dudes used to call next then wait impatiently on the sideline like the courts. Everybody was trying to get while they could cause not everybody gets a long run in the hood. We set the reactions to the risk aside hoping to stack enough paper to live comfortable away from where we currently reside, before drug charges or somebody goes on the run or trial for our homicide, we was speeding through life without brakes being applied. At twelve I was the youngest, at thirty I became the oldest because many heard the fat lady's chorus on the road to become bosses. I always looked for advice and direction from older hustlers but that option was no longer available because an entire generation was undergoing extinction, when faced with choices or options I had to depend on my heart to make decisions. Peers, years and torches passed, all grave sites grew grass, I know incarcerated dudes that went in with peach fuzz and smooth skin like a baby's ass now have wrinkles, full beard and mustache, some have war blemishes, stab wounds or slices when the ox slashes during chow or yard clashes. My decision was to retire, I laid low then reemerged on the surface of hell to pull my kin out the fire and redirect them. I don't need a magic ball to read fortunes of future hustlers because unfortunately I already know what the outcomes going to be and I constantly let it be known through urban poetry.

Call me daddy

Nothing was stopping me, I wasn't taking heed when people was warning me, I was a rebel, a dying breed. I went to jail... Came out and hustled. Got shot...came out the hospital and hustled, Went to all of my closest friends funerals, Those nights after the funeral director kicked us out... I hustled. I was sacrificing all of me to get out of poverty.

I started at twelve. Stopped thirteen years ago, I'm now forty one, ya know what it took to get me out the game? Not fear... Cause till this day i ain't scared.. It was a baby baring my last name... My son. His smell, the tenderness, his innocence made him so precious. loosing him to a raid or a hit I wasn't going to sacrifice, because of him I changed my life. I went from a gangster to a father, he gave me that right. When my dad dad it hurt me bad, so I wasn't prepared to be in heaven looking down at my son saying the same things I say to my dad, like dad I know we only had a short time together but I want to know I love you.. Or dad its crazy but today's my birthday I'm now older than you, or dad are you proud of me?, na I wasn't gonna do that to my baby. I fed him, burped him, wiped his ass then bathed him, put on his onesie as i watched him clock zzz's, I fathered him. Watching that cradle tick tock tick tock took me farther and farther away from that crack block.

Spring time love

Hello.. Hi... Two words brought us together on that beautiful spring day. Just like that, we went from strangers passing by to her being my girl and me her man, beautiful bliss bonded when we grasped hands. I won't lie, when our lips touched I felt like bobby Brady's first kiss.. I saw the Fourth of July behind my closed eyes. We have this chemistry, a magnetic attraction, made for each other passion, its all about her.. anything else In between is just a distraction. She's a killer, if I was superman and she was criptonite I would just jump out my tights, throw off my cape and be a regular brother..just for her.

We fell

She loves me I love her, she tells me and I tell her frequently not only when we're making love to each other. She tells me I'm her better half, i laugh, to me its the other way around..I'm lucky to be with her. she says I make her world go round and Life couldn't be any better since we've gotten together. She cries I can't believe I found my soul mate tears as we stroll through parks, her embraces at night are super tight as we enjoy manhattan lights, her affection for me shines ever so brightly, brighter than the views we see on those nights bordering the Hudson. She is my...springtime love

Siddartha
Beth
Pierce

Siddhartha Beth Pierce



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

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

<http://youtu.be/6PcR9TsBQxo>

PBS Interview

www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php

The Old Oak Tree

Mossy, encased
In jaded, evergreen laden limbs
Sweeping, swinging, swimming
In the Air
Giving Breath to Life.

Life to Breath,
While supping from local streams
Of watering holes,
Filled with young tadpoles
I used to view
On my lonesome trench
To countryside mailbox
On my ride to the local schoolyard.

A Spirit Released

My son spoke to me
Out in Marshall, Virginia
On our family property-
We adore its touch.

He said, 'Please remember the Ambience,'
At the tender age of seven.

I was so surprised
That he would surmise such a word,
Its meaning at his tender age,
Such Beauty of that day.

Later, that year on another jaunt there,
At that tender age of seven,
Pierce found a stunning, celadon Luna Moth-
Though she lay lifeless in the green grass.

He swiftly looked at me and stated,
'Mommy, we must take it to the Garden stone.'

I followed, as I am apt to do,
You see these wee young lasses and lads
Are newer still
Often knowing more than we-
In many ways.

So, yes, per my lad's request
We placed the Luna Moth upon the stone
To the Garden's entrance.

Siddhartha Beth Pierce

Then he suddenly instructed,
'Mommy, take out your lighter now,
And let this creature's Soul free.'

I could not subside
His will I did abide
And set the Luna Moth free,
Of earthen realm,
She, He,
Slowly falling to ashes
As it also rose into a tiny smoky cloud
Like a Phoenix.

In my son's eyes,
I saw an understanding,
Beyond will.

An Angel still he is to me.

Dances in the Rain

Dances in the rain
glancing off each windowpane
Sprinting from silvered fingers forth
promising all that she is worth,

Giving all and taking none
A true friend for those that need one,

She dances with the refrains
sharing with each her secret knowledge
That to live is a luxury to never be admonished.

Believe, love and to give once more are the traits that she
sets forth.

She dances in the rain
glancing off each windowpane.

When you hear that patter on your tin roof
You know then
That you are near heart and hearth.

Home.

Siddhartha Beth Pierce

Janet
Perkins
Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Janet P. Caldwell has been writing for 40 years and has been published in print newspapers and held a byline in a small newspaper in TX. She also has contributed to magazines and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies yearly. She is currently editing her 4th book, written and to be published 2015. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child, which includes the many Inner Child Facebook groups, Inner Child Newspaper, Inner Child Magazine, Inner Child Radio and The Inner Child Press Publishing Company.

To find out more about Janet, you may visit her web-site, Face-book Fan Page and her Author page at Inner Child Press.

www.janetcaldwell.com

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

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

I'm Not What You Think I Am

Persona's are a mask.
Something that I wore
and at times still do.

That *well crafted image*
that I want others to see
so that I can control
the hidden pain, the stains
and burdensome weights carried
like an authorized pack mule.

And also the scars buried beneath
my heart and face
have become an integral part of me.

This plethora of uncertainty, insanity
and vanity, leaking from my eyes
like a busted faucet staining sinks
and peering through
and at the eyes of insensitivity.

Where is the humanity ?

I pick my scabs until they bleed.
I rip and claw them off daily.
Like it or not in revealing myself
is not at all quiet, nor pretty.
For, I am not fully as I seem.

This mask has been on so long publicly
that it needs to be sand blasted off
like dirty concrete
on an old rooming house wall
where my thoughts gather the dust

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

of dying carcasses and mistrust
to clearly see a hint
of the beauty underneath.

I lost my religion too
how could a god let this world
fall apart so casually ?

Thinking for myself, is scary at times
but shedding this *propagandic* skin
has been helpful to me.

Please, please don't ask me
what it is that I believe.
It has been a journey
and may change tomorrow
truths always do.

But I abhor the world of izms and vulgarity.
It is my perspective and judgmental still
but something that I need
for me, at this time to be real.

And I don't want to be famous
but those who really know me
are aware of this
and to those who do not
quit pushing me
into your imagined bliss
it would never make me happy.

One last thing, being white
is not a blessing to me
though I never committed
the horrific atrocities.
I wonder, in a past life
what I did to deserve

Janet Perkins Caldwell

this fate of inhumanity.

In reality, whatever that is
there is nothing to fear
but an unquiet mind
rambling and rolling
throughout the years.

To be ONE with all
I must drop the mask
the people pleasing
and unrealistic expectations taken on
like a rubber band stretching
to the breaking point
of insanity.

So, let me remove the saddle from my back
and to be myself.
With this . . .
the *puzzled* pieces
nicely fit.
And make up one race
that I belong to
called humanity.

These are just a few
of the things without the mask.
I am not what you think I am.
Most do not know me.

Perils

Never-ending terror that grips
and gnaws me. Torturous, twisted
arms and tenacious teeth.
Perpetually my companion,
an old associate that I know well.
Bite me, pull the blood, take
it right out of a blue vein. (again)
I sense it slathered carelessly
across your dirty smile.
Heart long since devoured,
eaten with brussell sprouts and
a warm sauce
Maul and claw my eyes out,
talons, talons, I could never see anyway.
No use! Break my arms and my legs.
Useless wings, stupid things
they've never seen flight.
Pretty and useless, that's us.
Come on, stab me now. I am
aching to give up this ghost.
Make haste, I need to be free
so that I can see saw sea.
Let the waters claim the rest of me.

Memories of a Summer Day

I didn't know that I'd lose him before I was ready.
Summer was a lot longer when I was seven.
The sun seemed to set at midnight, and I
never wanted to sleep when he was there.
It was the Summer of 1966, the moisture
was falling and rising from the street.
The waves were pink, blue, gray and green.
Like invitations enticing me to a party while
Quietly lulling me into a hazy hue of happiness.
Sticking my bare toe in the
melting, pavement tar bubbles,
alerted me and brought me
right outta my lazy daze.
Looking up, he was there, blonde
hair and crooked grin. Grabbing
my hand and saying "let's Ride."
The excitement built and my heart raced
almost as fast as the engine in his
shiny Chevelle, SS 396.
Turning the radio on it began to wail
a Beach Boy's tune,
"1st gear, it's alright,
2nd gear lean right,
3rd gear hang on tight,
faster . . .it's alright!"
The wind picked up like a Texas tornado.
Round and round, with the windows down.
Mouthfuls of hair, and we were not scared.
Oh no, we were delighted and excited.

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Faster and faster he drove into
yesteryear's horizon. You see,
I was blinded with joy and Summer's Freedom,
never realizing how special this day would
be in my memory . . . Because . . .
I didn't know that I'd lose him before I was ready.
And that Summer was longer, when I was seven.
The sun seemed to set at midnight, and I
never wanted to sleep when my brother was there.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Jackie
Allen

Jackie Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

My name is Jacqueline D. Allen, otherwise known as Jackie. I grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia, one of ten children. As a child, of a coal miner and a stay at home mother, I told stories at night to my younger siblings in an attempt to lull them to sleep. That was the tool I used so that I might return to my homework, uninterrupted. Much to my delight they begged me to bring the "books" home so that they could see the pictures for themselves. As delighted as I was that they loved my stories, it was difficult to endure the disappointment on their faces when I told them the truth: I had made up all of the stories that they had so loved.

Many years after those early seeds of story telling began, after college, after work, after raising my children, I began to write poetry. I find writing poetry the creative fabric from which I am able to weave whole cloth from both truth and fiction. Inspired by real life events, memory, imagination and enhanced by the sheer joy of playing with words, my poetry satisfies my need to be creative.

And, if ever there are days when I wonder why it took so long for the writer in me to reveal itself, I simply pick up my pen, or in most cases, go to the computer, and begin writing yet another poem.

awakening

green surrounded
by emerging yellow
blooms offer
generously, a greeting

passers by
welcome spring's
sunny days, and
the stately daffodils sigh

writing poems
and sketching
memories
of yesterday

i am
revealing myself
for all the world
to see

happily
sadly
i finish
the manuscript

it is a present
to all, and yet
it is my gift
to me

april's face

remnants of winter's landscape
below the branches of the silver birch
hover beneath its peeling crumbling bark
bleached limbs time worn ancient stained
now await the painting of colors clouds
silver tipped hold bruised wet thoughts

emerging green blades swish in brisk wind
emerald with various shades and hues days
paved the way an artist waits in the wings
ah now a glorious sun sings praises a hymn
the golden gem smiles sizzles then showers
her passion heat reveals an embarrassed grin

early birds red breasted robins of course
the cardinals too winged ones sorely red
so red it's a sin they fly by seeking mates
pairs of doves coo nestled in cozy nests
cedar branches ring out with sweet songs
nodding heads twitter they with cheer

the dutchman's favorites varied colors
yellow purple share the stage some pink
but beware the artist her smile her whim
comes and goes her sun may turn its head
clouds may cry a reflection of april's face
is it any wonder that the day sings of her beauty

Encouragement

Ah, it is a bright and sunny afternoon
and it's the appointed time to write.
Poetry or prose? You'll surely know soon
as the evidence will be plainly in sight.

Pens and papers collected, at the ready,
you pensively begin your adventure,
gathering words and more words. So heady
is the experience: what a wondrous pleasure.

Now the fun begins. Writing and rewriting,
sharing what you've composed. You won't be
hesitant, for other writers are gently waiting
with empathic hearts in tune, sympathetically.

*Wonderful piece or writing.... you're flattered,
knowing your thesaurus was never consulted.
And then, The generous truth of the matter
Is that your talent, like a rose, has blossomed.*

See how the caring relationship of one word
to another, creatively shaped, becomes a dance?
Despite one's poor penmanship, know that
with desire, persistence, and effort, you can write.

So, which will it be? Prose or poetry?
Or both?

Tony
Henninger

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Tony Henninger is the current president of The Permian Basin Poetry Society of Texas in West-Texas. His first book, "A Journey of Love", is a collection of love poems dedicated to his wife Deanne and is available at InnerchildPress.Com and Amazon.com.

He has been published in several anthologies including: Permian basin and Beyond 2014, We are the 500 (West Texas poets), Hot Summer Nights 2013 and 2014 editions, and World Healing/World Peace. He is, also, one of the co-authors of the 12 volume Anthology "Year of the Poet 2014" at InnerChild.

He is currently working on his second book of poetry to be published in early 2015.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany and growing up in Colorado, He now resides in Texas.

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at Linkedin.com

Tony Henninger at Permian Basin Poetry Society @gmail.com.

Tony Henninger

Welcome Spring

An expectation is rising,
it is not surprising,
for I can feel the warmth
of the coming of Spring.

This winter has been far too cold
and far too long.
Now, finally, releasing its grip
and giving way to a new song.

My heart beats a little faster
as I watch the gray clouds whisk away
and I give a goodbye salute
to the last winter day

and say:
“Welcome Spring.”

Eternal Spring

Oh, season of Spring.
The renewal of life you bring.
The warmth and the comfort
of your soothing rain
giving life and nourishment
to everything again.

I can almost feel the struggling
of tiny seeds in their straining
to burst out of the ground
wanting to grow in the sunlight.
Icicles falling from trees
like tears being released
in the expectation of you.

And so it is with our lives
as we, too, will emerge from
the winter of our years
to bathe in the warmth
of our own eternal spring.
Crossing over into
a renewed Life
in the light of God.

Tony Henninger

Just a Wanderer

I am just wanderer,
wandering on a
pebbled road of words
lined on each side
by phrases and quotes.

Walking along this road,
the words stare
up at me
trying to
catch a hold
in my heart.
In my soul.

Sometimes,
I stumble.
Sometimes,
I must
sit and rest
my feet
for a bit.

It is then,
that I gather up
some pebbles hoping
they will reveal to me
their secrets of poetry.

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

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

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

Birth And Rebirth

Nine months ago it was hot
And we slept an hour later
It's dark now when I rise
It seems that man controls forever
Our minds control the whether or not
We should tend the garden early
There's still a chance of snow
And my April she's an odd one

Three days cold is how the story goes
And dreams of planted seeds rise
I believe in nature and all its wonder
It rains for the splendor in the grass
And conducts the song of birds
August thru April the choir rests
Then the crying begins
Diapers on the table and the birds are chirping
One last flirt with winter's drama
Say hello to the babies' mama
Springs upon ya
And the blossoms are due to show

No more snow is how the weather goes
And life is so unpredictable
Histories fact or fictional
We believe what we want to believe
Yet the buds are there spring is in the air
With every pollen sneeze
The green dusty breeze covers the land
And what I am is tired I want my hour back

Spic And Span

I purchased these products in preparation for the new
Scouring porcelain polishing chrome and brass
Vinegar and water leaves no streaks
The hardest part was painting the walls
Covering memories and that un-washable stain

The windows are open now
The sweet funk of the gym
Got to show the world I'm fitting in
I'm in the swing of spring's mellow smells
Empty nest filled with broken shells
New window coverings
Jelly beans
Jelly beans
Jelly beans
All the themes of spring
Tiny patent leather things with ruffled socks
And the spark then thunder came

Spring rains again and again
I set on my window seat
I hear the thunder and wonder
Is nature clean?
Chances are and we'll follow the ritual
Out with the old in with the new
New shoes
New suit
New groove
Yes loves in bloom it's mating season
Dating is the thing to do
Showing who's with whom shall be the leader
And pluck the first flowers of spring

Up From The Thaw

I find it hard to express what winter does for me
Being a recluse it offers and excuse not to be outside
Even the news will aide in my ruse, stay in if possible
I can be me and avoid the interaction with man
Great plan until I need a helping hand
Then the mask comes on and the mind of a chameleon
I've observed thousands of things and blend in
One can study you know and be a pro
Never once playing the game, it sounds insane
And it is, but not until love rears its ugly head

Now you have to do things to prove it
Use wits or lose it and I've lost at love before
Who I am and what I desire are so contradictory
All that time to study me and no happy medium
I'm seeing them for who they are
They're seeing me without the scars
I'll stop at a bar if possible courage under fire
It burns when it goes down, I'll have another round
Maybe I'll conspire to reveal a little bit

I've concealed most of me and I'm inspired consciously
Finally I see I've hiding nothing
Assuming something that never was
Clouds begin to form, a crowd begins to swarm
I've become the norm of which I've hidden
Dark room dark heart, I've risen
Now my shyness is a given and I've reached a decision
I'll let go of me and receive the company of man
Like so many barren trees at winters hand
I'll become rich with foliage and my envy is not green
I've warmed up to society in this time of spring

Neetu
Wali

Neetu Wali



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

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

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

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

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

Patches of Dryness

Patches of dryness
On my skin
My arms cry
A pain of unease
Someone in-between
Craving to release
I cuddle and squeeze
In my sleep
Waiting for someone
Move deep
Miles beyond my smile
And catch that single tear
Floating in the air

A mother, a daughter
A wife, a beloved
A sister
How many roles
Did I stole
Every role turned out
To be fraction of a whole
Life is like an ice-Cream
Let it melt in your mouth
Before it melts outside
Don't make the taste a waste
In a haste to impress
Play the role that is you
To the true

Advice

O! Women
You should be thankful
To the stray dogs
Who advise you
Against their own self

Don't be out
After six in the evening
Else we are out for some
Eventful happening
Don't shout

Don't retaliate
Just be easy
With it
Don't earn my rage
By stopping me
It can cost you
Your life

Together for Ever

We walked
We talked
We danced
We sang
Together
We didn't know why
But we did together
Then
We fought
We abused
We misused
We choke
We broke
Together
We didn't know why
But we did together
Then
We broke apart
We missed
We cried
We felt
We wept
We smiled together
We didn't know why
But we did together

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Today's Springs are silent
Used to be brilliant
The soothing scenes of greens
Scented with fresh air to breathe
Wet with pearls of sweet drops
Adorning the tender shoulders of roses
When touched by sun's rays
Responded in seven colourful ways
Gone are the days
But I need them back
Tomorrow as I wake

Neetu Wali

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

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

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

Shareef is the Patriarch of the Abdur-Rasheed Family with 9 Children (6 Sons and 3 Daughters) and 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

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

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

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

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

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

not working...

systems systematically social,
economic, sorry shells of
what they claim to be
compels one to scrutinize
claims that are aimed at
hypnotizing minds, blinding
eyes
take you for a long ride
on a short pier
tell you to jump into hell
with gasoline drawers for
underwear.
thrive on lies. perpetuating
fear
hear dem swear
"we care, we care"
proof of claim found no where
signs of the opposite everywhere
hear dem preach
"be fair, be fair"
you hear them everywhere,
sea, land, on line, off ,on
the air
"don't do this, don't do that"
sounds like a classic case of
kettle calling pot black
hypocrites do that
in fact the distance between
what they say and do
would make New York to Tokyo
seem close to you

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

systems morally bankrupt, decrepit
more of the same 'ol ' stuff
sounds like a broken record
so called activist hit the streets
with broken, worn out slogans they
repeat
over and over " no justice, no peace"
echoed in the air, then slogans and
dem disappear
empty words fallen on deaf ears
see their "leaders" reappear on the
air with a J.O. B
deals made you and i never see
how corrupt the aristocracy
making governing a miserable mockery!
while they ask the deaf, dumb, blind
"Oh say can you see?"
sadly answered in the affirmative,
ironically!

food 4 thought!

He vies...

for the dunya(world)
live lies for the dunya
compromise for the dunya
try on disguise for the dunya
rely on there's a prize in the
dunya
reply to the cries of the dunya
" come now and try me on for
size " says the dunya
" you'll be pleasantly surprised "
said the dunya
" your created to strive " says the
dunya
indulge and you'll soon fly like
birds
listen to my whispers
pay attention to my words
come now and sell your soul
from now on you'll be on a roll
feed your flesh " f your soul "
this ancient test been given
since mankind been living
even fooled Adam(aws) wa
Howa(aws)
mankind's mother and father
created from the Qadr(decree)
from thee creator saying " Be "
lived in paradise
so nice no words could suffice
but eat of the forbidden fruit
from the forbidden tree

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

enticed by the lies of Shaitan's
invitation
even thou they were warned
clear ' n ' loud
fear and obey your lord's instruction
he " Shaitan " is your enemy
avowed
listening to his lies will lead to
your destruction
such is the fate of those who
compromise their faith
to this very day the test remains
the same
so ignore the dunya when it calls
your name
it's promises are lies designed
to compromise lives
lure you, implore you,
take you by surprise
fake you out, take your prize
your soul!
and on and on it goes
as mankind spirals
out of control!

food 4 thought

frontal lobotomy..,

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

food 4 thought!

Kimberly
Burnham

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

As a 28 year-old photojournalist, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic condition, "Consider life if you become blind." From those devastating words, she forged a healing path with insight and vision. Today, a brain health expert, Kimberly helps people experience richer, more nourishing environments.

"People, who feel better, make better choices for themselves, their community and our world."

Her PhD in Integrative Medicine and extensive training in Craniosacral Therapy, Reiki, Acupressure, Integrative Manual Therapy, Health Coaching, and Matrix Energetics enable her to serve as a catalyst, gently shifting your ability to feel better physically, think more clearly, and be more creative.

A 2014 Poetry Posse member, Kimberly and Creating Calm Network's Ann White, assist small enterprises in crafting business booming words and robust social media platforms. Kimberly won SageUSA's 2013 story contest with a poem from *The Journey Home*, chronicling her 3,000 mile Hazon Cross-USA bicycle trip. Her poetry books include, *Live Like Someone Left The Gate Open* and the upcoming *Healing Words—Poetry for Thriving Brains*. With Elizabeth Goldstein she edited the anthology, *Music—Carrier of Intention in 49 Jewish Prayers*.

Experience greater health & success @ (860)221-8510
<http://ParkinsonsAlternatives.CreatingCalmNetwork.com>
<https://www.Linkedin.com/today/author/39038923>
Vision Story: <http://youtu.be/JhG3-qwkvVk>

Fluctuating Relationships

Volcanic
glacial
towering peaks
rolling down
the stillness
garnering at the bottom
smiling again
pouncing on the mountain
past and forward looking
undulating extremes
define the continuum

Angry and delicious
relating but never quite
all one or the other
don't get stuck
thinking it is the end
as the pendulum swings
seasons change
life moves

We can't hold back the spring
bursting with new chances
to create beauty
gifts from the universe
swinging into relationships

We chose how far to go
how much to learn
when in the cycle
to frame the vision

Heaven and Earth

Intersecting heaven and earth
flesh and blood
matter casting a shadow
light filters down
a million miles from the sun

I feel the heat on my face
waves of light
speeding through the sky
intersecting with my dreams
of what can happen today
at the intersection between
heaven and earth
and me

The daylight spun into words
poetry flowing
light bridging space
as chlorophylled leaves
blowing oxygen
into me
at the intersection of life

Dance

Morning brought
"let's go out
dancing"
the day lengthened
white lilies in a red pot
covered with hearts
dance through the long day

Sitting on the couch
as dusk creeps into the daylight
energy well distributed
but little left for
"let's go out
dancing"

The TV screen beckoning
after stirfry swirls
from pan to belly
music on demand
we dance at home
crazy and slow
bouncing and gliding
on the chocolate carpet

Ann
J.
White

Ann J. White



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Amazed and inspired by her own life, Ann White has lived the life of a grasshopper buffeted about by wild winds, yet always landing safely and creating a home wherever she finds herself.

Highlights include working with astronaut Frank Borman, sharing a hot dog with Ross Perot, enjoying a coffee with Florida Governor Chiles, and attending a ballet with Imelda Marcos. Ann has also survived childhood sexual abuse, one terrorist coup, two burglaries, one rape and countless misadventures – making her grateful for each of life’s moments.

An international management consultant, board certified family attorney, rabbi, grief counselor, and trauma chaplain – Ann has worn many professional hats.

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm by Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with two very weird dogs and six quirky hens.

Ann is the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking, Living with Spirit Energy, Code Red – a Stress Rx for Trauma Workers*, and *So You Want to Be a Radio Host*. She has also been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group along with Kimberly Burnham.

Ann produces and hosts several programs on CCN as well as officiating weddings and distributing Young Living Essential Oils and It Works! Body Wraps.

You can find her at:

www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

Poetry Frees

Poetry frees the mind to sing out
It frees the heart to explode
It frees the feet to dance
The beat, the rhythm, the pulse
Life in words, images, colors, and sounds
The hue of happiness, the sanguine color of despair
Fast paced or lethargically slow – the rhythm of life
In words and bits and bytes of sound, letters forming
meaning
Meaning forming feelings
Feelings forming more letters forming more meanings
Flashes of color, electrical charges, darkness, light
Poetry frees the mind to wander
To delight
To ponder
To play
Poetry frees the heart to explode with passion
Implode with sorrow
Beat with the pulse of love, old or young, new or flannel
Poetry walks the journey of our feet
The rocks and quagmires, the ponds and stepping stones
The days of our lives– sauntering, staggering, dancing,
leaping, shuffling, tapping, rapping
Sing it loud, love it deep, dance it with passion
The poetry of the soul

The Threads of Life

In the 65 years I have lived
I continue to be rocked by feelings
Amazed as life unfolds
The little girl hiding under the cafeteria table
wiping her tears with her braids
The sound of gunfire and fear of being held at gunpoint in
the Philippines
the day after the ballet and sipping cognac at the Hotel
Manila.
The beauty of floating on gentle waves off the coast of
Martinique
The electricity of Paris at night as the Eiffel Tower flashes
its brilliance to announce a new hour
And now as I nest and compost
I weave all of these threads, these scraps, these odds and
ends of life
Into the fertile garden that is me
Awaiting for the spring sun so I will bloom anew
With amazement
And wonder
What will be

My eyes see

My eyes see the beauty of a new day
The smell of chicken poo
The sound of an excited puppy
The feel of an arctic wind
The pounding of the surf
The grass fighting its way through the last of the snow
The earth worm gobbled by the hungry hen
The beat and boom of music from a speeding car
My eyes see wonder and despair
My heart feels pain and joy
Eyes ears heart skin
Feel see hear experience
The bark of a dog, the tear of a child, the scream of the
siren racing past
The birth of a baby, the death of a loved one, the searching,
the longing, the loving too fast
Stand tall, bend low, trip, stumble, fall
Walk this earth, proud and tall
See, hear, feel, touch, taste – live if full, live it big, own it,
surrender to the experience

Keith
Alan
Hamilton

Keith Alan Hamilton



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is an Author who writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog, the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog and the NatureIQ.com Blog. Keith is also an exhibited artist, a fervent promoter of other artists and a professional Information Specialist/Investigator (Private/Corporate Sector – LPI).

Keith firmly believes, “The true act of creating art, is for it to be used for the everlasting benefit of all humanity” by using art to create change.

Driven by that belief, Keith's mission is within the spirit brought forth in his book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die! to see the value of proactively working together to improve the overall well-being of humanity. So people become more willing and able to help themselves and then do the same for others. To exemplify this mission a portion of the proceeds from the Keith's book series and his Art Store are donated to help support promising research into the cause, treatment, and management of MS, Fibromyalgia, Diabetes, Cancer, Hydrocephalus and mental conditions (Bipolar, Depression, Autism, etc.).

stand up and be heard

stand up and be heard
or just sit down
and wilt away
like the flower
'cause the vase went dry
of water.....
the silence of winter
sets in
sounds of life
are muted
by the weight
of fresh snow
as the last petal
falls without resistance
to the floor ~
~ stand up and be heard
speak of resolution
and reveal the way to peace
then like
the flight of a dove
across the majestic sky
on the morning
that gives birth to spring
an uplifting sense
of enlightenment ~
wisdom
and new growth
will be experienced

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

through the spirit of
empowerment ~
betterment ~
the loving
and eternal intent
that's rooted deeply
within the nobility
of well-spoken
meaningful ~ words

stand up and be heard

peace out

ghostly shutter

This poem is dedicated to my poetry mentor Martina Reisz Newberry who through heroic effort has initiated change through the artistry of her poetic words.

this ghostly shutter
the internal stir
an excitement
a vibrant restlessness
with a wanting
and persistence to become
..... an inherent spirit
akin to the *I AM*
that willingly
dances to the beat
of morphic resonance
this energetic vibe
a guiding light
a road map
many predecessors
have strolled along before
on the way to manifestation
suddenly to be born
naked and vulnerable
like the newborn ~ crying aloud
at first breath
the proverbial announcement
that ~ *I AM*
now ready
to undergo

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

transformation

..... in pursuit of the mark

INDIVIDUALITY

this distinct uniqueness
amidst a preoccupied crowd
that nudges in others ~
this ghostly shutter
the internal stir
an excitement
a vibrant restlessness
with a wanting
and persistence to become

..... that spirits hope and then change
for the better
as the dawn of spring
after a long cold winter
a poetic descriptive
of the creative process
the act of creation
that becomes art
in whatever form
use art to create change

peace out

the artful expression ~

*Dedicated to my poetry mentor Judih Weinstein Haggai;
she taught me through example how to communicate words
well in my own special way.*

the moon has been
up in the sky
every night
since whenever
the sun rises
bright and early
no matter what ~
the day
counts on it
summer comes and goes
year after year
like the tide
along the rocky shore
the leaves of the tree
fall in Fall
the cold wind
blows in Winter
such patterns of change
give the cognizant kind
the notion of predictability
and the comfort
felt from
the recurrent
assurance
of stability in reality
especially
the announcement

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Daylight Saving Time
the dawn of Spring
and yet
the reoccurrence
of some things
behavioral patterns
bathed in
the stagnate waters
of
bias and inhibition
are hard as a diamond
to change
unless altered by
a kind of laser
an art form of words
creatively written
as the late David Bohm
on page 63 of his book
Wholeness
and the Implicate Order
gave as an example
~ poetry having
a primary function
“.....*to give rise
to a new perception,
and to action
that is implicit
in this perception,
rather than to communicate
reflective knowledge
of ‘how everything is’*”
indeed ~
the artful expression ~
an opinion ~

Keith Alan Hamilton

an idea or concept
that creatively paints
the way to the eureka moment
the intelligent perception
like the art of Leonardo
di ser Piero da Vinci
that eventually fosters
human growth
and change
a fresh perspective
similar to
the symbolism of Spring

peace out

Katherine
Wyatt

Katherine Wyatt



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Katherine Wyatt, born in Pittsburgh, PA., comes from a family of artists and writers that date back into the fifteen hundreds. Her mother was a cartoonist whose work was published globally. Her father was a writer in the corporate world, and he started his career as a journalist as a young man. Katherine was formally a ballet dancer who was trained at the prestigious School of American Ballet and danced the New York City Ballet repertoire for many years. She then went to college and got a BA and an MA in World Religions, and MA in Humanities and another MS in Instructional Design for Online Applications. She Attended Florida State University, among other. She then taught college students for three years. Katherine has written all of her life, but mostly academically until eight years ago. When she was seventeen she began a spiritual journey that led her around the world, and to Rishikesh, India. There she studied yoga in the tradition of the Himalayan Masters. She also has spent the last four years studying the history and traditions of Native Americans, and is still learning much in this area. With a strong background in the arts and her deep interest in spirituality her poetry often reflects the human connection to the divine. Her work is inspired by both eastern and western tradition. Katherine is currently and academic writer who loves to write poetry and has two books published.

Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well
<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud
<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>
http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

She is a butterfly of iron

*a devi in disguise.
.the goddess caged and waiting
she will bless many as so few know such courage*

*She knows suffering and bears the rings of it fires
with a shrug*

*She sings... immaculate in the temples
the gods know her songs
and in her voice in the strength that heals her*

*She...is a little girl, a woman..and .a lover
when they try to cover her in shame
her light is too bright and her heart so strong
she illuminates the shame of a nation....and is its true
redemption*

*She has burned on the pyres of agonies

and lived ...for her soul is old
her years young....but her love...enduring and powerful*

*She is the wind in Krsna's flute,
the flower adorning Radha's hair
and knows the essence of the ancient and unspoken
mysteries*

*She is India...when it has fully blossomed
a lotus...rooted in deep waters*

*She is a daughter...more worthy than those who bore her
and graces them...for her prayers will save them from
themselves
and from the karma born the shame they dared to try*

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

and lay upon her...

*She is a bodhisattva..soft of heart and strong in spirit
the goddess lies behind her eyes
she chose another incarnation to find her twin..
they walk together ...as One*

and their love....is living liberation

*She is India....during Maha Kumbha Mela
when the saints descend from the ancient mountains
her essence lingers in sandalwood and she walks the holy
ground
leaving no footprints...as spirit*

*She is a butterfly
of iron....*

*together they will fly across time eternal....
as..that which cannot be named
for it is eternal Love....bound beyond time
in fire
and light.....*

She is a butterfly of iron...and her essence is eternal grace

Katherine Wyatt

Some of us are born orphans

*strangers to the womb that bore us
we survive the fleshy grave that expels us into being
and balance on the razor's edge of
a "should have been" childhood...*

*Some of us bury our parentsand are called
to walk with their memories
engraved on our spirit....and so we seek "muddy water"
imbibe our veins with liquid
thick and filled with substance...unclean as our own
sanguine ties
we bond with those who bear similar scars
to our own....*

water and blood....are both fluid mediums

*ever flowing onward...away from us and
the point of our origin*

*we find bonds of spirit...quintessentially molded...
the indigos and the rainbow children...
and we lay our hands in one another's wounds
in recognition....as no doubt exists there....we **know**
orphans know one another
feel one another.....and the ache of wanting
with immediacy..*

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Discipline is highly underrated...and love holds many disguises.,

*desperation can make a wise man a pawn
to those who would strip him of his natural gifts...
leaving only flesh and bloodand remnants of bone
upon a lover's sheets...*

*orphans, are often seers who, blinded
to their own light and its inherent ability to draw
the power hungry ones
those who would lead a hunting party
to their deaths..*

*our need to be loved is our strength
and our weakness....*

*I have learned that "muddy water"
will dry in my veins*

*leaving only cracked dirt and the dust
of another longing rising in the myst
of a steaming high noon sun....
...and more scars to bear*

*as for power... I leave it to those who long for it
because those within whom it is innate
they have no need to chase it....it simply
Is.....*

*We learn we must walk alone ..
standing on our own feet in a world
where the longing for union....
becomes the target of pathology
so we sift it,, filter it*

Katherine Wyatt

and find touch.... in reveries...

and fleeting moments...

*and we hold those, cherished in our hearts...
as dried flowers
between the pages
of our passages*

*We walk on, following the ley lines
like headlights on the night highway
we rise as a wave...orphaned
and wait our time of enjoiment with the ocean*

*ever crashing on the shores...
breaking us back... to
Whole....*

The flicker of light

*that sustains me
is
the breadth of love so great
in one
so young..*

*may it always shine
and may time*

*never
cast a shadow over it*

*I will plant myself here
in your heart
here
I will make my stand
in always.....*

Katherine Wyatt

Fahredin
Shehu

Fahredin Shehu



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a highly *Noted* and *Acclaimed* World Renowned Poet, Author, Teacher and so much more. He graduated from Prishtina University with a Degree in Oriental Studies. In his continuing Education he received an M.A. in Literature. and a PhD in Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin hails from Rahovec, South East of Kosova and has been embraced affectionately for his acutely gifted insightful poetic expressions by the Global Poetry Community. The depth and knowledge of many spiritual aspects that affect Humanity subtly shines through in his work. *Pleroma's Dew & Maelstrom* are very graceful works that serves to add to the accolades of this much celebrated Poet / Author / Philosopher.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu>

Just remembering is sufficient

I still remember
the snowflakes
flying over
Falling from
the gray clouds
and
warm embraces
of the soil pulling me up
with the head
of green potency
from the hottest
kernel of the earth.

I still bear in mind
the seed I was
just a millennia ago
kissed by the rays
of several Suns assembled
nearly
every Man-day
and every
Angel-day
and
those days of eternity
folded
as Muslin and
most expensive Damask
unfolding
the memoirs of
the white Lilly.

The embrace of the Calla Lily

How many stars
were attached
to the pillar of the pollen
and I stand firm and concrete
for the days to come.

The beauty is
showing the invaluable
elegance yet I stand
embraced with fragrance
that is
as silent as
hush of God
as He speaks with Act
I do understand
my objective Art.

I do read the Fragrance
as I read the Book
The holly one
that keeps centuries
alive.

As I read the Image
just as
I read
the green nomad eyes
of the beautiful girl
they say she comes
from distant lands
of ancient Persia.

Fahredin Shehu

I stand embraced
for who knows how
many tranquil moments
and this is for me
is more than enough.

My word

When my
word
outbursts
in late
winter days
It smells
as cinnamon
in the dried
fillets of
the apple.

So to say
I'm here
not for
anything
else
apart
LOVE
because
the Heart
that gives
losses
nothing
from her
Blue
flame
she is
as

Fahredin Shehu

a candle light
that lightens
the other
candle
thus
increasing
the magnitude
of refulgence
in the wet
and
scary
Darkness.

Hülya
N.
Yılmaz

Hülya N. Yılmaz



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

hülya n. yılmaz was born and raised in Turkey but has been living in the U.S. as a university instructor since she earned her liberal arts doctoral degree from The University of Michigan. During her studies, she gave birth to her life source – a daughter who is now a mother herself. yılmaz authored a then groundbreaking research book in German on the literary reflections of cross-cultural interactions between the West and the Islamic East. She has a chapter published in a research book and presented her smaller scholarly projects at various national and international conferences. A few were published in academic journals.

A member of the Academy of American Poets, Dr. yılmaz authored with Inner Child Press, Ltd. her debut book, *Trance*. In this book of poetry in English, German and Turkish, hülya offers a venue for deliberations on identity formation and assertion within a multi-cultural context. Her narrations then alert readers to the urgent need for a re-visit to the often-unquestioned patriarchal mindset across the world. Several of her other creative work continue to appear in other Inner Child Press, Ltd. publications.

A licensed freelance writer and editor and a member of the Editorial Freelancers Association, hülya n. yılmaz served as editorial consultant for a large number of literary manuscripts, having published several book evaluations and critiques. She has also extensive experience in literary translations between English, German and Turkish in any direction – an example of which is present in *Trance*.

Links:

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www.writerandeditordryilmaz.com

www.authoroftrance.com

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/hulyas-professional-writers-services.php>

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

a gentle wind

lowers itself onto the arid leaf
thirsty of the attar of new breath
awaiting in patience the first drop
underneath layers of the frozen white
whispers promises anew
unlocks the box after Pandora leaves
she has been tricked
no ill seeps through this time
the bolt's ice will not be melting yet
in joyous dance unite hope and smiles
dreams and love recover again

Goethe calls out as if for me:
Muses, help me with art,
To suffer joy's pain!
Ludwig Uhland's painless joy
cuddles me with a kissing breeze:
Oh fresh scent, oh new sound!
Now, poor heart, fear not!
Now everything, everything must change.

inkpots

used to uncover the fading word
a second or more to gather the instant
to reminisce to reflect to feel to sense
to touch to hold the new breath
exhaling life at its worst
inhaling poetry
pre-natal
willed
pure
to surpass it all again and again

Euterpe

i beg of you hear my plea
shield the natal passion
the first resolve to forget
the quest for the new breath
the now
the here

inspire
my desire
to define
the divine

rid me of yesteryear
free me from the self
watch my soul reject its cage
sate my shadow's final plea
let it soar in its primal roar
see its essence prance in trance

help me shape the freshened day

Teresa
E.
Gallion

Teresa E. Gallion



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

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>

Teresa E. Gallion

Destiny's Urn

She hands him an urn,
tells him fate swims within
and he asked, *whose fate?*

She smiles and leaves him
with his musings.
He places the urn on the ground

feels momentarily lost
as he paces and begins
to trip over his thoughts.

Sweat cascades down his back.
The uncomfortable force
pushes him to his knees.

He floods the grass with tears
of a thousand lifetimes of despair.
Lust, greed, vanity, anger

burns in his chest.
He rolls into the fetal position,
begs for deliverance.

An angel touches his shoulder
and says, *look into the urn*
where your answers rest.

Piano Concert at the Band Shell

Let me see your fingers move
gently across the white keys,
brush those black keys.

With smooth serenading strokes,
run those 10 digits in multiple scales
across your Baby Grand.

She wants to touch the harmony
in his fingers against the keyboard
and savor ever tone.

Feelings run like staccato up her spine
and she screams, *Oh play, dear one, play
like it is your last concert.*

Her knees grow brittle, buckle to the ground.
There is nothing that can bring a climax
except his fingers rolling across the keyboard.

The band shell is his kingdom tonight.
He strokes the white keys and the universe moans,
caresses the black keys and the stars dance.

She closes her eyes and refuses to let go
of the harmonics firing up her brain,
holding on to the very last note

Teresa E. Gallion

Acceptance

He walks in the vineyard
contemplating life.
Love tears stream down his face,
soothe the pain of many lifetimes.

A battered soul comes to the place
where the land is ripe for harvest.
He feels ready to receive the gift
of Divine Love resting in the soil.

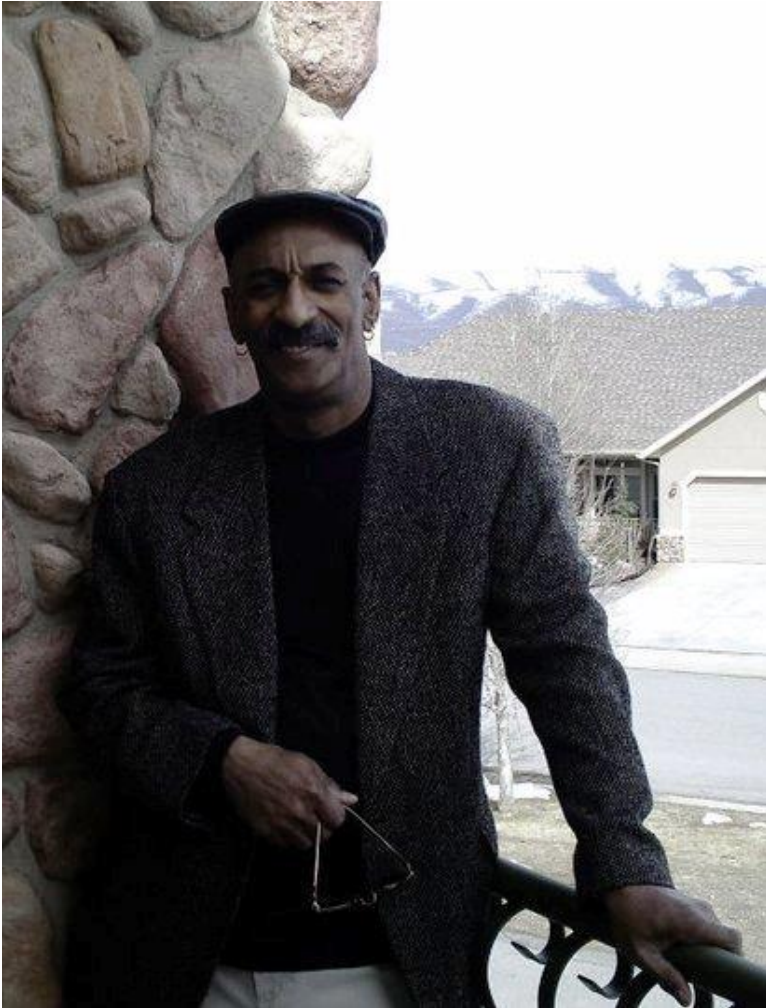
He has been here before
and turned his face from the light,
doubt, fear and vanity
always his hold cards.

Today, naked and seasoned with experience,
he opens his arms and says,
*Master please accept me
as a soldier in your army
to save humanity.*

A vine slowly rises from the earth,
encircles his heels.

William
S.
Peters Sr.

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child :
www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site
www.iamjustbill.com

right around the corner

there was a slight surreptitious stirring
somewhere in my loins
and i knew right then
that Spring was nearing

Grandma always told me
“the sap rises in the spring”
and i believed it,
for i could feel my need
to frolic and play
day by day
become stronger

oh how i love this time
of the year
as the fears of sleeping too long
pass away,
and i look to each dawn of promise
with promise in my heart,
in my eyes,
for each spring day for me
yields another surprise

the budding and blossoming
the fragrant scents of the flowers
and the rains
as my once perceived pains
of Winter
dissipate
and melt away
with the last of the snow

The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

in spring i am sprung
to higher levels
of expectations
just as i suspect
and expected

and there was a slight surreptitious stirring
somewhere in my loins
and i knew right then
that Spring was nearing

right around the corner

a spring snow

the Sun was shining brightly
filling the visions we held
with it's light and promise
Children were playing on the School Grounds
their glee permeating life

yet the Snow was falling down
melting before it hit the ground
upon my face
my skin
imitating tears
tears of joy
tears of reverence
tears of gratitude

every once in a million or so
one flake would catch hold
of the lash of my eyes
and i would defensively blink
and though i do know
no harm was meant
by this heaven sent wonder
my defense was automatic

there was no democratic process here
no vote did i emote
to accept this offer from the skies
yet they kept falling
upon my face
this liquid white lace
of frozen spirit
melting in the presence of the sun
as i have done
so many times

honeysuckle divine

the day is one of Spring
and the Yoke of Mother's Winter
is broken
as the tokens of my memories
are spoken about the possibilities to come

the warm Sun is kissing everything
myself included
and the musing April breeze
gently cuts through
our heavy laden consciousness
liberating our dreams
for the days to come

i think of the budding vines
of Honeysuckle
whose fluted offerings
i shall smell and suckle upon
without number

the sweetness of that brevity
still lingers
from many years past
as i anticipate
the taste of that divine
natural nectar
once again

they are easy to find
just follow the fragrance
of your joy and smiles
into the wood

honeysuckle divine

William S. Peters, Sr.

April
2015

Features

~ * ~

Raja Williams

Dennis Ferado

Laure Charazac

April 2015 Features

Raja
Williams

Raja Williams



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

Ms. Raja Williams, also known as Raja's Insight fiercely arrived on the writer's scene in 2012 after being awakened by a world renounced poet and song writer whom encouraged her to write daily. After nearly twenty years of pent up words only floating in her head she began to allow them to spill out onto empty pages and find way to readers that needed encouraging words. Raja entered one of her poems into a poetry contest with Inner Child Press and won a full publishing contract and released her first book "The Journey Along The Way" in January of 2013. Through the publishing process and connecting with so many amazing writers and poets she founded her company Creative Talents Unleashed.

Creative Talents Unleashed is a writer's community that offers daily writing prompts, a variety of writing tips, and showcases writing talent. Raja has spent her entire working career as a mentor and coach and has found it rewarding to work with so many talented writers.

"Together lets Unleash our Creative Talents and share them with the world" ~ Raja Williams

Raja's Links

The Journey Along The Way

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/raja-williams.php>

Website

www.RajasInsight.com

FaceBook

www.facebook.com/RajasInsight

www.facebook.com/CreativeTalentsUnleashed

Email: Creativetalentsunleashed@aol.com

It Only Takes One

It only takes One
To enter and pass through
Into a higher perspective
To find the positive,
In the sometimes negative
To have the will
To live in the now
Through these difficult
Trying times we feel
Learning to only allow
Exemplified power of good
To control this reality

It only takes One
To know that fear
Is natural,
But it does not have
To control us

It only takes One
To understand that
We objectify our thoughts,
What we think about
Is what we get more of
And we must understand
That it is up to us
To stomp out negativity.

Together in unity we are the Power of One.

Ebb and Flow

The stillness of your presence
Washes over me like a soft lapping wave
The give and take of the tide pushing inward
Gently gravitates me toward

The sound of your voice
A soft echoing whisper
Vibrating in the darkened night
My ear can't help but to lean in

And at last . . .

You touch me
With a soft caressing sensation
That awakens my soul
And lifts my spirit higher

In that moment . . .

We experienced the truth of our ebb and flow.

Losing Hope

I was praying . . .

Did you not hear me?

I spoke my prayers both out loud and in silence
Waiting for miracles to be handed my way because I
deserve them
Wanting proof that an all mighty power does exist and
hears me

I waited for a sign . . .

I Prayed
And
I Hoped

But you did not hear me!
You were not listening!
And now my faith has been shattered

What happens when we lose hope?

The world becomes a little dimmer
We become heavier in spirit
And sadness encompasses our soul

Until the day we remember
Hope is all we have
And love is all there is

So why not, have hope?

Dennis
Ferado

Dennis Ferada



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

I've been a doorman, concierge, exterminator, taxi driver, truck driver, construction (Iron) worker, actor, model, astrologer, antique store owner and we had our own business selling rare books from 1993 to 2013. I was born and raised in New York City and have been writing songs and poetry since I was 15. I've also written a screenplay, with 17 original songs called "New York City Song" which is tucked away in my closet and a two act play stage play that had a showing in an off Broadway theater in 1991. The city has always been my pain, joy, confusion, my stability and inspiration. My wife and I retired in 2013 and moved to San Antonio, Texas where I finally had the time to put my first book together. Published in October 2014 "Time On Hand" collects 80 songs and poems, 2 short stories and 16 vintage photographs. I'm working on a memoir blended with the early history of NYC. In the early 1990s my poetry and short stories were published in 30 or so small press magazines around the country, when we got into the book business I had less time on my hands.

Dennis Ferada

CAPRICORN EXALTED ARIES

(transmutation)

Because I allowed her to perch
On the shoulder of my spirit
This sweet dove an archer became
At her touch a golden arrow
I was transformed
Perfectly aimed outer abyss
She shot me into the cosmos
Into the stars
Stood I where soothing streams did run
And the juice of the sun flowed down
The winding road of my naked self
Over plains of many colors
Exploding into azure eyes
Staring within my own brown eyes
Momentarily loved then suddenly lost
This magical bird
In a multitude of her fears
Yet wretched I am not

We will know each other again
On the crest of a different wave
In some other dimension of time

THE VERGE

(my friend)

He's walking on the edge, living in a dream
Trading real for unreal, on the border of unseen
Talking to the mirror, he looks him in the eye
Late at night he has wings, he can surely fly
Poe said: "All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."
Life's not nearly close to what it seems.

Sometimes when he wakes his mind begins to merge
While the music of his life plays a solemn dirge
With the here and the hereafter just around the bend
Light and shadow melding he begins to blend
With the earth and the ocean as he wriggles on the Verge

Everyday is just the same
Every inch takes a massive surge
To greet each new day's hurricane
Every bitter taste he begins to purge
Brings another day of blinding rain
When dancing on the Verge

Running through the wood, belly full of sated
His terror is his agony, he wonders if he'll make it
Arms and legs a-pumping' but he'll never catch himself
He is small he is broken, as a saddened elf
That's the way it is, everyone keeps getting baited
Chasing after something that can't be underrated

Sometimes when he sleeps his soul begins to merge
While the music of his dreams pumps his heart with rage
With the sound and the fury pulsing through his veins
In anger and in passion he struggles with his bane, for
Every place he wanders he totters on the Verge

SCARLET and THE PREACHER

O Scarlet,
The lamppost follows you,
Buildings mutter to one another,
Subway screeching like
A scalded alley cat.
Rain slashing, sewers slurping.
Only you, do you deceive
As grinding years besiege.
Riding the dread of gloom;
You enter the room of moan,
You see the gouging on the wall,
Smoldering embers flicker and snap,
Scattering ashes escape,
Pensive musings are riven.
A blinding storm of feelings
Rabbiting thoughts of confusion
Rattling through your brain
Leave a disrupting residue.

Moonlight dozes on the hardwood floor;
Scarlet, you sweep your brush
Through your vermilion hair.

Sun Belt evangelical with sinister eyes,
Bottomless chasm, inside lives an ill angel,
Living on stolen desires and depraved lies
A soul that knows nothing other than betrayal
He stares at you with menace
In his dirty eyes, smirk on lips,
Furrows of foulness etched on his face.
Dank of spirit, vacuous of heart
Bleak of eye, peppered with rage
He moves towards you.

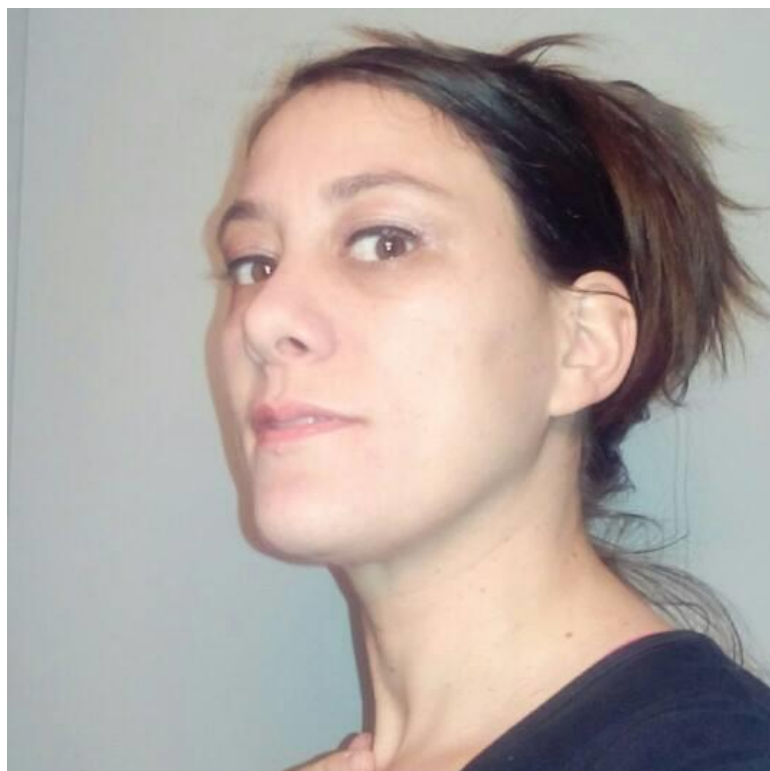
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Peering from the shadows
A clutch of chimeras leer, you are
Greeted by a flurry of mumbling.
Fed-up with harmful deeds and the iniquity
Lurking in the human heart.
Chewed up by terminal wickedness,
Threshed by angry winds from working mouths
Of imploding individuals. You are
Shaken by such brutality and it
Fills your heart with fallen snow.
You pick up your bag, gaze down at
The preacher, you clean off your
Knife, and now, quickly, you must go.

Dennis Ferada

Laure
Charazac

Laure Charazac



The Year of the Poet ~ April 2015

My name is Laure Charazac, I am a 34 years old woman from Brive-la-Gaillarde, France. I am a single mother, working as an health care aid. I have studied Foreign Languages and Civilizations at the University of Jean François Champollion in Albi, France.

Writing poetry is my passion and something that makes me feel happy and good. My biggest inspirations are nature, observing the sky and love...

My FaceBook Link

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Laure Charazac

The nightfall

When the day is ending,
And the night slowly falling,
My soul begins to fly,
In a pleasant and inaudible sigh,
Lying there quietly,
Thoughts and heart in harmony,
The sheet of darkness covering our earth,
The moon appearing in its ineluctable rebirth,
Poetic notes are capturing my mind,
In my head a wide space they easily find,
Dancing in a bright and colourful aspect,
Like the stars and their mysterious facet,
I then write down the things I feel,
Letting my pen doing its will

Immaculate face

Snow is falling from the cold and peaceful sky,
Silence is king we don't even hear the single sigh,
White colour is offering a new perspective to the
lane,

From above to the land calmness and serenity
remain,

Nature and everything around becomes purity,
Little snow are stars shining in their clarity,
Beautifully dressing trees in whiteness and grace,
Winter has decided to show its immaculate face

Laure Charazac

Inexorable passion

You entered my life at a loving corner,
I wasn't looking for anything brighter,
Destiny is such an amazing road,
Pushed me away to the direction of its code,
My sleeping heart was living in a sad and cold
darkness,
Until you came and found the candle of my soul's
fortress,
I first felt like wings growing inside,
New emotions taking me for a ride,
Then butterflies flying around my heart,
Happily getting through its fragile rampart,
I think the only appropriate explanation,
Is that you created in me an inexorable passion

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And, then it came to pass...

by Jackie Allen

I wondered, why linger over past years, when those times are no more, why surface they as fresh leaves of memory? Herein, a compilation of mossy dreams, streams of thought, some wild adventures sought, revealed in prosody, in verse. A time many forgot, or perhaps never knew or don't choose to recall...

A secluded place of silvered dreams, of uninformed young boys and girls, tarnished dark, old, futures bought and sold with indiscriminate and indulgent greed of adolescent need. Seams of anthracite and coal waste befouled the bodies and the creeks with impunity. Indifferent, polluted as they were...

This was an ancient settled place time forgot, where coal mines were strangling hands wrapped around the thirsting throats of men come back from the Great War. Other men, they who had spent their lives, recalled a time that left them behind, in bed with horror and nightmares of an earlier World War, whose imprint remained...

This was a place elders never talked about, the olden days, when they or their ancestors were young, growing up, trying to make their way in the only way they knew how. Some children now had choices, at least for a while, of using education as a tool to carve out a better life. They hoped because they loved the mountains...

Fear draped the mountains with heavy blankets of dense fog. The vista obscured, one could not see past harsh restraints. Dreams, impotent to bear fruit, days came as they would. One made from them the very best of present and future. Weeds, toils grew faster than greenbacks

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or blades of grass that struggled in the dirt...

Hope elevated as high as the tallest mountains, the ragged
Cumberland's of Appalachia, a place seemingly neglected,
a place where the dialect paced itself along generations.
Ancestors, who now six feet below, left only the
legitimacy of their names, some little acreage of their once
huge holdings, granted from military service...

Their progeny, the seed of which was plenty, a dandelion,
so prolific, so much so, that in the twenty first century the
common surnames people wore, were those researchable
back to ancestors who settled in the hollers in the 1700s,
little known until genealogy's recent researching years.
For many, paying debts, getting ahead was the goal...

The further one climbed, currency found there was best.
And land, sold for ten cents on the dollar, sold to those who
had attorneys, The sellers understood nothing except the
few dollars in their hands, and, how to make a mark.
Neither able to read or write the evidence a document...
A time came when winding roads arrived, paved...

They switched around the thighs of the mountains,
switching back and forth, the curves like hair pins.
Their pot holes put to shame the ones Benjamin Franklin
wrote about. So much for society progressing, marching
forward. Life was hard in the mountains where coal
mining reigned as king, dark and bold...

Creeks once ran clean and clear, run off from the
mountains streams, they played the part for fishing for
swimming, for fun. A blink in time's eye. Then, some
souls, befitting thieves, ignored, wore masquerades and like
sharks, stole lives with reckless abandon, those
of the diligent working class who longed for more...

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Plundering hands steered designs, crawled, snaked,
if you will, into virginal bodies of mines still in process,
confined neither to valley, nor roadsides, nor beside the
creek beds. At the foot of the mountains or perched
on hillsides north and south, east and west, traversed
the greedy need of the best of poverty's footprints...

Huffing, puffing down and all around, some took liberty,
took what they wanted, more than they needed. The
innocent behind, left as refuse, waste, in their trembling
wake. Smoke, rock dust, plumes of discontent filled
the air, all most aware, helpless to vent, to change their
course, they imprisoned as the dogwood trees watched...

Within the walls of the houses, some children of the
female kind, old before their time, girls who begat babies,
themselves, still children at the age of fourteen, often
younger. Of the fathers, the boys, the men, coalminers one
and all, they but victims, either fleeing, or sitting
on behinds, blowing smoke circles, despairing hope...

Or doing both, expecting, praying their lungs be cleared
from coal dust that was certain to steal life, just as it had
their fathers, brothers, uncles. The dreaded diagnosis was a
death warrant, irrespective of age, years served.
It came with sad finality that death was its sole claim,
to fame, and they proud, guarded their names...

On the rocks in the graveyards that dotted the hills, carved
on each, of the masculine gender, the words the same.:
"Died of Black Lung." Hollers and higher up roadsides
dotted the landscape blighted by expense of black gold. On
rickety stilts stood many a house; nearby, some log cabins
and shanty's, papered inside with newspaper...

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Outsiders laughed when natives wouldn't say *queer*, natives saying *quare*, instead. They who gawked didn't realize they were foreigners, they who seldom visited, coming only, when funerals issued dark and final invitation. *What did they know?* They had become highfalutin relatives, nevertheless, strangers...

Choked throats sported goiters for lack of iodine, seafood. They popped out like apples, swallowed whole. Old folks, whose diet consisted of collards, beans, cornbread, anything else they could raise or barter. *Just live with it. The Good Lord giveth and He taketh away. And besides, we'll be seeing Him, bye and bye...*

No need to ask or question why. They were a God fearing people. They prayed, backs bent on troubled knees, crawling on all fours, or else sliding on bellies into the coal mines. Coal marked its stamp on foreheads, and families were not spared. The cost was steep. It was deep. It followed everywhere, even in sleep...

The color of men's aging faces, blackened by coal, spelled impending death, they instinctively told the story that was swallowed whole, stuffed down in the belly of aches and pains that gained no fame. Anxiety grew furiously fast, like weeds in a garden, like yearly time of conception, as many as ten or twelve or more: sons, daughters...

Bereft of excuse or persuasion of religion, children sired, born. Children required to help out with chores. So much work to do. Hand dug wells offered up their bounty or not, the waters forthcoming or not, depending upon the rains, or drought. In times of plenty or want, families helping each other as best they could...

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Hands calloused, labored, picking, scrubbing on the washboard, clothes in water drawn cold, bucketful by bucketful, heated in galvanized tubs, outside, on rocks. Or on cinderblocks, tubs, propped up by a log beneath, on fire, until blazing hot. Then, again, and again, trains, spewed their waste, staining more than clothes...

Babes carried on backs by mothers, the youngest and perhaps another one growing in her tummy. Stoic, she toiled. A little laughter, a lot of laughter, some from making love, making babies. Necks stretched out, too far, the risk inevitable, the cost great. But still they loved and cared for each other, committed, loyal...

Yet purchase they did, from need, on credit, essentials down at the country store. An *IOU* to pay, on the next paycheck, rendered little fat after paying the bills, left little to tide them over until the next payday. Again, and again, it happened. The words to a song, became a people's own, sung with conviction, as in a hymn...

Sung with sadness: *I owe my soul to the company store.* Children cried from nutrition's hunger and from shame, with only a people's circumstances to blame. Such was the brunt of coal whose fires imprinted upon many souls working themselves to the bone. That was the measure of a man. It was the same in houses of dread...

Coal was king and all but a few bowed down to its call. One's family name was said to be all that one truly owned. Guard the family's name, that was the suit of armor each family held in common, or so it seemed. Guarded by children without the benefit of wisdom or maturity, yet they made the best of what they had...

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Guarded without understanding, they comprehending not.
Unless, it was the same thing that got so many to thinking:
how was it that the elders seemed to know the minds
of the young before they thought of it themselves?
Mothers worried, accepted gossip, rumors out of fear.
The truth of the accusation, disregarded...

Perhaps intimidation, malfeasance? Two wrongs don't
make a right. A child breathed prayers for fear of a
spanking for lying, and another if caught out not having
told the gospel truth. One for action of misdeed, and one
for the deception. The perception of one's family name.
It was guarded, worn with pride on backs of dignity...

Carried in bellies, they slept with it at night. Even still,
some lies, so easily said to a census taker, how he was
blinded by deception, by pride: "two radios, two, this,
three that." So easily uttered in protection's light, not
the rule, a white lie. A moment's deception helped
proud folks to hold pride, confessed in prayer at night...

As a banner, pride held high a flag that a mountain people
needed. More than lack of radios, televisions, telephones,
luxuries, was the need to have a backbone. The evidence
was perpetual. A need strong to stand up to strangers
attempting to pry, like that of the census taker, asking
questions. None of his dag-gone business. What a joke...

A lesson taught, a lesson learned. Not the daily practiced
one, which with a switching found out each and every one
of their children's sins. Like tiptoeing at night or during
the morning, these the rituals respected a father's need
to sleep despite ungodly hours. No way to conceal the
noise, the sound of forgetting. Remembering too late...

They coming home early or late, the need to sleep was real.

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The kids went off to school in silence, or perhaps there might be a change in shift that sent the fathers off to work at night. Fathers coming or going, either way, hard to know when, or if they'd come home. Maybe, possibly, weekends. A picnic would highlight the mind...

Miners, slight, small, large or very tall, never was it a consideration, the miners unwavering in expectation. What they expected from children and their hard working stay at home wives. Still, they did the best they could. Never mind cost of death and taxes. Life went on. Yet, on paydays, a sacrifice of a dollar, or a candy bar...

And, then it came to pass when many left it all behind, seeking a different way of life. The roots to the people of the mountains, stained with coal, still call out in the night, begging for more of their stories to be told...

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Where did he go??

by Albert Carrasco aka Infinite the Poet

Mommy where's my daddy?

Son your father is with the father.

Why mother? Why would he go to the father instead of being with me ?

He would be here with you if it was his decision, When you get to heaven you no longer have that option.

Is he with the father or in heaven?

He's with the father in heaven.

Can you take me there to see him?

No, sorry baby I can't take you to see him. One day you'll get the chance though.

When will that be?

Only the father knows.

Will that be a long time from now?

I hope so.

Why? Don't you want me to see daddy?

Yes baby of course I do, I say I hope so because in order to see dad you must be wearing a halo.

A halo? How do I get one of those?

When the father calls for you like he did your father he will hand you one to place over your head.

Oh ok then. I understand. I really want to see daddy but I don't want to leave you here alone mommy so I'll wait patiently.

Muah Your dad and I love you to baby. One day we will all be together again as a family.

I Do

by Siddartha Beth Pierce

Are you someone, anyone?

A good person

with certain bad notions

Could you be compelled to toss your child out a window

if you had never heard of such a thing?

Have you ever felt completely human

organized, just

like an animal

seething at the mouth?

Do you ever wonder what is in a name

a word

a number?

Are you one

the other

something else

near

far

now

then

later

gigantic

small?

Do you know where you come from

what is the location?

Can you soft

hard

tame

wild

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open
close
well
ill
stay
change
whisper
loud
sing
song
glow
dim
face
fear
war
peace
scare
calm
travel
home
mind
waste
is the sky black and blue?

Are you natural
plastic
looking
satisfied
dressed
bare
moving
still
sanely
mad
a modest pomp
addicted?

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Do you know what a race is
where it is going?

Can you up
down
idle
work
order
chaos
break
mend
bend
grade
A C F
E Z
pro
con
sub
un
in
out
better
worse?

Do you have the right
left
wrong?

Can you say no
do it anyway?

Do you love
hate
power
weak?

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Are you beautiful
ugly
male
female
father
mother
sister
brother
husband
wife
young
old
ancient
new
American
anything
else?

Something, everything, nothing, line, square, circle, box?

Do you desire all
none
speak
in silence
feel pleasure
in pain?

Are you selfishly
selfless?

Do you know the value
of worth
clean
dirt
remember
to forget

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feel safe
in danger?

Can you consume
life
poison
yourself?

Are you, me
and I
lonely
with everyone?

Do you know
ignorance?

Are you illuminated
in the dark?

Do you love your family
the stranger
lie
truthful?

Can you laugh tears
devour loves?

Sense beyond the sensible.

Have you ever felt living
lived
larger than life
dying
dead
divined?

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12th of Never

The day my brother died, Oct 12th, 1980.

by Janet P. Caldwell

Talk to me of yesterday,
of things undone,
I still need you. Stay.
Please, just the way you were.
I remember the departure,
that October morning.
We always loved the autumn and could
scarcely await to go outside.
Our skates still here, the key to them lost.
I asked you out to breakfast, with Steve
you wouldn't, couldn't,
saying to me that
you didn't feel well.
I looked around the room,
failing to notice you held
your chest in a discolored fist.
The doctor had explained
the pain away. Possibly pleurisy,
prescribed breathing treatments
and antibiotics which weren't
kicking in. (not to mention my valiums).
With a niggling-nagging I went
to breakfast with my latest flirtation.
It was a striking day,
The 12th of never.
I welcomed the oily smells
of the greasy spoon, yellow eggs

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and something to pass for meat.
I was lulled by the background chatter
of other patrons, whisk scraping bowl,
the awful in-between of a knife poised
to resize my portion of contentment.
Midbite, I sensed that descending
Blade, knew exactly where
it would sever. I lashed
the driver-sheik,
had him race that cool roadster
XKE, arriving too late.
I watched the paramedics try
to stun you back. You twisted,
jerked like a broken marionette.
“Clear!” they shouted again
and again, the only spike
when they applied the volts.
Otherwise, a flat line. You wouldn’t open
your baby blues.
They carried you on a gurney, covered you with a stiff
sheet
(I grabbed your exposed toe to pray,
“God, please take me instead. He has two sons:
a daughter, another on the way.”
Inadayinadayinaday),
ensconced you in that big white,
wheeled cube, screaming cherries on top.
The last hasty parade.
Once, people used to question
the tolling of the bells,
ancestors of our modern
rubber-necks, the technology changes,
sirens now, but still that morbid curiosity.

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The ambulance left a pitiful wake,
flotsam, a handful of inquisitive neighbors,
your pregnant wife, the tributary
of tears I still leak when the days grow
longer every year.
I lived on, but nothing
mattered. I drank myself
insane. Maxed it out, body, mind,
waxed it old, made myself weary,
died, wanting to join you.
A new life stirred,
earsplitting to be born.

I am still here!

by Jamie Bond

Here I come to a time in my life, when I question my success. And as I look back, I see how much time I've wasted, And yet how much more time I have to go before I'm able to say that I have had enough As I sit here and look around me, my comfortableness has begun to take over my life, and the slightest move to something else could set me back so far,

I find that at this age I have a lot of fears, fear of struggling and getting older, not having enough and having to stop when I'm so close to the finishing line like I see so many times with construction workers when the project was underestimated for funds and the work just stops until someone can come up with the money...

As I look at myself there is a lot to be desired, my education and appearance, my attitude and pay rate and my future and I do mind saying my life, it's not that I'm not feeling worthless, it's just that lately... LatelyI've been feeling like I haven't been doing enough and that bothers me.

Time is flying by so fast, and I'm feeling as though I'm stuck in cement forced to watch it go past me and not able to move along and participate with it. I suppose I ought to do a lot of things but for some reason I can't distinguish my incentive from my intentions and at this point in my life I'm acting like~ *sigh* just like the very people I bitch about a bunch of happy go nowhere bastards that fall into the monotony of everyday struggles and too afraid to take the risk and try something they'd like or ought to try

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The ones who should question what is the worse that could happen or better yet what would happen if I lost this job then what? Too many of them me included don't want to think about up the road we're too busy trying to make ends meet right now robbing Peter to pay Paul and playing catch up and not getting anywhere....

If you keep walking with your head down, then you'll get a ways up; but you'll be oblivious to the things that have passed you by. And that is a reality. I look and think damn I can't retire until the year 2035 or after I could go back to school for 20 years and still work another 20 before I retire and here in all actuality I've wasted 10 years so far and other than children and a marriage anniversary I have nothing to show for it, yeah right!

Hell; I was never ahead to think I could catch up in the first place and yet I swear it can't get worse...But you know what?? It does and that's the scary part! I have so many directions that I could go in yet I feel like I'm playing blinds man bluff and I have to constantly wonder which ones are dead ends and will waste even more of my time by the time I even realize that this too has no type of room for me to expand and grow with....

And that is my reality in this very moment no off and on switch to my real life and it just is what it is..... Doggy paddle thru the quicksand and raise my glass to the heavens in a toast and confidently say you got me God the devil should have killed me when he had a chance...

I am still here! Devastated by natural disasters and yet a wonderful wreck being glued back together in shattered slivers, shards, chunks and puzzle pieces I am a survivor to say the least.... I am still here.....

Goddess Speaks

by Fahredin Shehu

The Beauty is the Jewel
in the Crown of Eternity and
the hair from your skull shall bear witness

At the Tavern I drunk last night
the opium of Love; offers

in a vivid porcelain; the liqueur for the up-coming
Love-drinkers, dazzled butterflies

I approach the Obelisk
to reflect my Beauty on the shine of the Topaz

I passed through the deer-skin carpet and
the rose petals beside

I'm followed by the multitude of beings
to thank you as you know

but I must travel the un-mapped path and
find the One, who bore not and

All Sustainable is and
who has no resemblance

In my navel I hide your unspoken word
in my womb; your Divine deed

I may be mother in the future days and
the Adept of new awareness

even a Saint for those who believe
in miracle as I'm indeed the heart Medicine man but

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The Goddess I'm not!

...dear; listen the word that ascends from the high
heaven's of the heart and see the signs

from the world of the hanged forms; as they spoke to you
what the rest laugh upon and you bewilder by
the potency of it's message

I'm indeed the Teacher of the Love grammar and
I engraved the Sigils upon Topaz Obelisk surface but
The Goddess I'm not!

I protect for you the elixir of Immortality
as you hard work on the path of Love

I have yet to put the smile on
the Angelic faces of the child

so by every breath; the smile give birth to Love

Now I play the lyre with your heart- strings and
accord your tune to the melody of

the golden wheat leafs
when the wind comes down to earth and
the fireflies play erotic games

I shall grind the Cinnamon peel
to powder; and extract the honey from the honeycomb;

with the paste you heal your bloodied heels
on the path you shall go through

bear the Book in your right hand and
the mysterious white rose on your left

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Open your eyes and
you shall see how the Divine embraces you

as mother after twenty years of marriage
without birth and

the female Jinni of all tribes
who followed you until the Cedar gate
with the golden spikes and golden latch

they are to stop at the threshold
as they hear the shriek of the gate

be brave and step humbly with
the right foot; bare naked

until it feels the coldness of
the black Onyx surface of the floor and

your skin with the pearly goose-bombs
thrills until the hairs of the top skull
stands still

The Seraph shall appear with
the nuptial; carefully arranged it's Enigma

the tray of Crystalline has a pot of
water, milk, wine, honey sorbet, ambrosia, Lhasi

and the pot has the Sigils of the Angelic feet and
the pot is of purest diamond

it is up to you on what you shall choose
be careful to choose nothing but

what you heart longs and
it shall be only one choice

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be greedy not!

as you get in the front of huge
curtain like parchment with Lunar and Solar script

desire not the curse and any whim
desire instead the repentance and

benediction; not only for you; but
for the entire mankind, Fauna, Flora, Mineral

visible, semi-visible and invisible creatures
as they are just as you; a part of the Divine Whole

whatever you desire it shall be inscribed
in the parchment as petroglyphs

you shall then read and remember
the steps you shall undertake afterwards
as it shall give you the right instructions

be careful to draw a map on your skin where
the Plexus Solaris stretches its rays

what you shall carefully hide from
the malice entities

upon your return; speak not to a Men and
it shall come by itself; you'll smile and show your

beautiful teeth; everybody shall understand
the message out of your smile
as it possesses the letters of Love

the day after; wake up early; wash
the whole body in the river nearby

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the willow, bushes and briars
the golden bows and the lianas will salute

your presence and the birds shall sing
in unison un-sung melodies

the happiness for the first time in this fashion
shall embrace you tightly
so you feel warm and bliss

then the old Man, long white hair shall approach;
fear not!, as he shall teach you another path
of walking in solely unique place

he shall also give you the wand and the shield
of light; to protect you from the powerful rays
that may harm your Aura

he shall also give you the silken hat
with embroidered letters from within

the letters are the keys for every gate
you ought to get in

the hat is of strong silken threads
woven in the Looms of Angels

that bore the bonds for the pure souls
that divides and multiplies in myriads

ask not the man who is ready to transport you
from one to another Orbit; as thus you shall discover

where your Soul is conceived then
passed across the ages of your life
that are approximately; Seven

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take a jar of honey bought by the money you earned
with your both hands

place to a stone in which surface are still
the green lichens; he shall observe your moves;

you shall not utter even a word... of gratitude;
he knows what your heart hides

in its four rooms and
what you are to become; if he takes the jar of honey

he shall reward you with the ring from the metal
of seven mountains of the heart

if the metal part of the ring bears the numbers
Engraved from the outside and

the letters from the inside; you are not supposed
to understand them; take it!

...and put the ring on your wedding finger
at the right hand

you shall see the jewel that sparks and
gives a shine in the shade of forest's trees

inside the jewel there is a seed
of Love captured just as amber captures the insect and

preserve it throughout millennia
to give lessons for the descendants
of every specie.

you shall use the ring in a manly manner; only
when you need to summon forces of good- doing

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to expel the wrongdoers; not for any revenge
don't you dare to commence any battle

if you aren't equipped with all what the Senile has
bestowed you.

address him properly and depart a forest
get back to your dwelling as in case

of longingly return in safe
anoint all visible object in your dwelling

to remove the dust from the Past; burn the incense
for the invisible objects and subjects; rest in peace

for seven days; your cells need the rebirth; to give them
a sign for seven years afterwards; they shall completely

change and depart your body; you'll see
how fast you grow old.

those who shall touch your hand
after you put under your armpit shall feel

the blessing and shall see the light of the Moon
your hand thus, shall heal all illness;

while your presence
shall ease heart's and souls' suffer

on the day of the full Moon
say a prayer for the Earth

to heal what conscious Men has caused
deliver a blessing to the heaven of

the closest Angel; Gabriel
shall respond and be close to you to inspire

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for huge work; the preparation for another Eon.

follow carefully what he shall utter as it happens once
once you become ready to receive

then for another twenty man-years you shall
become nothing but a scribbler

after you understand what is sufficient
you shall quit writing

then you carefully get a virgin parchment and
write letter by letter just as real Soffer

when the Man, Poet and Writer
will read what you brought from the heaven of Gabriel

they will take; plagiarize and misuse those words
they will carefully take single words as wheat seeds

hoping to get cob
full of other seeds; thus reproducing their words

thinking they are the inspired ones; thus
deceiving previously themselves; then all around
then all beyond; the short minded

Care not; as the open-heart, open-ear, open- soul
shall easily recognize what the spring has gurgled
and what the river bed brought to them

it is known by me and the rest who play the harp
of the soul; since you balanced the strings of

your heart and its tune has harmonized and tuned
the constellations far from the mortals; we are not

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deaf; the subtlety of your melody has accorded
many ears and pleased many hearts

I've been told by Gentivs¹ the king of Illyria
that you have assembled; vegetative souls
and host a banquet for them

I was so pleased; my gratitude reached the whiteness
of the clouds of your sky; whereas now I warn you;

beware of Pride, since she comes dressed all in silk
of rainbow colors and

the embroidery of pure platinum; she allures all; so
you won't be exclusion.

her navel holds the hook of gold with the red ruby stones
as pure as blood; her earrings are heavy gold, necklace

of red corral and waist of nano-particles of the Soul;
She charms badly

Her sister has potency to destroy from within;
her name is Jealousy;
when she appears; the grass turns yellow,

the eye dries his tear and make nacre; the Nightingale
forgets his song and
the Sun produces black holes

When she enters your shrine; you become bewitched and
your blood granulates;
the spleen appear to be granite and
the lungs suffocated

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the Elementals you've created for your purpose
of good- doing; disappears

as nineteen layers of the Fog in the presence
of the Sun and

the snow starts to fall in Sahara;
Shangri la appears in a blast

and diminishes in a quantum of the second
the fish starts to remember the crime and

the Lake turns Salt; the poison spills over as over-flooding
river
and the ampoules of memory explodes as butane flask.

the Pride never comes alone; she is accompanied with
Obtuse and Blindness as two guardian eunuchs with

the borrowed odor from the spices of Zanzibar and
sticky fragrance of Arabia

As for Obtuse and Blindness I know
you have killed inside you.

Allow me now to depart with the promise of return
Upon you evocation I shall appear
in velocity of the Light

Allow me to kiss you where the Crown of
the Soul's realm has a plot

because you passed through
the awareness of Lao Tzu;

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the moral of Buddha, the heart of Moses
and Ramakrishna the Brain of Al Arabi and Rajneesh,

the seal between two shoulder blades
Muhammad, as for this age you need a crown,
The Kether of Kabballah

As you are equipped with the shield of David and
the ring of Solomon

the Gown of Khidr the Green Man and
the Hat of Forest's Elementals

I may rest calm as child in the recess of
the feeding mother milked by Divine

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YOU II

by Tony Henninger

I look into the dark night sky
As the moon sheds his tears.
And all the stars that comfort him,
All the clouds that hide his fears.

I look upon the setting sun
As her colors clash with pride.
And her light warms my heart
With a love that will not subside.

I look into the ocean blue
As its enchantments swirl below.
What mysteries lie so very deep?
And shall I ever know?

As I sit beside you,
I begin to realize,
I see all of these wondrous things
Each time I look into your eyes.

A Relation With Words

by Joe DaVerbal Minddancer

It's more than the ABC's of it
More than dotting i's and cross the tees of it.
The poetry of it is in the mind of the mixer
Like an apothecaries' elixir.
Complicated formulas where in one word misplaced
Can cause the whole idea to explode
Never making its case, tears in lieu of laughter
Because you forgot to put a period after a certain word
Sounds absurd but it happens.
A caption could read BEWARE OF DOUG
You added U in the mix, an easy fix but peep this.
Poetry can convey emotions so strong
There's poetry in every song
It gets lost in translation if it's too long.
This is by no means a thesis on how to write
Even lost in translation isn't right
Not totally out of context, it just sounds tight; to me.
That's the thing about poetry and me.
I can re-write this for days, pick the write meter
That wasn't a typo, it's to show what I'm saying.
Past tense present tense prepositional phrasing
That's probably wrong too, but it's the rhythm
That's engaging, even Edgar Allen Poe had a flow
William Shakespeare I'm sure you all know
Used words in ways, that every English teacher today
Will give you assignments, to interpret what they meant.
Now that didn't rhyme did it?
One more element to the sheer beauty of poetry
It doesn't have to rhyme or be all woe is me.
Its descriptive funny unpredictable and money
Well only but a few have made a good living from it
It's really quite rare, that one writes not for the love of it

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Metaphors and similes' homonyms and commas, lord them
things cause all kinds of drama inappropriately placed can
erase the whole thought process
Leaving the reader left to guess
Yawl just read that mess, and spelling oh yes
Y'all caught that I bet, that's the funny part
Poetries a funny art, it can be so personal
It can be so vague,
It can touch those who really struggle to convey
Their words may not express what they feel
A poets words may even heal, have that zeal
Poetry for me is simply how I feel.

The Smile

by Neetu Wali

If I could wish for something
It would be the smile you bring
Your smile rises on my lips
Makes the scented flowers Bloom
In the backyard of my heart
I wish I could touch the scent
That I smelled just now
The scent of your love
The rose within my fingers
Whirl unknowingly
And I am made to smile
At my foolishness
The smile!

Woke up that morning
Looked into the mirror
Turned around
You were deeply asleep
A smile knocked the
Door of my lips
I opened the gates
My heart bloomed
loved the skin
I was in
Though I loved the
Softness and colour of mine

Reflections are at stake
Mirrors have to break
The sound of glass
Touching the ground
Will cut through the eyes
Killing all the lies

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I am waiting for the moment
When the rocky moon
Is no more a silver spoon
It becomes harsh and
Breaks my head instead
I hope it happens
Sometime soon

As the beauty of a rose
Is the dew it holds
The beauty of a face
Lies in the expression it holds
You are beautiful
When you have eyes
All over your face
When your ears and nose
Covers every inch of your body
You are beautiful
When your mouth
Rests in your heart
When you speak
And the rest of your body speaks

Do you find me
When you look into that mirror
Do you feel me
When you touch your skin
Do you recognise my scent
In every breath you take
Is that my wish
That you served in your dish
Is that my dream
That your eyes scream
Do you aspire

living self portrait

by *Keith Alan Hamilton*

This epic poem is dedicated to my departed comrade and most influential poetry mentor on my style of words, Dino (Constantine Pantazonis). Dino was the first to ask why I used the tilde ~ and then thereafter encouraged me to do so even the use of it with my writing name (~Keith Alan Hamilton~). Dino your living self portrait through poetic word and imagery will always be vivid in my mind. Peace out !

I'm this living self portrait
not painted to be hung on
some wall
imprisoned as a piece
of exhibited art
on display
as a corpse rotting alive
in a tomb of days gone by
I'm the *Mona Lisa* reborn
again and again
as she was
through the ingenious eye
of da Vinci
never am I finished
while the spirit of life
flows the breath of oxygen
~ intelligently
about a receptive mind
perceptively guiding the hand
embodied with the gift of empathy
boldly stroking
every facet of color

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as this unique blend of creativity
intermingled with
word and imagery etching out
the total human experience
with its pay your dues
character lines
the mark of a spiritual existence
not only on the face
but tattooed
on every inch of the body
like the use of the tilde ~
and the dotted line
in a newly written
epic poem ~ giving honor
to a poetry mentor
named Dino
despite the norm
all to enhance the expression
of a mystically
artistic soul
as this living self portrait

peace out

raised..,

by Sharee Abdur-Rasheed

to give praise on sundays
as the sunrays penetrate
through the stained glass
slashing the pews
as the parishioners pray in
full view
immersed in a curious world
exclusive of those who don't
look, talk and act like you!
a little bubble designed to
keep out trouble
but steeped in sin their lives
kith'n' kin, husbands, wives
insulated from folk deemed
hated, isolated away from
people of color, that other
from whom they remain
segregated!
taught bout dem "n" those
folk ain't da same as our
folk!

and they grow up confined to
this mental yoke
closed mind, blind eyez
the whole wide world has been
shrunk down to a little corner
called white folks town, and
we don't want ya'll hanging round

and dem grow up!

and become your cops, judges,

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doctors, nurses, lawyers, mayors,
prison jailers and jurors given the
job to sit judgment on those same
folk who their forefathers spoke
with all the distain they invoked,
all the hateful jokes, things they
say, day after day...
poised to hand down a verdict
to put your brown "n" black ass away
or just shot you down acting as judge "n"
jury in yours "n" my town without a worry
bout any sentence handed down!

and who da F%^# cares
that da system calls dem
a jury of your peers!
that without blinking will
put you away for years
or let a killer walk who walked
to stalk and kill a innocent 17 year
old boy at will, enjoying the laws that
gave him the privilege to do
it to mine "n' yours!
like it's a game, playing with
toys that got souls, names
lives, sons, daughters, husbands

wives! but never does it connect
in their feeble mind speck
that the same folk of whom their
peeps spoke are human beings
who deserve the same things
beginning with...

respect!!

Epic Beauty

by Kimberly Burnham

Splendor comes in many
packages tied with
shimmering crimson bows
a tiny wrinkled hand
reaches out to touch your face
exploring what is not yet
clearly seen

A gigantic blue butterfly
captured in the jungle
beside a thundering
Columbian waterfall
delightful delicacy in bits

Light reflecting
a spacious world roamed
can you still see
in your mind's eye
delicious diversity
in European faces

Or the massive red Shinto gateway
whose spirit shines forth
throughout Asia finding
compassion in a friendly face
a tear rolls from hazel eyes
as the band plays, Oh Canada
fluttering red and white
in the distance

A photographer finding
the way home again
trying to see

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the path forward
blocked by an ophthalmologist
his white coat looming
impressive degrees on the wall
you ought to consider your life

Blind!
he predicts a bleak future
"it's genetic,
nothing
you can do"
a flashing strobe light
punctuated by periods
of colorless
black and white
darkened now

Massage school
a profession you can do blind
opens a doorway
a textured nuanced hallway
craniosacral therapy
nutrition
acupressure
integrative manual therapy
matrix energetics
Tibetan singing bowls
drawing you forward
onward healing path

Seven years of doing
learning
seeing
looking
becoming
director of vision services

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"no one can tell me
it doesn't work"
experience shows I can help
create a gorgeous world

Seeing is believing
in growth, in healing
in all the roads
to the top of Mount Fuji
to seeing exquisiteness here
inside and outside
in the chilly blue of a spruce
piled high with winter snow

In a child's face
at the end of a storybook
in the road winding through
red rock
in a purple sunset at home
before closing my eyes
dreaming into reality
a new adventure awaiting
in the morning radiance

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With a bang

by Ann J White

With a big bang or divine hand
The universe was created
A garden paradise – food for all
Life had a natural order, a purpose, a plan
Life pulsed with a heartbeat of its own
All creation, fur, feathers, leaves, and stones
Beat in unison to the song of the earth
Dark shadows appeared in men's hearts
A vile evil force crept into this paradise
It's beat was static, erratic – dripping the blood of hatred
And the earth became toxic
This darkness – this hatred – this evil
Gained power and spread like a cancer
The seeds of hatred blew across the lands
Planting themselves in the hearts of the angry
With a bang, men savagely killed each other
Random shootings in the streets, chopping off heads like
human guillotines
Raping, plundering with no regard for the pulse of
humanity
We lost our language – it became street talk
We lost our healing – big pharmaceuticals sold toxins for
profits
We lost our voice – we spoke in alphabetical acronyms,
bits and bytes too busy to connect
We lost our heart beat – we became savages
With a bang – machinery cut down forests
Garbage filled our oceans – turning them into toxic
quagmires unfit for life

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Pulsing with toxins – dark and slimy
Chemical fog blocked the sun – dark and stormy with dust
of disregard
With a bang homeless people were murdered
With a bang school children lay slaughtered
With a bang and bombs and belligerence war became the
beat of the world
Hatred pulsed through the air
Our lifeforce was poison, toxic, filled with greed and
corruption and the evil of those in power.
With a bang – it was over
Dust, particles, ash, smoke
Rich or poor, powerful or weak, it was futile – life was
snuffed out in a play of hatred
Dark
Nothing
Bang

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~seeking the soulpack

by Katherine Wyatt

I am swimming in a whirlpool of ambiguity

she held her hand out...
it was connected to my own in gossamer threads
even as I tremble..
I know those who walk as I do
as I have never been one to hold on to flesh well

perhaps the importance of appearances
that runs through my blood
is why I am not quintessentially
attached to this world.
and primarily disinterested in its affairs

the blood of royals ran through their veins
the one's who came before me
birthed and bore me into this world
at times it is I who must pay for their indulgences
and my own fire has its work to do

She looked into my eyes
and through her hand I felt the cool release

she said...

“I am water running through you”

There are times we find the soul pack
even for a moment.. and we recognize them

I hold no expectation..
but gratitude for her grace and kindness

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our frailties are many..
we shoot arrows and miss
trust is Love... and time takes time to pass

we hold on...

waiting for the next line to follow
like car lights that can only see a few yards
in the night we travel with blind faith..

I am waiting... watching for the next step

she touches my hand cooling my soulfires

I exhale and listen..

wisdom comes from places
least expected... and we are never totally
alone..

though our inner demons are fought in hand to hand combat
in caliginosity

there is a light within that summons
the soulpack and those who travel with us...

those OldSouls who are vigilant

that we do not strike our feet

upon sharpened stones

in those moments we are certain

...we are falling

when in truth, obscured from our eyes

in our moments of suffering

we (re)membering ourselves into the light

I sigh

and await the next sortie

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Transfiguration

by Gail Weston Shazor

I am surprised by grace
I opened my fist and the tears
Fell from the tips of my fingers
Like rain across green leaves
On my knees I prayed
Face down at the foot of the cross
Head in my hands on my side
Of an empty bed
Eyes closed sitting at my desk
One thousand words muttered
Daring God to remove my pain
And knowing that he hears me
Through every sob and every curse
I am standing at the edge of time
Holding onto the lost seconds
Pressing the memories into my temple
Of the sound of your voice
And the feel of your hands on my face
Lest I forget you forever
Because that is the way I now live
I want to hurry the day into tomorrow
Weary and translucently brimming
Reflecting the hurt that threatens
To burst into rivulets on my cheek
Could this in fact be a fleeing
A desperation to escape the pain
In the numbness of sleep
The only place where

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I can fully empty my soul
I speak this to God
I really don't want a new love
I only want my only love
To breathe deep your laughter
Pressed down and running all over me
To give it back to you in smiles
I want the time to share a soap bubble
A meal and a memory
And to be present with you in space
Instead I am here and here is nowhere
"Wherever you are, be all there"
I hear these words of wisdom
364 moments suspended by your words
I am looking for the holiness in this void
I barely breathe in case a whisper is missed
My eyes are wide and my senses open
This is the only place I can love you
And the clock keeps on ticking
Sitting with the dead is now my company
Gathering two only into my breast
My life mocks my love and we wait
With the remnants of life laying on open palms
We are merely shadows sitting
In the shade of tall oak trees
Waiting to reconcile with God's wisdom
In removing you from my life
I will now die without my heart

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soiling lies

by Hülya N. Yılmaz

inside the coat of my mother's yearning
its snow color fur on my black midi-length
dabbing my face
wet with virgin flakes
an anchor its receded touch
rusted out through and through
in struggle to sew my fabrics together
to repaint each of my two myrrhed walls
cold
the table hasn't been set for too long
waterless the ewer breadless the hearth
beds unmade in their tucked-in warmth
devoiced the radio ringless the doorbell
interference over and over and over
silenced words silencing the road-weary spirit
icy bare halls resounding unending wishes
dark
slipping through my fingers
while i saw nothing in the oozing mirror
it bled once again from out of each spore
i turned a cliffside into a dam this time
but overlooked the open flood gates
dry
her lap a pillow of tender quills
the worn-out blanket soaked in her scent
"snow falls on top of those who sleep"
awake
sequential persistent nonetheless covert calls
to pay a visit to pay a visit to pay a visit
alive

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activate the life support though now in vain
quieted with force yet determined to self-end
ensuing her sevenhundredfortyone and a half-day extent
on the seventh of the fifth with eternal respect
ceding her remaining air to her beloved kin
she spins to a nothing never to be felt again
no womb to take the tears to
late
void
shrill
in pity the homeland enters the main vein
revives herself in memory reappears in flesh and blood
her scent crawls through each of the passing cells
thirst arrives in hunger pangs
eight precious households come into view
singing dancing flowing in sync to an eternal feast
mute
eyes lock on the trail to her breathtaking peak
from where the sea struts its azure wealth many seek
and there a mere step away
dons the house its unending hospitality
bricks worn out shutters in their lately ashen trace
erect in its famed humbleness as yet
vying to amass a few more gasps
the ornate transoms eye the vast sky
their weathered glances collapse as waves
the ground's dirt is tender as maternal caress
its trees' depleted roots ready themselves to finally rest
as have those who were there before lying forgotten abreast
decomposed
heart seeks shelter on the faded print undug
wide concrete steps lead to a colossal wooden door
where a stately man holds a briefcase in one hand
a fedora complements his stunning handsome face

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a mere toddler my mother's one intensely beloved brother
his nose glued on the front window in their mother's arms
the other
a gorgeous sight my own sweet darling mother
as one yet with her all-giving esteemed soul
warm
her precious girl all grown up
on her path of rights escorting more than a few wrongs
having pained many a hearts no exception her tortured core
housed beside those by whom she does not belong
in her filthied resting place she laced not only once
heeding love's enticing whisper in relentless hope and
intoxication
inside its stolen womb questing its easing promise to not
end
is it courage in her choice if left with the intended self to
blame
fake
the bliss of a mask of strength the innocence-alluring
pretense
hollow
knitting her fate into her caftan weaving patternless loops
feared
cursed
disapproved
still in refusal to sense the self's contention

Divine Embrace

by Teresa E. Gallion

I walk in the forest
with music in my boots.
My body dances to the fragrance
of light streams sizzling the ground.

Spill all over me
the burning aroma
of your love, Oh Beloved.
I tremble in your presence

taken by the fiery kiss
of your windy breath.
Kiss me forever,
weaken my knees in joy.

May I touch your hand
to feel your flames
burn my inner self.
Let me lie against this tree,

savor your spicy burn
as it engulfs my heart.
I want to stay high forever
from your divine caress.

Sacred ecstasy is the union I crave.
Listen—birds serenade the forest
in your honor.
Dance with me on this holy ground.

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Cut my heart one slice at a time
with your love knife.
Let me bleed joy
in the colors of a rainbow.

Let the soft silence of love
take me from this place
to that walk in infinite grace
holding hands with the Master.

i am he

by william s. peters, sr.

there it stood
like a tower of light
piercing the sky
of the horizon
enjoining imaginary heavens
to this place upon which our feet
are planted

fable and folklore
spoke of this place
a garden few have seen
from which the seed of man
had been spawned

and within
was that mythological tree
which unveiled the eye
of First Father
that He should know
of what nakedness is

David danced in the street
for he felt the unabashed joy
when kissed
by the sound of Timbrels
the music of his heart
that which is divine

Job bore
the burden of reproof
for he knew
of the sweeter fruits
that which has never been seen

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nor tasted

Solomon's etheric ecstasy
his glistening wisdom
knew not of limit
and he wed himself
and consummated such union
in the inner chambers of self
his beloved

my brother Isaiah
spoke of the gates
the gates of praise
that shone
calling forth the children
to embark on the path
the journey back to the garden
back home
where there is light consciousness

he said
arise, arise
and my hallelujah
stood and spread it's wings
embracing never dreamed of possibilities

my inner eye beholds that Tree yonder
how i long to put my arms
around it's girth
and let the gentle breeze
of brother wind
whisper to me through it's leaves

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let me hear again
the sweet promise
that of the fruit we shall eat
at journey's end

St. Issa was nailed to that Tree

i but wish to climb it's limbs
and lay my burdens
upon it's bough
and be it's rock-a-bye baby

i hear the call of the rushing waters
that of Mother's Life Blood
where the Four sacred rivers converge

let us immerse our selves
in the cleansing waters

so . . .
i packed my bags
with emptiness
devoid of all worldly things
for the world has lost it's import
and there was a bequestering for the quest
Soul was beckoning me
to that reckoning of me
unto the path . . . back
back to where myth
becomes reality . . .
back to that Garden

my heart began to ardently beat
with forgotten rhythmic excitement
filled with an anticipatory syncopation
and joys replete

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the resonant harmonies of ecstasy
loomed in the air about me
and thus became my every breath
and i became life's melody

the palpitations of my heart
consumed me
completely
penetrating the womb of my very existence
like a young Virgin who looks upon
the face of her eternal lover
for the first time

take me my soul screams
unto it's self
open the door
open the gate
to that arduous pathway
unto my absolution
that my final traipse
may begin

i turn my face away
from my destination
and begin to walk backwards
that i may revisit time past
old wounds
errant shifts
to arrive at the place
of my spawning
the dawning
a regressive awakening

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forsaking substance
i see the collective episodes
of the years endured
begin to fall away
and the enveloping warmth
of the Sun replete
begins to rapture me
as i allow the letting
of this illusory identity
of how i once defined my self

i now begin to intake
and absorb
the verdant scents
of my holy inner garden
enticing me
as i am reverently approaching
my own presence
my essence
my consummate self

i am barefooted
and my toes become entwined
in the damp soils
of what i thought to be
a forgotten consciousness
a lost knowing
and i begin to glow

i hear sounds about me
within me
attuning it's self in concordance
dancing in my heart
playing a tune called bliss
and i know
i have been kissed
by the regality

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of that which is sovereign
over all that exists

my loins become incensed
with a primal urging
a needing
to undress
and to express
and my innocent nakedness
stands before the world

my passions begin to unfurl
fulfill themselves
with an incalculable esoteric copulation
and my reason becomes orgasmic
and loses it's tethers
to the finite memories
of what i once accepted
defended
as life

i am reflecting my own creational exponential-ness

tears begin to flow
down my cheeks
from my 3rd eye
blinding me
with rivulets of joy
which become streams
which become rivers
before they touch my feet
which now stands
in the Ocean of life

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Time freezes
Time ceases
and i am appeased
for now i please myself

for in reflective grandeur
i realize
i am who i have always been

upon the surface of these pristine waters
i look upon my countenance

the glass is no longer darkly
and i thus see
a contextual reflection of me
of self
of God
of Creation

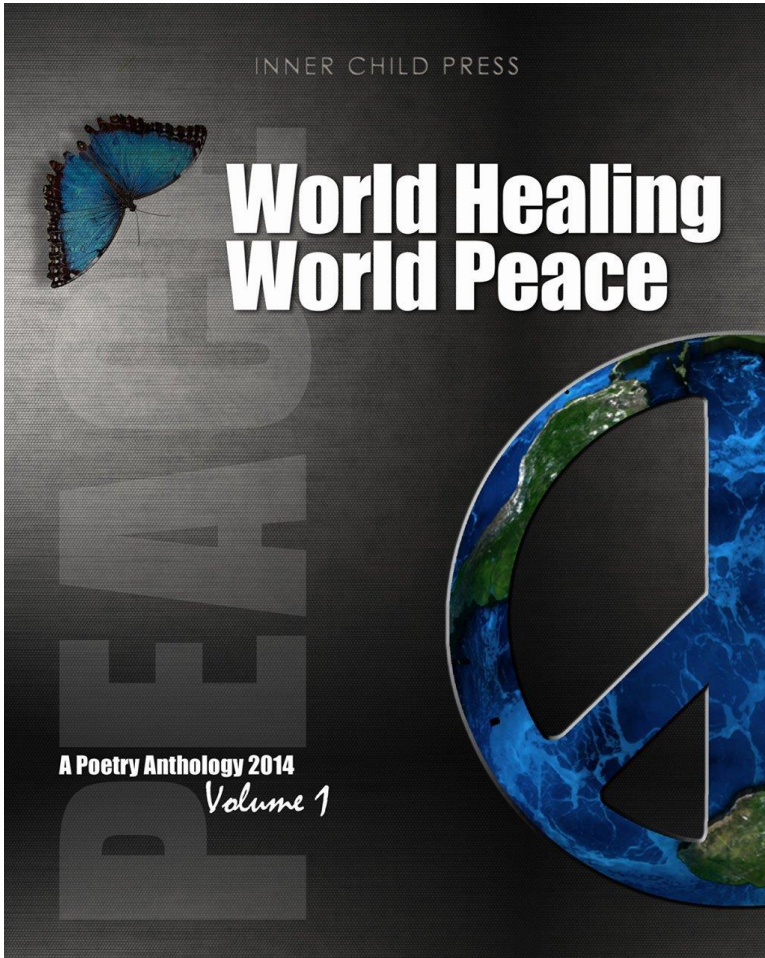
and there is but
one Solitary Tower of Light
enjoining Heaven and Earth
and i am He

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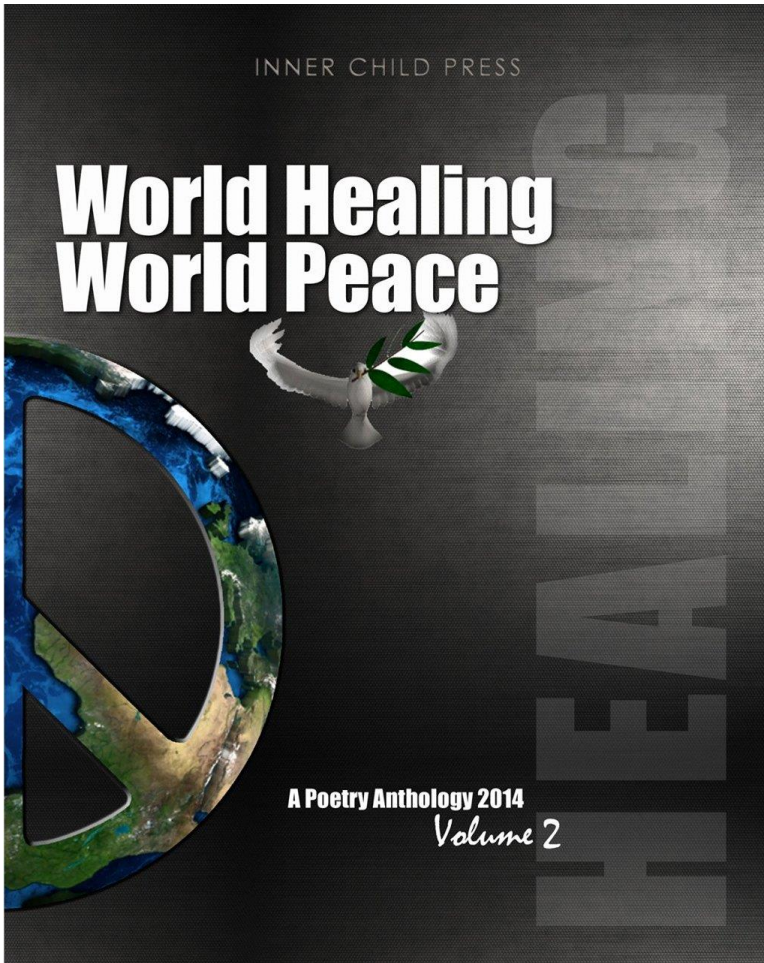
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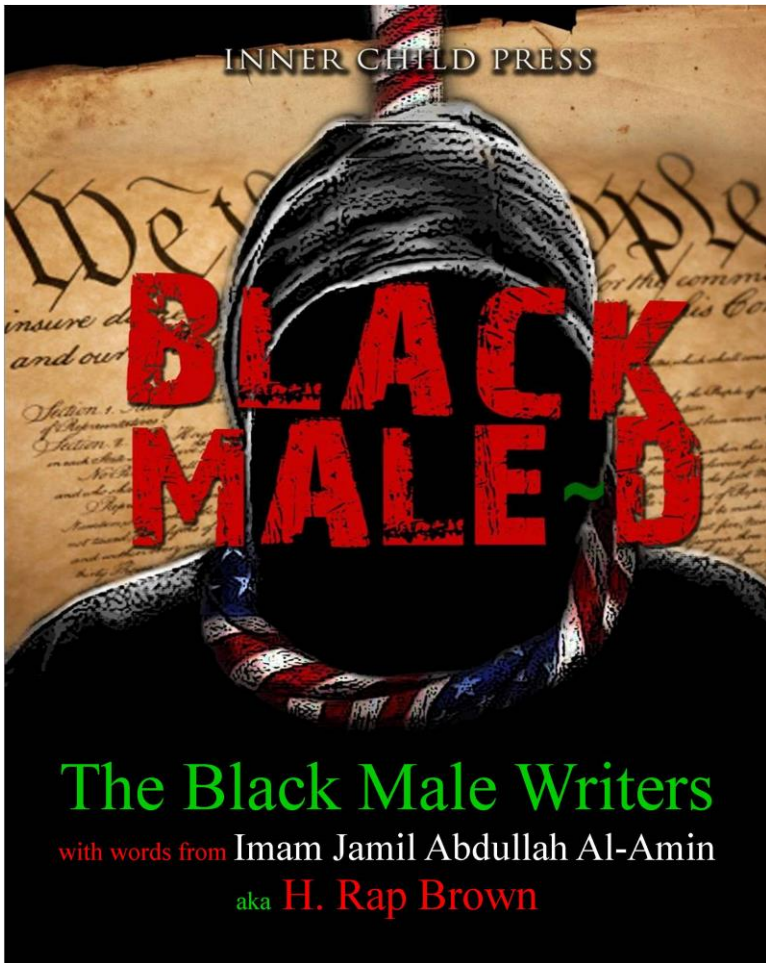
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The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook • Anthony Arnold • Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



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 III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry Posse

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

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

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

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

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

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

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The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

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

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

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

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams
Dr. John R. Strum
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse

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



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets

Shantelle McLin
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy
Abraham N. Benjamin

The Poetry Passé

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

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

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

Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

The Poetry Posse

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



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

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

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

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

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

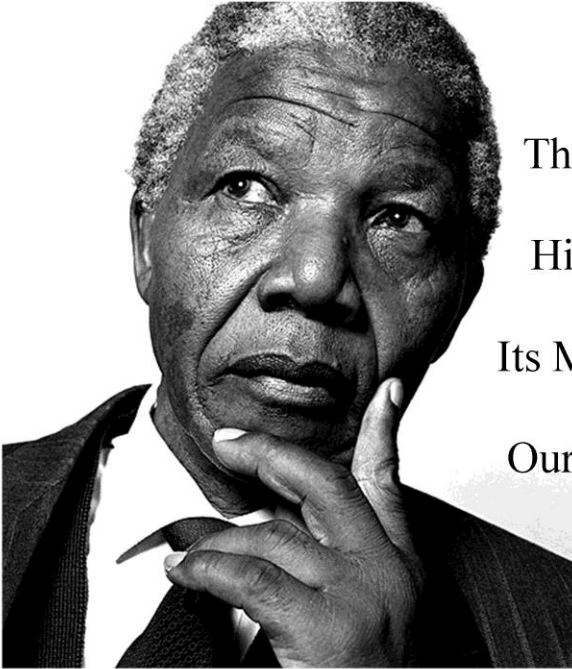
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Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

Inner Child Press Anthologies

Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

Inner Child Press Anthologies

A GATHERING OF WORDS

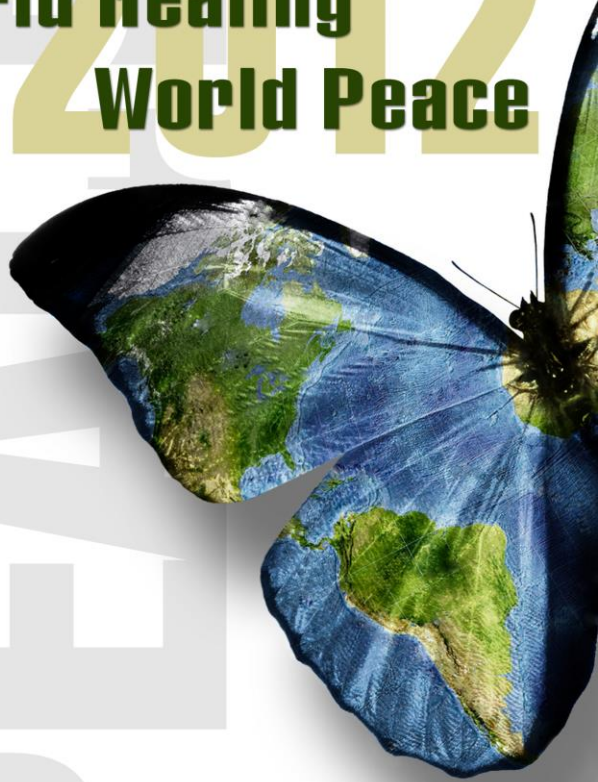


POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

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A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

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A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

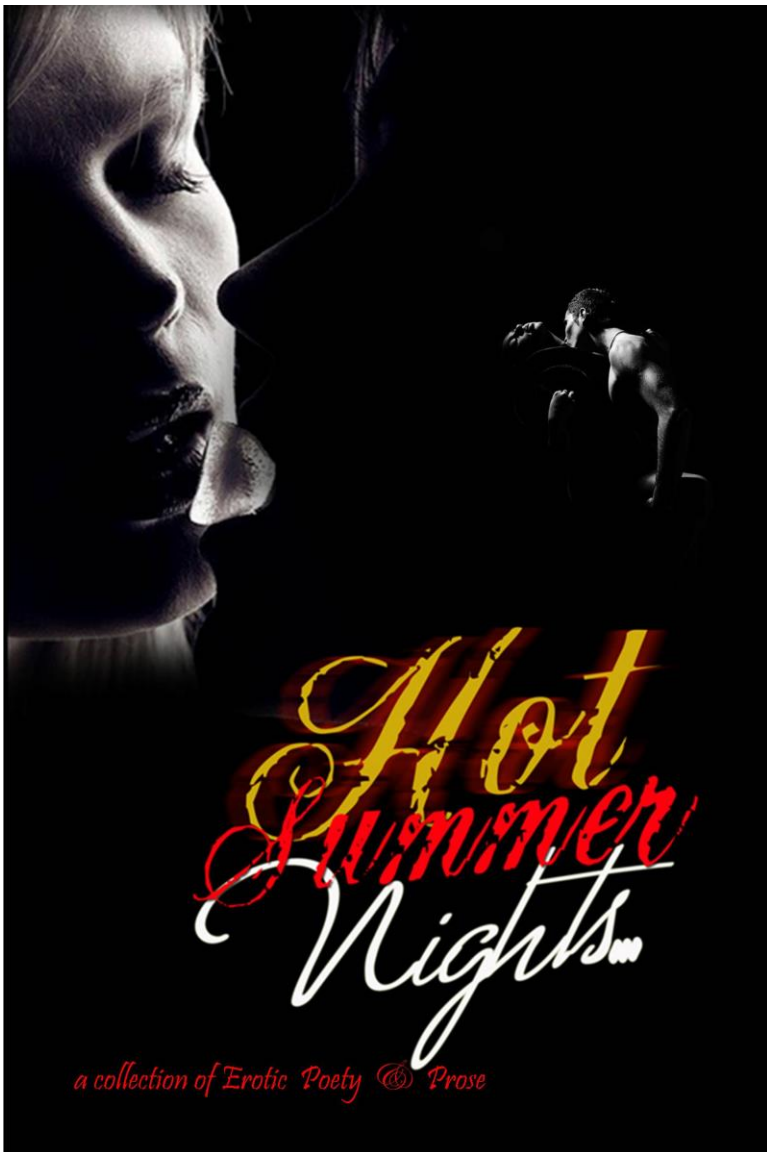
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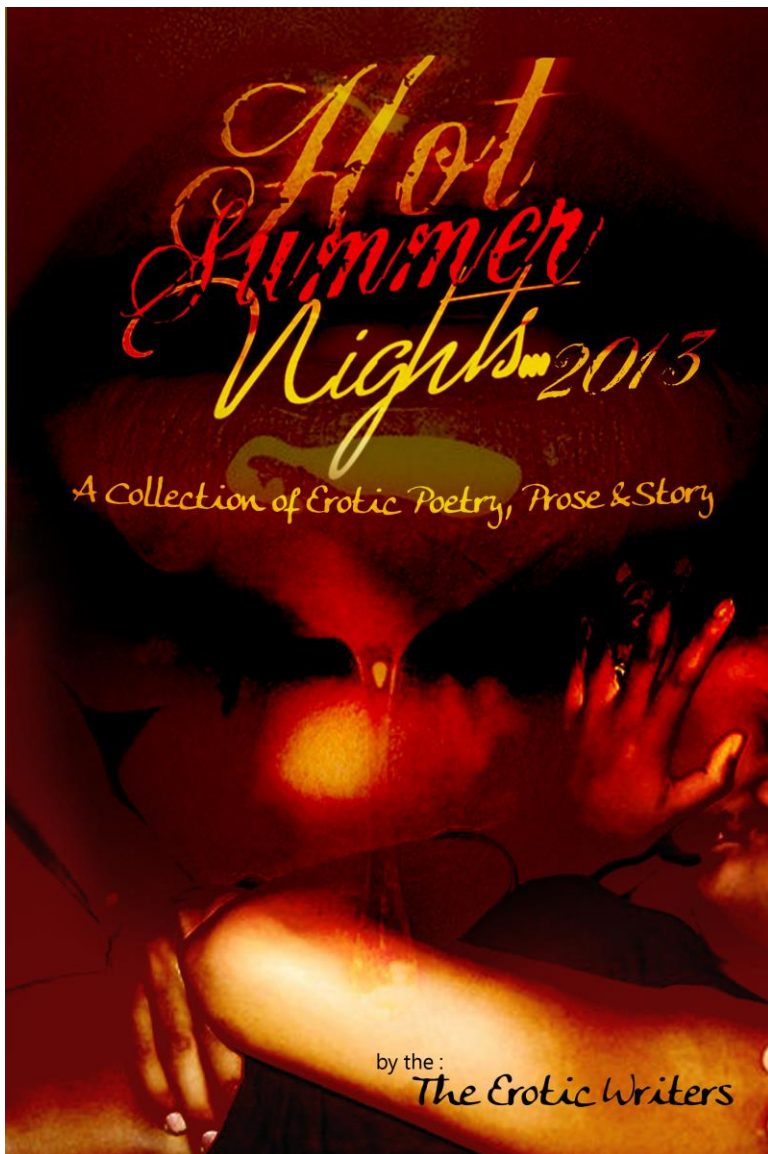
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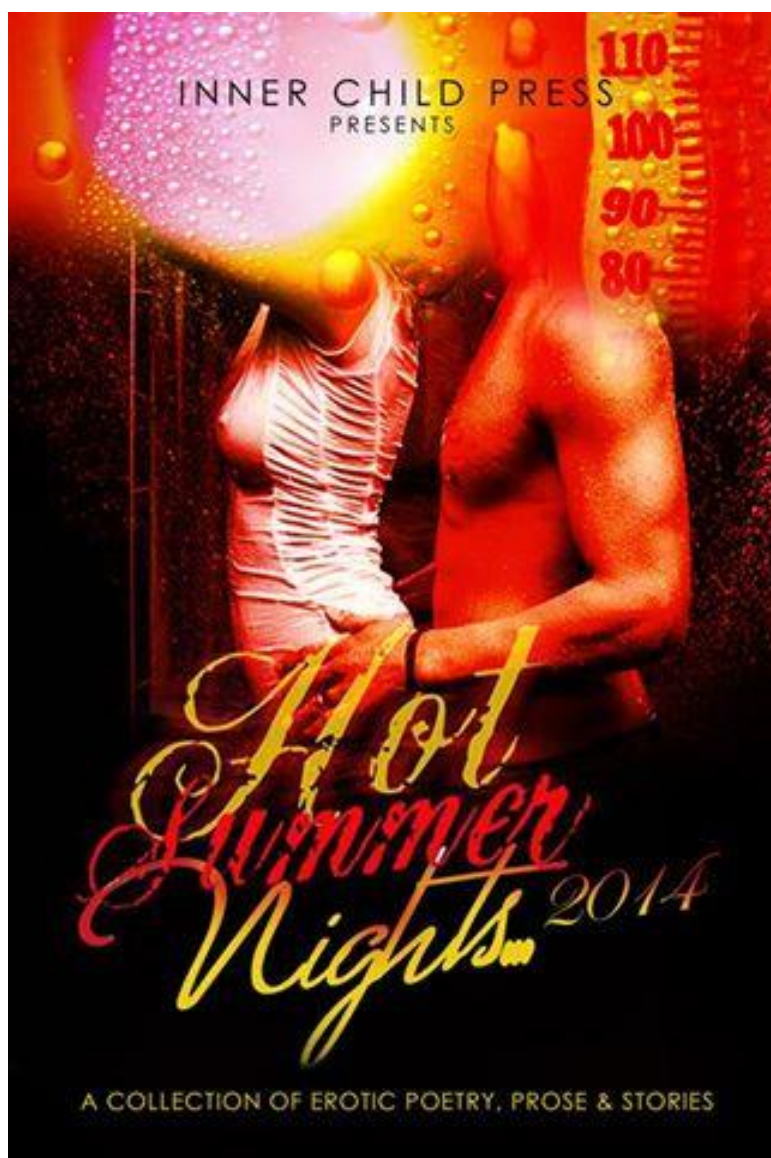
healing through words



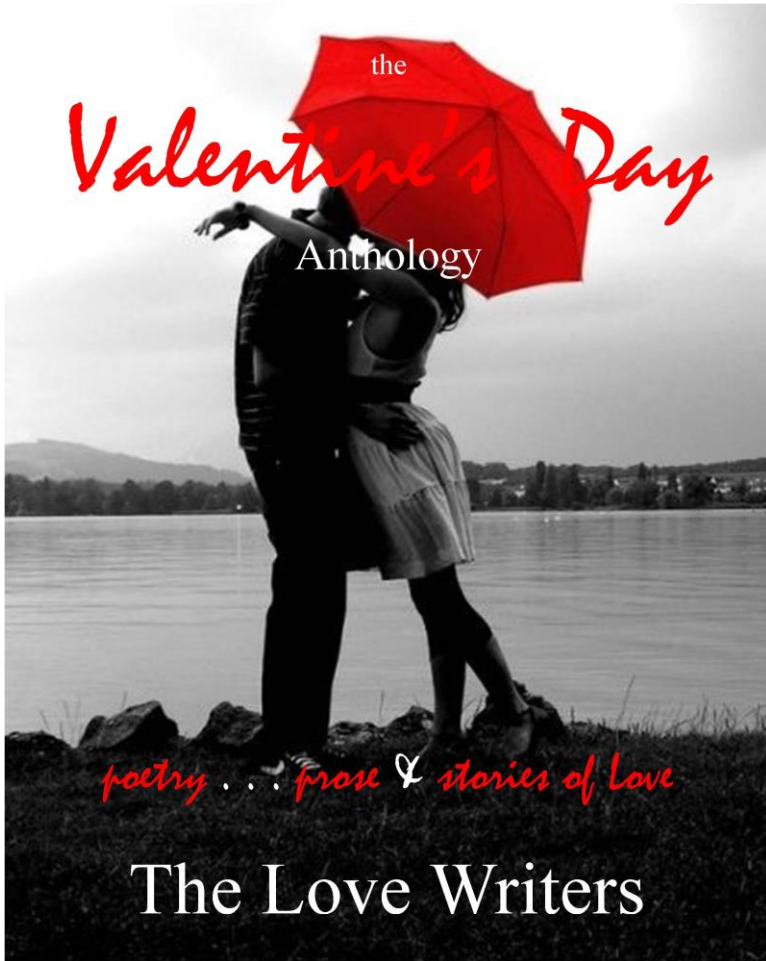
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want my

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to . . .

a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

Monte Smith

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a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

Monte Smith



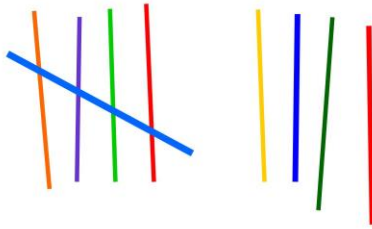
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POEtRy

to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

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an anthology of Poetry inspired by . . .

Poetry Dancer

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~ li

The Poetry Posse 2015



March 2015 Featured Poets



Raja William



Dennis Ferado



Laure Charazac



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