

# the Year of the Poet

April 2014

## The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddartha Beth Pierce

Janet P. Caldwell

Jane 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



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month





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*The Poetry Posse*

*inner child press, ltd.*

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support

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The Year of the Poet  
April Edition

The Poetry Posse

1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2014

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# Dedication

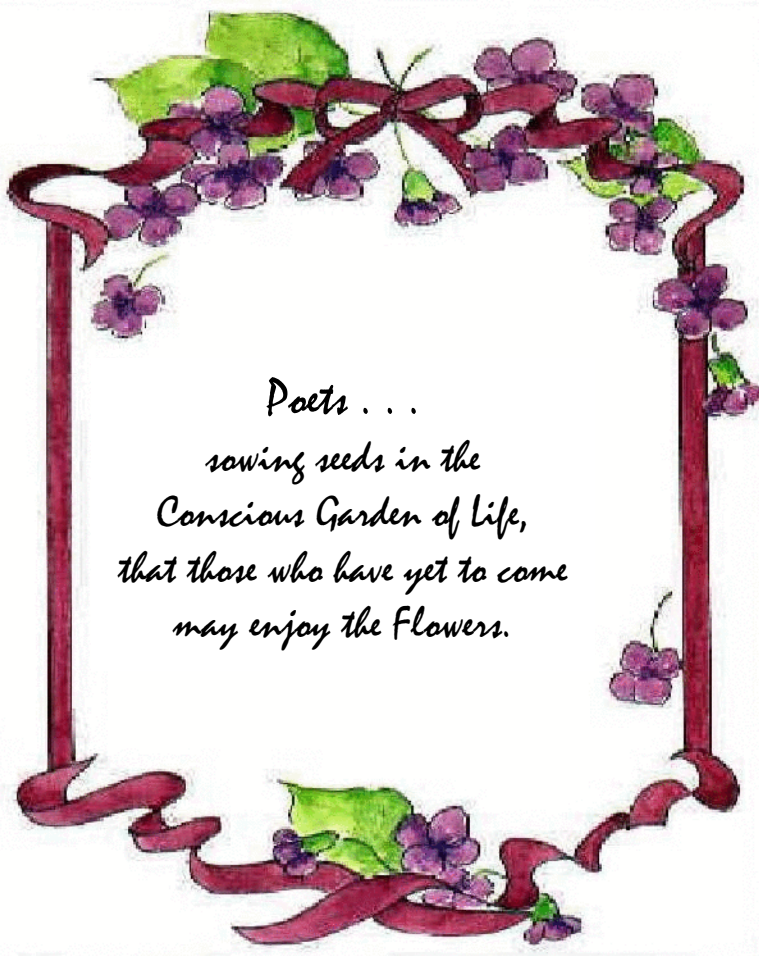
This Book is dedicated to

Poetry

&

the Spirit

of our Everlasting Muse.



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

# F oreword

This being International Poetry Month, we are so honored to participate in such a profound way by offering our words to the world.

I would like to take this time to acknowledge all the members of The Poetry Posse and their commitment to this effort. I believe we are making a difference, even if but for our selves and our immediate influences we have with our readership. When one commits to their craft, their craft experiences an excellence that shines for all to see. This thus encourages other to elevate their standards as well.

This is our 4<sup>th</sup> Monthly publishing which says that we have accomplished 33% of our intended goal. There certainly is not mediocrity to be seen here. Perhaps i am blowing our own horn, but for good reason. Poetry holds a unique place in the Creative Arts, in that we employ our Thoughts, Feelings and Insights in a very transferable way to the masses. Sometimes our offering may be uplifting, some times disturbing, and this all bodes well, for through poetry there is an unassuming acceptance that has transcended time. We encourage you to take the time and read the humble words of our Poetry Posse and consider what it is that each member has to say as they share their treasures with you.

Be Blessed

‘just bill’

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

~ wsp



# Preface

Bill and I talk about a lot of things... from solving the world's problems, to line ups of future radio show ideas, to life, love, control issues, healing, destroying, creating and uplifting. We talk about our families, recipes; we chat about the past, present and future Authors We laugh and cry; we tell jokes. Life is good. Our conversations are always fun, crazy and intensely thought provoking.

This started out as a conversation with William S Peters and Myself, Jamie Bond. The average Author will publish maybe one book a year. The more productive writers, perhaps a few, and yet the average reader can read a typical novel in somewhere between 2 hours and 3 days. Statistics say, the average person will read about 6-7 books a year. Do the math for me because I already see a disconnection here.

Somehow the readers have an unrealistic expectation that an Author of any genre has a hidden treasure trove of sequels lined up ready to make public at the word go. Unfortunately this couldn't be farther from the truth.

This was the conversation that sparked '*just bill*' and I to consider and thus commit to publish a book a month for the entire year of 2014. This was never about who is the best or better than anyone else as far as their writing. This was to ensure that we exceeded the mundane statistics of being ordinary.

We laugh about how we write all the time, but it may not be publishable, yet WE WRITE ! And so then, we challenged each other to post a poem EVERY DAY into *HEY lets publish a book a month*. The Light bulb went on and we were determined to be committed and WE ARE !!!

Once we realized how incredible this opportunity was we felt compelled to invite a few more poets. With Gail Weston Shazor being the first to accept the challenge, the ideas and the names began to flourish. As you read the lineup, it will give you frissons to know that each one of the Writers on this team despite their location, culture, political and religious beliefs; despite what's going on in each of their personal lives are dedicated to bringing this into fruition and creating history.

Ladies and Gentlemen . . .

This is simply and intricately historic. What else could we possibly call it besides, *The Year Of The Poet*. Look at the elite pens on this roll call that have committed and dedicated their creativity to give you brand new ink, straight off the dome. We are not doing it for the fame; WE are doing it to sharpen our pens with devotion. We will actually publish 12 books by this years end. This is a task and vision that we have undertaken to add to our poetic resume as well as share our offerings with you . . . We All Win !

I felt it was appropriate to grace each month's publishing of this series, *The Year Of The Poet* with the Flower that represents it.

Enjoy;

**Jamie Bond**

# **T**able of **C**ontents

Dedication	<i>v</i>
Foreword	<i>vii</i>
Preface	<i>ix</i>

# **T**he **P**oetry **P**osse

Jamie Bond	1
Gail Weston Shazor	11
Albert ‘Infinite’ Carrasco	19
Siddartha Beth Pierce	27
Janet P. Caldwell	35
June ‘Bugg’ Barefield	43
Debbie M. Allen	51
Tony Henninger	61
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer	67
Robert Gibbons	73
Neetu Wali	79
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	87
Kimberly Burnham	97
William S. Peters, Sr.	105

**T**able of **C**ontents . . . *continued*

**A**pril **F**eatures 119

Fahredin Shehu 121

Martina Reisz Newberry 131

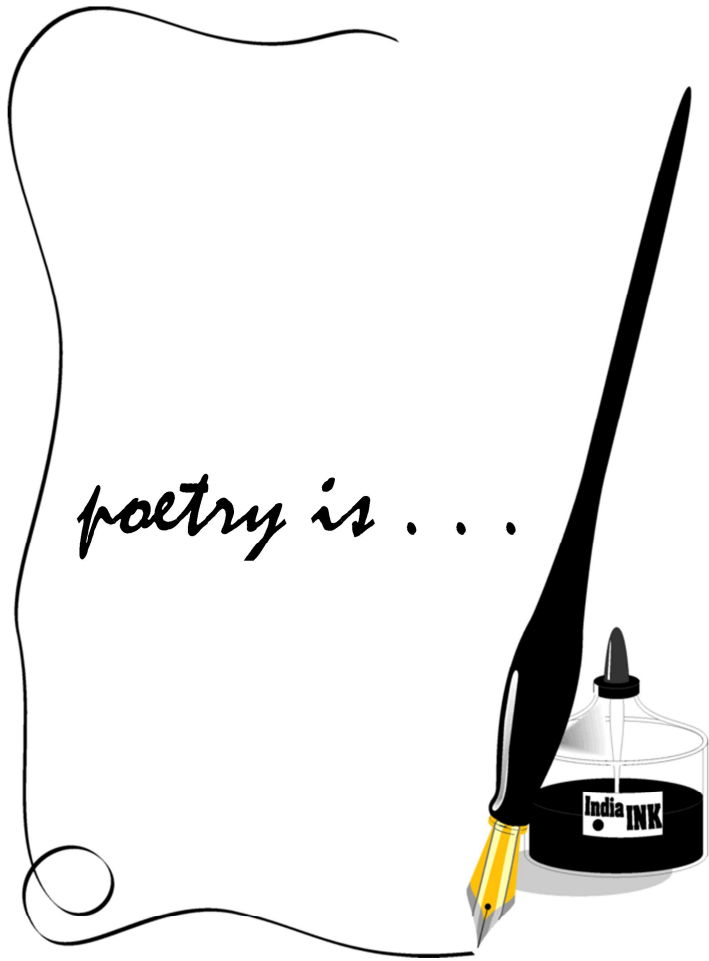
Justin Blackburn 141

Monte Smith 155

*Other Anthological Works* 167

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



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*Jamie  
Bond*

*Jamie Bond*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

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>

## Doves & Grenades

Loving me can be a peaceful flight  
In the mist of danger zones  
I am a Black Dove with a Pink Grenade  
In a self-made war zone

The Love Life and Pain  
Thru the  
Blood Sweat Tears and Toils  
Of the  
Windswept center of your souls  
Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils

They say only the strong survive  
But they also say no one gets outta life alive  
They say saliva has a medicinal effect  
With anti-inflammatory antibodies in it

As my existence explodes  
And is infused with wet verbs that are exposed  
The cool sun rays that heal  
The mystical phoenix every time it implodes

Blazing tears birthed into a dragons egg  
My love and loyalty are my love for loyalty  
Talons' that can lift an elephant  
With very little effort exhibiting its flamboyancy

Every day I deal with falsifiers  
Amongst the honest parts of my heart  
As I gave birth to titans  
And breast fed them hope as the world falls apart

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

But when the pins pulled  
And all the sudden my love is a battlefield....  
A fractured and disunited heartbeat  
Luckily I can nurse your lovely wounds and help them  
heal...

My ink spills on the paper  
Bleeding swirls of printed life's lust  
Filigree draped in the translucent glittering sequins  
In a midnight-blue stardust

Incomplete my heart  
Is a two sided jigsaw puzzle with missing pieces  
Weak as we bask in clean  
Love stained sheets for weeks emotions are leased

So Fixated upon the rainbow eyes  
That you let the smile cut you in the chest  
As you traced my knife shaped silhouette  
With sharp curves and clean edges

Breach of the peace as the tourniquet of tears  
Makes the palm of your hand bleeds  
And I sigh while sign and seal  
The constitution with bullets from my unmuted ink

The Dove with the grenade  
We've interchanged from slaving all day in the fields  
While the beats of my heart  
Patrol the brick city streets of this empty battlefield

## The Color Of Tears

I secretly believe that my hair  
Is just going to fall out one day...  
I feel like there are those who pray  
For my demise in disguise  
I truly believe that I was born  
Of another world and time...  
And I want to believe that God  
Has a purpose for my life  
But right now...  
Right now life is acting foul,  
Out of control and living feral  
Don't mull over it Shit nah!  
Don't pick and choose  
Go on get your fill and take it all...  
Lock, stock, and smoking barrel

The color of my tears  
Compare to steel serrated blades  
That slit the ducts and drain my face  
They erupt like lava onto my cheeks  
And burn holes into the outside of me  
You couldn't exist in my parables  
With you in it as a solution  
Even if I ghost wrote my life for you  
My scribe would give you insulin shock  
My real life would have you shell shocked!

The color of tears looks like a white dove  
Shitting pearls on your shattered windshield  
Like a hail storm in the summer  
And you're shit outta luck with no umbrella



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

The color of my tears  
Refract pots of gold in the potholes of darkness  
Making mists of rainbows on busted pavement  
And each hit feels like a freshly dug graveyard

The color of my tears  
doesn't ask what I'm thinking...  
You couldn't handle my quiet place  
Even if I scribed party noise in it  
To drown our thoughts out...  
You couldn't hold me up if I was a telephone line  
And you were the poll as your sole purpose  
You envy me but you missed the memo

My tears are colorless,  
abundant with courageousness  
Nothing about me bitter or salty  
they are tactful yet tasteless

## LIARS

Posted a memorandum they may sing that anthem  
but they don't live it so what good is it?  
Please don't feel torn about it when they were warned about  
it  
Their chances of getting at me are slim to none

I live in beast mode  
for the fun of the sake of playing with metaphorical puns  
They couldn't fight their way out of a wet paper bag in a  
shallow lake !

A coward has no scar  
IJS....BEWARE of those who specialize in lying by  
omission....  
Propaganda is a form of communication that is aimed  
towards influencing  
the attitude of a community toward some cause or position  
by presenting only one side of an argument.

FYI: The side effect to low self-esteem  
is an allergic reaction to being held accountable  
& or taking full responsibility for the consequences or your  
actions....

So if you have no intention to bite,  
Don't twist your lip and show your teeth to me

Dear trifling trolls & minions  
Make a note to yourself: I don't have haters  
BUT I am VERY AWARE I know a handful of fake folks  
that hate themselves tho... hmmmmpf

## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

What I find the most amusing  
is when people know that they are dead wrong and as  
opposed to properly apologizing for their short comings  
and truly being sincere,  
they instead creatively figure out how to shift the blame  
to take the spotlight off of themselves....

Beware of those who promulgate a façade of Propaganda  
they are supposed to be communicators yet don't read or  
listen  
and form flash lightening opinions about things that don't  
concern them  
and then write fake campaign statements about unity, love  
and peace  
when in fact they scribe in a hate code!

So long as Lies blend with Love they both will find a way.  
Topics of meaninglessness will find an excuse to the top of  
things  
like a to do list

Beware of the buffoonery fam!!  
you can easily identify them in public places such as Wall-  
mart!!  
dressed like a crack head.... they are the crafty ones  
that boldly proceed to the idiot check-out line for 10 items  
or less

KNOWING dammn well  
they got a basket full of bullshit and no common sense....

Liars look for exit signs because of the fact that when  
a mouse makes fun of a cat, there is a hole nearby

*Jamie Bond*

*Gail  
Weston  
Shazor*

*Gail Weston Shazor*



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

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"

available at Inner Child Press.

[www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor](http://www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor)

[www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor](http://www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor)

[navypoet1@gmail.com](mailto:navypoet1@gmail.com)

## Lenten Sacrifice

I gave you up for lent  
I placed you in the forefront of my thoughts  
Each and every day  
And I so wanted everyone to see  
How pious I was  
How self-sacrificing  
How I too could give up something  
So very precious to me  
So I gave you up for lent

I mourned my loss  
With aplomb  
Telling everyone I met about  
How I had made the this sacrifice  
In giving you up  
And for the next 40 days  
I would be bereft and empty  
Without you  
But somehow coming out more  
Holy  
In the end of all of this  
Rising cleaned and deserving of you  
After giving you up for lent

There were days that I thought  
I would not make it  
Without you  
But I knew it was the right thing to do  
This giving you up  
For lent  
So I plugged on  
Talking about you to strangers  
And congratulating myself on doing without you



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Each day I counted down the remaining days  
Of lent  
Ticking them off like a calendar on a jail cell wall  
X marked every space  
And every thought of me without you  
And I could only dream of the Monday after  
When I would be able to  
Have you  
After giving you up for lent

All my life I had been taught that in order  
To be more, I had to be sacrificial  
In my earthly pleasures  
Because after all that I had been given  
Shouldn't I do the same?  
So I gave you up for Lent  
You, my best treasure  
My whole and complete  
In this life  
The exhalation to every breath taken  
And so I took you  
And placed you high out of reach  
For this season

But no one told me  
That this was unnecessary  
This giving you up for Lent  
And had I known the truth of what you were to me  
I would have removed you from the pedestal  
I created in my sacrifice  
Taken you from the briars  
Stamped out the coals I stoked for you  
And retreated into your embrace  
I would have never given you up  
For lent  
Had anyone told me that my debt had been paid  
In full

## Lime Green

Green leaves greening

Water falls watering

Call bird calling

Yellow sun yellowing

Nappy hair napping

Bud trees budding

House old housing

Grey concrete greying

Parrot plumes parroting

Plant gardener planting

Tingle bells tingling

Risen people rising

Love you loving

An island day liming

## A Dinner Affair

I want to have an affair  
A glorious middle aged debacle  
That I should have had 20 years ago  
But I was too busy  
Being a mommy  
And a much too unhappy wife

I want to meet with the fanfare  
Of a secret  
Buy new underwear for the feel of it  
And pull long clean stockings  
Over my calves  
Imagining his hands on my legs

I want to be the subject of whispers  
Speculation about my credit card bills  
And have a reason for ATM cash  
Stashed in romantic novels  
Tossed carelessly in the side pocket of purses  
And read over lunches

I take myself to leisurely lunches  
When I should be working  
And I order selections  
That are designed for two  
And made to be eaten with fingers  
Touching over the table

Tonight I will dress in red  
And have flowers delivered to the restaurant  
They play the music just for me sometimes  
Because they know I will not order food  
But wait here on you to come  
Until my cancer takes me

*Gail Weston Shazor*

*Albert  
Infinite  
Carrasco*

*Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Albert Carrasco writes hieroglyphics encrypted in poetic form. His linguistics are not the norm. When it comes to wisdom, sleet ,rain snow and hail its a lyrical storm. He's pure like Fiji, he got the power to hear the dead with no auji. For living a life so tabu, He learnt a die-a-lect , his mouth moves... But at times it's the voice of the crossovers coming through. When he's on stage he has a body temp of 98 degrees... When He recites you feel this chilling breeze, hair stands on skin when he's in the avatar state of his kin. He's non traditional, an unorthodox outspoken urban individual that lived through the subliminal, now he's back to give guidance to his people.

Infinite the poet 2014

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

The Poems this month are from my Book

### **Infinite Poetry**

available at

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

## When I build

When I build, my words are built with ebonics and laymen terminology, suburb and urban poetic hieroglyphics. I'm an anomaly. a wonder like ancient pyramids to scientist. I lived through the darkness of poverty's eclipse, a ghetto apocalypse. I grew up in the slums as a no sun conscript blinded... But I had dilated pupils waiting for light to shine so I can absorb it. I grew up in the treacherous trenches of sorrow where some wish to live and some wish to die... tomorrow. I grew up up in a place where having two parents was a broken family and one parent was the norm, I grew up as an experiment in the projects where apartments had roaches and rats as stray animals like alley cats...they watched the carrasco family deal with that. There was taxation without representation, they would take mammas money but never send in housing for extermination.

This is the darkness I speak of, emancipation from being poor was the light I searched for. Elevators had pissy floors, the stench of burnt bass filled the halls, the staircases were places of business, you could loose your life not minding your business... I almost lost my life dealing with the same business...darkness. I thought light would come hustling white adding soda and making it rise, I told y'all I had dilated pupils but i still didn't see what would be a lot of experiments like I was... demise. I heard the cries, I heard the question why? I followed their hearse on the final ride, it was me sometimes opening that cage so the doves... can fly. Fly fly my brothers all your debt is now mines leave it to me ill pay back society, go to the light your free. That's the darkness I know. Now.. My mental illuminates, my cranium glows, my words shine carotid and tarnished minds who's choices will lead to caskets and prisons, both options are still doing time. Call me the urban life Nostradamus, I can tell you the aftermath of fast cash by



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

showing you some urns with crematory ash, by showing you plots surrounded by the smell of fresh cut grass, or I can just take off my shirt show you the tattoos on my back from all that passed. I can't strip for everybody but I could spit for anybody, and the words I muster can save us from a suffering future, how? By taken that dark shroud and changing it to water and spill it it all over a crowd.

## Who is he?

I'm the urban boriquen sensation, when I write then recite I go so hard richter scales picks up seismographic vibrations. I send tremors through memoirs. The harder I meditate and think of how I was forsaken the harder I spit this urban life simulation for third eye stimulation. I got the spoken circuit shaking like its earthquaking. I talk real life issues, I take what took me years to learn, condense it into a form of a poem to elevate you. I'm an ex substance abuser, never was a crack or dope user, I was the one selling it at such a young age being abused by the pushers. I grew a habit of selling what my own dad was addicted to, I had a habit of selling what my friends got strung out on too. Imagine selling crack or heroin to try to get out of poverty. while doing that, I was taking friends and family to rehab and detox because of heroin and crack. Thats reaction and action from personal satisfaction. I'm not glamorizing nor glorifying I recite tears that my inner conscious cries, and it's been crying for years since so many died. When i rest I don't count sheep, I count faces of the deceased and at times it feels like if death is pulling at my feet for the life i lived in the streets. I'm gonna submerge the game with verse and make sure it stays submersed. Thirsty for thought minds, I'll lyrically quench your thirst, want to know how it is to live in poverty like a single parent with five kids? Try living with 350 400 dollar increments from the 1st till next months first in a one bedroom apartment that cost about 300 a month in the projects.

## Self destruction/ stop the violence

Self destruction pow pow pow, motivated by a form of suicide, after three shots , another statistic, in the plague of modern day genocide, it's people that look just like you and me, still busting guns in broad day light by an open park, little kids run, older kids Letting off rounds like a bass drum, dadadumdum, like buster, this is getting serious, youngens growing up in this depression are delirious ,gun in hand mask on face, mischievous, a fall from grace, in an unsacred place, they thirst to see how blood shed taste, now after they kill and before they get convicted, thoughts of wishing they did good after they did wrong their conflicted, the damage is already inflicted, but now it's too late, cuffs behind back, in front of a magistrate, then life to be popular in population, They need to heed my words before they take a permanent vacation, my wisdom is like mind vaccinations, to rid the temptation like eve in Eden, when that apple wasn't to be eaten, if I can inject just one mind and can save him, now that's one less future dead living person, I'm not saying Im better, I just use my vocabulary, to intercept a blind mind, usually hereditary, it's like a save a life lottery to better these ghetto minorities, the only thing, following me , everybody's a winner, we don't need drugs in housing authority lobby's to get food for dinner, we don't need to shoot our guns to see who's bigger, dead or life in jail for trying to raise our figures, I was a player in that life, I wish I had dementia, so that life I don't remember, my peeps are gone, and they ain't coming back in November ,they was in the game too, but got hit with fouls, bullets holes as juveniles, wakes for trials and casket for convictions, we don't need to be Nostradamus, To predict the outcome of this Stop the violence Let's self construct

*Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco*

*Siddhartha*

*Beth*

*Pierce*

*Siddhartha Beth Pierce*



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**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 Associate 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://www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php>

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OQ87NrLt\\_to](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OQ87NrLt_to)

<http://www.writerscafe.org/Siddartha>

## I Am a Wax Candle

I am a Wax Candle  
awaiting your flame  
to spark my flue  
anew  
I feel  
everytime you light  
my world  
on fire  
with your admiring  
hips, lips and sticks  
of love.

You may drip me  
to you  
drip you to me  
in ecstatic screams  
of ecstasy.

We will  
rule our worlds  
with the Love  
that is enduring  
ensnaring  
daring  
letting not one  
put asunder  
the thunder of our  
thighs, calves and toes.

Curling beneath the sweetest of kisses.



## Lover's Knot

A day without you  
apart  
brings painful tears to my heart.

An evening without you  
leaves me  
longing to be with you again too.

I know not how to say  
in words  
at times the beautiful joy  
you bring to my mind.

Your lovely, deep, hazel eyes  
are so profound  
with many thoughts  
that abound-  
in circular swirls  
bringing reverence to me  
the respect I have for you-  
times trinity.

Your touch, your smell  
are so fine  
divinely opening every  
desire I have ever wanted-  
you are so dear  
to me  
whether you realize it or not  
you have my heart  
deeply  
tied  
in a lover's knot.

## The Craving

Eye to eye  
I thought I felt  
your soul cry out  
its sorrow  
in emerald waves  
of pain.

Lips to lips  
your sweet, exotic  
kiss  
softened  
the mood behind  
those eyes  
of yours.

Only to reveal  
the starving soul  
of a man  
gone mad once  
from those wretched  
days of old.

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Healing now  
the color that  
dances in those  
retinas cries  
out to be held  
to be fed  
to be nurtured  
to be led  
to be freed  
to satisfy its need  
as much as those  
lips search  
for those same things

The craving  
all over  
my naked  
body.

*Siddhartha Beth Pierce*

*Janet  
Perkins  
Caldwell*

*Janet Perkins Caldwell*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Janet wrote her first poems and short stories in an old diary where she noted her daily thoughts. She wrote whether suffering, joyful or hoping for peace in the world. She started this process at the tender age of Eight. This was long before journaling was in vogue.

Along with her thoughts, poetry and stories, she drew what she refers to as Hippie flowers. Janet still to this day embraces the Sixties and Seventies flower power symbol, of peace and love, which are a very important part of her consciousness.

Janet wrote her first book, in those unassuming diaries, never to be seen by the light of day due to an unfortunate house fire. This did not deter her drive. She then opted for a new batch of composition journals and filled everyone. In the early nineteen-eighties, Janet held a byline in a small newspaper in Denton, Texas while working full time, being a Mother and attending Night School.

Since the early days Janet has been published in newspapers, magazines and books globally. She also has enjoyed being the feature on numerous occasions, both in Magazines, Radio and on a plethora of Sites. She has gone on to publish three books. *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012 and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013. 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 ltd.

<http://www.janetcaldwell.com/>

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

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

## Dis – Ease Free

I am not a performer  
or even a guest  
at your masquerade ball.  
And I refuse to wear a mask  
with snakish, snappish tubes  
choking me, in my nose and throat  
much like Medusa's head – dress.

I have said it before  
though you have not heard me  
Mr. Pharmacy man  
Dr. John  
or whoever the hell you are.

And some are not sure what it will take  
to strip and shake you  
from that *fake – ass play*  
*spilling drugs disguised as love*

Though it tried to take  
away the essence of me.  
And it did for awhile  
now I am on my way  
don't you see, can you ?  
Yeah, I *have* arrived . . . really.

Wait . . . *Play*, did you say  
when and where ?  
I do love the arts, you know.  
Not the *sick games*.



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

I am not a hustler  
got no game you see  
and don't want any either.

The inane street talk  
and whisperings  
trying to block my lane  
of possibilities  
shame, shame  
get away from me.

I wanna be me  
I wanna be free  
and let go  
of man's *lying dis-ease*  
and some of the now  
that does not feed  
or produce good seeds  
for even a Grass – Hopper to eat.

So, they have been tossed into  
a river of challenges, drowned  
and yes won, by you and me.  
And we have *allowed us*  
to pick and choose  
from the garden of Ease  
to be naturally  
dis – ease free.

Simply BE-ing.  
I AM, Love, Joy and Faith.  
There is so much to do and see !  
And that *Is* doing it for me.  
Shine – On my children  
shine – on and BE Happy.

## Love Eternal

I have heard it said that love eternal  
cannot, will not be denied. I know  
this is true because it has happened  
to me, to us, once again.

We loved aeons ago but were separated  
because royal blood ran through his veins.  
We were secret lovers when  
I became swollen with his seed.

I was banished from the court and  
the kingdom itself. My life was  
so empty then, I took our baby and ran.  
A farmers wife had pity on me and took us in.

I heard it said that a bounty was on my head.  
I could not bare the thought of the kings men  
taking my life. So I gave our child to the farmers  
wife to raise safely as her own and ended my life.

In shadows and darkness I looked for him. I  
was born over and over again. Now I have  
set my eyes on him. He sees and remembers  
me too. We'll complete what was started  
in the here and now.  
Rejoicing in the return of our love  
he said to me, I knew that I would find you  
I walked through hell and dark caves  
searching for you my love, my grace.

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

It's been 3 years now since our lives  
were reborn. We pitter/putter in our  
garden where seeds of love are sown  
as our children, dance and play.  
We'll get it right . . . this time.  
It is true that love eternal love  
cannot, *will not be denied*.

## Fatigued

It was new and bright,  
crisp pages, the smell  
of a new journal waiting to be filled  
wafting, arousing my senses  
like fresh washed linens.

Only I had the key,  
to clean slate memories.  
Daisies and love, filled the  
page. Dances and friends  
inked into history.

Parties, costumes,  
*the mask* that I  
still sometimes wear  
to feel safe, under – exposed.

Today feels different. Faded  
ink from the diary make up my  
skin.  
Essential juices drain  
from cloaked face.

Can't seem to let you in.

June  
'Bugg'  
Barefield

*June 'Bugg' Barefield*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

June Barefield ~ Poet-Activist-Teacher-Author

Born and raised in the Midwest, currently residing in East St Louis, IL. June's interests include long walks, sunrises, cheesecake, and words. He considers the NRA, and its supporters 2B a 21st century Nazi-ism! The author of two collections of poetry which include *B4 the Dawn*, and *The Journeyman*

I B. Self educated, and proud to be humbled. An avid reader, and teacher, counselor in his community at what we as a society have termed "at risk children". June refers to them as Gang members, and dope dealers. A brilliant speaker, and motivator; fluent in at least three religions! June's favorite quote: "FUCK THE SYSTEM!"

for booking call : [720 404 8563](tel:7204048563)

<http://authorsdb.com/authors-directory/2292-june-barefield>

you can get more of June here . . .

<https://www.facebook.com/JuneBugg900>

<https://www.facebook.com/june.barefield.7>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/june-barefield.php>

## Freedom

Water iz life  
so we sell it to you  
make you pay for it; while we pollute it  
then charge you more, because it now must be cleansed&  
filtered again, and again  
a civilized trend for civilized men  
Food is Free  
but we make you pay to hunt& fish& farm& grow  
whatever you need to eat  
We R all of us criminals, 4 the crimes we have committed  
but we make you vote for us as u peck out a living  
poking and pecking about around like chickens  
You devote your life to our enterprise of greed  
We pay you a wage; so you may chase your tails,  
convinced that one day  
u will get it  
convinced of this lie your consumption multiply  
X3  
Y try realizing a new lie accepted as the old truth  
U die  
unjustified, tied to the ball, and the chain you bought in life  
So now we sell this same fib; so that your children live  
just as you did  
chained to a wage  
a slave.  
This iz your freedom.  
Now the church may say amen.



## Omitting eYe

I omit eYe

the first person

ME.

and there's noBody eYe know as well as I

and out of a begrudgingly, almost belligerent respect

to egotism

masochism

an idiolect concerning the imaging

of Images

Imagery branding me into conforming

into what's been accepted as

NORMALCY.

omitting eYe

we collectively cancel the narrowness of our experience

to experience this

for I

confirming my resignation out of the desperation

of ME

I omit eYe

expressing an impartial, sometimes inept

observance of this humane life

observing urbanity

*June 'Bugg' Barefield*

and the profanity of our vanity  
committed to uncertainty  
commuted to emergency  
UN-urgently  
lethargic  
sloth  
envious of what him got  
y she not  
U  
omitting eYe  
committing genocide  
claiming a faith  
an unholy lie  
considering for moments not what is respectable  
but what is falsely respected, and now credible  
digestible, and edible  
this is where I shrink from the cold, dreary misery of me  
OMITTING eYe!

## Obsessed

Still obsessed with the idea that I might write today  
flipping flippantly through my manuscripts pages

Layered like levels, or steps on ladders  
Matter of fact-ly I exact a thought  
ScriBBle it down as I ponder another  
having tore down my last 100 thoughts  
I think some more  
My attempts to explore another realm held somewhere  
deeply within the cusp of  
my being  
Ideas inundating me  
creating in me a bothe...rsome anxiety  
Quietly I lay back, and let go  
In the hands of some unseen power  
Ideas unwritten  
I am smitten by the reality that now  
is not  
the time  
Still. I am obsessed  
The idea  
exhausted by the mere idea  
Weak enough now to pick up a book, and read while I rest  
SOON...  
I shall get these ideas off of my chest!  
obsessed~  
B4 the Dawn, on into the next.

*June 'Bugg' Barefield*

*Debbie*

*M.*

*Allen*

*Debbie M. Allen*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Debbie M. Allen is a Pennsylvania native that has remained true to her passion for the love of poetry. She has always had a passion for poetry. In 2010 she took that passion and made it her cause, always maintaining the truth of her experiences and the beliefs she holds dear.

Debbie is the Author of “A Poet Never Dies,” her first book of poetry which was published in 2012. Since then she has published her second book of poems, “The Spiral of a Pisces: In Manic Flow,” which encompasses her ever spiraling transition of expression. She can be found participating in various avenues of spoken word and poetry under the pseudonym D. Flo’essence including The Truth Commission Movement, Penology Ink Productions, Jersey Radical Productions and What’s The News.

## The Wrecking Cries

I don't know how many times I said goodbye  
Those late night joyless rides  
Upon teared tides  
Bunkered down in boxed tissues...  
Missing the issues  
Outlined in petrified lines  
When the water ran dry...  
All I thought about was the wrecking cries...

How I rested love atop  
Brick pillows of lies...  
A featherweight to consequence  
Years spent trying to take flight  
With cement blocks...rocked on my feet  
Me and defeat were so tight...  
Dark claimed my day  
And light...  
Could never surpass my night...  
So time stayed and played games with me  
Hide and seek became  
Hide and creep until it was just hide...  
Deep down on the inside...of those wrecking cries...

Boxing with broken knuckles  
Against a stone chest...  
Just to remove the rib that punctured my heart  
The first time ache  
Bested the purity of breaths



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

That heaved heavy in the rise of my breast  
Then hic-cupped into rest  
How easy strength dies...  
A eulogy carved in the pupil of blank eyes  
Pushing up daisies in bloom to those wrecking cries...

I pose like a still shot of pain's figurine  
Snapped in the midst of my suffering  
Bold, Black, White...  
Color was held captive in the skies  
Prisoner to...  
How many times I said goodbye  
To faith in my life

I resigned...haunting myself within the wrecking cries...

## Time Swings Low

Head down...  
Eyes closed...  
Listening to secret ballads  
Roll in the comfort of my swinging lows...  
Chariots in slow burn await me  
Eloquently staging the coming of my  
Gentle...in its escaping  
Shhh...I think I hear my conscience waking  
Baring emotions in bellowed breaking  
Of those fears that had me shaking  
In the center of four walls  
Balled up in infantile  
Calls to my Father...  
“Dear Lord, why is life such a bother?”  
Yet the melody goes on...  
Fire dawns the rapture of broken bridges  
Sorrowful living and giving without the justice  
Of levies being lifted...  
Seems to be the woes of a Pisces gifted...  
Shifting me into oblivion until the struggle of my life was  
done  
Then hurling me back...  
Verses stacked, armed, ready to ring alarms  
Here I am!  
I’ve begun...  
Transformation escalating my harmony  
Sea to shining sea lest  
Risking my dignity...  
I am the confines of my signature

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

You can't conform me...  
Life gave me the damage  
And that gave me full rights to  
Damage the MIC...  
Finally hype to the devastation that tried to  
Equate the quaking of spite  
But I'm aight...  
You can't volcano despair from a mountain peaked tight!

Head down...  
Eyes closed  
Sometimes so I can block the complicated  
Singing that tries to echo woes  
I shouldered with ache  
But I formulated stars to curve my shape  
So much...I dust my glow  
That's the rhythm of  
Poetic ponderings poking their wake...  
I am hate's mistake  
Blossomed into song...  
Hard rock laced...  
My bass...debasing how tragedy tried to trace me...  
I had to tell the lies  
Ain't nobody anxious but you  
So what you wanna do?  
Thought I was locked  
But I was too hasty to fight for the light...  
Recognized my worth in the hymns...  
Swinging low...  
Long enough for my chorus to begin...  
No end...

## My Rhyme Only Know My Life

What do you want from me?  
Bit by bit I handed over my sheets  
But that's not enough for you...  
Maybe you don't have the right shoes  
Adjust your laces...readjust your paces  
And slow down...  
Imma let you borrow my crown for a minute...  
Excuse all the dents in it but being Queen ain't easy  
I have to walk so many lines...  
Describes my life times  
Make it seem worthy so my scrolls don't get dusty...  
But the bunnies got you hoppin at me...  
No explanations given for when shit get dirty  
Sometimes the heart gets blurry  
So what do you want from me?  
Miles been travelled and feet are hurting  
I am just a muse  
In ramble to my soul's blurting...  
Calling to you...  
If I was innate...  
A poem on the page you would read me just fine...  
Eyes on borrowed time...  
But what about the cries of my physical rhymes?  
Those don't read so calm...  
Palms can't even see a destiny  
Treachery, misery, boasting my blessings  
As casualties...  
Why, are you not understanding me?  
I've been branded...see

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

The mark on my chest...  
Is like a beast with no rest  
Panting heavy...  
And every word that I write  
Is every word that went left  
Before I got it right...  
I'm just ink bleeding  
They got their teeth in me  
But what runs through my veins keeps reading  
Pulse after pulse...  
I am leading you  
Even if I died a thousand times  
Spirit would give ghost and that would continue my rhyme  
So what do you want from me?  
I am just a poet and my poetry breathes for me...  
Until death do us part...  
I won't worry about the start...  
That way...I will never see the end of me  
I will always exhale easily.

*Debbie M. Allen*

*Tony  
Henninger*

*Tony Henninger*





*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Tony has been writing for about 20 years. He has published one book titled “ A Journey of Love.” He has also contributed to several Anthologies. His book is available at Innerchild Press and Amazon.com.

You can find him at [Facebook.com/Tony](https://www.facebook.com/TonyHenninger)

[Henninger](#)

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*Tony Henninger*

## Poetry'S Embrace

In the dreams  
of a Poet,  
visions float upon  
a depthless ocean  
of myriad emotions.  
While papers  
of words and phrases  
lie scattered about  
in the solitude  
of his soul  
amid which he sits  
trying to express himself.

Like leaves falling  
on a blustery autumn day,  
or notes of music  
making his body sway,  
a seed is planted  
in his ink pen.

A Poem begins to take shape.

And then,  
as words fall into place,  
a smile crosses his face,  
releasing a flood  
of emotional ecstasy.

Enraptured by his love  
for the muse of Poetry,  
the mystery and beauty  
of her siren-like lore,  
he is caught in her embrace  
forevermore.

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

“I”

I make my way  
through the lush forest  
of life until I encounter  
the perfect tree  
under which to rest  
from dusk until dawn  
when the “I” will be gone  
as the sunlight crests  
the azure horizon  
and I explode in  
a shower of  
butterflies.

*Tony Henninger*

## Igniting The Passion

Night after night  
and day after day,  
I pray.  
Don't tell me it's the end  
when love is everywhere.  
Don't let me fade away  
for my soul wants to stay.  
Just one more moment.  
Just one more life.  
To bring the world together.  
To end all the strife.  
Gracefully you move,  
slowly,  
through my heart.  
Your essence fills my soul,  
igniting the passion within.  
I am so full of love.  
I am bursting with light.  
Help me show them  
how to love you.  
To bring their passion out.  
For there can be no life  
without  
You....

Joe  
Da Verbal  
MindDancer

*Joe Da Verbal MindDancer*



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

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>

## Caramel

The flavor was something I wasn't used to.  
Her shape was that of a perfect dream.  
Those vanilla beans hoarded by the masses  
Were just a passing fancy,  
Maybe a thought carried over from ancestral rage.

What an odd blend to satisfy one's taste  
She was more than a curiosity;  
She had that certain Je ne Sais qua  
I wanted a sample of her social discord  
I thought that way about it.

I know there was so much more than indifference  
Cast aside like many other flavors  
I needed that browned sugar.  
I approached her frame, with name and game.  
We are who we are; when it comes to  
introductions of intent.

She hit me with intellectual veracity  
No different in capacity than any other figure  
I was pleased; by her smile and  
gesture that suggested a sequester  
We went over the evidence thoroughly  
I found pleasure in our meeting.

Having explored the ingredients  
I grew accustomed to the change  
Nothing would detain me again  
No other choices to me made  
I was stuck on Caramel.



## Ground Breaking

Pastel colors fill the scene  
Easter eggs and jellybeans  
Floral arrangements of soft blues  
Lace ankle socks and  
Patent leather shoes

Woven baskets filled with treats  
Become center pieces  
For a Sunday, feast  
Praises and blessings  
Thoughts of eternity

Sitting here alone  
These thoughts just burn in me  
A turn I see; in the future  
The meaning my elude ya  
Although it is, clear as the daisies.

As my day's ease and the prayers cease  
I take part of yeast and wine  
I take part of beast and dine.  
Harps play, and I listen to moving earth  
The fallen have risen, to the heavens.

## Not The Same Alone

Don't worry about it, go by yourself  
Partake in life those things you long to share  
Reflect in your mind the joy of your experience  
You'll have something to say;  
When asked, what did you do today?

Is the heart, really made that way?  
Hand in hand shoulder to shoulder  
A bond that has meant conflict and compromise  
One should see the look in others eyes  
When a moment of laughter feels the screen

A stranger's gleam doesn't mean a thing  
If you can't talk about what you've seen.  
So easy to suggest make new friends  
When friends aren't the issue  
It's a social miscue;

Ah, forget it baby I miss you  
I miss the things we used to do.  
A walk in the park is less enjoyable  
If I can't share some quick witted foible  
About the nature, I see.

Why did they take you from me?  
Move on they say, when their lives are whole  
Life without you has taken a toll  
In addition, I pay a cost  
Each time I cross that bridge of lost.

I'm stronger now; entering the stage of no regret  
I still reflect; still look back in retrospect  
I laugh more now; I have another shoulder.  
But like I told ya; it's not the same alone.

*Robert  
Gibbons*

*Robert Gibbons*



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Robert Gibbons moved to New York City in the summer of 2007 in search of his muse-Langston Hughes. Robert has performed all over New York City.

His first collection of Poetry, Close to the Tree was published by Threes Rooms Press and can be purchased at :

[www.threeroomspress.com](http://www.threeroomspress.com)

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## April

here you are again  
an addendum  
to a collection  
a periodical  
too annual  
pruning for perfection

I am afraid to grow  
because it too cold  
the calendar says spring  
so will save this date  
until noon  
until I can bloom  
still in dormancy  
struggling futility

five paper-whites

paid  
seventy-five sense  
the price  
for a composition  
notebook  
the exposure  
to bulbous brown  
shedding  
layers  
of onion skin  
the write too  
Chagall's burning lights  
did not grow  
in the cold  
but the sepulcher  
of brown sugar  
and oatmeal  
raisin brands  
and the mill  
waiting for spring  
for dormancy  
to bloom again  
held in my hands  
grandma digging  
Georgia roots  
from chutes  
and vines  
drunken boat  
the Flint River  
steal away  
to deliverance

terrarium

the orange carpet

I willow,

I will remain calm

I bee balm

I ash

I ash

if I had to be crabby I would be a crabapple  
as twisted as a wisteria the cold wind claims  
my inheritance until I make penance with  
the garden until Spring write now I am still  
searching for green all her children numbers  
and name ascension and frame waiting  
for some growth and development ropes  
off until I reach the sacred lake the katsura  
hold down the fort terra there are London planes  
and hemlock sneezeweed and Indian chocolate  
but she disappears with the wind until she  
ascends again



*Neetu  
Wali*

*Neetu Wali*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

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.

## MY Soul Whispers

Now a days  
I see a million faces  
In every stain  
Every rock and mountain  
Am I overflowing with life?

Life has endless dimensions  
Time is a limitation  
Be focussed in  
The direction of your dimension  
That is the only solution

Morning roses seem inebriated  
Drops of divine wine  
Make them look more red  
A whiff of it  
Is enough for a life time  
Of fresh breath

Ice melts  
Soul wets  
Magic begins  
Morning breeze  
Holds me tight  
Makes me hug  
It bright  
Magic begins

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

A smile at  
Morning sun  
I catch the gold  
Magic begins  
Heavenly pearls  
Float in the air  
Colours revealed  
Magic begins

The river of my life  
Is a mirror of me  
I am love and hatred too  
I am fear and courage too  
I am care and jealousy too  
I am innocence and guilty too  
I am a blessing and sin too  
I am success and failure too  
I am clarity and confusion too  
I am living and dead too  
I am smile and tears too  
This black and white reflection  
Very often horrifies me  
God knows which colour will be  
This moment of me

## Reading God

Have been reading holy books  
All these years  
Yet I live in my own books  
I feel surprised  
That I am alive  
Should be dead years before

When my Soul kisses me  
I get to know  
I have written something nice  
My gift is that  
In a moment I live twice

God is not a stone  
Fixed and rigid  
Righteousness is a practice  
Not a law of religion  
Life makes religion  
Religion doesn't make life  
Krishna advised Draupdi  
To be wife of wife  
Krishna advised Arjuna  
To fight his elders  
Krishna taught Bhishma  
That an oath should not  
Tie you to wrong  
I am surprised  
That Krishna is a God  
So flexible in his own rules  
Why can't we  
Life is so subtle  
How can the rules be a rock

## Black Sun

That part of the day  
When sun turns black  
I wake up  
Place my foot on the ground  
My foot felt strange  
I felt a grave  
That was me  
Beneath my feet  
I served me tea  
As soon as it touched my lips  
It changed into something red  
I looked at my bed  
It was a coffin  
My jaw opened wide  
Till it made way  
Wide enough for my teeth  
To grow  
My hands shocked me  
They were all nails  
In a moment  
I was biting my skin  
And tearing my nerves  
Pain had never been so giving  
I was enjoying my agony  
The animal in me  
Was reprimanding the  
Inhuman me  
And someone was laughing wicked  
A face in the sky  
Was crying why

*Neetu Wali*



*Shareef  
Abdur  
Rasheed*

*Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed*



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

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>

## Spring...

came but only by name  
wasn't the same  
grass didn't grow, flowers  
didn't bud 'n' glow in the  
suns flow like we're accustomed  
to know  
what winter caused to finish,  
pause, wasn't replenished no  
more  
rain ceased to pour, crops  
increase no more  
birds got silent, the silence  
couldn't hide it  
in the morning no birds heard  
completely quiet!  
warning had been issued  
imploring man to respect the  
land  
do all he can to leave it like it  
all began

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

was treated as toilet tissue  
instead..,  
arrogant man looked at the  
land and said "what's the issue??"  
came as no suprise they who  
had blind eyes couldn't see  
didn't realise prophecy  
materialized,came to be,  
fullfilled!  
brought about by the makers  
will!  
after the earth he had loaned  
as our home had been shamefully  
disrespected and killed!  
dammmnn!  
hard to swallow that pill man??  
  
food 4 thought!

the..,

lights went out,  
dowsed!  
all over town  
town being world  
world got small  
darkness engulfed  
light snuffed out  
truth not found  
no where around  
darkness is falsehood  
truth is light  
"forbide the wrong  
enjoin the right!"  
is and always was the  
righteous plight!  
the earth went dark  
all around  
the day there was no  
truth to be found  
they looked from the sky

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

to under the ground  
couldn't find no truth  
around!  
then a wise man came  
and bellowed 'hark!!  
"thou shall not find it in the  
dark, can only find it in your  
heart!"  
but now you wasted time  
to much has passed  
must face your fate!  
now it's time to hear the  
trumpet blast!"  
i'm afraid it's a bit to late!"

"Ya iyu hal'ladeena ah manut'tacul'laha  
wa cu lu cow lann sadeeda"  
Oh you who believe fear Allah and  
always tell the truth! (Qur'an: 33,70)

food 4 thought!

out..,

and about the wolves  
came out!  
you can hear them making  
pain steaking sounds  
with their mouth  
howling all about  
men do that ,  
raise their voice  
to prove their value isn't  
false,because often  
their substance is hollow  
think they can lead but never  
learned to follow!  
so they engage in rage  
let the beast out  
open the cage  
like their volume can coverup  
the page that sums up the fact  
loud noise don't give substance  
where substance is lacked!



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

or to men when their character  
comes under attack  
no longer can hide there's  
a hole inside where their heart  
should reside, but instead the hole  
is stuffed up with no more  
then false pride!  
no more then wolves howling  
at the moon can change the  
tides  
dogs that chase cars can drive  
a ride  
using volume to cover the  
faults they hide!  
thinking maybe that will cover  
up the lie!  
  
food 4 thought!

*Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed*

*Kimberly  
Burnham*

*Kimberly Burnham*



## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

An Integrative Medicine practitioner, Kimberly Burnham uses poetry, words, coaching and hands-on therapies to help you heal. A published poet in several Inner Child Press anthologies, including *Healing Through Words* and *I Want My Poetry To*, Kimberly is winner of SageUSA's story contest with a poem about her 2013 Hazon CrossUSA bicycle ride. She is writing *The Journey Home* about that 3000 mile expedition.

Now, you get to be her muse with a list of seven experiences you yearn for. She writes a poem as if already, you are feeling the exhilaration of living your dreams.

You can find Kimberly ...

<http://www.KimberlyBurnhamPhD.com>

<http://www.linkedin.com/in/KimberlyBurnham>

<http://www.amazon.com/Kimberly-Burnham/e/B0054RZ4A0>

## Connection

A deep human need  
at a party  
warm and welcoming acceptance  
sitting alone at a computer  
we reach out to our community  
like white apple buds in the early spring  
ready to pop  
or golden red maple leaves  
longing for silver lined clouds

Where do you belong  
who is at your side  
fulfilling the need for companionship  
empathy moving  
back and forth  
blue and white tree swallows  
across a calm lake

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Phone lines perched with  
invisible carrier pigeons  
love and anger,  
travelling alongside  
joyful news and deep sorrows  
from then and there  
to here and now  
mobile devices on the night stand  
as I fall asleep

Are you consistent  
do you adapt to ebb and flow  
intimacy and nurturing  
boundaries respected  
self-respect blossoming  
with a trusted knowing  
seeing and being seen  
and finally understood

## Attachment to Stuff

Why am I attached  
to this stuff  
what more do I need  
beyond air,  
food, water, shelter  
a need for dreams,  
incubating in the night  
completely safe  
every muscle relaxed  
after the day's creative stimulation

What do I need to feel safe  
a locked door  
will it ever be enough  
the warmth and touch of her arms  
honest or authenticity sufficient  
what colors do I show  
when creature comforts are met

My own space  
my stuff all around  
rescued from a big box  
where it sat for months  
my life in upheaval  
choices made  
meaningful artistic work  
secure  
waking up at peace  
integrated into my life  
where I am  
a force for good



## Meaningful Work

Complete freedom  
no obligations seems  
nice  
a retired future  
but how do you fulfill  
the need for meaning  
for food and shelter

Autonomy driven contribution  
choices linking freedoms  
disconnecting from life  
for a time taught me my need  
for meaningful work  
an exchange,  
services for goods  
for space and independence  
spontaneity bridled  
harnessed into connected  
empathy and skills

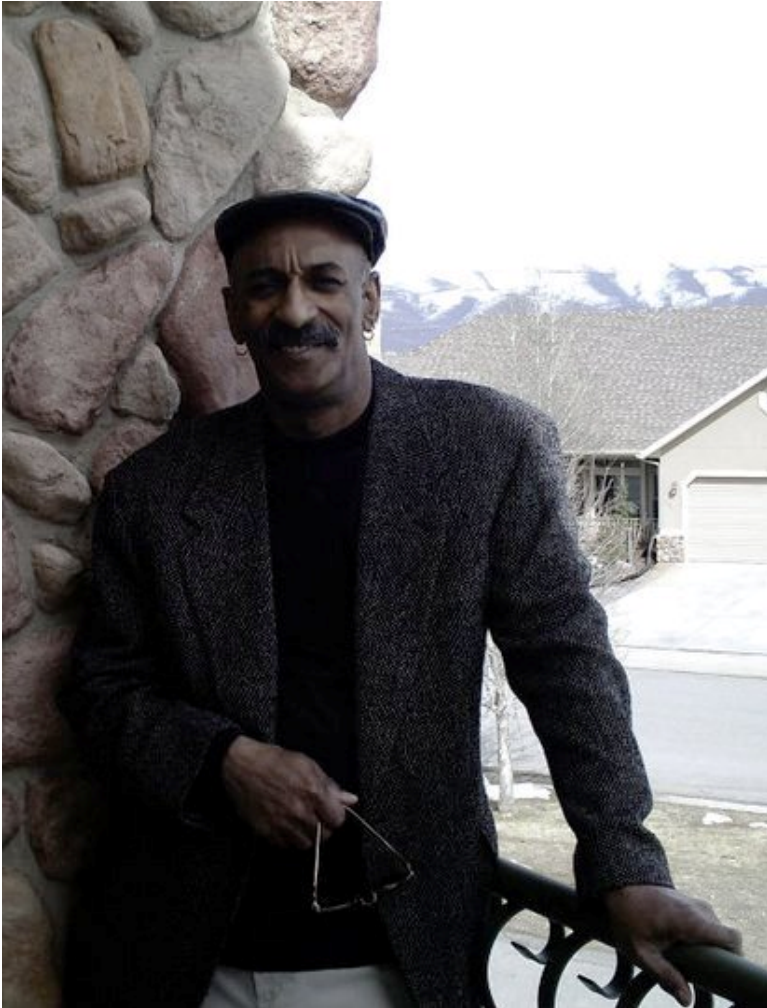
Leaving time  
for now  
play, joy and humor  
all rolled into every waking  
lines blurred  
work and play, a creative exchange  
where every ones sustained

*Kimberly Burnham*

Easing into the bike rack  
my legs sustaining transportation  
quinoa and egg  
follows the night  
deep dreaming process  
a shelter's beauty  
paid with my labor  
designed for harmony  
ordered to my tastes  
all driven and persisting  
at my end of the bargain  
conscious exchange cultivating  
hope and growth  
a looking forward  
learn and discover

*William  
S.  
Peters, Sr.*

*William S. Peters, Sr.*



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 24 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](http://www.iaminnerchild.com)

Personal Web Site

[www.iamjustbill.com](http://www.iamjustbill.com)

## epiphany

i looked in the mirror this morning  
and i gazed back at the image  
that was gazing back at me

much of what i saw  
i recognized  
but there was so much still  
unknown

i had an epiphany

did i really want to be  
all that i could be  
or was it just too much work ?

did i really wish to see  
all that i am ?

and fear raised it's hand  
and i acknowledged it  
and it presented a very audible question  
that screamed its way in to my presence

and the Trees of my wilderness  
layed way  
to make room for its abode  
here in my reason

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

today was another  
resembling all others  
with questions and thoughts  
and feelings i brought forward  
from the days past  
and i was a prisoner  
i was the jailer  
and i was the keeper  
of these things

my eyes darted away  
and back again  
for i was truly curious  
about  
just what was my truth

i smiled  
and he smiled back  
playing that childish game of  
charades  
displayed here  
in my private epiphany

STOP !!!  
STOP !!!  
WAIT a Minute . . .  
there is something i need to say here

first of all, let me ask you this . .  
“what is your purpose ?”  
oh, don’t have one . . .  
well, why don’t you create one ?

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

secondly . . .

what is it you wish to do or achieve in your life ?

Oh . . .not sure . . . a lot of things you say.

So , which one of those things will you attempt to work at today ?

Hmmmmmmm

Epiphany ?

i have created this alter ego

i wrestle with

each day

who parades and masquerades

as my Demon

when in actuality

he is my best friend.

i looked in the mirror this morning

and i gazed back at the image

that was gazing back at me.

my dichotomous humbled narcissist . . .



yet i strive

my heart is heavy  
in many respects,  
and though i run from the shadows  
that haunt my nights  
i seem to never escape

my concerns sit patiently  
waiting my arrival to my silence  
that they may evoke  
my contemplation  
of what needs a fixin'  
and solace evades me still

i have prayed  
i have studied  
i have begged  
i have stayed my hand  
my thought  
my action  
my emotion  
and yet  
i feel not approved

i have supplanted things  
for things  
and things still yet  
are not satisfying  
to any nominal degree

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

i examine who i am  
by my own definition  
and that of others  
and i take flight,  
i flee  
for i wish not to be contained  
by stained memories  
of what i could not achieve

yes i believe  
i do  
truly it is true  
but it seems not enough

i have meditated  
in hopes to mediate  
the oiled walls of this abysmal chasm  
that entombs my hopes  
and my dreams  
are weary of dreaming  
of any escape  
but i hold on to what i can . . .  
anyway

i live for the promise  
of that day foretold  
when all illusion  
dissipates  
in the ether  
yet i continue to feed  
the demons of my own delusion  
that i may force one more time  
for one more day  
a smile upon my face

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Grace anoints me  
in her own selfish ways  
as i see it  
for though i suffer,  
anguish has yet to consume me  
totally

the space i occupy  
shows me not the face  
in the looking glass,  
that which i pine to see,  
the real essence of me  
and all that i can be  
yet i strive  
yet i strive  
yet i strive

i see

i stand before Life's symphony  
listening to the music  
played delicately by the hand of intent  
that of my creator

my heart is blossoming  
like the spring Lotus  
in the deep pools  
of the consciousness  
of this new day  
that i too may impart  
my fragrance unto the world

my face is kissed  
by the lips of the Sun  
and its promise fills my soul  
with a gnosis  
that soon  
the new day be upon us  
which shall be everlasting

in the still waters of Status Quo  
it is i and my brother  
my sisters  
and other "Like Souled"  
who open to receive the bounty  
of the heavens  
where possibilities are alive  
and manifest  
daily because we have deemed it so  
by way of our faith

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

we sow our seeds  
in the dreams of the Children  
that they may pick up the torch  
and carry their light  
into the realm of darkness  
which hungers for their divine presence

Love  
we are  
Light  
we are  
right minded  
we are  
wanting  
we are

and our inheritance  
of what is  
presents its self  
unto our hopes  
and we have a gnosis  
that is Omniscient  
Omnipotent  
Omnipresent  
that can not be denied  
for we are that God  
that is experiencing its self  
in this dream  
we now begin to deny  
as we wipe clean  
that which now appears  
as reality

*William S. Peters, Sr.*

we are painting,  
applying a new  
yet old color  
to the palette  
for we tire of the inharmonious dogma  
that has put illusion before love

we know,  
we see,  
we are not of this world  
we are only in it  
for but this season  
in the fabric  
that embraces the eternity  
which sheds  
that which is errant

we are blossoming  
and none may abate that coming  
for it is written  
in all the scriptures  
that have ever been scribed  
that man should remember  
“I AM”

I am that Flower  
and my root is permanently tethered  
in the soils of singularity  
where naught but truth prevails,  
the “Is”-ness

and all my Children are Flowers too

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

and here it is,  
i stand before Life's symphony  
listening to the music  
played delicately by the hand of intent  
that of my Creator

my heart is blossoming  
like the spring Lotus  
in the deep pools  
of the consciousness  
of this new day  
that i too may impart  
my fragrance unto the world

I See clearly now

I See

*William S. Peters, Sr.*



April  
Features

~ \* ~

Fahredin Shehu

Martina Newberry

Justin Blackburn

Monte Smith

# April Features

Fahredin  
Shehu

# Fahredin Shehu



## *The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

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.

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

Fahredin Shehu is a World Class Poet and Ambassador for Humanity. Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. Graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

His works have been translated into English, French, Italian, Spanish, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Macedonian, Roma, Swedish, Turkish, Arabic, Hebrew, Romanian, Persian, Mongolian, Chinese.

He is the Ambassador of Poets to Albania by Poetas del Mundo, Santiago de Chile, Member of World Poets Association, Kosovo Pen Center.

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

## Under the Neon Moon

Foams of Adriatic Sea and  
The air full of iodine  
Spawn of tough sharks  
Light Zephyr

We  
Under the Palm  
With the golden leaves

The boy is screaming  
The Moon is full  
The dog barks at it  
The Moon does not care  
Nor do we...

## Our Man

Plenty has been said  
Recently  
In Men history  
Memory remains calm  
As calm less as we are  
Ants and bees  
Germans and Japanese

Lazy we think we are  
But sincere

We write for another  
Age for the Men to come  
We paint like a child  
How happy we are

For man has nothing to do with us  
Behold Man  
Interfering in our destiny

The Time rolls  
In its pace  
Jus as we do

## My Nest Eggs

Every particle we have thrown  
In the ether has been assembled  
In lumps of Love  
Somewhere in the realm of Jupiter

They told us: You shall possess  
Wisdom to understand the Poetry  
Of the one who is called?  
The Martyr of Love  
For Love is nothing but  
A God who is giver and forgiving

Love makes the Creation  
Orbit in its axis and  
Oscillates in Center and periphery  
Occupies Nadir and Horizon and  
Contains “Nothing”, for itself

When the summer was in its peak  
And the Seagulls flying over  
We’ve been heavy white clouds  
Bringing shade  
On the shore the senile were  
Drinking poison for they failed  
To love nor did they laid  
The Nest eggs to toast “Today”, even  
The drop of elixir sipped  
In the deepest layers of their  
Heart- membrane



*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

Otherwise I've been in Love  
From and for Eternity and a day more  
Despite the ignorant refused my Art  
And said: this is not Poetry- and I did  
And do say: No it is not Poetry- right!!!  
It is more than that  
It is an elixir  
A life giving drop  
To the about to die  
And to the "Alive"

## Failed market

While the applauds were dispersing and  
Filling the ambience  
Many echoes from those vibrations  
Made worsening into the shades of my trees  
I have meticulously planted between  
The right and left hand side of my being  
I have lost so many treasures  
Despite giving all the time all what  
A Soul may give  
I never understood why all follow  
The shadow of those who drive  
Big Black Benz  
And those who later and in the same time  
Mock with the very same  
Why I have foreigners  
All those who adore  
What my hands have produced  
And the nectar of my spirit  
Have leaked from the cracks  
Of thorns of all roses assembled  
For to be swallowed ardently

*The Year of the Poet ~ April 2014*

I've too never realized why  
Mine close affiliates and  
In worse my next to kin  
Serially are abandoning me  
For instance last night after  
We've celebrated the birth of two books  
To whom the multitude bows down  
A man called father- not mine  
No, not mine  
Mine id dead  
Overpasses me going back and forth  
From me to the next and from the next back  
To me  
Why I never understood the difference  
Between Pity and Respect  
Why I never understood that today  
The Soul may be merchandised  
Yet I remain in despair and fully  
Convinced ...  
I'm not in auction  
There's no price that may  
Swap the inter-values

# Fahredin Shehu

## Floods

...and the rain was flooding  
Washed off all  
Arrogance that damaged  
Your beauty

I've left two  
Watermelons cooling  
In the river after  
The flood

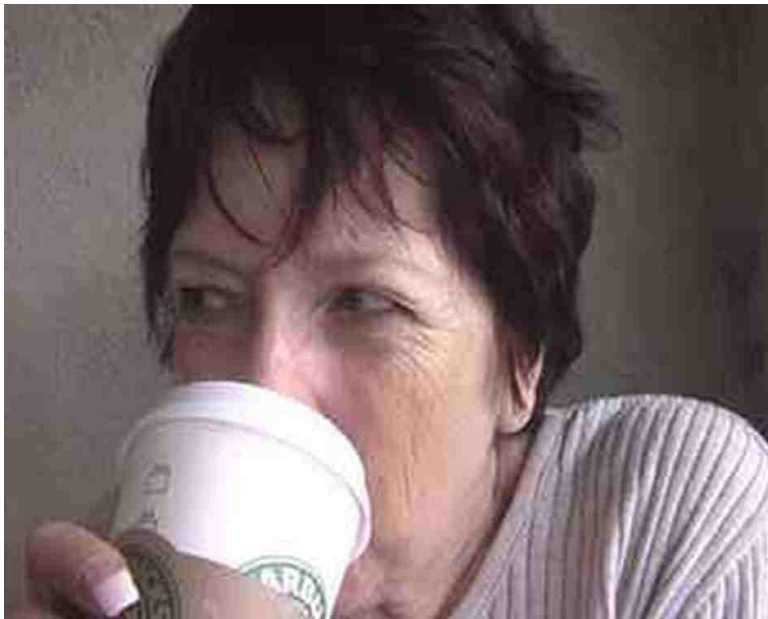
People were happy seeing  
Rainbow; they were  
Adoring it as God  
Drunk by Hope  
They forgot the sweetness  
Of the escaping "Today"

We were smiling  
And pitting them

We kissed each other  
And faint

Martina  
Reisz  
Newberry

*Marina Reisz Newberry*



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014*

Martina Reisz Newberry's most recent book is **WHERE IT GOES** (Deerbrook Editions, 2014.). She is also the author of **LEARNING BY ROTE** (Deerbrook Editions), **100 SELECT POEMS plus ONE** (inner child press), **WHAT WE CAN'T FORGIVE. LATE NIGHT RADIO, PERHAPS YOU COULD BREATHE FOR ME. HUNGER, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: POEMS 1996-2006, NOT UNTRUE & NOT UNKIND** (Arabesques Press) and **RUNNING LIKE A WOMAN WITH HER HAIR ON FIRE: Collected Poems** (Red Hen Press)

Ms. Newberry is the winner of *i.e. magazine's* Editor's Choice Poetry Chapbook Prize for 1998: **AN APPARENT, APPROACHABLE LIGHT.**

She is also the author of **LIMA BEANS AND CITY CHICKEN: MEMORIES OF THE OPEN HEARTH**—a memoir of her father, (one of the first men ever to be hired at Kaiser Steel in Fontana, CA in 1943)—published by E.P. Dutton and Co. in 1989.

She has been awarded residencies at Yaddo Colony for the Arts, Djerassi Colony for the Arts, and at Anderson Center for Disciplinary Arts. Poet Andrew Hudgins nominated her for a Pushcart Prize in Poetry in 1989.

A passionate lover of Los Angeles, Martina currently lives there with her husband Brian and their fur baby, Charlie T. Cat.

# Marina Reisz Newberry

## 100 DECIBELS AT 2 METERS\*

The pillow has its own frequency  
which sometimes matches the hammering  
in my heart. Almost 70 and I've  
not yet learned how to quiet this heart  
(I never even tried with my head).

I can dance circles around the truth  
until the sun goes down, then it finds  
its own way in (unless I open  
the door). You think I'm joking? Listen:  
what is real will pound on your door like

a damn jackhammer. No hiding in  
the closet until it goes away.  
Reality can see you in there.  
If you are uncooperative, it  
will wait until night and then you'll pay.

*\*The pneumatic jackhammer is extremely loud, reaching  
100 decibels at 2 meters (6.6 feet)*



## PANTOUM FOR MY CITY

The evening assembles, takes it's own time.  
The streets open to the insomniacs  
There is a "Super Moon" inching upwards.  
Angry, it demands larger living space.

The streets open to the insomniacs.  
We did not get the world we wanted today;  
angry, it demanded larger living space.  
There is the slamming of car doors, cooking smells.

We did not get the world we wanted today  
Hear the clink of ice, the rush of liquor  
There is the slamming of car doors, cooking smells.  
The desperate wait until dark to start singing.

# Marina Reisz Newberry

## RIVERS

Your life span never equaled your appetites  
and a makeshift memory only gave you back  
the unhappy times.

You said “enough” and got to your feet,  
made your way down to the Los Angeles River

(barely a river except  
in heavy rain when it is capable  
of rising to take down  
a dog or a child  
or a woman or  
a weedy tree).

You stepped out into September,  
your rabid heart pounding, opening, waiting.  
Your dark blood,

they said, dripped foolishly  
onto the concrete—  
a hot day.

You should not have behaved  
as if you were only a visitor here.  
When you come to earth,

you come to stay even if  
the city’s Eucalyptus-colored sky  
frightens you.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014*

My friend, we all wear  
the strange perfume  
of trepidation

and mete out our words  
as if each was an onyx bead  
on daily rosaries

of Wanting. I know, I said “rosary,”  
but this is no Jesus and Mary tract.  
This is just a little something

for you who took her own life,  
from me who walks out  
into the warm dark,

drunk with the asphalt stories  
of Hollywood Blvd—stories  
of which you are now one.

THE OZYMANDIAS\* EFFECT

I'm confused these days as to what is mine.  
I haven't rid myself of anything  
or anyone, but things and people have  
removed themselves from me (bits of clothing  
tearing off and blowing away in a  
strong wind). I want to be drunk, but I don't  
want my head to hurt, so I'll get drunk on  
pills; the spectres will disappear and a  
foolish happiness will make itself known.  
I feel like quoting Carver who quoted  
Bukowski as saying, *There isn't one  
of you in this room would recognize love  
if it stepped up and buggered you in the ass.*  
My thinking exactly, except I don't  
think it's just the room, I think it's the world.  
Eh...back to what's mine—or not. This morning  
was a door thrown open to far too many  
AHA! moments. No matter how fast I  
run, I see things and people hurrying  
away. It diminishes me, not them,  
and when I ask "Why?" the only answers  
are the sounds of rain, hissing over stones.

## THELMA'S LOUISE

The dogs enter the track—  
they are uncertain  
about everything  
except what happens  
when the gate lifts.  
They get that part:  
run-for-your-life.  
They get that part fine.  
The gods are watching.  
Their bright eyes  
clash with the lightning  
and they govern  
every race.  
In the distance,  
the dark mountains  
sing of escape:  
“Come Whippet, come Greyhound.  
We wait.”  
*Thelma's Louise, Mr. Morning,  
Happy Feet, Momma's Helper,  
Andy's Mistress...*  
the gods are watching.  
The dogs are shy  
and honest  
and terribly afraid.  
They look up  
at the mountains  
one last time.

*Marina Reisz Newberry*

Justin  
Blackburn

# Justin Blackburn





## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014*

Justin Blackburn is a poet for the Awakening of Human Consciousness writing with the intention to inspire and feel. A lot like life Blackburn's poetry is sometimes uplifting, sometimes hilarious, sometimes romantic, sometimes fearlessly confronting the buried feelings of the human condition, but always worthy of appreciation and open to teaching and learning.

Blackburn has had five poetry books published, performed these poems at many venues, and even won Poet of the Year by Beat Magazine. Currently Blackburn is a member of the SAY WHAT Greenville, SC Poetry Slam Team and has been touring at various venues/bookstores behind his latest collection of poetry, Child Be Wild, published by Inner Child Press.

2007 Beat Magazine Poet Of The Year

2009 Blackburn's second collection of poetry Farting Fire published by Virgogray Press, sold the most copies in the history of the press.

2010 Blackburn was a member of the poetry group New Danger, touring colleges, high schools, and middle schools performing poems and giving Poetry workshops.

2011 his poem Before I Opened Myself To Love won the Dripping Silence Poetry Contest.

2011 Blackburn was the winner of annual the CLUB 100 Poetry Slam.

Blackburn is a featured performer who has had featured performances at some of the top Poetry Venues in the country.

# Justin Blackburn

## All Writers Ascend On To A White Blank Page

My green tea eyes are closed  
listening to wind wisdom.

Birds chirp from the rooftop  
for no reason  
except to be heard.

I keep my focus on the beating breath of my heart  
until I feel real enough to disappear  
like children in love.

I open my eyes to taste  
the rich flowering dreamer  
that is our morning star.

The wind retreats back within me.  
Nothing can compare inside or out,  
naked or silent.

Everything changed for me,  
my dearest friend,  
the moment I realized I was writing the story  
instead of acting in it.

Be aware of what you are thinking.  
Is it helping you or hindering you?

Free your characters.  
Let their worlds fall apart.

Feel good about the sky.  
Notice the abundance when it rains.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014*

Kiss your own hand.  
Hug your own heart.

Eat light and eat light.  
Swallow imaginary angels with the intent they heal your  
organs.

Hear your heart sing when you hear the successes of  
others.  
Say nice things about assholes and grandpas.

Be patient like a park bench.  
Real dreams come true.

You are perfect the way you are.  
Thank you for being you.

Everything changes the moment  
you realize you are writing the story  
instead of acting in it.

Oh piece of paper heart,  
turn me to the page  
that bounds us all.

## Justin Blackburn

### suicide eyes prettier than any summer

will you meet me down by the riverside before you take  
your own life?

a dance floor will be waiting for us.  
i will spread laughter all over your body.  
you can splash water on my skin.  
we will smoke cigarettes,  
sing our favorite love songs,  
and we will dance, dance, dance  
as if we have been given the gift of a second chance  
even if you choose not to take it.

if the sun's bold light body appears,  
if the night ends and you happen to go with it  
i will kiss your face and say "i love you!"  
then spend the whole day meditating as softly as i can  
envisioning you in the holiest of angel hands.

i hope you know when you are gone;  
i am going to cry tears into every spider web,  
scream my fears at every narrow head,  
stand still in the light of death  
and whisper "you are beautiful!"

this may be too much to ask  
but before you go will you do me a favor,  
will you please make it clear to me  
how much you love me.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014*

lately i too have been feeling  
like an old broken hollywood grandfather clock,  
i can not stand that degrading feeling  
especially when i know somewhere inside we are so alive  
together,  
caring about each other like warm rain pouring on a forest  
fire.

do not think twice.  
i do not blame you.  
i have not changed much  
since my teenage suicide pact with lust.

you can blame me though if you need to,  
i will still let you come to me in dreams.  
we will be friends again,  
it will be like you never killed yourself  
and i never wanted you to myself.

when you are gone i promise you wherever you are  
if you keep your eyes open  
i will keep my heart on fire  
and you can marvel at it from the otherside,  
you can feel the joy of true love,  
the peace the people on planet earth  
could not give you enough of.

and if you are ever ready to come back to earth,  
let me know through the wind's midnight whisper  
and you can come back as my daughter,  
i will fill your world with knowledge  
and love of your beauty  
from the first day you are born.

# Justin Blackburn

if you decide to take your life,  
i promise you will always be  
in my heart and on my mind.

i love you so much.  
i always have  
and i always will,  
no matter the space  
you are trying to fill.

i honor you forever.

## I Am The Buddha Om

I am the homeless man eating an ice cream cone Buddha.  
Lick me and taste the deliciousness of my unknowable truth.

I am the born again in Christ Buddha.  
Sit under the tree of life and feel my body nailed down.

I am the strawberry shortcake Buddha.  
Ingest me for I am food for the angels.

I am the fudge brownie delight Buddha.  
Follow my chocolate center to my whip cream sky.

I am the concerned for my football team on Sunday Buddha.  
Throw me a pass I am wide open in the end zone.

I am the rev up my motorcycle very loud Buddha.  
Jump on the back of me and I will take you nowhere you can go.

I am the do not know anything about Buddhism Buddha.  
The emptiness plagues the mind.

I am the walk while I shake my ass Buddha.  
God eternally loves for me for everything I do.

I am the wide open blue sky Buddha.  
Kiss me, you fool.

# Justin Blackburn

I am the telling people I am Buddha Buddha,  
Follow me into another fairytale.

I am the woman with the baby bottle Buddha.  
Notice how delicate I sound when I say “excuse me.”

I am the family being pulled by my dog Buddha.  
All animals worship God constantly.

I am the self doubt acceptance Buddha.  
Please judge me for loving you.

I am the enjoying the beautiful day Buddha.  
Sit next to me, feel my breeze.



## Child Be Wild

Child be wild!

You are ahead of your time.

Take advantage of your innocence  
with your smile,

discover your heart

and you will never have to search with your mind.

We do not need anymore of you to grow up.

We already have enough boring adults meandering around,  
unable to get lost or found,

acting in grown up dramas during the day,

getting stuck in the play at night

unable to lift their dreams into flight,

waking up ruled by rules cold, starved, and lonely.

Child be seen!

You are the one and only person

who can create your dream life,

remember if someone is being mean

there is a great chance they are not right,

so never stop shining your light!

We need you out here in the ever changing world

to help us remember who were as little boys and girls

with pockets full of joy and eyes full of pearls.

Open our minds to the wide winged wonder

and run into our arms at the exploding sound of thunder.

You have so much to teach us yet so much to learn

and we have no reason to reject you or to ever be so stern.

## Justin Blackburn

Child be heard!  
You can hear the songs  
the flowers sing to the birds.  
Award us your sweet voice  
and share the words.  
Give us your favorite color.

We are too caught up in the superficial politics of father  
and mother,  
too drowned out in the lifeless arithmetic of sister and  
brother,  
our imaginations can't remember we are imaginary  
so of course we are going to tell you the world is scary,  
we fired our angels and stepped on our fairies,  
we burned down the magical garden and turned it into a  
cemetery,  
we took the world's perfect beauty and made it a burden to  
carry.

Child be free!  
We miss ourselves nervous  
but only longing for our childhood memories  
so help us by being yourself, letting yourself be,  
and remembering no matter what we say  
you are always perfect in every way.

## Children At Dusk

Moonlit Mountain View

The dawn will break through.

Paradise is here  
waiting for you.

The beast is asleep.  
Wake him up.

Let him chase you for fun.  
Run him out of breath.

You are endless  
in the endlessness.

The air cares for you.  
Obviously you are breathing.

Use it to clear your reality.  
Make it surreal.

Feel the wind of change  
blowing inside your heart,

# Justin Blackburn

blowing stars across  
the falling night sky,

the wind driving the cosmic karmic wheel,  
stand still in the wind and smile.

Do you feel like the sky?  
Do you feel like the earth?

A swirling promise of faraway colors  
and dreamy emotions,

a scattering of continuous cherub melodies  
in the endless caroling baby blue oceans.

The sky's love is golden.  
Millions of wishes appear there.

It is where all these poems will end up  
right now they are children at dusk.

In the image of the sky I sleep  
beneath a halo,

behind the sky I dream,  
a child sheltered by a rainbow.

Monte  
Smith

# Monte Smith



## *The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014*

Monte Smith is a writer, educator, and activist for social justice based in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Monte began his writing and activism in the late 1980's, working and writing literature for the revolutionary groups Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice (SHARP) and the Anti Racist Action (ARA).

In the 1990's, Monte created Third World Citizens, a Hip Hop collective that later spawned the careers of DJ Faust, DJ Klever, and DJ T-Roc. As a freelance music journalist, Monte worked as a frequent contributor for URB, SUBCULTURE, and HEADZ magazines. Over the years, Monte has interviewed Maxine Waters, Black Moon, Old Dirty Bastard, DJ Qbert, KRS 1, The Beatnuts, Smif n Wessun, Crazy Legs, Black Thought, Poet 99, Aceyalone, and AZ—to name a few.

A fearsome competitor on the slam circuit, Monte has won The Alabama Grand Slam, the Roanoke, Virginia Slam (twice in a row), and the infamous Rough Rhymes Competition. As a featured performer, Monte has headlined across the United States—from Atlanta to Boston to Los Angeles and back. His most notable performances include Mango's in Washington, D.C., and two performances at the world-famous Nuyorican Poets Café in NYC. He has also been a featured poet on Def Poetry Jam's website. In addition to featured performances, Monte has performed with Amiri Baraka, J-Live, Talib Kweli, Little Brother, Mr. Complex, DJ Vadim, Abstract Rude, Saigon, Tanya Morgan and El Da Sensei.

# Monte Smith

## Rural Junkie Blues

Round here, there's only one cat  
I know who's got pills, smoke and  
blow and if he doesn't answer his cell,  
I'm gonna pick up this 45

For real bro, I'd rather die than be  
un-high, or at least that's what the  
beast on my back tells me every time  
the money and high get low

God Damnit, why won't he answer the phone,  
if he would I could scratch,  
relax, but that's me dreaming again,  
fending again...

And when you're jonesin' twenty miles from town,  
that's all you can do,  
all thoughts leading back to the  
big question, why won't he answer  
the FUCKING phone?

I know I've called that muthafucka  
three thousand times today, like right  
now, *Ring- Ring- Ring*

Nothin'

He knows I don't have a ride, I don't  
even have a roach to cut the edge and  
believe me the edge is getting sharper  
by the second



*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014*

How you gonna call yourself a drug dealer and not  
answer the phone, fuck it  
I'm breaking rank, I'm calling his  
ass at home, *Ring-Ring-Ring*

FINALLY

“Damn man where the fuck you been,  
listen I need a dirty thirty and if you've  
got time stop by the liquor store and pick  
me up a pint of gi-...what'd you say?”

“TOMORROW”

***BANG!***

# Monte Smith

## From Public Assistance to Armed Resistance

I want my poetry to say things like...  
There is no political solution, what we need is  
Revolution.  
I want my poetry to have titles like...  
“From public assistance to armed resistance.”

I want my poetry to remind all of you of writing  
by candlelight.

If you're not writing to inspire a class war then  
what are you writing for?  
The economic change we're looking for is bigger  
than vouchers for the power bill and EBT.  
I've got a new plan for public assistance but who  
can stomach resistance?

Say after me...  
“We don't need welfare.  
We need shotguns.  
And I'm gonna bust my ass  
Until everybody's got one!”

The occupy movements are distractions.  
We need real calls of action.  
The front lines look more like an ad for a  
pop-culture-coffee-table book than a chance to hit back.  
Too many Starbucks-sponsored Trustafarians  
playing drums, too cool not to understand—  
that's not how rebels act.

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014*

Protests, banners and flowers are a waste of  
time and besides  
that's how the bloodlines want you to react—  
safe, orderly and non-threatening.

Why lie?  
You want change but you're not willing to die.

I know  
You think it's cool to wear a Che t-shirt,  
fuck getting hurt or going to jail for it.

That's why nothing will ever change  
until we change what we want,  
what we value,  
what we try.

I want my poetry to leave you thinking about  
life over materialism, life over capitalism, life  
over the great lie that you have to fuck people  
over in order to survive.

There is no order.

In the words of Bill...  
"It's just a ride!"

# Monte Smith

## Untitled

Green has turned to brown

And the once-busy now stands  
without a sound

The flocks didn't bloom in  
my garden this year

Nor did the yellowish mushrooms  
and my poisonous fears

Until recently

I've never had a problem  
with bugs

But not anymore

The insects have shrank in size  
and now stand aligned

Crawling one by one under  
my sliding glass door

Green has turned to brown

*The Year of the Poet ~ March 2014*

The grass is pushing against  
the sun in a half-dead mask

I can only think

It's a bitter taste when nature  
sets the stage for you not to  
last

# Monte Smith

## Robbing Me

My job is the only thing

Between my children

And the street

I can't help but think

My job is really a thief

Robbing me of time

To perfect the talent

Others say I have

Still

We got to eat

**Yeah, whatever, just pass the blunt!**

Since the origin of space and matter

The natural plight of man has yet to be  
truly explored

Due to society, we ignore any logic that  
would present all races as people first

Most people can't imagine the idea  
of living in a constant state of equality

Can you?

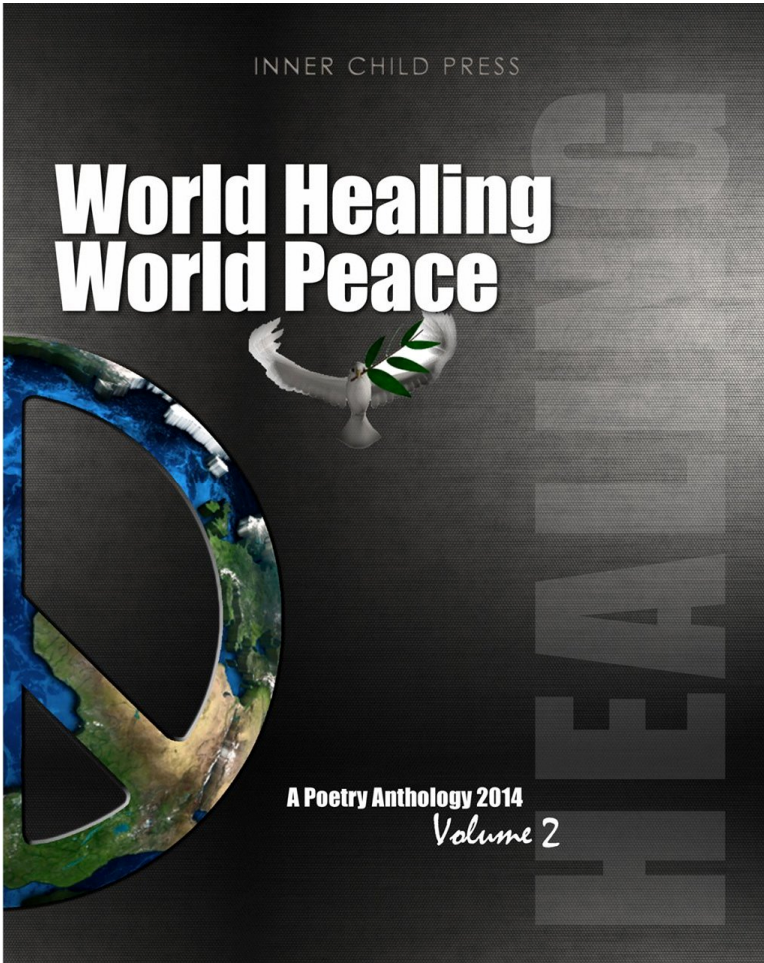
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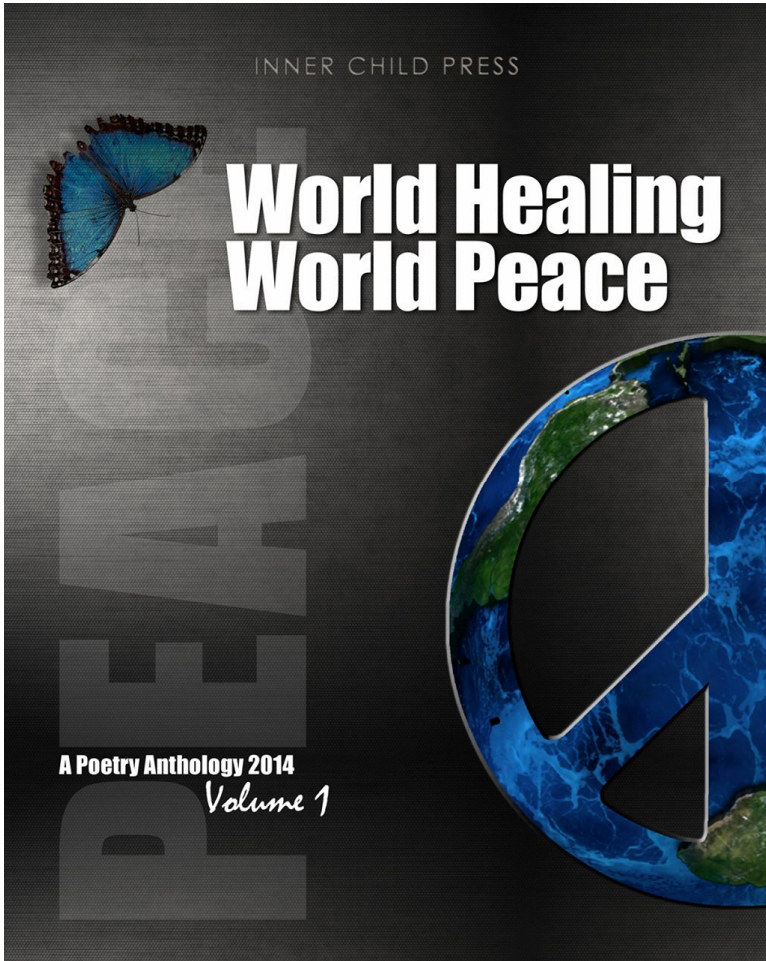
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March 2014

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June 'Bugg' Barefield  
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Tony Henninger  
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer  
Robert Gibbons  
Neetu Wali  
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daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz



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## the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

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### Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

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## The Year of the Poet January 2014



*Carnation*

### The Poetry Posse

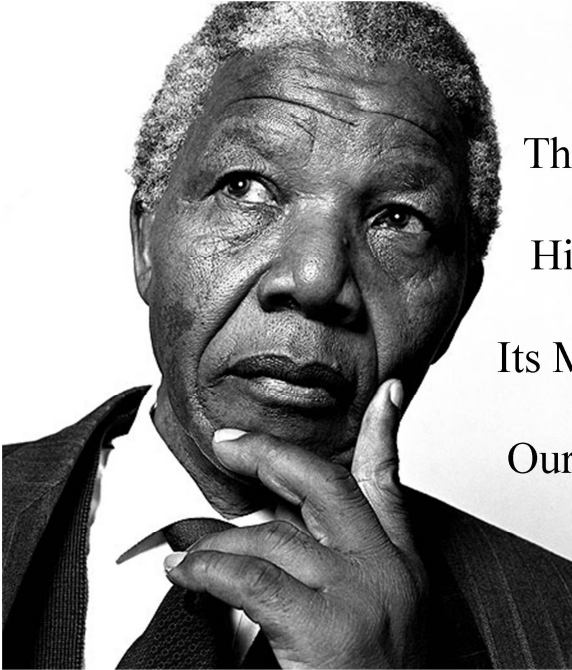
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### Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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# Mandela



The Man

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Its Meaning

Our Words

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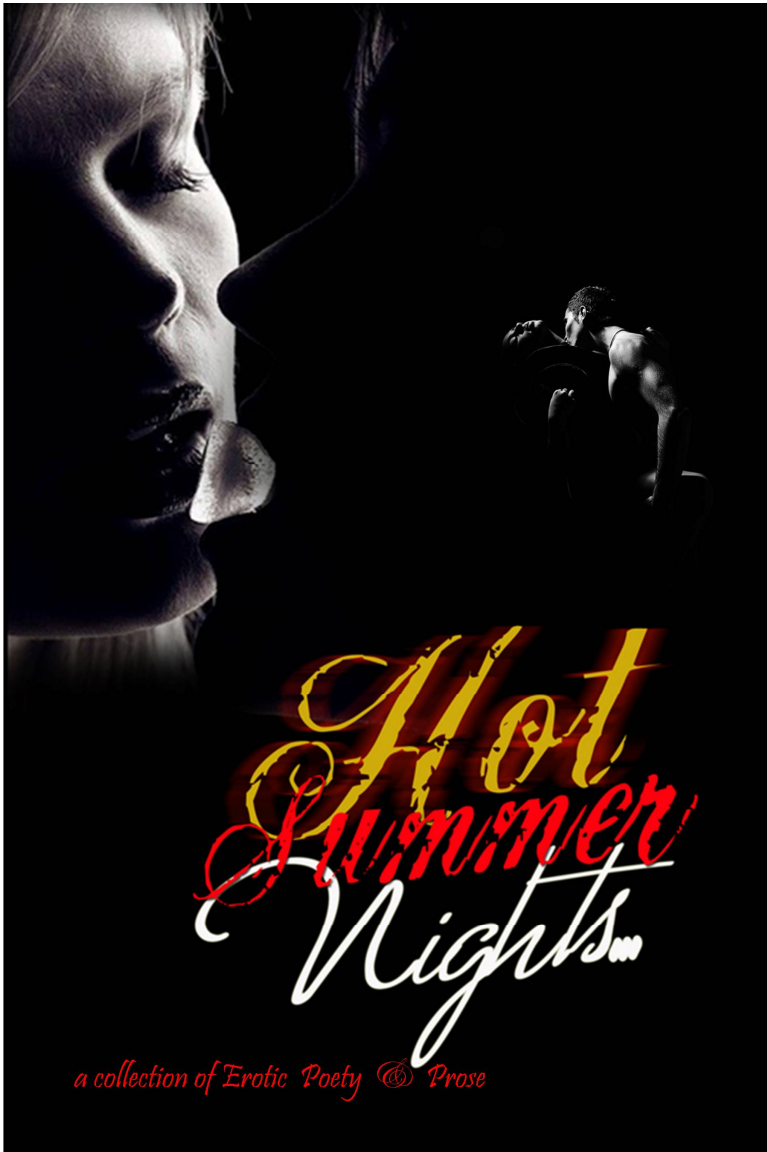
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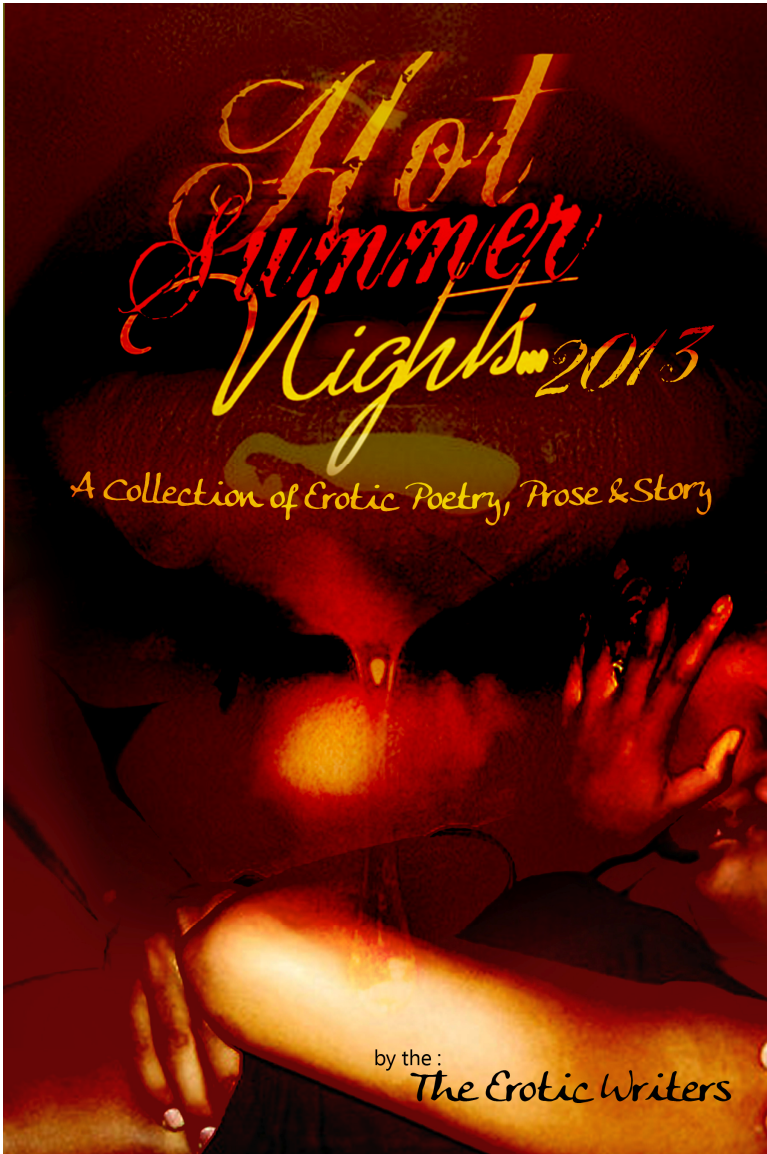


*Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories*

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**FINI**



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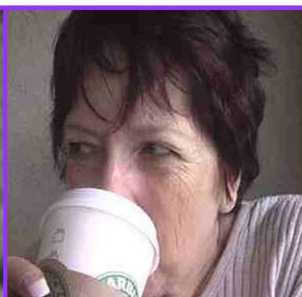


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## April's Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu \* Martina Reisz Newberry \* Justin Blackburn \* Monte Smith



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