Featured Poets

Rohini Behera * Mircea Dan Duta Monalisa Dash Dwibedy * NilavroNill Shoovro

Carlos Saavedra Lamas ~ 1936





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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



The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VII April 2020 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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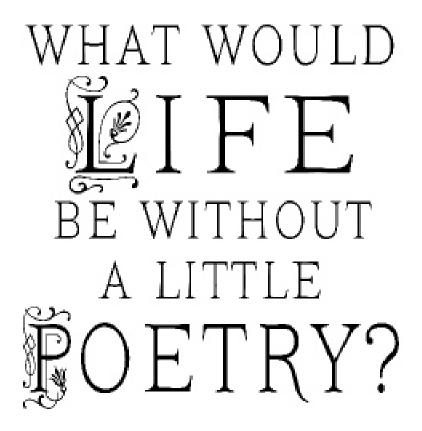
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

The Poetry Posse have come to its fourth month -April 2020 issue, which is a phenomenal part of "The Year of Peace: Celebrating Past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients".

The Posse reincarnates the life of the great First Latin American Nobel Peace Prize Recipient-Carlos Saavedra Lamas, who once stated:

'War of aggression, war which does not imply defense of one's country, is a collective crime''

In some ways, the collective power of poetry by the contributors will revive the impact of the life, works and legacy of Carlos Lamas, and how did he bring peace into light.

This anthology is a valuable creative platform to defend peace in the culture of both the writers and the readers.

Let us meet CARLOS SAAVEDRA LAMAS with his short biography, as compiled through the electronic readings of a peace advocate; Acknowledgment and salute to the great writers of his biography!

Biography Of Carlos Saavedra Lamas (1878-1955)

Carlos Saavedra Lamas was born on 1 November, 1878 in the city of Buenos Aires, Argentina, was born in the family of an Argentine patriot.

The historians have recorded him as an Argentinian negotiator, president of the League of Nations and mediator in the dispute between Paraguay and Bolivia. Lamas was not only a legal eagle but also someone who was seriously involved in reforming the condition of workers in his own country and was active in bringing about legislation in relation to labour laws in the country.

He published pioneering work on labour law and supported the creation of the International Labour Organisation, as well as chaired ILO's 1928 Geneva conference. As a lawyer he was also interested in asylum, colonisation, immigration, arbitration and international peace.

In 1915 he was appointed minister of justice and education and initiated significant reforms, particularly in secondary and vocational schools, reflecting the demands of the growing industry at the time.

In 1932 he played a key role in all diplomatic issues linked with South America. He contributed to ending the war between Paraguay and Bolivia (1932-1935) by making a series of efforts which laid the foundation for the diplomatic resolution of the dispute between the two countries.

The war was said to be a ''long-smoldering Bolivian-Paraguayan boundary dispute'' led to the Gran Chaco War which defied the peacemaking efforts of Latin American nations and the United States and enabled Saavedra Lamas to assert Argentina's influence in hemispheric affairs. After failing to terminate the conflict by relying upon the League of Nations conciliation machinery, he engineered a permanent truce in 1935.

In 1934 he presented the South-American Pact against War to the League of Nations. The document was signed by 11 countries. In recognition of his achievements he was elected president of the League in 1936.

He emerged as Nobel Peace Prize winner in 1936. He was also awarded the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour of France and the corresponding awards from 10 different countries. (*The Famous People*)

May peace dwell in us. Let peace be our free binding force to keep us alive and let others live.

Enjoy our spilled words in a creative influence with a heart!

Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis

World Healing World Peace 2020



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Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited and feel accomplished as we enter our seventh year of publishing what I and many others deem to be a worthy enterprise, *The Year of the Poet*.

This past year we have aligned our vision with that of Nober Peace Prize Recipients. We have title this year's theme. The Year of Peace! Hopefully thorugh our sharing each month, our poetry can have a profound effect on our global consciousness and the need for peace while educating ourselves and our readership about some of the individuals who have made history through their efforts to promulgate peace for all of humanity.. We are on our way to hitting yet another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated.

To reiterate, our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful poets, word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global audience. In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Trees Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, and Past Cultures. This coming year we have elected to continue our focus of choosing what we consider a significant subject . . . PEACE! In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse about such celebrated members Peace Ambassadors, but we have included a few words about each individual in our prologue. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

In closing, we would like to thank you for being an integral part of our amazing journey.

Enjoy our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

Bless Up . . . From the home in our hearts to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

PS

Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry effort.

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worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

Carlos Saavedra Lamas 1936

Each month for the year of 2020, which we have deemed as *The Year of Peace*, we at Inner Child Press International will be celebrating through our poetry a few Nobel Peace Prize Recipients who have contributed greatly to humanity via their particular avocations. This month of April 2020 you will find select poems from each Poetry Posse member on this month's celebrants.

In 1936, The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Carlos Saavedra Lamas.

For more information about visit :

www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/1936/lamas/facts







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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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Haiku

Wars of aggression

Upon the people here-now

Nature brings it's end

10/30

I couldn't figure out the weather today I dressed twice just to be comfortable And left the unchosen clothes discarded on the floor For someone else to step over Although there doesn't seem to be The man that will take the time to do so And I can't figure out why that is Except that there isn't I couldn't figure out the season today Beautiful green leaves seemed to fall As if they know too that it ought a happen Because the calendar is situated Below a different moon than the one I can see above my rooftop The leaves don't question like I do They just know that it is Time has changed meaning here And I have begun to feel the difference In the sway of my hips and tilt of my head The waning of life sits uncomfortably Beyond the reach of my grasp So I will now choose only The waxing thereof

PenWalker

I have known for a while now That ink is a conduit It stains my thoughts Providing shadows to the energy So we can see them Clearly, vividly, naked It runs under my skin Walking through memories Erasing the pain Creating movement's purpose A call to wakefulness Lifting from slumber In the music of india ink Black and bold strokes Across many canvasses Letters and syllables Staining pillows and curtains I borrow the words From the ritual of lives Soothing colors Stories that are meant to be told I try on my parchment And travel where my pen takes me

Alicja Maria Kuberska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland.

In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: "The Glass Reality". Her second volume "Analysis of Feelings", was published in 2012. The third collection "Moments" was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel -"Virtual roses" and volume of poems "On the border of dream". Next year her volume entitled "Girl in the Mirror" was published in the UK and "Love me", " (Not)my poem" in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled "The Other Side of the Screen".

In 2016 she edited two volumes: "Taste of Love" (USA), "Thief of Dreams" (Poland) and international anthology entitled "Love is like Air" (USA). In 2017 she published volume entitled "View from the window" (Poland). She also edits series of anthologies entitled "Metaphor of Contemporary" (Poland)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in Poland, the USA, the UK, Albania, Belgium, Chile, Spain, Israel, Canada, India, Italy, Uzbekistan, Czech Republic, South Korea and Australia. She was a featured poet of New Mirage Journal (USA) in the summer of 2011.

Alicja Kuberska is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation.

War for myth

poem dedicated to Carlos Saavedra Lamas

News of wealth lit the fires of greed in their eyes. They saw each other on the golden thrones in the paradise gardens.

Wetland and dense bushes destroyed the Eden's vision. The fairytale mirage disappeared - the image melted away in the swamps

The soldiers drowned in the mud their young lives and machine guns. Sickness and hunger decimated mercenaries from around the world

Today we know who really fought in a bloody war of fools. Here are the perpetrators of the misfortune: Bolivia - Standard Oil (Exxon) Paraguay - Shell Oil.

Nobody got anything Nobody achieved anything Nobody got rich Everyone was lost

In the textbooks of history subsequent pages described the dispute ended in Buenos Aires They called it- the war for Gran Chaco

Spring is coming

It's time to wake up the sleeping trees in orchards, open the hives and welcome the bees, invite the first flowers to the concert.

The hard-working insects with golden wings will play a wedding march in the sky. They will make a mating flight in honor of the queen.

A quiet buzzing will fill the space the air will smell like honey and the wind will chant the song

new life is coming fertile summer is coming autumn harvest is coming

Song of Sita

O Bhumi, mother earth Let me return to your womb I will turn into a grain of sand. I will rest from the cruelty of the world

I want to fall asleep and forget about Words biting insidiously like vipers Full of venom and poison Filled with false accusations

Mother, absorb all my tears Let them flow in your streams Then hope will revive again in my heart and give me the strength to survive the bad times

Oh, Bhumi, mother earth Take me in and hide me among your flowers In return I will give you my yearing And dreams that the birds will sing about

Padmavati

Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And They Gasped

Serendipity streamed its bespoken light, While an astute American's eye snapped up the treasure Discovered in an South American pawn-shop. Paying only for its golden weight.

How the medallion came to rest In such an inauspicious place? Who knows? It was once the proud possession Of Carlos Saavedra Lamos.

Deeply interested in foreign relations, and Conflict resolution, Lamos negotiated the peace Between Bolivia and Paraguay. For this he won the 1936 Nobel Peace Prize.

And, the anonymous American, in 2014? He placed the historical medallion up for sale. In an auction, in Baltimore, MD, USA. The treasure's Value? Estimated at one hundred thousand dollars.

Unnamed, an Asian collector claimed the prize, His bid? 1.1 million dollars. Surpassing all bids,. Surprised, amazed, the auction world, stood, gasping At the price paid for Lamos' Nobel Peace Prize.

Topsy-turvy: God Have Mercy

controlling heads, affairs of state double-speak adds, subtracts

> like wailing dogs and cats excitable coyotes, predictable complainers

those who exult in self serving indulgence give rise to major headaches

> crying babies, demanding colicky sessions the way infants communicate

but oh, those tantrums of the fully grown slothful with shoulder clips

> shame crowns their head they who harbor illusions of grandeur's evolution of notoriety

they spew hate, inhibit and slander the rights of the messenger lines drawn in the sand, in the law,

> evil leaps over boundaries, barricades they climb sans attire of common sense

sans decency erosion gives birth to insanity predictable mathematics

as in black and white creating division, violence erupts, chaos ensues turns the tables of multiplication

where delusion blames the victim, tramples the colors, tramples the flag;

despairing right of civility, of common sense, rejects personal responsibility

will not the nation come together, begging forgiveness? and shall we not pray? God have mercy on us.

Always Right

I'm looking out the window. An eerie sort of quiet has fallen over the bold, sun-kissed landscape; I'm told Spring has a surprise in store. It's finally going to snow.

My daffodils would say, "No way," had they been consulted; were they able to think or speak. So would the shrubs. They're the senior citizens, who reside down by the split-rail fence.

They're the ones with arms gently waving back and forth at me. If their white blossoms had feelings and experienced pain, they'd beg of Mother Nature, "Please do explain."

All is quiet in the silent sunlight. The birds have gone into slow motion disguise, furtively searching for food. Perhaps some building better, tighter nests? As they wonder what's next?

A red one streaks by the grey-green brambles, flying down from its perch, on the naked arms of the sweet gum tree. From head to mid-breast it is a welcome splash of color.

On the ground, where the seeds have fallen, from the year past, I spy a yellow one.

It's a canary. But is it not too early? Alas, perhaps it was my imagination, for now it is no more.

As if an invitation could not have come any sooner, the wind stands up and dances amongst expectant greens. The scene is filled with more than it takes to fill an artist's canvas.

Might not Mother Nature condescend to spare my garden, from what seems, at the moment, a very real possibility? Snowstorm or not, I've heard it said, the Mother always gets her way.

So, for the moment, I will rejoice in what is before me: the sky is blue, the same color of my husband's eyes. The white puffy clouds are like the wool that fluffs up the antique quilts on my bed.

When the sky grays, and the snow begins to accumulate, I'll stay inside my home. I'll watch the snowflakes as they sing their secret song: "Mother Nature is never wrong."

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is a professor at Asia University (Taiwan), editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

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

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

New Deal

Before the New Deal Looking at the stars from the bottom of the Jialing River The sound of gongs and drums symbolizing dawn Uploaded from a distant city wall I still don't see the person in my heart

Beard secretly added When walking on this hard snowy road Clothes no longer reveal the glory of the master perhaps Used to be addicted to fame and fortune A labor career is as if inborn and could never be taken away Would embark on an expedition Like Odysseus did in the Greek mythology

April is always sunny Flowers showy at the foot of the north and south walls Look into the high mountains Spring comes earlier than usual Thick shade The singing of the poor hires Coming through the porch forever Labor seems to be the spirit of high-spirited people

Carlos Saavedra Lamas A disciplined professional in the office A logician at the conference table A charming host in an art gallery The elegant man in a suit Nobel Peace Prize

The Old Beggar

The chrysanthemums on the roadside stream in this small village, there are chickens' tweets came from several families

The rough small bench made several holes in the old beggar's dirty pants

The old yellow dog with scabies on the head guarded his home faithfully

Two bunches of spotted yellow bananas fluttering in the wind

The old beggar with his straight spine

He looked calm and refused to accept any ridicule of others With both hands, the thin bones are covered with green tendons

Since it was born, it seems that it has never been washed But his pair of eyes were bright and glowing

From the heart, not ready to compromise with the evening sun

The wrinkles on his face were not missing any

Lips, choked like a sharp knife

Full mouthed yellow teeth witnessed, o old beggar Bulging cheeks

Bundle self-esteem into a small rolled and pressed it under the tongue

Bitterly tasted for decades, never released

Scraped hair which hanging on half side of his head

This lazy man was hidden in the thatched cottage

Nothing could be sounded from him

Only allowed the silence to occupy the body

How many years had he been silent?

Couldn't hear cold complaints I sneaked forward and left a copper coin Tempting old beggar to lean over and picking it up He didn't lower his head any, But not afraid of the smile on the corner of his mouth revealed a secret Problems that do not contain poetic, I couldn't ask That point of be content with himself, how to exile? The solitude before self-esteem, shared only with a king? Dark yellow mountains, small villages without cars, horses

and dust Dark yellow dirt road winding into the flowers, couldn't

find again in the wilderness

Dark yellow wind, sand and dust rolling in from the north Dark yellow hat hanging on the top of the cane against the corner of the wall

Sent a poem to the backwaters of this poor mountain Dark yellow dust covered his face, the frog drumming and smiling upwards

The old beggar turned into a whole piece of yellow mud O, yes, the old beggar turned into a whole piece of yellow mud

"If You Still Want To Read My Psalms"

Closed your eyes If you still want to read my psalms There are no tears in them, only the wind which cannot be lighter Won't dry the marks on your face Won't dry the marks on your face

Clenched your hands If you still want to read my psalms There is no supplication in them, only a tone that cannot be lighter Can't suppress the pulses in your chest Can't suppress the pulses in your chest

Wrote down a thousand lines of lyrics Drank a cup of strong drink Allow you to donate me two tears generously There are endless trees and flowers between the paths, but none are willing to take care of parting sorrow Buying this with two lines of tears, my psalms were falling to the ground like white frost Enough to cut off the three-day spring breeze Enough to cut off the three-day spring breeze

Open your eyes!

If you don't want to read my psalms anymore

There are no tears in them, only the wind which cannot be lighter

There is no supplication in them, only a tone that cannot be lighter

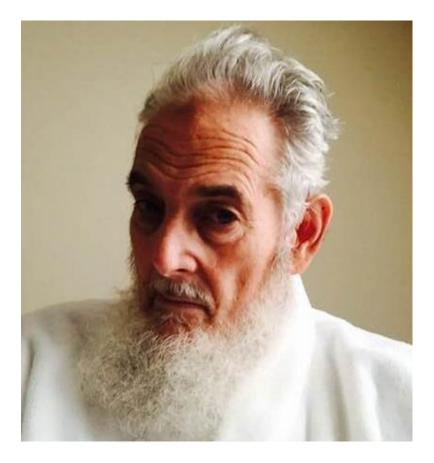
Didn't let tears invade your face

Didn't let this worldly feeling rise and fall in your chest

Ignored the wind in my psalms

Ignored the tune in my psalms

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

Carlos..,

Saavedra Lamas Peace-man Argentine man scholar man lawyer man political economics international law labor luminary Argentine foreign minister man peacemaker man did all he can to stop war Chaco war Paraguay, Bolivia league of nations leader yes, amazing peacemaker got the big prize Nobel 1936 he was already noble in his deeds to give peace a chance everybody now give peace a chance peace signs up for Carlos world needs more like Carlos

food4thought = education

few..,

words can capture pain in real time land on a dime until the pain is yours or mine indifference for instance puts resistance to sensitivity compassion for the pain suffered by human beings dem say " got problems of my own got no time to loan my time to make your problems mine " and so forth and so on until it's us the hammer comes down on remember we're all in this together pray for compassionate hearts prevail wind of life be at our backs let ship of life sail

food4thought = education

basing..,

affiliations, alignments, support on \$'s, high rollers, honey dripping off tongues please spare me explanation show me identification in relation to truth backed by proof let the bull\$#!+ fly through the roof made of poop, 100% proof bull\$#!+ on steroids can hurt you more then bleeding hemorrhoids don't quote me from fortune cookies all a conman needs are folks naive dem who believe the bridge dem selling is real never mind dem kind roll on crooked wheels fork tongued snakes who eat and breathe fake want you to fall for the okey doke, shake 'n 'bake beware: fork tongued snakes slither through high grass made of cash will bite that a\$\$

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program* includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Kim's poetry weaves through 70 volumes of *The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, A Woman's Place in the Dictionary*, Tiferet Journal, Human/Kind Journal and more.

https://www.nervewhisperer.solutions/ https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham/

The Power and Hope of Two

Two men each born in the late 1800's before World War I one in France Foreign Minister Aristide Briand shared the Prix Nobel de la Paix for 1926 with one in Germany Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann both signed an agreement a hope for reconciliation in the neutral Swiss town of Locarno together wished for more compassion sending the world into an upward spiral peace, paix, friede

Post-Modern Arrogance

In pre-modern times less enlightened we think peace "friede" in German meant treat others like one's own kin respect the otherness of others

Avoid war bred by desire to adapt the other to one's own way with toleration of warrior losers assimilation till there is no other otherness associated with imperfection tolerance and assimilation march toward conflict add the primacy of economics over politics and culture a long bourgeois century full of enlightenment and modernity's dark side did not bring a system of perpetual peace one peace designed and controlled precise linear universalist reductionist assumptions aimed at a paradise on earth the one truth the one and perpetual peace the one world society the one civilizing process carries in it the seed of self-reproduction and a structure of violence

How is one to treat others like members of one's own kin if the difference among kin has long been eliminated How is one to find peace a state where each culture blooms in its own unique way and we all respect

European Gendered Feelings of Peace

"Se sentir calme" or to feel at peace in French may not affect the genders equally what causes the feminine "paix" peace and "tranquillité" or calm may not be the same for him and her and they what causes the masculine "calme" to calm? as each one "keep one's peace"

"Garder le silence" literally guarding silence or "être parfaitement sereine" literally perfectly calm or to be at peace with the world as they say "paix sur la terre!" may peace prevail in the world or the feminine mother earth

In Romance languages "pas" "paix" "pace" the Greek "eirī́nī" or "ειρήνη" peace is feminine

In German "friede" or "frieden" and "fridden" or "fridd" in Luxembourgish peace is masculine

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

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Google Plus

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

Saavedra Lamas of the Landed Gentry

From the landed gentry

Came a noble gentleman,

A conservative representative

At the age of thirty.

Saavedra Lamas, instrumental

For the condemnation of Italy's

War on Ethiopia

A peace negotiator,

Between Paraguay and Bolivia

A peace herald he was acclaimed,

Became the First Peace Prize Laureate of Latin America.

The Beauty of Solitude

Amidst the deafening world, the cosmic chaos, Solitude provides an escape Beyond the swirling madness For in the blissful stillness Of finding one's true self The wisdom of a thousand words abound.

There lies the exotic beauty like no other When serenity penetrates The inner recesses of your beautiful mind When the answers to life's questions Finally dawns on your enlightened state Aloneness creating your own utopia.

When one claims silence, Embraces the Divine Core of his being The day when he becomes the Master and Guru Of his spiritual journey Finding his Personal Legend Like the mystical aura In the throes of ecstasy.

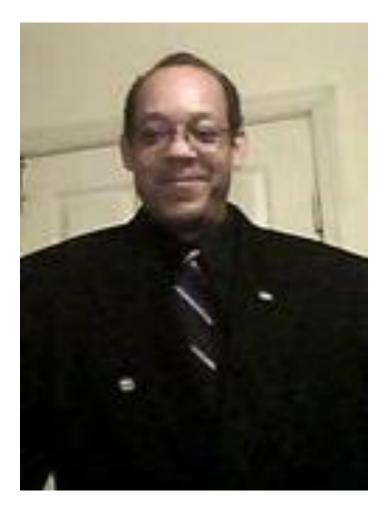
A New Life

A new beginning – Greets me while the Royal Sun Beams brightly – Over immaculate white, cottony clouds And sky-blue heavens above – I spotted a shy, red robin with a deep orange tail perched – On a fragile, thin branch Of a beauteous, pink Cherry Blossom tree – Humming a rhythmic melody from my distant revelry – Of memories forever embedded on my mind, Carried in my heart when I think of you.

Butterflies –

They eagerly flock to where fragrant flowers abound – With colorful hues – Captivating strangers roaming around the prairie – Yes, a new beginning is at a glance Gives the air a sweet smell of a blooming romance Is it ok to take your hand and ask you to dance? Among sunflowers that surround the green fields, Orange and yellow tulips, dainty daffodils. A new ray of Hope – Is at the horizon with the onset of Spring A new life ahead – Of a once dull and meaningless existence, Embrace the calming effect of a lovely Spring day – Bringing Hope, Faith and Peace Breathing new life, a fresh start!





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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Pop Your Collar

Carlos Saavedra Lamas was known to sport the highest collars of his land his quotes were of note from an acceptance speech "To this distinction I give no personal interpretation, but attribute it rather to the high standards of the foreign policy of my country."

"America is the world of peace and must be made the continent of its definite consequence." This constant psychology through policies and treaty needs to be celebrated as we educate ourselves through poetry and prose Who knows what grows from simply thinking Then inking our thoughts on paper Speaking our words in rooms rarely listened to but we are heard. Think of the time that Carlos Saavedra Lamas lived in Yet I write of him as free, I found him to be Quotable.

"Unemployment is a great tragedy. The man who goes about hopelessly seeking work in order to earn bread for his children is a living reproach to civilization." Think of the time we're living in and I'm feeling the preview, it's not like he knew but we do I see through the first of his kind idea But the thirst of the mind to care Highest collar in the land, pop your collar man.

Introverted

Psychologically speaking I'm thinking I love this social isolation Four walls and a ceiling has been so appealing over the years But I fear for my fellow man, Cabin fever.

I can't conceive how it would be not to touch another and brother we love our contact sports, we love our summer resorts and look at me See what I've done and accomplished

No accomplice, I've done it myself Wealth is a goal most adhere to now I fear as though we pear through rose colored specks, we've been through the spectacle of current events

As I invent more character's for my play I'm forced to live how I lived anyway Momentary poetic justice for one who doesn't seek none For one who barely speaks much less seek companionship

Those who wrangle with isolation read a poem See into mindset of lives set aside Pride is not the motus operandi of the shy I hide behind paper and travel in ink I don't think about the crowd, never have

but in these times I'm glad I'm me.

No Summer This Summer

When slumber tends to vacate our need We become the night-owl Night prowls on those hot and sticky nights Multiple showers in those hours of contact It's a mental contract signed in repetition The representation of you got it like that Summers turned back into a blizzard and we're snowed in

There's no summer this summer there's no living We're given the word from our beliefs Who preaches the end is near? How faithful are the faithful when they can't appear? There's an abundance of angels this year There's an over abundance of fear Summers turned back into a blizzard and we're snowed in

No castles in the sand, or sandals and sundresses Just mantles of unrest as I digest being alone Pitchers of tea and lemonade Pictures of we on the plot we made a blanket on the sand, a romantic couple Coupled by the exchange of words Summers turned back into a blizzard and we're snowed in. hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz is a published author, literary translator, and Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International. Her poetic work appeared in an excess of eighty-five anthologies of global endeavors and has been presented at numerous national and international poetry events. 2018, the Writer's In International Network of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary award. As of 2017, two of her poems remain permanently installed in Telepoem Booth - a U.S.wide poetic art exhibition. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

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

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

Human Bridges

While in prison for 27 years, Nelson Mandela has recited famously one poem repeatedly: "Invictus", as versed by William Ernest Henley

Henley remained on Earth between 1849 and 1903. 15 years following his death, our globe was honored by Mandela's birth.

One day, countless people woke up to Mandela's supposedly silenced voice and learned about the restrictions and violence he faced throughout his unjust imprisonment.

The now world-renowned Henley-poem brought to clear view for humanity self-empowerment's vitality: Mandela was anything but a broken man!

An enemy of war just like Aristide Briand, Carlos Saavedra-Lamas also made history. Latin America's first Nobel Peace Prize belongs to him. The year was 1936.

Born 19 years later, I, like the poets in this collection, did always and continue to heed poetry's call with an "unconquerable soul".

I, like the poets in this collection, arrived here with determination to pen poems in deep thought and reflection, showing our respect for him with dedication.

"Invictus" is being re-visited here. (Minus any time in jail. Thankfully.) For, through our poetry of and on peace, we become "the master of [our] fate".

Not unlike Mandela, not unlike Saavedra-Lamas, "I am the captain of my soul." You are it, too. Do you not yet know?

When . . .

with shackles in us,

we are like a blinded horse

no destination



Freedom

free as an eagle

soaring over vast landscapes

touching soul's spirit





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

Activist for Peace

Academic, politician and activist for peace defined the life of Carlos Saavedra Lamas. He was foreign minister for six years.

He brought prestige to Argentina for his work on peace initiatives, brought his Country back into the league of nations and presented

the South American Antiwar Pact to the league. He established the Treaty of Nonaggression and Conciliation between six South American countries.

Carlos Lamas was a strict disciplinarian in his work, a logician at the conference table and charming host. The honor of the Nobel Prize was well deserved.

Did it Follow

He walks in the shadows between the light streams with the hope of catching a ride with moonrise.

He mediates for days, brain in overdrive, droplets of consciousness reach for light.

The silence of the woods allows him to hear the whispers in the wind that praise the morning.

It makes him smile to know a wanderer may find peace with a slow stride on the trail and ears wide open.

The sensation of thirst takes hold and he reaches for water. He wonders if the City virus followed him to the woods.

High Desert Walk

High desert soft sand caresses my boots. A jet blue sky is host to cloud waves touching the mesa in the distance.

There is no one on the trail except me and my thoughts knocking at the door of my higher consciousness.

The desire to engage is strong. Solitude of a majestic day draws me inward and I freeze. This is not the day to ask questions.

I realize as the doors to higher places open wide no need to engage is desired. I just want to embrace the moment. Ashok K. Bhargava



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

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

Ritual for Peace

We shake hands sign treaties pose for photographs.

We sow seeds of hope Plant trees.

We raise slogans toss white roses carnations and hibiscus.

We release white doves and flutter white handkerchiefs.

We celebrate war anniversaries with commemorative stamps.

We wait for conflict to simmer for the grass to catch fire.

Shattered Stars

Zameer Jaag Jaai Yehi Kaafi Hai

mighty mobs beat, suffocate and cut in half the helpless lambs.

we, heads held high clenched fists raise slogans of victory.

them, heads sunk on knees beg for mercy with faint ruptured shrieks.

smoke rising from the charred bodies doesn't tear up our eyes or fogs our SELF, anymore.

when the fire spreads everything gets torched.

who are we bootlickers sycophants or humans?

In this poem I try to make sense out of things that didn't (and still don't) make sense. I wonder why peace and harmony is often shattered and communal riots occur where innocent people get beaten, maimed and lynched in the name of religion. Delhi Riots Feb 25, 2020

Abandoned Apple Blossoms

The harmony and hope that existed has vanished

With the black smoke burning houses bodies brutally stabbed and sliced

only prayers won't help any more

no I can not be certain if god created us for this

that for eating the forbidden fruit Adam and Eve were thrown out from the heaven

who stirred who matters not

just outside the Garden of Eden

they lost every thing including trust

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

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

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

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

The Jurist's Roundtable

A Tribute for Carlos Saavedra Lamas

Your Argentinian heart spreads the language of justice and education to the tongues, figures and colors, the blessings of life to wear as you stood unmoved with your vision, as the mediator to bear the light on the table of the Chaco War; made known to all to embrace the torch of love. you taught the world to discard inequalities one by one, hand in hand, side by side, heart to heart. empowering the seals of peace, inspiring the lips of compassion on the humble seat of humanity.

Cygni Whispers

i am the metamorphosed nymph
from Cassiopeia's grand choreography
i am from spanning stellar glimpses,
nourished by the celestial sylphs
beyond prismatic evolution
and puzzling outburst;
i am bathed and dressed
with bouquets of constellations;
i am, in me, the unstolen dharma.

frozen eyes

a pact between the feelings inner morphine lingers the resonance of fate breath by breath beat by beat life to life killing us softly in the menage of ourselves, butterflies courting lilies in this nirvana, of our destined flames of free flying dreams piercing, enslaving second by second time after time into the love spells of our frozen eyes.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha. India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of Gold Cross of Wisdom Award, the Prolific Poetess Award, The Life time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award. She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Sevchelles Government accredited Literary Society LLSF. Her one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 50 languages. She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan 2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and south Asia of Inner Child Press U.S.

all I demand is darkness

all I demand is darkness so that my soul can dance celebrate wilderness project the psyche approve dreams shout, scream or be a pagan transform the logics to billions of visible contours in the sky the binaries of life can play no more monitoring no more exiles for lights guard, blow the whistle slow the journey stop the city; make the robots the pause between the words are invisible in the light new portraits can be drawn in the dark no more masks no more hypocrisy but trust me creation starts in the dark womb seed bursts in the dark poems die in the highway of the lights why should I fear? for darkness has its own enigma closed eyes create metaphors feel the fragrances for disappearance sings melody of memory all I demand is darkness for I wish to celebrate the journey to the light

no more collective crime

"isn't war a collective crime? war means the undermining even the end of culture" Carlos Saa Vedra Lamas the Latin America's first Peace prize Laurate the elected minister of justice and education, the foreign minister promoted the principles under International Law condemning all wars of aggression war never implies defence of a country rather creates unemployment. wise he was, took the initiative after the Chaco war in 1930 Peace negotiations between Paraguay and Bolivia Anti war pact was signed by 31 states condemned all war of aggression Italy's war on Ethiopia in 1936 he, the pride of Argentina history remembers him forever and ever....

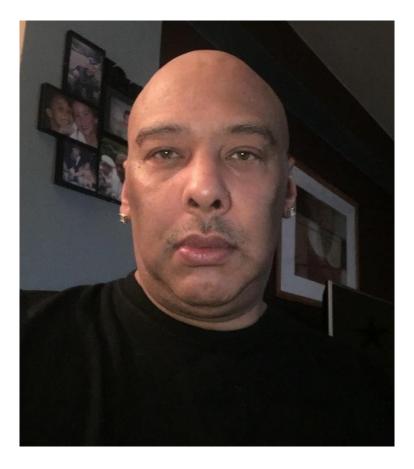
going nowhere

a mountain goes nowhere birds, clouds, squirrels, snakes and butterflies come to the mountain co exist with no malice a seed has no legs or logo it can make a jungle

just have a little patience

everything changes your shadow follows inside the skull the mysteries of paradise borders are maps on hearts yes, I repeat going nowhere is better than creating cruel steps for water always deletes the foot prints on the sand and rock never remembers every moment is a ballot or bullet don't slaughter the destination for yours is a mystical journey the directions are prefixed you are only the legacy of alphabets so, listen to the tears.....

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Carlos Saavedra Lamas

He was born in 1878 in 1959 the great became the late, Carlos Saavedra Lamas. Latins America's first peace prize laureate. Lamas received a doctor of law degree in 1903 Summa cum laude, Soon after His voice will be heard loudly. After study in Paris and travel abroad, He accepted a professorship in law, and constitutional history. His work, is legendary. Lamas was an Argentinian academician. He was a pioneer of labor legislation, He spoke and wrote about many subjects with international ramifications. Asylum Colonization Immigration Arbitration and international peace were some. His practice of peace and law mixed together ended the Chaco war. He was foreign minister of Argentina, when he ended the bloodshed of Paraguay and Bolivia. He always took a peaceful stance, Not only did He win the Nobel peace prize, He was also rewarded the Grand Cross of the legion of France.

My purpose is greater than my pain

I used to carry burners, extended mags and extra slugs ready for war. I'm from castle hill I wasn't run'n, I'm bust'n, reload'n, then repeat'n till threats were no more. I wasn't selfish, I saw too many day ones one the floor leak'n from wounds that couldn't be stitched up, the streets knew how I was giving it up. I almost lost my mind but had to stay on the grind, I was hungry and angry at the same damn time. I swear i wasn't on some rah rah shit, we could chop it up, blow it down and exchange material for residuals, but if you try to flip it's rah rah... full auto fire echoing in the bricks.

I lost a lot due beige and white crime, to all those that are deceased, sleep in peace, I'll see y'all when it's my time, till then my hustle will be rhymes. I changed the game of heron and caine to poetically expressing knowledge gained. I'm no narcissist but when it comes to this urban genre I'm one of the nicest, I was on the frontline witnessing how cold "the" life is, like bending down and touching day ones frozen epidermis after praying that they'll live. I wondered if I was praying wrong because the fat lady kept singing her favorite song, I didn't get to say bye when souls were saying... so long.

War scars mark my body, I'm an opened wound mentally, I'll go under the scalpel if there was a such thing as horrific memory surgery. I wanted to grow old with my homies, not grow old looking at young faces on rock in different cemeteries. Kept dealing with triple days of rain I was drenched then soaked in pain, why did they die and I live when we all lived the same? those were thoughts running thru my brain. Our plan was to get out of poverty and live life wealthy, we didn't have a plan B. I had to witness the reactions to our actions in order to educate with nonfiction urban narrations. Hell on earth's surface led to my purpose.

Love doesn't live here anymore

He didn't want to hurt her but she's crying He never wanted to separate but she's walking He thought he knew it all but right now he's learning

She's on fire and prepared to let it burn She's past the point of no return He's wishing they'd return

He's alone trying to fade the blues She packed hers, he's in his It's almost a complete lost but no one wants to lose

Pain is erasing vows Time changed Love doesn't feel the same as then, now

They're pointing fingers and it's not pointers Distance made closeness feel so far Gentle touches of yesterday are turning into scars

I wish i could mediate the situation I have love for both of them and their children I pray that there can be some sort of reconciliation





Eliza Segiet - A graduate of Jagiellonian University, The author of poetry volumes. Romans z sobą [Romance with Oneself] (2013), Myślne miraże [Mental Mirages](2014), Chmurność [Cloudiness] (2016), Magnetyczni (2018) Magnetic People- translation published in The USA in 2018, Nieparzyści [Unpaired] (2019), A monodrama Prześwity [Clearance] (2015), a farce Tandem [Tandem] (2017), Mini novel Bezgłośni [Voiceless](2019). Her poems can be found in numerous anthologies both in Poland and abroad. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The World Nations Writers Union. The laureate of The International Annual Publication of 2017 for the poem Questions, and for the Sea of Mist in Spillwords Press in 2018. For her volume of Magnetic People she won a literary award of a Golden Rose named after Jaroslaw Zielinski (Poland 2019 r.). Her poem The Sea of Mists was chosen as one of the best amidst the hundred best poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada. In The 2019 Poet's Yearbook, as the author of Sea of Mists, she was awarded with the prestigious Elite Writer's Status Award as one of the best poets of 2019 (July 2019).

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

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

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

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

A road to peace

To the memory of Carlos Saavedera Lamas Nobel Peace Prize laureatte of 1936

He knew, if the conflict doesn't serve self defense it's nothing else but a mass murder. And each can be the beginning of culture's end. His decisive noto vain bloodshed, yes – to justice, led to mediations denouncing the conflict of war: Paraguay and Bolivia.

In the ruffled world the road to peace led through ideals that cross the borders.

Translated by Ula de B

Destiny

I am waiting for the touch of warm hands. I lie in a dark hole only because I believe in the mercy of fate.

My half-dead *I* still has desires. – I will go in the direction where no one shoots anyone.

This is my destiny. In spite of their hatred – I must exist.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Daring

Death will not happen. Not today! We have so many plans, we must get married first.

I want to be a wife before death. Is that a lot? Too early? Too late? I do not ask for anything more.

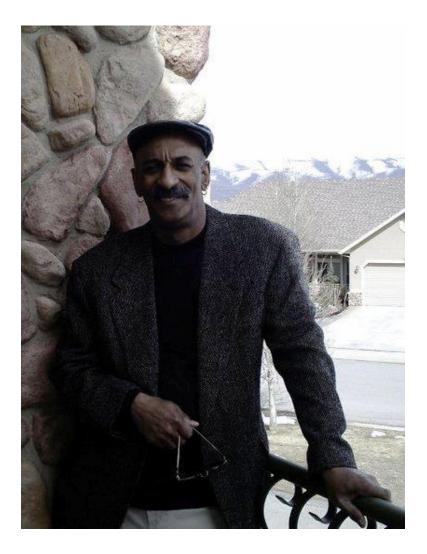
In spite of time – to you I will say *yes*, – to them I will dare to shout *no*!

*And what if they dare right now?*We will be together forever.

It would be pity to kill such love!

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Carlos Saavedra Lamas

He was the first Of his land To be acknowledged As one who vied for peace

In a world That does not connect, He did Through his efforts, His works, His ideas, His heart, For the 'all' Of humanity

A Lawyer, . . . Ph.D. He taught, Constitutional Law.

A Minister of Peace Calling for the cease fire, And unjust wars Between Nations

Oh how we need him, His spirit now!

He brought Argentina To the League of Nations And became El Presidente' For us all . . .

A Nobel Peace !

Sustainability the poem

Is it the suffering, The pollution, The smog, Or our blog

The demise of the species Or the rise of the lies ?

What lies before us, Can we trust in it Shit! Quit! It doesn't fit Into my thinking

Oceans of plastics Drastic wars and disease; We can find no ease-ful way Of living these days . . . can we

'Oh say can you see?' What I ask, The task at hand Is far graver Than what we are told

Souls being sold For creature comforts, But there is not rest For the weary, Just tear laden hearts Set apart From love

So again I ask "just what are we looking to sustain?"

The politics of it all? The certainty of the fall? Of mankind . . . What kind of thing is this To seek to preserve?

If we are looking to save the planet, No worries, It will figure out a way To save itself Sans humanity . . But we are not that humane, Are we ?

Travelers

We passed each other Along the life pathway. We were going in different directions Towards the same destination

We were not twins, But we were identical With not a comparative flaw Between us

He was my 'Dream Catcher' And I was his Muse And together but separately We created untold dimensions Laden with possibilities

We searched to and fro In whatever way we went, We go Looking for what seemed to be That elusive coin That paid the toll That we may cross that Magical bridge To the never-ever land . . . Or is it ever-never land . . . I always get stuck On that mental conundrum.

Well, back on the farm, Where the cows grow feathers, And the chickens moooo, I thought I saw another reflection

Of me, of you, But it did not matter, For neither the goats, Nor the horses Laid any eggs for breakfast, But the pigs did prepare Some vegetarian sausages, And bacon . . . awesome . . . I think

Traveling in the endless valley Of 'mind-stuff', Stuffing my potential With exponential-ness . . . Oh what a mess

We have the ability to create, Within ourselves And without

No room here for doubts Nor fears, Nor the counting of the years Gone by, Or those to come, For time is as malleable As I wish it to be, As is the direction I journey

There is Me, Myself and I, Walking the pathway of life Oft times In different directions, Though towards the same destination Whatever that is . . .

April 2020 Featured Poets



Rohini Behera Mircea Dan Duta Monalisa Dash Dwibedy NilavroNill Shoovro



Rohini Behera



Rohini Kumar Behera has retired from Government Of Odisha, India. He is ex-Dy. Secretary General of World Union Of Poets, Italy. W.I.P., Nigeria Awarded him" WORLD ICON OF PEACE"; "EPITOME OF HUMANITY ";"AMBASSADOR OF PEACE ". H.P.A.W., Ghana Appointed him as "AMBASSADOR OF HUMANITY "and "MANAGER OF PRINCE ART WORLD". He is bestowed with "WORLD FEATURED POET" by PENTASI B and " WORLD LAUREATE IN LITERATURE" and "WORLD POETIC STAR"by W.N.W.U, Kazakhstan. He is Conferred with "GLOBAL DOVES OF PEACE" by Motivational Strips. He is Bestowed with " LIVING LEGEND Of The 21st CENTURY by IHACEL and "WORLD POET OF INDIA" by LLSF, Sevchelles. He has received " CERTIFICATE OF ACHIEVEMENT from Munir Mezed Foundation for Arts & Culture, Romania, He is the Author of 4nos.of Pictorial Poetry Books .

Mail address - <u>rohinibehera43@gmail.com</u>

Peace On Earth

As a candle eradicates darkness An act of kindness, care and love Can make an optimistic difference To kindle the sphere of humanity , Universal brotherhood and humility A message of noble philosophy .

Peace is hallowed and sacred Brings fellowship of kind bond Peace is ever celestial serenity Brings tranquility and harmony It's inner strength being unity.

Result of peace is ever happiness Blessed love for all human beings Evoking hilarious joy in humans With an aura of divine fragrance Let us promote a sacred vision On a Humanitarian noble Mission .

Sunshine For Mankind

Sunshine is a beam of light Light is the source of delight Sunshine is the shining light Light manifests nostalgic bright Sunshine itself is a starlight To glow is gleaming bright Sunshine is source of vitality Vitality is the need of stability Sunshine is element of elation Happiness ushers positive vibes Sunshine is metaphor of positivity Positivity is the root of solidarity Sunshine is a symbol of sanctity Sanctity is a component of divinity Sunshine is a sign of His Love Love is His celestial mercy bond A gift for the sake of humankind.

Beauty

Beauty illuminates whole night Can't blink with such a sight Mesmerised by her lovely light Art is made up of solemn beauty Poems dance inside you bounty Sparkling, glimmering in pretty Oh, my fragrant charming moon I long for passing of this passion Cup them, I may see you soon.

So soft , so calm , yet eloquent A heart whose love is innocent It's a creation of the Almighty With grace and divine beauty A demure of all time eternity You are a heap of ample bloom What an ecstasy of flower boon . Mircga Dan Duta



Poet, film scientist and translator, editor of the Levure Littéraire cultural platform (France-USA-Germany) and Quest literary magazine (Montenegro), producer, organizer, moderator of cultural.

He published two poetry books: Landscapes, Flights and Dictations (2014, Prague), Tin quotes, inferiority complexes and human rights (2015, Prague), now preparing two new titles: They don't speak Polish in the realm of death and Regular client of the pub At the Land of the Rising Sun.

Translated and published in the USA, France, Italy, Spain, Mexico, Argentina, Peru, Slovakia, India, Egypt, Republic of Korea, Bulgaria, Romania, Serbia, Montenegro, Albania, Kossovo. He writes his own poetic creation in Czech or in English.

As a translator, he focuses mainly on Central-European poetry and theater, translating mainly from Czech, Slovak and Polish, but also from English and French into Romanian.

Vlna

Vyšel jsem z Teska a viděl jsem ji za mostem. Byla stejně krásná jako tehdy. Mával jsem na ni a volal Cześć, Kasia. Ale šla dál. Možná že mě neviděla, neslyšela nebo mi nerozuměla. Anebo možná že ve smrti se prostě nemluví polsky.

The Wave

I was coming out of Tesco's and I saw her on the other side of the bridge. She was as beautiful as ever. I waved at her and called her name: Cześć, Kasia. But she kept going. Maybe she didn't see me, didn't hear me or didn't understand me. Or maybe they just don't speak Polish. in the realm of death

K nedopsání

Měním se, ani nevím v co. Rád bych tě vzal s sebou, ani nevím kam. Se srdcem na dlani se mi třesou ruce. Anebo že by to srdce ani nebylo moje? Už dlouho neočekávám, aby se mi rozsvítilo, slunce jsem zradil, světlo prodal za třicet a půl stříbrných. Drobné si nechám

Unfinishable

I'm changing, not even knowing into what. I would so much like to take you with me, not even knowing where. My hands are shaking, my heart on my sleeve. Or maybe this heart isn't even mine? A long time ago I stopped waiting to be enlightened. I deceived the sun, I betrayed the light for thirty and a half pieces of silver. I will keep the change.

Nelíbánky

Líbáme se bez chuti, líbáme se bez lásky, líbáme se bez chtíče, líbáme se bez vzrušení, líbáme se bez jazyků, líbáme se bez rtů, líbáme se bez úst. líbáme se bez očí. líbáme se bez tváří. líbáme se bez tvarů. líbáme se bez forem. líbáme se bez podoby, líbáme se bez představy, líbáme se bez imaginace, líbáme se bez obrazů, líbáme se beze snů, líbáme se bez skutečnosti, líbáme se bez Dichtung, líbáme se bez Wahrheit. líbáme se bez polibků, líbáme se bez pusy, líbáme se bez líbání. a tak si našeho líbání nikdo nikdy nikde nevšímá, naše líbání nikdo nikde nikdy nevidí, neslyší, necítí. dokonce ani my sami, a tak o našem líbání nikdo nikde nikdv psát nebude,

až na toho zapomenutého básníka, který sám nikdy nikde nikoho nelíbal, a tak si alespoň vymyslí nás, dvojici, která se snaží o polibek jako on o poezii.

The No-Kissing Moon

We kiss without taste, we kiss without love, we kiss without lust. we kiss without excitement. we kiss without languages. we kiss without lips, we kiss without mouths, we kiss without eyes, we kiss without faces. we kiss without shapes, we kiss without forms. we kiss without images, we kiss without imagination, we kiss without visions. we kiss without pictures. we kiss without dreams, we kiss without reality, we kiss without Dichtung, we kiss without Wahrheit. we kiss without kisses, we kiss without a pecks, we kiss without kissing, and so there's nowhere no-one to ever take note of our kissing there's nowhere no-one to ever pay attention, to our kissing there's nowhere no-one to ever see it, hear it or feel it. not even ourselves, and so there's nowhere no-one to ever write about our kissing,

but that forgotten poet, which himself has never nowhere kissed anyone, and so at least he is thinking up us, a couple striving for a kiss as himself for poetry.

Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

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Monalisa Dash Dwibedy is an IT Consultant by day and a writer by night. A bilingual writer, her English poems were published in many international anthologies and magazines. She is the author of Odia poetry book "Anjulae Smruti" (A handful of memory). She loves travelling and feels mountains call her when she is nearby. She aspires to befriend the Himalayan mountain ranges and wishes she could talk to the Sun and the Moon someday. Monalisa lives in Toronto, Canada.

She can be reached at Monalisa.dash@gmail.com

Goodbye

Subtle, Gross. Ecstatic, Pensive. Beautiful, Ugly. The "I" keeps changing its inner ambience in reaction to outside situations.

A silent scream, Seeking attention all the time. Sometimes a voice too loud, Begging to be heard. Never gets tired of hearing its own chatter, Will "I" ever be able to quieten? Will "I" be ever still?

Somewhere deep within, the "I" knows, This life is a just play of five elements, The maker of the universe looks for ecstatic performers Irrespective of the role we play. Still "I" wants to be in someone else's role. When I do everything in pursuit of joy, Still why the "I" is not joyful each moment? Unaware and unconscious, Bitter and twisting, Repeats the same karmic cycles, Like a spider entangled in its own web.

Today, To the loud, unconscious, unaware "I" I bid goodbye.

My life in two blue suitcases

When the distant tracks call me, Opening their arms, I walk out of my comfort zone To embrace red-dusted earth and blue skies. Time waits around the corner, For me to return As I bid goodbye to my hurried pace of life.

Staring far along the open roads, As long as the sun shines upon me, I try not to look back, So many signs, So many places, Unseen.

I see the signals, Yet still forget Imagining faces of the past, A rush of bliss splits the breeze, Where the maker of the universe wanders. Offers echoes of my stare.

Life does not pause, When I meet new faces, Exchange glances, Wonder in the midst of Choices made, Choices denied, And chances missed.

Painted and blank canvases I visit, Now I am not bound to any one place. Travelling free as a bird, I measure my life in two blue suitcases.

In Love with Life

What makes you fall in love with life? Sunrise or sunset, Clouds or rain, Pleasure or pain, Hope or despair, A scream or a thunder?

What makes you fall in love with life? Shades of poetic dreams or colors of prosy reality, Echoes of darkness or reluctance of light, The smell of earth after the first rain Or the rusted scent of strewn summer dust, The sounds of an ancient bell Or the cheers of the street crowd, The giggles of a girl Or the perfumes of her washed hair?

Life is short The road to happiness Will find the doorsteps to love Let us fall in love, With life even after life. To be one with the beloved, Forever.

Nilavro Nill Shoovro



NilavroNill Shoovro: From Kolkata. West Bengal. The founder editor and the publisher of the web journal Our Poetry Archive; is an Indian poet and writer. He loves to write poems in English. He is also an essayist and writes lot of articles mainly on world politics, literature, philosophy and on numerous social issues of the present time.

Beneath The Treasure Mountains

Beneath the treasure mountains You can hear their whispers, still Like the sound of the last breath Preparing themselves finallyfor their own grave

Let them die peacefully if you can With all their hopes for a better life Like the wings of the migrant birds Like the dreams of the humiliatedfor the final peace

Most of us are like them, in the queue Hoping still to escape the riddle The owners are happy and jubilant Proud of their treasure mountainsfor their exploits

Because of the riddle they set Because we love to survive Because we need to believe Because we like to dreamthey defeat us each time

Beneath the treasure mountains History unfolds with the same old story Philosophers and the prophets alike Remain flabbergasted withtheir own words and lines, (they don't even know why)

Christchurch 49!

Bloody wounds all around my soul Bringing back the memories of Christ Each bullet is speaking on your behalf Everywhere dead soul cries

Today the wounded words And the alphabets of pain Still can pave my sentence Even the love will sustain

For us who can love you friend Who, can forgive you Who, can still believe in God Know, these are nothing new

It is neither your bullet Nor the hatred though Can kill us either or Make our progress slow!

Yes, we shall overcome I assure you, one day-Even you'll worship love And follow us in human pray!

Footprints Of Revolution

Footprints of time past Along with the memories Of war and cries Silent, ageless; melancholic

Words with syllables Deceptive in nature With the mask of peace Wrote the scripts as usual

Footprints of time present Perform the act as expected Even with the dream to excel beyond Future waits in distant

Smiles with promises Secret meetings behind the curtains Keeping the mosaic hidden Formulates deceptions anew

Footprints of time future Whisper in advance, desperate Restless to fight back For you and I and the others.....

I'm waiting for you We would wait for them To embrace the footprints of time future In love in humanity

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

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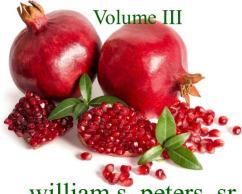
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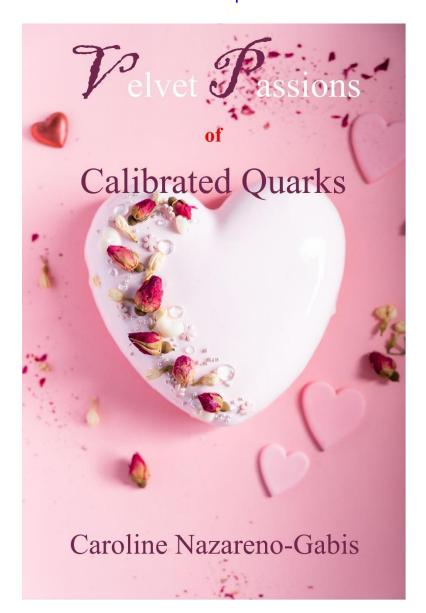


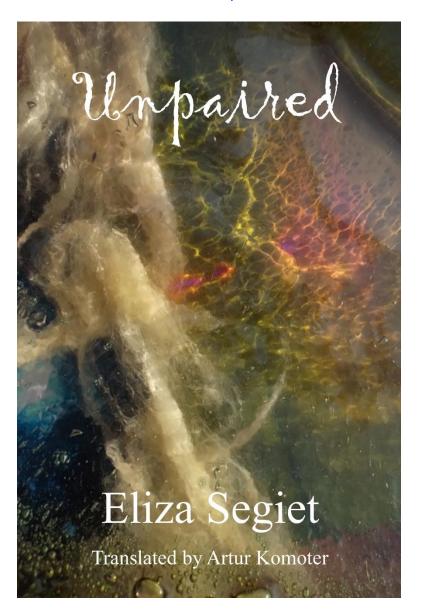
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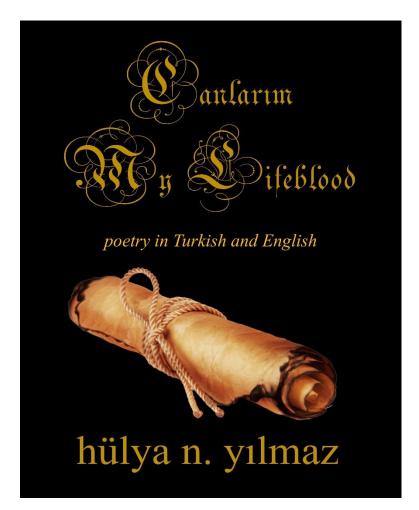


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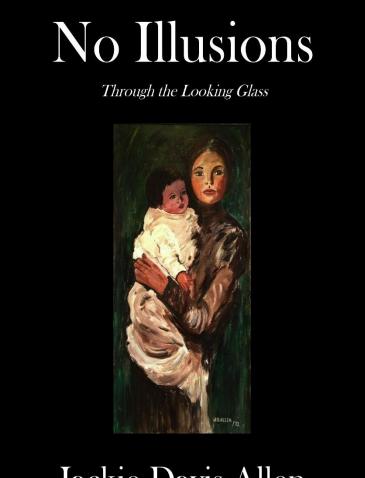




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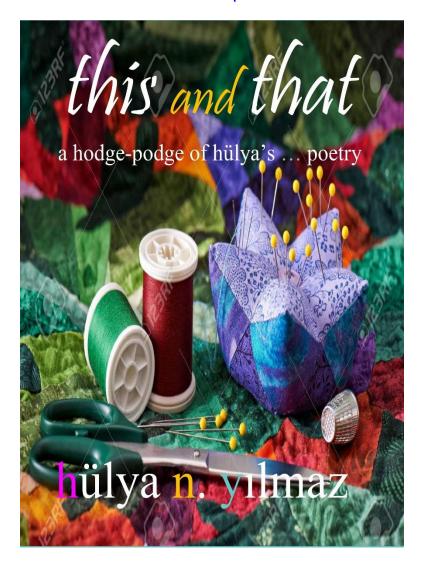
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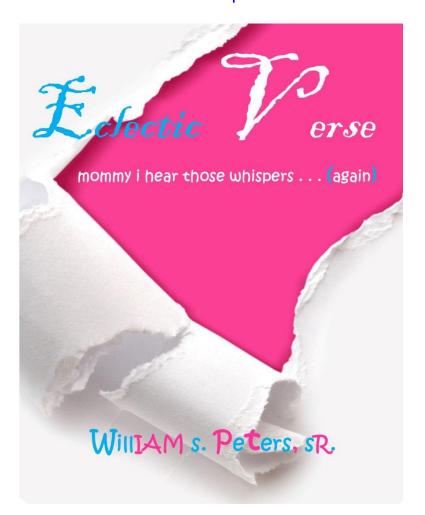


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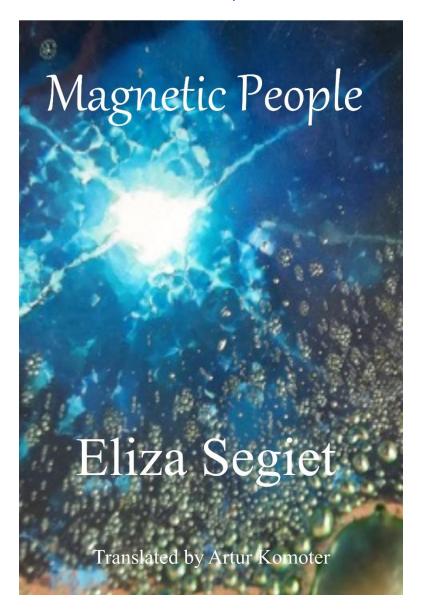


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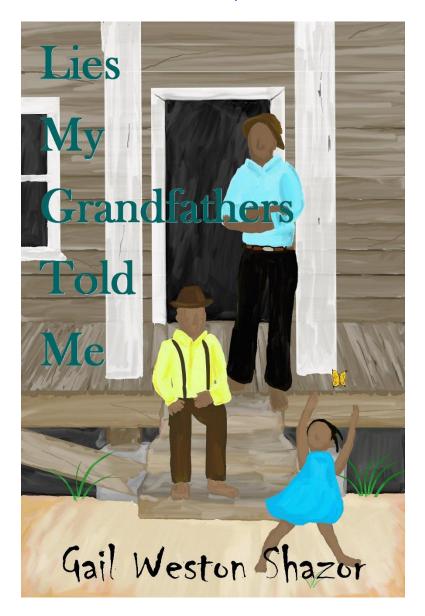
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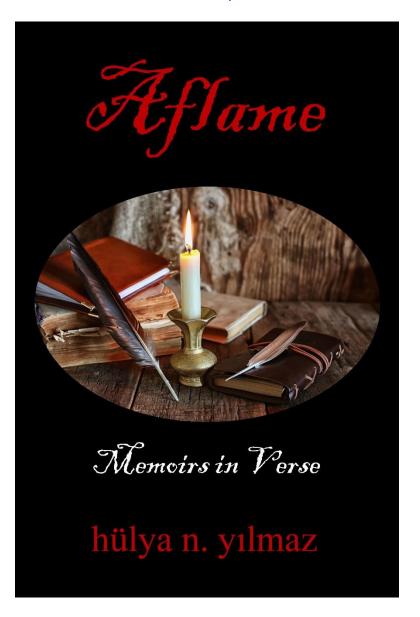
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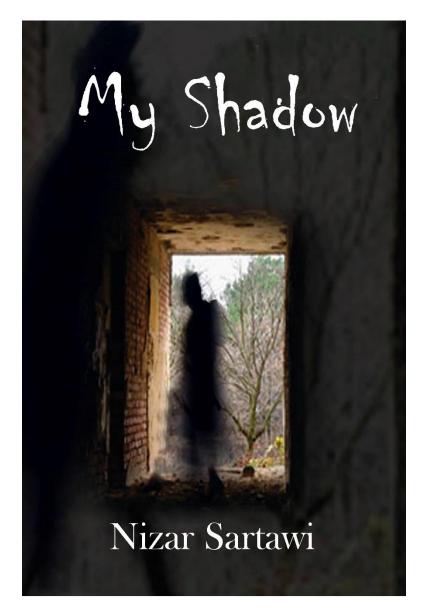




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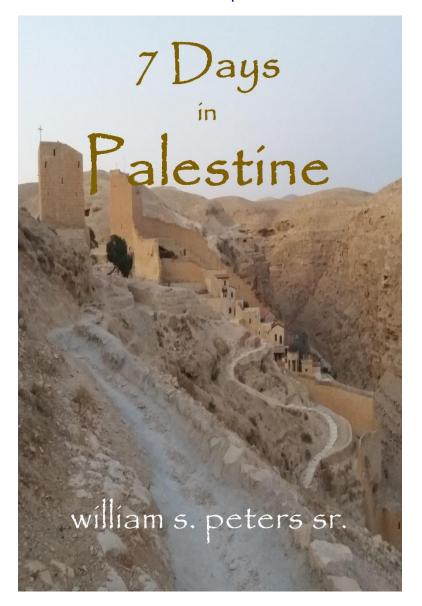
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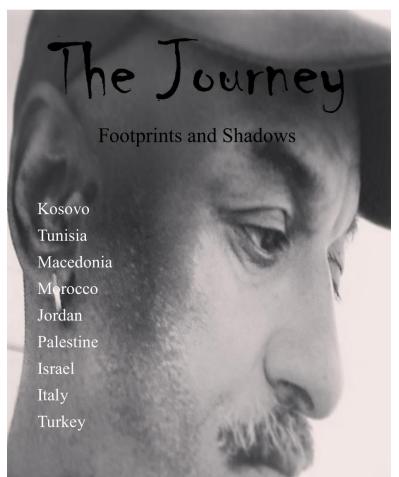


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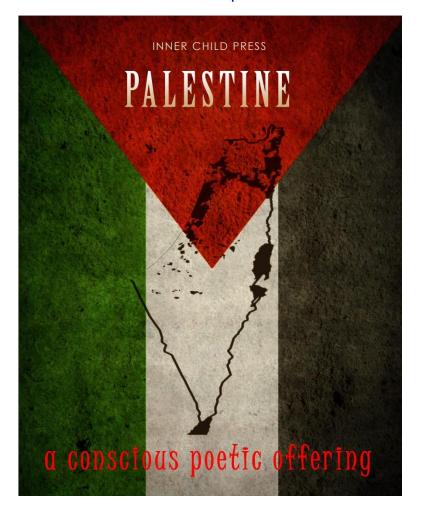


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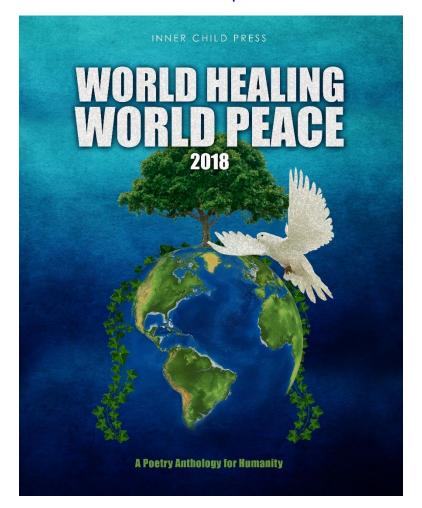


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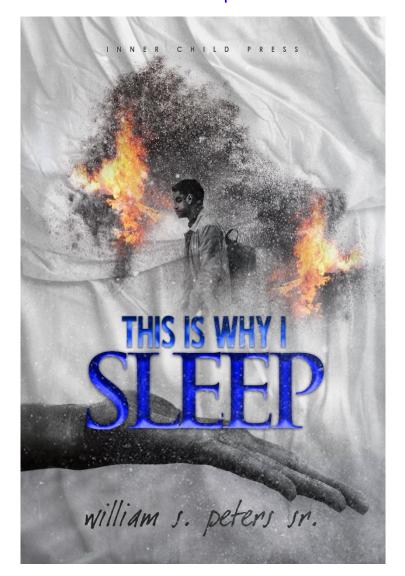
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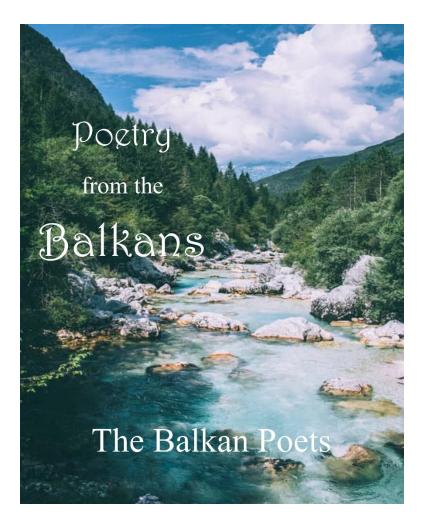


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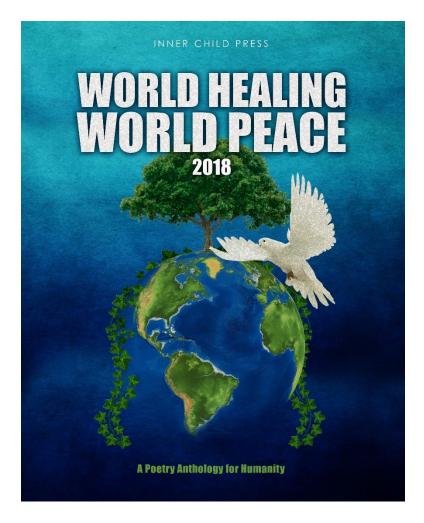
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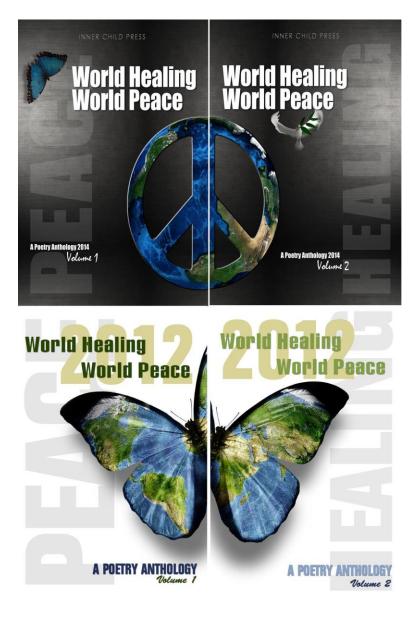


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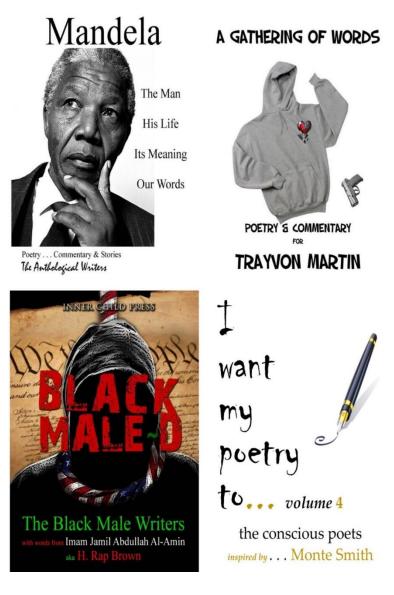
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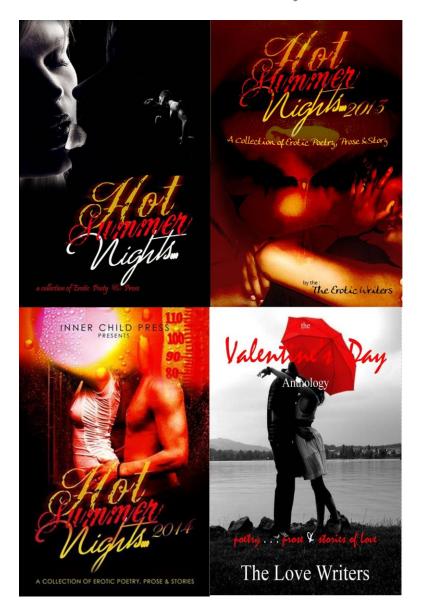
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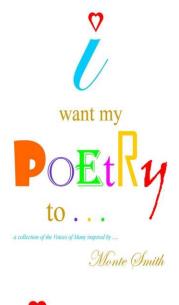
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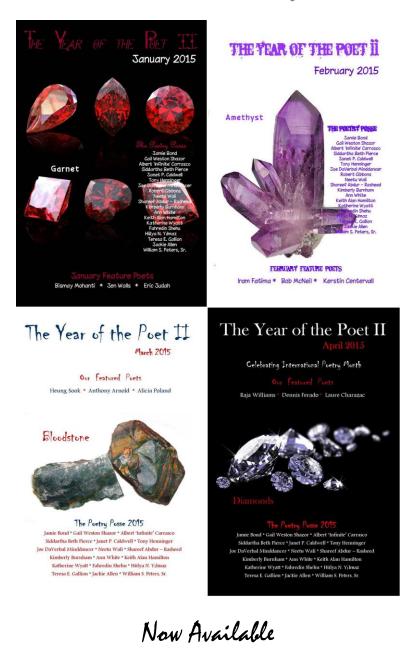
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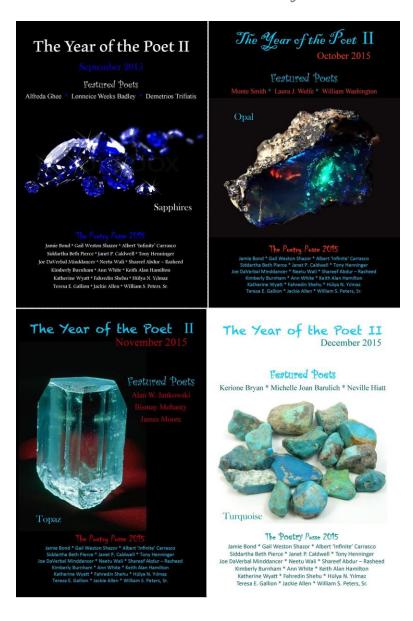
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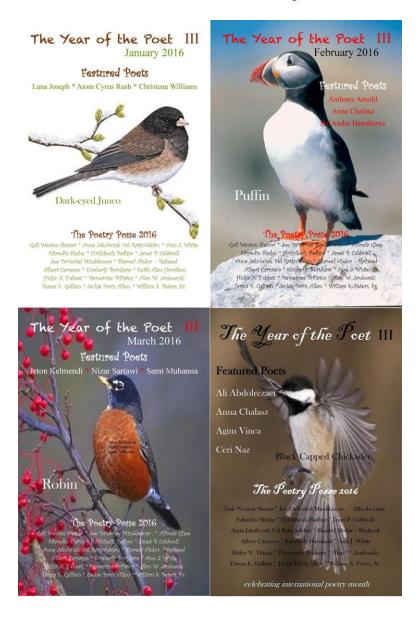
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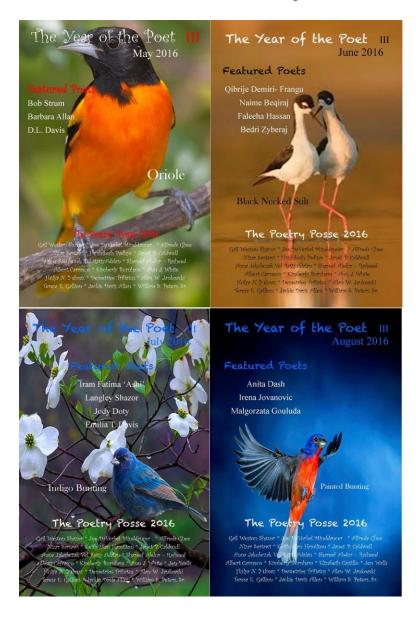
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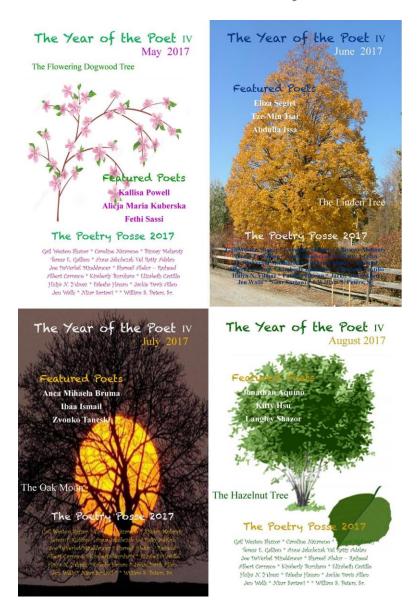
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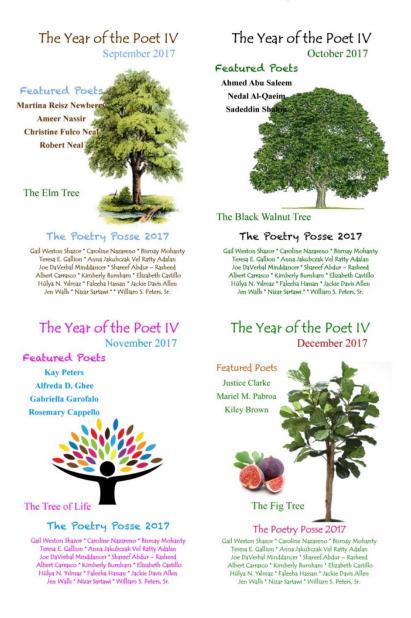
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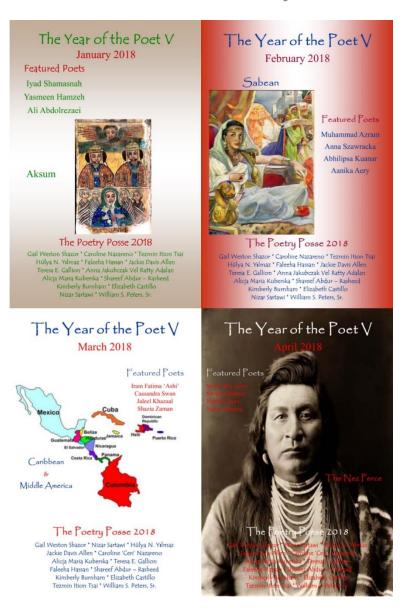
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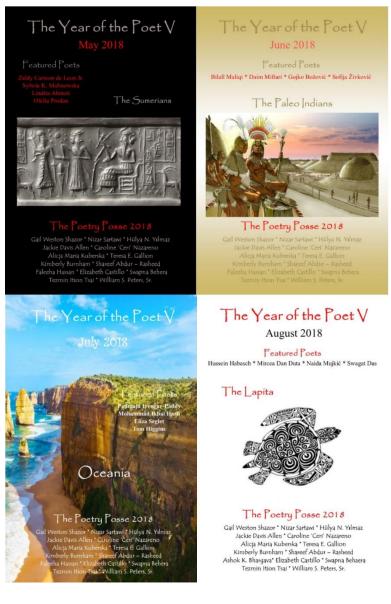
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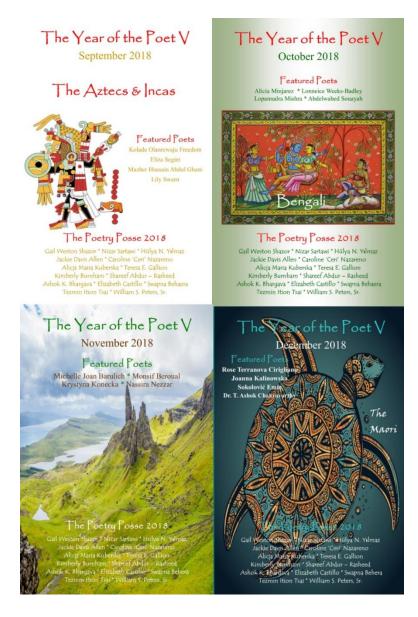
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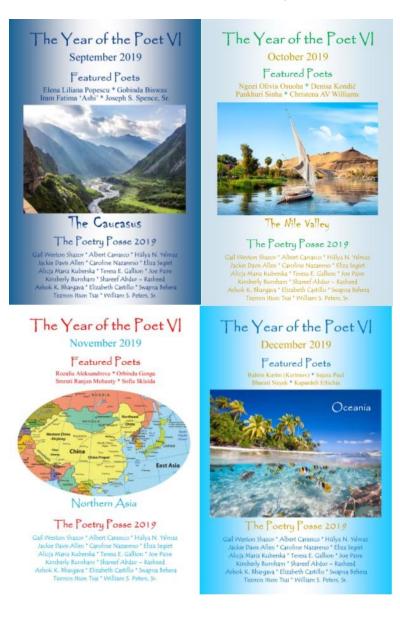
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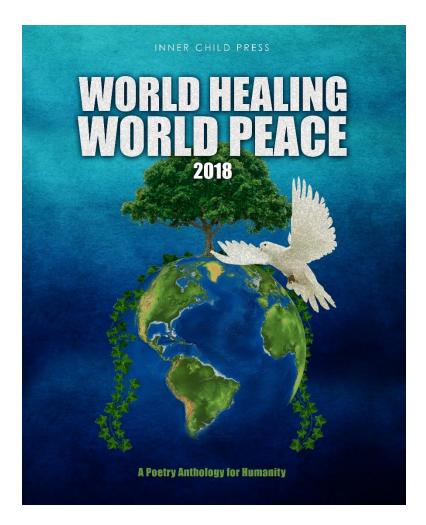
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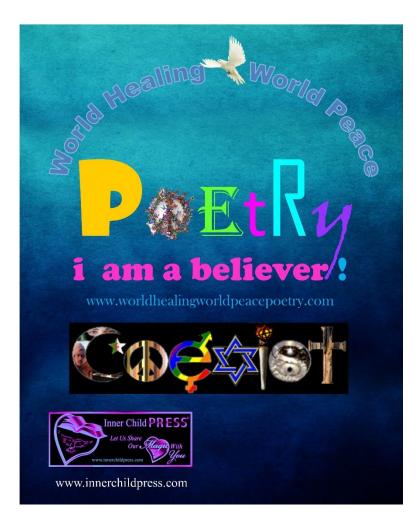
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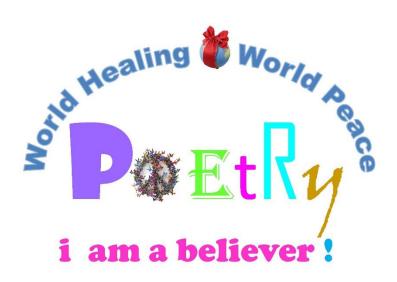


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2020



April 2020 ~ Featured Poets



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