The Year of the Poet VI

August 2019

Featured Poets

Shola Balogun * Bharati Nayak Monalisa Dash Dwibedy * Mbizo Chirasha



Southwest Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

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

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The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VI **August 2019 Edition**

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2019

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Table of Contents

Foreword	ix
World Healing World Peace 2020	xi
Preface	xiii
Artic Circumpolar	xvii

$T_{\text{he}}\,p_{\text{oetry}}\,p_{\text{osse}}$

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Tezmin Ition Tsai	25
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	33
Kimberly Burnham	41
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	47
Joe Paire	53
hülya n. yılmaz	59
Teresa E. Gallion	65

Table of Contents . . . continued

Ashok K. Bhargava	71
Caroline Nazareno	77
Swapna Behera	83
Albert Carassco	91
Eliza Segiet	97
William S. Peters, Sr.	103
Nugust Featured Poets	111
Shola Balogun	113
Bharati Nayak	119
Monalisa Dash Dwibedy	125
Mbizo Chirasha	133
Inner Child News	141
Other Anthological Works	163

Foreword

Southwest Asia, the westernmost region of Asia possesses a "crossroad of different cultures." The culture of Southwest Asia are most generally known as the cultures of the Middle East. The Arab World and Islamic World are the realm's two biggest cultural links.

Endowed with a rich history, several of the civilizations described by Arnold Toynbee in his survey of world history had their cradle in this exotic region. Many of the recorded events took place in towns like Jericho going back to 6800 B. C.

The great empires, Babylonian and the Assyrians, Persian Empires, and Arab Empire centered in Baghdad and Damascus, as well as that of the Turkish Ottomans.

The region consists of five largest ethnic groups: Arabs, Azebaijans, Kurds, Persians, and the Turks.

Many poems have been written as odes to the epic history enveloping the exotic region. The deserts alone make wonderful subjects depicting the desert nomads and their elusive, wandering way of life. Beautiful verses from the heart can be created after one discovers the melodramatic stories hidden in each place as accounts of time long gone resurface.

The Poetry Posse Family will take you to a beautiful cascade of memories and rhythmic compositions as we bring you with us to a delightful and enriching journey of the Arab World.

I hope you enjoy our diverse poetry offerings for this month of August.

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo International Author and Poet Philippines

World Healing, World Deace 2020 International Poetry Symposium

Dear Friends & Family . . . Poets, Poetry Lovers & Humanitarians

We are so excited at ICPI, Inner Child Press International, as we have begun to mobilize for the upcoming epic event of the 'World Healing, World Peace 2020 Poetry Symposium'. Our plans are set for April of 2020. This event will be held in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

We are now collecting names, emails and telephone numbers for all potential resources that can make this event a highly successful, and one of significance that will have a resounding effect on our world and humanity at large. We are also looking for volunteers who can assist us in many areas of facilitation in the planning, staging and execution phases. Going forward, we will be speaking with the business, government, foundation and the private sectors for funding, sponsorship and suitable venues. So, if you know anything, or know someone, we welcome your input and insights.

We will begin shortly to put together our international guest list.

Communicate with us via our email at:

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

or

intouch@innerchildpress.com

Visit our Web Site:

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Stay Tuned for the opening for submissions of World Healing World Peace 2020 Anthology. Opening for submissions September 1st 2019. All global citizens are welcome to submit. This anthology will be published and distributed April 2020.

Please share this information

Thank You

Inner Child Press International 'building bridges of cultural understanding'

www.innerchildpress.com

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now in our sixth year of publication. As are on our way to hitting another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, Trees and Past Cultures. This year we have elected to continue the

Cultural theme. In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



Southwest Asia

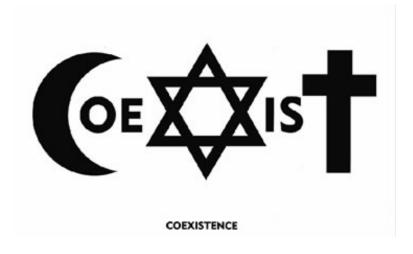


Southwest Asia is pone of the most culturally diverse regions on our planet. There are many expressions of the people's faith which is dominated by the 'big 3" . . . Islam, Judaism and Christianity. It can at times be a very tumultuous area due to these differences.

This vast area is a resource rich area with its oil reserves, gold and so much more. At some time in the past, party of this region now designated as Southeast Asia was actually considered to be a part of the African continent but politics ultimately had their way with the redrawing of lines to suit its purposes. There is no 1 particular heritage one could attribute to this region of our world, for it appears to be more of a melting pot of many cultures who have passed through the regions due to trade, migration, religious, political and otherwise. For more information, please visit the following link.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Western Asia









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 . . .







The World Healing, World Peace

International Poetry Symposium

Stay Tuned

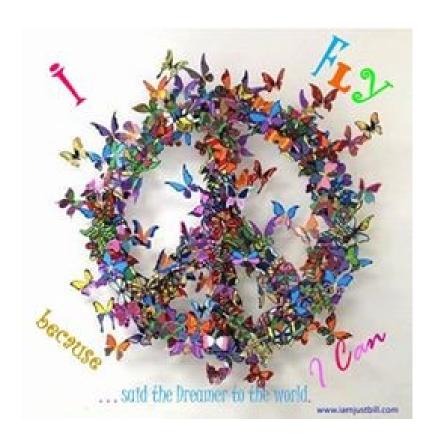
for more information

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp



Gail Weston Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet VI ~ August 2019

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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

Gail Weston Shazor

SiStars

I had always been told
That you too had been abandoned
Deep in the jungle
I wonder about your green canopied life
And I wonder if you wonder
About my green oak tree one
Lining the gravel road
In this deep forest of forgottenness

Our mothers could be twins
Separated at birth by Sam
That unforgiving uncle
Who found just one more reason
To be divisive
In our family, connected
His son, no more than a pawn
Without a reason save greed

He sent him to the bosom of
The Philippines
Japan
Korea
Vietnam
To seek the solace from the horror
From which he knew marked
His evermore

Where are you, my sister? Now that we no longer bear The pressure of uncle's need To keep us separated...

The Year of the Poet VI ~ August 2019

Portals

We have forgotten the how of things You and i And it is only recently That we can't find our way I hold your hand in the dark And we wander Like this Hands clasped tight to miss falls And sometimes we forget The what of things also Glasses become slippers And windows, Maybe a fork in the road Of memory To sit and wait On things to return to us Or for them to be divinely revealed In the cast of moonlight I offer a blanket and A cup of tea To replace that which we search for That is not found **Tonight** Or last night But we hold out hope for tomorrow For the finding So that you may rest better and sooner I watch you breathe So shallow rise and fall But I must be sure that you are For that is what I wait for Every night

Gail Weston Shazor

And I take note of the time In a diary to capture the things shared For the days grow long As the memories disappear The silences more pronounced As you ponder silently The times gone And you forget to share them With me I read quietly all that I have missed Of your life Cementing them in my dreams Of unspoiled landscapes And colors All the while noticing that My hands have become yours I revel in their working Of needle and thread Yarn and Flour And my memory is Your hand Guiding mine I know that I may soon pass Into the loss And my daughter and I Will take to Walking The night For the forgotten things.

The Year of the Poet VI ~ August 2019

The measure of a woman...

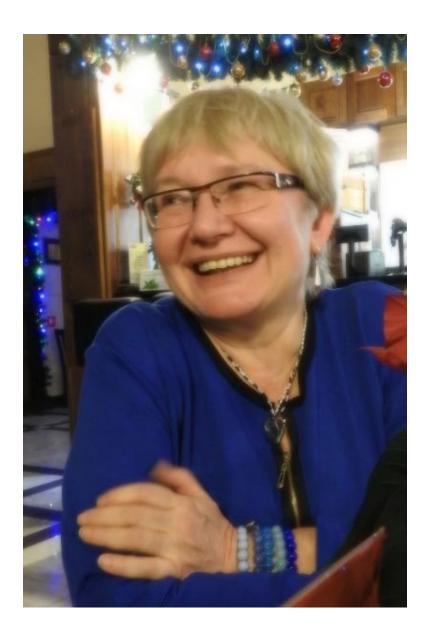
What's the measure of a woman Is it the way we move To unheard music Or carry the pain of indifference Under our skin Can you add weight to My fingertips To make me more sorrowful Or even hold me to A standard that you cannot Bear the wanting of Are my feelings not valid In the day to day moments Of the reconciliation of Intentional hurts by others That you view as histrionics And thus the measure of wanting Sits squarely on my shoulders Should I bite my tongue Is my waist too wide Or my shoulders too broad And how do you measure The pressure of a spine Bent under hateful words Mitigated by the humor And gentleness required To hold your hand when You need it Some folks say we should Be this smart So I can fly to the moon And still make cornbread On the way back down

Gail Weston Shazor

Fallen Short Where is the hope written In the stars That you would love me Just because I am worthy And not measured against Another ideal of what is Attractive Why is the measure Of a woman Why is my measure As a woman And please tell me Where I fall short Of being beautiful and desired What is the measure of a woman And will you let the Maker know Of his latest failure So that I can Be born again

Alicja Maria Kubçrska

Alicja Maria Kuberska



The Year of the Poet VI ~ August 2019

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

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

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

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

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

Alicja Maria Kuberska

War in the Middle East

Memories like grains of sand, during a storm in the desert, swirled violently in the mind. They hit hard, hurt badly.

Sight wanders around a desolate city.

I remember, there was a school there and next to it a library and a flower shop.

The huge holes remained in the ground after them, surrounded by the black stumps of the burnt trees.

Silence spills with a wide stream through the empty streets and ashes.

It settles like dust on the broken glass.

Birds flew away, the absent inhabitants fell silent. Sometimes the wind wails among the ruins and then as the echo the whistle of falling bombs comes back.

In a surviving building without a wall, like on a great theatrical scene of life, an old man is sitting alone and reading a book. Hunger and fear have driven neighbors away. He did not run away and became a guardian of hope.

Poor people suffer and die. Politicians speak beautifully about peace, about democracy and human rights. Businessmen count the big profits from the sale of weapons.

The vampires raise above the oil fields to swab the last drop of black blood from the tormented desert land.

Blue planet

I have this image of our beautiful planet in my mind. This blue gem shines in the darkness of the universe. It is a wonderful cradle of plants, animals, people and was described as a paradise in the ancient stories.

I woke up terrified when this happy dream ended. The green lungs of the Amazon have shrunk and the world suffers from shortness of breath. The vast ocean waters are covered with a thick layer of plastic and the genetically modified plants do not pour seeds onto the soil.

I ask a man:

"Do you know what it will be tomorrow?

Did you forget who you are and where you come from?

Why did you recant your mother-Earth?"

You keep talking about money, profits, prosperity. You draw the bars and worry about future incomes. Instead of a dot at the end of your long lecture, I saw one horrible word - *death*.

Alicja Maria Kuberska

On the Border of Dream

I fell asleep. And walked from reality to fantasy. The subconscious put together a mosaic Made from feelings, memories, dreams.

I do not know who I really am. I float lightly upwards
To penetrate a glass blue sky.
I touch the black space during
My journey to distant galaxies.

Sudden anxiety and vision of the future Bring me back to the Earth. I fall down with crazy speed.

Your touch stopped and saved me. We met in Eden, ate the prohibited apples. Then you gave me your hand And we soared together among the stars.

You whispered
That you were waiting for me a long time.
You said – "I love you"
Is this Chagall's painting,
Or just you and me?

I do not know how you entered. My eyelids were closed. Reality? Dream?

Jackiç Pavis Allen

Jackie Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

Jackie Davis Allen

History, In The Making

Was it even plausible, Conceivable, for a Chinese couple To think of escape? Of stowing away in a ship's belly?

Determined, two dreamed Of hiding amongst trunks, baskets, As part of the cargo, fleeing China. And, the revolution.

Was it possible that this couple, From Peking, highly educated, Both with advanced degrees Would succeed?

Or, that warmed, protected By blanket's welcome Of legality, they would In fact, become USA citizens?

And, what were the odds That we would become friends? Or that, the political situation Would change, in their favor?

Was it possible diplomatic relations Would reawaken? Indeed, hands On each side of the ocean, in 1972, Threw open the doors!

A dream realized, to China, They flew! Returning, however, To their home in the USA. History was In the midst of the making!

Carried back from Peking, Thoughtfully, purchased and gifted To me, most generously, A treasured cloisonné vase.

Like a narrative poem,
They Chinese, I American,
We share and are
A part of each other's history.

Jackie Davis Allen

We Are Offended

Oh, the fortitude
Of the minds
That make up the congress
Of a politico's cause.

Its seasons are indeterminate, Yet admiration is conveyed By the number of dollars and cents With which votes are purchased.

It is an offensive position That is recorded in history's ledger, Where the brilliance Of insight, of that which is right

Finds neither its persuasive image In the mirror of truth, But instead, finds itself defaced By the media's meddling.

A New Day Is On Its Way!

Have you risen at the break of day, Seen the sun rise between the sky scrapers, The city streets slick and wet

> With the shadows of heels clicking? See how they meander here and there On the way to the day awaiting.

Over the air-ways, intelligence streaming, A confusing combination of left, of right leanings, Communistic Demagogs vs Constitutionalists.

With considerable assertion, they Act as if they know it all. Always. They condemn those who believe differently.

Idealogues, dittoheads, so rude, they are charlatans, A mob of xenophobes, it so appears, ones Who advocate, support, criminal activity.

Oh, most foul are they who incite violence.
All the winsome faces are pleading. Even
As hope climbs the rope to safety, it strengthens.

And of the plight of the meek, like a butterfly, Some traditional ones have ceased to fight. They seek only to live in peace.

So too the plight of the worker bees. Are they waiting behind the trees, So as to erect a historical frieze?

Hang now a wreath of remembrance To commemorate the demise of those Who radically support illegality, dissidents.

Jackie Davis Allen

Of probability's reason, do the zealots not Sit in the saddle of responsibility Encumbered with a lack of common sense?

Let us overcome delusion's consequence And unload the burden that contains the weight Of the dismissive, the offensive socialists.

> Good morning America! Good morning! Have you not heard a new day is here? It is time to turn away from the protagonists.

And marching to the band, with those whose Rhythm calms the heart, pray that that faction casts Down its recriminations and regrets.

Step out in faith! In truth! Bravely accept That the best is yet to be. Choose now to reject The demagogues and their propagandizing efforts.

Beware! Lest your demise arrive to seize The spirit of your soul. Rise up, stand up! Celebrate the revitalization of our nation.

> Seize the opportunity to enjoy participation In a new direction, a new season to breathe In the progress from a growing economy.

See how the grass is growing greener? See how the branches of trees are reaching Out to welcome all who cherish America?

> Happy are the citizens, no matter the color! They ring out and touch the soul of law abiders, With insight. With constitutional perspective.

Fill the air with a fragrance of loyalty, One far beyond and away from hysteria's Shrieks and the spurious shouts

Of the derisive, the divisive. Of course, They serve as deterrents to those who see through

The fabrications of malcontents.

So, let us celebrate life and the day of recognition! Let us jump for joy as we bask in the sunlight Of a job well done. And, may we choose

> To pocket colors green, silver and copper For the day, when from discernment's Commonsense, we raise our banners high.

Let us lift up our voices in unison, choosing To ignore the clamor of those who Would shout us down.

> Let us stand on the truth, forging ahead! Let us praise the Almighty. A new day is here. More are on the way!

Jackie Davis Allen

Tzemin Ition Tsai

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member.

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

Tzemin Ition Tsai

Psalms in Soldier's Arm

Footprints stampeded,
How many brother's bloods be stepped on?
Battle cries reached to the sky.
Attacking, Attacking, Shouting with the horn sounds.
The clouds were so deep.
The moon was so dark.
A single page can never write down completely.
How the bayonet was deeply scribed,
Psalms in Soldier's Arm.

Across the river in front,
Looking at the enemy stationed on the other side.
A fight imagery for the life-and-death
uprush and sudden well up in my heart.
Looking back,
I could saw the road has been covered up in the fog.
Why was I here,
my mind completely goes blank.

Besides on the first page, it has been etched deeply the epitaphs of the soul. The collection of poems left on the road, were described those white rose petals belong to late autumn here and there. Sprinkling along the way, those extremely tranquil seeds. Never let The psalms intoxicated in soldier's arm.

In My Dream, The Rainbow Never Sleep

Time passes

Try to maintain the same lengths of the grid
Such serenity does not contradict Einstein's cognition
A mountain edge touches the sunset
Cold in the red-hot
When the first light is covered
Driving the distant color clouds
Bringing down drizzle constantly
The light that penetrates the top corner of the window
Stretching at different angles of refraction
Arch bridge-like a rainbow
Call the colored dragon to ring
My window that never closed

Sitting on the dragon's dorsal fin
Tight scales protect me from pain
That silhouette soars up into the sky just like lightning
Just all of a sudden comes on the top of the rainbow
Smoothly

Such as Newton's ideal world can't find the friction Only that fine silk clothing

Which

Makes every effort to shout in the air In an attempt to prevent the falling down of the figure With equal acceleration

To reach the terminal speed detached from the surface

When I fall in at the bottom of the clouds Pray that gravitation will not forsake me The quality is a very customary joke Perhaps Only let myself return to the dream again

Tzemin Ition Tsai

Can no longer hear
Galileo's boast
Break through Aristotle's defense with wisdom
Where can I find?
The illusion of literature
Where to find scientific endorsement

That Clouds On Top Of The Valleys

Out of the window
The white layer upon layer
Are that clouds or fogs?
Causing waves of debate
That cup of tea old friends handed up
The cup is boiling hot and small
A burst of light white smoke
Did not cause anybody's attention
We two can only occupy the corner to feel ourselves
wronged, produce a forced smile

In this halfway up the mountain
Not high enough
Even the immortals are disdain to stay
That is the outside of the window
The wind rolled over and over again
Gone up
The people full of the house is only chasing out
All the cheers
Were kidnapped by the camera on the neck
In the panic, gradually away from
Gradually away from among the noisy

That corner
Even more lonely
We both look at each other to drink
Completely indifferent
That tea kettle
Has long been cooling
We found the answer in silence
Obviously
That the whole white vast out of the window
Are clouds but not
fogs

Tzemin Ition Tsai

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd

Shareef Abdur Rasheed



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

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

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

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

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

Shargef Abdur Rashged

Peace Piece

Middle East where tormoil never cease lands of righteous predecessors from prophets(aws) who warned to believers scorned European crusaders came along take Jerulsalam, their song Adam, Ibrahim, Ismail, Isaq, Yaquob, Lut, Shuayb, Yusef, Musa, Daoud, Sulaiman, Yahya, Isa, Muhammad peace and blessings be upon them all gave the message all "Only one(1) creator worthy of worship " that's all revealed Torah, Zaboor, Injeel, Qur'an This was the lands they all walked upon Sham, Syria, Egypt, Sini, Palestine, Turkey, Jordan, Arabia, Yemen, Lebanon these were the lands revelation came down upon the books revealed for mankind to stay upon Middle East lands of the most sacred Makkah, Madinah, Jerulsalam (Qutz) but also beasts, evil never ceased dem who come to cause mayhem, mischief (fitnah) to destroy any semblance of peace so much spirituality but also perpetual war ever since between divine morals and Shaitan's (Satan's) influence immorality to destroy the moral fiber of humanity

since time memorial until today it remains the same way where there's righteousness evil also exist as a test to who will submit and uphold or who will rebel and oppose in this Middle East has been signs throughout time and yet still more to come look for the black flags of qurasoun and Isa's (aws) return

food4thought = education

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

motherload

dem vie for whole pie dem willing to die in the try dem live only for riches dem sons of B!+ch\$\$\$ never a day free of itchs for whatever comes their way with lots of digits dem really dig it

motherload..,

the one that make dem juices flow nothing else matters yo honesty, compassion, loyalty, humility got to go all dem want is dough can dem take it with them when dem go **HELLS NO!** yet you can bet that's the place dem go what a price to pay for some dough that won't be worth nothing in the end friend, no mo

food4thought = education

X pectations

of wonderment adornment embellished by divine artistry captivates me for the sake of he who created me why do humans destroy desecrate sacred ornaments? adornment majestically coordinated, orchestrated not without purpose, benifit enhance quality of life so amazing disarms ability to describe adequately words fail to so how can you? yes this and more cannot explain thus beyond capacity of human brains yet with all this incredible beauty designed and delivered flawlessly mankind violates repeatedly, lawlessly although they benifit by that which they destroy even deny existence of he who created all of it including humanity? explain this to me please how it's all a accident

food4thought = education

Shargef Abdur Rashged

40

Kimberly Burnham

Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, appreciated Kimberly Burnham beauty. Then ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, 33 years later, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham

Kimberly Burnham

Stolen Peace Offering

There is a word in Balochi spoken in Iran and Pakistan makes me wonder what is mine what is stolen what kind of peace is sustained by an offering

"Muhnt" means a share not all — only a share of stolen property restored to the owner as a peace offering

And I wonder how often I am guilty taking something using it as if it is mine not feeling enough to give back a share

Of this earth I sense do I take too much give back enough and when I do is it "muhnt"

Altic Roots of Sleeping Peaceful In Clean Air

Peace is a variation on "am" to be quiet or sleep in Tungus-Manchu Mongolian and Turkic

In Proto Mongolian "amu" or "ami" takes on rest peace and quiet the Russian "мир" or "mir" means peace but loses sleep

Descending from there
"amuxulaŋ" and "amara"
Mongolian peace
but also breathe easy
as if peace puts more oxygen into the air

In Kalmuck "amyūləŋ" also breathe and in Mogol "amūdu'i" is alive as if deep sleep gentle peace and clean air are the stuff bringing us alive

Kimberly Burnham

Turkish Namaste

"Namaste" is peace in Southern Zazaki spoken in Turkey highlighting the people's Sanskrit roots

"Silam" similar to the Hebrew
"shalom" or Arabic "salam"
also means peace to these people of Turkey
an acknowledgement of Semitic influences

"Namaste" symbolic of green spinning heart chakras a divine light within the place we can connect in peace with each other

I greet that place within you which is love light and life when I am in place and you are we are not separate

I honor the place in you where the entire universe resides within me we are one united

Clizabeth Castillo

Clizabeth Esguerra Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Clizabeth Esguerra Castillo

Bedouins

Heirs of glory-Nomadic people of the Arabian desert the sundry maladies Taking flight into the night Disparaged desert life Savoring mem'ries of aromatic wormwood Bedouins-Noble desert roamers Enduring the unforgiving climate From the vast wasteland To the desert highway-Dwelling in their beit a-sha'ar Their constant wandering terhal Taught them the value of hospitality No matter how harsh desert life is No traveller is turned away.

Zephyr

I am not of this world and I am evolving,
My soul is a spark in the Universe
Traveling in the speed of light years,
As I am ahead of my time.
A zephyr bringing a gentle touch
Summoning lost souls to ignite,
And light the amber
Rekindle the flame.
The enchanting echoes of the se,a
Calling forth fairies from the other world
Sprinkling pixie dusts to an ailing humanity
Bringing hope to wandering hearts.
The zephyr that I am brushes your cheeks each time,
Crooning sweet melodies, music that is so sublime
I am beyond your imagination taking you to oblivion.

Clizabeth Esguerra Castillo

Fragile

- I have often seen innocent angels roaming the streets at night
- Young vagabonds loitering dark alleys, scavengers searching for the light,
- Tattered clothes, soiled feet, with eyes that question their mere existence
- Young bloods, lost souls in need of careful attention and sustenance.
- Fragile bodies crossing the roads, stopping cars to beg for money
- Abandoned by some ruthless families, in the dark they hide their agony,
- Some abused, maltreated by society who should be the first to care
- Fallen angels seeking for the truth behind their helpless state.
- Famish, greasy children pitifully sleeping on the cold pavement
- It was not their choice to be born and suffer in such sad predicament,
- Oh, God lay down your mercy on them and let them have the taste of life they were deprived
- These precious one whom You adore, let your Light guide them and help them survive.

Jog Pairg

Joe Paire



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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Joe Paire

MENA

I want to explore your meaning
I want to export your resources
as voices from before imprint the sand
Jerusalem, Mecca with just a speck of Cairo
How often if ever,
have you traveled beyond your back door

I want to follow the foot path of belief
I want a dip in the red sea and pray to starry skies
Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia it's people
Live lives just like you or I how do you see them
Close your eyes
You'll hear the same laughter
The same cries for forgiveness
Humanity isn't on a map, it's how you live it

Page Filler

It was hot this day just not from the Sun Fires from disenfranchised souls burned the flesh We were all chard in this melting pot of humanity All of a sudden we were the same All of our differences went up in flames Discussions turned into discussions There was still home pride There was still homefield advantage The Planet had finally come together as one Diversity came in it's true form A dog was still a dog, it rained in the summer Winter remained cold but Love Man love; it went from fenced in borders To love lived as it was written Names had no more claim Action was the thing Who we are is what we do A bad act could no longer be identified as a group Music was judged by the sound, still true But the few that chose color as a standard Had no other choice except to accept What was already commanded

Joe Paire

Here We Are

What comes after a life filled with labor Do you savor the days fishing Or wishing you could turn back time What are nest eggs and investments Are you now confessing you never had a plan I'm not talking stocks and 401k's I'm talking about how you spend your days Do you have time now with labor out of the way Do you rise on reflex or rise with reflection This life is more than a three day weekend Receding hairlines thicker bellies Here we are so tell me are the flowers more fragrant Now that there's more time to smell them Children, what will you tell them teach them Is this the point where you finally meet them If they're not already gone, was labor an excuse A ruse an avoidance from parental employment Or is it just what expected, pure enjoyment

hülya n. yılmaz

hülya n. yılmaz



A retired Liberal Arts professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, and a literary translator. Her poetry has been published in an excess of sixty anthologies of global endeavors. Two of her poems are permanently installed in *TelePoem Booth*, a nation-wide public art exhibition in the U.S. She has shared her work in Kosovo, Canada, Jordan and Tunisia. hülya has been honored with a 2018 WIN Award of British Colombia, Canada. She is presently working on three poetry books and a short-story collection. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Writing Web Site hulyanyilmaz.com

Editing Web Site hulyasfreelancing.com

hülya n. yılmaz

Yemen

Oh, little angels of Yemen, What is our world doing to you?

A "Human Rights Watch" has been out and about, Traveling on our radar with ear-piercing cries for too long, Trying to get our callous attention to listen to your plight, Yet too many of us treat ourselves to a cowardly flight, For that plane promises not to stop by any areas of conflict. It will leave us intact inside and in peace forevermore While we preserve our ever-so-precious comfort zone.

Thousands of you and your mothers, fathers,
Brothers, sisters, grandmothers, grandfathers,
Uncles, aunts, great uncles, great aunts
And undefined, unnamed guardians
Have been killed in less than a year.
6,872 butchered and 10,768 injured as of 2018.
"The actual civilian casualties are likely much higher",
Say many a source and add frightening numbers
As for those of you who have been displaced
Because of the fighting in your land. Not to
Neglect to mention how millions of you, not thousands
Suffer from starvation and lack of survival care.

Oh, little angels of Yemen, How grave your suffering must be!

The masterminds of the killing machines: Saudi Arabia and the USA. Should you survive the murdering fields . . . Remember. Remember and write. Next generations must know How merciless we have been to you all.

not here

hearing the fireworks at Niagara Falls thinking of war zones overcasting the globe bombs, grenades, exterminated lives, blood, much blood, unimaginable pain and utter fear seeing is believing, says this language root yet soul's eyes pierce the empirical sees through and through meets it all eye to eye and takes it all in loud and clear there is so much suffering in open sight that the mind freezes up, crawls back to its womb the heart is helpless in its despair and woes

hülya n. yılmaz

Killing Our Children

A U.S. President of deservedly high honor States his following insight of respected fame: "We will not learn how to live together in peace By killing each other's children."

Oh you, Honorable Mr. President,
Oh you, Honorable Jimmy Carter!
What is it that we are learning
In these indescribably dark times?
Why have we shamelessly forgotten
To feel responsible for our own shame?
We are killing our children by the thousands.
We are orphaning those who somehow survive.
Our dark history unavoidably will come back
To haunt us no matter how much we would want to revive
The "good ol' days" of the "good ol' US of A",
And before the rest of the world's eyes,
It will tear us apart piece by piece.

Unless . . . we begin to strive for peace
To abandon our cruelest ways, our fatal lies
And the murderous inventions we eagerly create
In order to kill the only innocent among us: our children . . .

Tgrgsa C. Gallion

Teresa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

Teresa E. Gallion

The Pink City

You are an ancient marvel that disappeared for many centuries. Sheltering a history as a major trade route filled with chaos, wealth and beauty. You were exposed to the world again in 1812.

Your reemergence led to distinguished titles: World Heritage Site in 1985, one of the new Seven Wonders of the World in 2007. Sheltered in the remote desert mountains of Jordan, you are the Country's treasure.

Your carved rose-red sandstone rock facades, became even more known around the world because of Indiana Jones.

As a heavily visited tourist attraction, Homo Sapiens come from all over planet earth to experience your natural splendor and eloquence. Will we love you to death Petra?

Fire Danger

Driving on the interstate an exit and left turn leads to a welcome sign: Cibola National Forest.

Bright yellow reflects high fire danger today. A familiar sign in recent years.

The sky hordes its water blossoms. Evergreens hang onto life. Perseverance is a character trait of the big trees.

The undergrowth waits for the flames of nature to use them to season the soil.

Teresa C. Gallion

Sacred Howl

Out of the sea she howls and it is heard all the way to the sky.

.

An Angel reaches and pulls her to the clouds,

drops her on dry land amidst sculptures impossible to define or describe.

Walk in the belly of the rock. Feel the harmony of God's sacred paintings.

There is no need for words to explain as understanding swims through the veins.

What a blessing to experience the power of a sacred howl.

Ashok K. Bhargava

Ashok K. Bhargava



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

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

Ashok K. Bhargava

Sweet Salt

Looking out the window joy persists everything outside gives me a spark a collaborative work farmhands planting rice seedling in the knee-deep water the day is long.

The timelessness serene beauty overflows all along the highway a blue sky and stiff lipped trees blinking at infinity.

Only one thing one distraction what would be for dinner tonight?

Sour vinegar, hot chilies or fish sauce for the boiled rice?

Stepping out from the bus: the salt from sweat makes the skin stick. I love to ride A/C bus.

Typhoon Track

Trapped in the middle of nowhere In a dark and soggy hut.

No choice except to wait out the typhoon.

All night at a hesitant place our bodies burn.

I become a wick you the oil.

Carefully we cup the flicker whole night long.

We churn with the raging typhoon until the dawn yields the nectar of life.

We leave, alone as newly awakened souls.

Ashok K. Bhargava

Haiku

- 1. silvery mirror shadows of my past old house besides river Nile
- 2. drips of rain sound of temple bells the spirit of childhood
- 3. overwhelming imagination crowds and pyramids the ancient game of powerplay
- 4. the sand dune gardens buses shuttle the blues busy like bees
- 5. sun rises the world we live in blooms

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno

Carolin 'Ceri' Nazareno



Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, born in Anda, Pangasinan known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, journalist, editor, publicist, linguist, educator, and women's advocate.

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen's Initiatives Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

Carolin 'Ceri' Nazareno

geographic brain

we both explored the land, the water and the air of our breathing tanks; as we embrace differences we are both webbing history from here to your place,

we both exist in the terrestrial circuits of our body fluids, up and down, or circling in gravitational laments and poetic climes

we revolt in wilderness like thunder and storm time after time, we popple in the landscape of memories

the miracle that we are

you become the voice in a spun of moment the scene of infected vibe to a soul belter.

you come in my mind, exquisite lush of green, your charm send me nature, revival, and peace.

you are present in the dew drops when my mind is drenched in the miracle of seconds.

now hold my hand, as we count the numberless stars we shine together, every time our eyes meet.

Carolin 'Ceri' Nazareno

Rise and believe

you are more than mapping gates of possibilities, spawning on the globe's eyes, sifted by time and pressure, you become pearls, in the wide ocean of wonders. as i stretch my arms to reach you, unzip the warring spheres of shadows and luminescence, i frequently speak to vermilion stars, that i rise to believe in greatness.

Swapna Behera

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India .She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017.. She is the recipient of Gold Cross Of Wisdom Award, the medal for The Best Teachers of the World from World Union of Poets in 2018, and The LIfe time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BiHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018 .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan 2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati, the administrator of several poetic groups, the member of the Special Council of Five of World Union of Poets and the Cultural Ambassador of Inner Child Press U.S.

Swapna Behera

The Saga of Konark....

the majestic spine of time the paramount temple on the shore of Chandrabhaga peeping to the arcane sky the fostered skill of twelve hundred artisans ardent magic of their lost youth and visions the fragrant perfume of their sweats, salty tears of their wives transferred stones into an epic the liberated soulful cadence the euphoria of their bloody fingers Aah! their stooping bones their onerous fingers beating the anvils the crinkles on their faces sublime structures images on the stones the mammoth monolithic structures of elephant men, lion or erotica the oscillating eye pupils of those artists like the pendulum of time somewhere whispers the vintage history the aftermath of long twelve years the poking passions fiery fire of their damsels, their oily hair far off in the villages garlanding the cuddles of nights murmuring water witnessing the miracle the provoking psychic flickering primeval heartbeats synchronising anvils condense the abstract mystic figures

thou art glued on the wheel of time
rain and wintry sleepless nights
the twelve stone wheels
pulled by seven horses
Oh! the monarch of time
the epitome of Kalinga architecture
humbly bent towards the East
to receive the first sun ray of the dawn

the profiles of Sun promises;
the healer of all impurities
the proximity of promises
the tinkling tricks
made you so grandeur
the dazzling saffron Sun
the blisters axiom
singing the saga of time
in the horizon

note:

Chandrabhaga is the name of a river Konark is the Sun Temple of Odisha in India Kalinga is the ancient name of Odisha state in India

Swapna Behera

The Figure of A Pagan

his eclipsed aura
above
the horizon
or
behind him
on
the debris
or
on the flowers

his rhymes sustain
in
aftermath
engraved in words
his outline is reborn
on
every traffic square

he speaks in silence writes the unseen his blood sparkles in dark

HE is a pagan the voice

The Last Smoke Of A Chimney

here hangs the clothes on the strings there lies the basket of eggs the hen sitting on it was cooked by the soldiers long before

the kitchen is smoke free the corn fields burnt the girls raped; pregnant teenaged girls carrying unknown faces, unspoken bruises in their nipples seized their lips

the granny looks at the sky
for the first shower of smoke free sky
her ears alert
not to get the sound of the land mine explosions
the land became holes
the last song of a wounded soldier echoes
the country is only a boundary in the hearts
but can the smoke have any border line

each kitchen chimney speaks love
may it be in any refugee tent
or in a kurdish village
or in yezidi schools
each child needs love and care
each Malala needs a school and not a bullet
each woman needs dignity
each refugee camp needs water and food

Swapna Behera

the last smoke of a kitchen chimney bleeds and cries for the first cease fire of any ethnic wars coz each migration is so painful may it be for life or in death

Malala Yousafzai, is the recipient of 2014 Nobel Peace Prize at the age of 17 who stayed in the Swat valley in Khyber, North West of Pakistan. She was shot by the Talibans but she survived. She is the human right activist. Kurdish are the ethnic groups of people of Kurdistan Yazidi are ethnic groups of people of Northern Iraq

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Albert 'Infinite' Carassco



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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Albert 'Infinite' Carasseo

The Middle East

18 countries, 60 languages.

Many religions temples and parishes.

As-salamu alaikum

Wa alaikum assalaam
peace be with you.

And upon you be peace.

That's an Arabic Islamic greeting,
In the Middle East.

Sand surrounding pyramids in Egypt,

Skyscrapers pierce the sky in Dubai,

The great mosque of mecca in Saudi Arabia,

The Cairo Citadel are just a few of many beautiful visuals.

Some travel through deserts on camels,

Some drive through cities in expensive cars
and pets, they own exotic animals.

Manifestation

Infinite's a urban poetic titan, I lived what's written and spoken. My rhymes derived from poverty and from being on the frontline of white crime to end hard times. I can tell you how it is to be broke, how to cook, stretch, chop and shave coke, how easy it is to lose your life when you see death approaching and you choke, how hard it is to cope living without a homie after gun smoke and how it feels to have stacks on stacks, jewels and low pros under a shinny coat. I'm from the Bronx, the east part, Castle Hill, the big park, projects, shooters, hustlers, fiends and c-ciphers, that's trap art. When I'm on stage you're looking at and hearing a legend in his prime, a veteran of the boy and girl grind, a survivor... I fought hard to make sure the monitor attached to me didn't flatline after getting hit two times. I'm not looking for fame, everybody knows me, I'm not looking to be under the lime light, I appreciate my privacy so I stay low key.

I came to share my eye sores, because what my eyes saw will open minds more, I've seen it all before, I've seen em ball, I've seen em fall, get placed in the floor and a lifetime of dining in a chow hall. My bars are manifestations of my visions.

Albert 'Infinite' Carasseo

Results

I rolled with boss nikkas as we built home base, I understood that when shit got established some will want to franchise and run their own place. The entire team had the same dream, I know because we shared them chasing cream. We was in the trenches on the park benches imagining ourselves living in cribs with a few acres surrounded by gates or fences. We was hustling hard, 365 days a year no days off unless we was locked up, on the run or recouping from gettn shot up. The grind took all our time. Everything was done as a unit, all the PC went into one pot, we lived by the phrase... we all we got. From boys to men, we grew. From rags to riches, we blew. Everybody is dip, necks and wrist dripped, stood with something foreign and stick, riddn shotty was something thick. We done came up in the bricks. Life was good great.

It would've stood that way but some wanted their own block and color of purée, I knew the outcome of that from watching the OG's play, I explained that it'll be best to stay but I didn't want to stand in their dreams way, no matter what I had their back, Vayas con dios like gangsters say, the end result was always bars or death from gun play.

.

Cliza Søgiøt

Cliza Segioet



After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

With specific regard to her creative writings, the author describes herself as being torn in her passion for engaging in two literary genres: Poetry and Drama. A similar dichotomy from within is reflected on Segiet's own words about her true nature: She likes to look at the clouds, but she keeps both of her feet set firmly on the ground.

The author describes her worldview as being in harmony with that of Arthur Schopenhauer: "Ordinary people merely think how they shall 'spend' their time; a man of talent tries to 'use' it".

Cliza Segiost

Canyon

Locked in centuries ago rock marks: feet, chamois, camel... soundlessly shout:

- the human left a trail.

There was, is and will be the one who will go down in history – for some a thinking human, because they drew,

for others a mindless vandal, because they destroyed.

Locked in centuries ago rock marks soundlessly shout:

- do not help erosion. Everything will pass on its own.

translated by Artur Komoter

Incomplete

In the rocky window they were enfolded by the wind. The Martian landscape of the galactic desert, sun-scorched sand will be a remembering.

Filled with an echo of multi-colored rocks, they are more aware

to liveone does not need much.

Surrounded by artifacts

– without memories we will be incomplete.

translated by Artur Komoter

Cliza Segiost

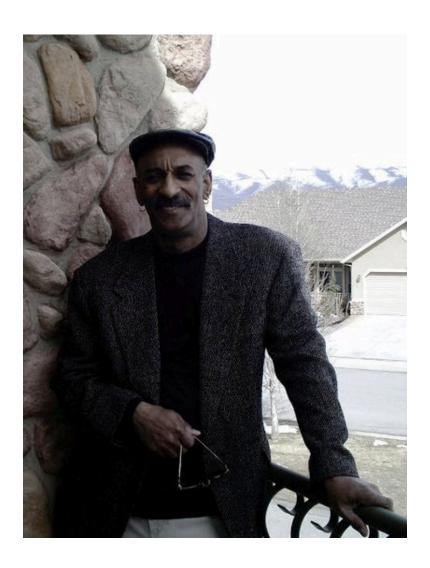
Odorless Roses

Between odorless roses, with an always silent friend, in the smell of the desert the Bedouin goes.
Under the umbrella of the sky is the other one.
When the sun becomes a memory – it drifts away.
Close, yet distant in the morning they find already the silent unity of gestures.

translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.

William S. Peters, Sr.



Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 40 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

William S. Peters, Sr.

SWA

In a land of many
Where many have traversed,
Many have traded,
Many have settled
And raised families,
Generations, cities
And farms

We have built communities Developed our individual cultures And worshipped at different altars

Our soil is rich
And sparse,
Alive
And dormant,
But not dead!
We have sands and forests,
Rivers and Seas,
And ships sailing
And in waiting . . .
We speak a multitude of tongue

They call us Southwest Asia now As the lines are constantly being drawn . . .

Yes, we have politics too, but we do not attempt To control the world,
But we do have our
Influences

SWA = South West Asia

Born Free

It was July 4th, 1957 When you came out To play with the world Giving of, Sharing, Your graceful ways

You toiled, Migrated, Mitigated Through its spoiled ways

Your days were numbered, Somehow I believed You knew this, But that did not stop you From nurturing With love The seed you were given

The living ones
You left behind
Still linger so,
But you knew,
And still know
That there is still
Much work to be done

Your sons And your daughters Still struggle To draw their due quarter

William S. Peters, Sr.

From the lessons of heart You left behind, Though it has now been 13 years and 2 days Since you crossed that line Into the heavenly realm

You are free, yes, But we are still enslaved To some degree To that memory of you, Amongst other things, Though, like you, We too were Born Free.

> Dedicated to Virisa Anne Cohen-Peters 4 July 1957 ~ 2 July 2006

Is enough

Do you love me ... Enough, Enough to accept me as I am?

Do you love me enough To discard your preferences, Longing and wistful definitions Expectations and demands That I meet your approval?

Do you love me enough
To embrace my
Idiosyncratic behaviours,
My eccentricities,
My eclecticism,
My oddities,
My uniqueness,
And my charm?

Do you love me enough To forgive my ignorance, My indifference, My lethargy, My interests, My habits, My humanity?

Do you love me enough
To hold me
When I hurt,
Even though
I am the source of my pain?
Do you love me enough

William S. Peters, Sr.

Do you love me enough To see that I love you Through it all, The awkwardness, The ambivalence, The detachment, The space between us?

Do you love me enough,
Do you love your self enough,
Do we love each other enough
To see that light
Within us,
Between us,
Bathing our 'I am-ness'
With the possibilities
Of what we can become
If we but let go
And love enough

Enough ...
I am 'enough' ...
Are you?

August 2019 Featured Poets



Shola Balogun

Bharati Nayak

Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

Mbizo Chirasha



Shola Balogun

Shola Balogun



Shola Balogun, poet, playwright and filmmaker has been featured as a guest writer and contributor, especially in the areas of poetry, postcolonial studies and dramatic criticism to various magazines, anthologies and journals. He studied Theatre Arts at the University of Ibadan. Balogun lives in Lagos, Nigeria

Shola Balogun

Earth Poem

Wine for your thoughts.

Raft of corn seeds,
Whispers in the attic,
The locked eyes in the helve,
The treading of the sole of the foot
In the winepress. You heard tell
That trampling tongues
Birth Belial roots
In the dark pool of rushes?

Child, meddle not with the shadows. Stones tasted wine in time past.

You Must Pledge A Grinding Stone to Kernels

It was nobler to forestall the dawn.

Darkfall scantily clad in a stirring wooden mask, The proletariate of silence spiteful, Languid to approaching lingerers.

Is it with dry morsels of bean cake and forsaken corn You shall often speed to the standing- place of the spirit?

Not unless the ministrant forebear wine, Softening bud and tenderer nuts.

Such petulant panic of a measured temper Is native taste to peasant-hour.

Shola Balogun

Tiresias

Now my tongue is chiseled with riddles.

I have seen several severe dances Saved for the last brawl, Of fouled rumps rumbling To the beats of bayonets And the witless witness Seeking solace in the stunts Of jabbering jury.

I have seen the insidious fury
Of the greedy gods,
Their garrulous garbadines
And the mirthless mimicry
Of deluded sickly siblings
Yearning to mete eternity
With the cistern of loaded rifles:

I have heard the thrilling rancour Of strutting sycophants, The longings of zealous zealots And the feline concerto Of hostile histrionics caressing The jugular of barren seers.

Tiresias!

There is *tiro in my eyes.

I have come to chronicle
The well-made malaise
Of marionettes in the land.

*tiro: Eye salve

Bharati Nayak

Bharati Nayak



Bharati Nayak, born in the year 1962, is a bilingual poet, critique and translator from Odisha, an Indian State lying on its eastern coast. She writes in English and Odia. Her poems have been published in many magazines, journals, anthologies and e-books of national and international repute such as Rock Pebbles, Orissa Review, Utkal Prasang, Creation and Criticism, Circular Whispers, Nova Literature-Poesis, Poetry Against Terror, 56 Female Voices of Poetry, The Four Seasons Poetry Concerto, Tunes From the Subcontinent, Amaravati Poetic Prism, Bhubaneswar Review and the like.

She has published three poetry books-1-Padma Paada (A poetry book in Odia language) 2-Words Are Such Perfect Traitors 3-A Day for Myself

Bharati Nayak

A Cracked Letter

I chanced to see the letters, You wrote me a long long ago, Each alphabet, Stood before me with an image, That hid so many stories, and So many tender moments of affection.

I held them in my palm,
Smelt the scent,
That was hidden under each syllable.
The letters were worn out by time,
The folds cracked,
As each one of them was read and re-read
Innumerable times,
Lost the strength
To bear the emotions
That were falling heavy on them.
Some syllables had vanished by tear drops,
Some had vanished in the folds.

As I held the letter,
Bits of paper fell in my lap,
Reminding me of the time gap.
I gathered the torn pieces
Tried to join them in their places
But some syllables were
Never to be found.

Our Dear Parrot

You stayed with me as a fond memory.
The green feathers and your chattering.
I know you were angry when we pulled your tail and tormented you inside the cage.
But you were our mother's pet.
and you loved to be fed with rice and milk by her hands.
The cage was shut from outside,
But you could easily open it from inside, and enjoy the pleasure of freedom at your own will.

Like a child you loved my mother, showed your emotions, by spreading your wings and pecking, at her fingers, giving her, bits of your own food.

It was pleasure to observe, the tenderness besotted with love. You were part of our family, Loved and cared, But one day you flew away.

Perhaps you wanted to discover,
A world outside the cage,
You did not come back,
Perhaps you did not know,
How to return.
Perhaps you did not know,
And would never know,
We were crying,
Mother and we,
Waiting.

Bharati Nayak

Words Are Such Perfect Traitors

They rise in me Like large waves Overpowering me I surrender to them I feel so powerless.

They are beautiful
Colorful
Dreams floating across sky
Like a milky way
I just want to hold them
In my hand
Oh my hand, so small to hold.
They slip away
I love
To enclose them
In a bracket of words
ButWords are such perfect traitors---

Monalisa Pash Pwibedy

Monalisa Pash Dwibedy



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

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

Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

The New Immigrant

Where are you from? You ask. I am from the land of Wealth and misery, The mystic range of Himalayan Mountains. Land of bomb blasts, surgical strikes and sufferings, Land of love, yoga, sun and devotion, I am from a border village of India and Pakistan.

How many of your villagers have come here? You ask.

They are few, alive with their past misfortunes, Holding onto their indescribable emotions, They still fear a stranger, like an unknown enemy, Taking one day at a time, Grabbing every little happiness, You will know when you see them. That terrifying brightness in their eyes, Tells about their life near the border of death, They lived and died at the same time, many times, A circle of infinite tiredness in their face, The way they laugh, you can envision their whole life in that laughter.

No one can laugh like them.

This is a very new city, Do you feel home? You ask. On the hillside in the bright daylight, I see the birds fly with same zeal in their flight, On the grass near that lawn, I watch the new plants being born, the same way they are

born on my land.
When it rains here,
Leafs shine.
Hungry soil soaks the first rain like a sponge.
The smell of the rain-hit earth,
The smell of home.
This summer, your city with blue-white skies,
High-rise buildings,
Tulips in the spring and Mary-golds in winter
Felt like home.

Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

You really did not love me

The day death sent a message,
After taking away the life of my husband,
An army major.
A warrior gave all he could,
Returned home, wrapped in the tricolor.
"That's the life of a soldier,
He told me in our first night.
A pain so deep, so devastating,
Broke my heart into millions pieces,
I sat alone in dark despair,
Shedding silent tears.
My dear mother, when you told me to smash
All my bangles on the tenth day of his death,
I thought you really did not love me.

The basket of grief and sorrow,
So heavy to carry,
I was unable to cross the road of life, alone.
When I wanted a shoulder to lean on,
Heal my spirit,
My dear father, when you told me
Thinking marriage for a widow is sin,
I thought, you really did not love me.

Every morning I put a fake mask,
The mask makes everything seem all right,
No one knows I cry every night, all night.
The nightmares just won't go away.
When all I needed was a hand to hold on,
To start life all over again,
My dear friend, when you did not invite me

To your brother's marriage, thinking I may bring misfortune to your family as a widow, I for sure knew, you were never my friend.

I am still the same human being. Just like any of you. When I had no role to play in the death of my loved one Why am I punished?

I want to live my life
I am the urge to move beyond my past.
I am hope.
I am the beginning of each new day.

Monalisa Dash Dwibedy

Soul of a Forest

Night did not have a death wish, but When dawn started its rhythmic dance Night was willing to die for the day. I took my heart for a walk in the forest Moon was still on the sky, Not suffocated with the arrival of the Sun, Soon, the Sun shined through the dense trees I jogged listening to the magic whisper of the wind, Blowing on my face, caressing my tresses. On the banks of a nameless river, With the fragrance of wild jasmines, With the songs of earthworms, peacocks, I chorused, singing the song of life. My spirit danced with the wind, I giggled like a girl, On my return from my morning walk, I knew the forest had a soul.

Mbizo Chirasha

Mbizo Chirasha



Mbizo Chirasha is a Literary Arts Projects Curator, Art Activism Catalyst, an Internationally anthologized Poet, a Writer in Residence, a Word Press Blogs Publisher and Social Media Publicist. Mbizo Chirasha is the Originator/Instigator of the Zimbabwe We Want Poetry Campaign

http://tuckmagazine.com/tag/mbizo-chirasha/Zimbabwe

We Want Poetry Campaign /Mbizo Chirasha, http://www.newzimbabwe.com/showbiz-39824-Poems+on+Zim+abuses+to+be+read+in+the+US/show biz.aspx,

www.facebook.com/100thousandpoetsforpeace-zimbabwe

www.acaciabookstore.com/home/24-inside-disgrace-land.

Mbizo Chirasha

KONGO

Your past is a mint of blood and tears

Daughters Mbizo Chirasha is a Literary Arts Projects
Curator, Art tearing their way to decay
Sons castrated by poverty and superguns,
Kongo, a dream battered and bruised
Your conscience poliorised by oppressive -dans
Highways clogged with hatred and vendetta
Gutters donating stench and typhoid

Kongo, let my poetry feed your withering dreams for guns, insult the tired memories

Of voters.

Children Of Xenophobia

Children eating bullets and firecrackers

Beggars of smile and laughter

Silent corpses sleeping away fertile dreams

Povo chanting new nude wretched slogans

Overstayed exiles eating beetroot and African potato

Abortions and condoms batteries charging the lives of

nannies and maids

Children of barefoot afternoons and uncondomized

Children of barefoot afternoons and uncondomized nights

Sweat chiseling the rock of your endurance
The heart of Soweto, Harare, Darfur, Bamako still
beating like drums
Violence fumigating peace from this earth.

Mbizo Chirasha

Diary Of Povo

Another whistle from election fervent fathers

Another ululation from slogan drugged mothers

In chimoio we roasted bullets like mealie cobs for

breakfast

In nyadzonia we boiled grenades like cassava for lunch meals

In magagao we munched parcel bombs like tropical fruit

In gorongoza, we learnt totems of war and syndromes of propaganda

Today, our ears are deaf with sediments of slogans

We are the povo

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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International Poetry Symposium

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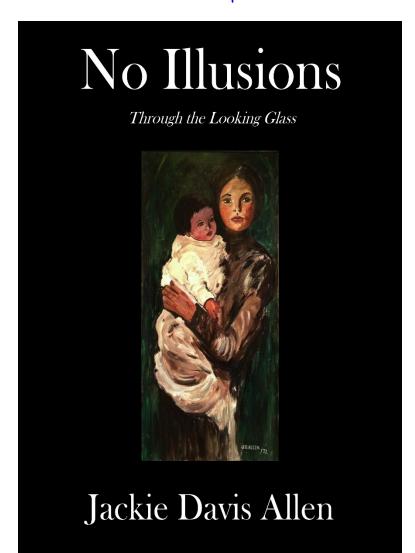
Mews

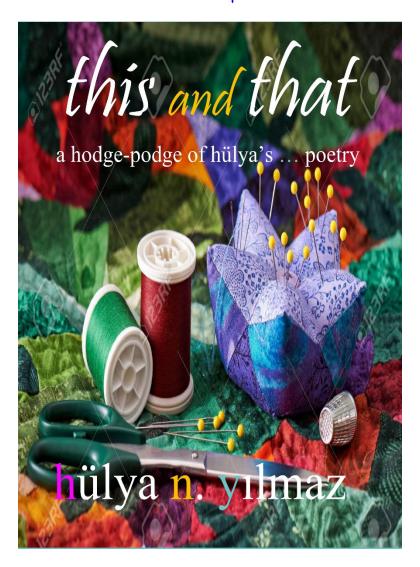
Poetry Posse Members

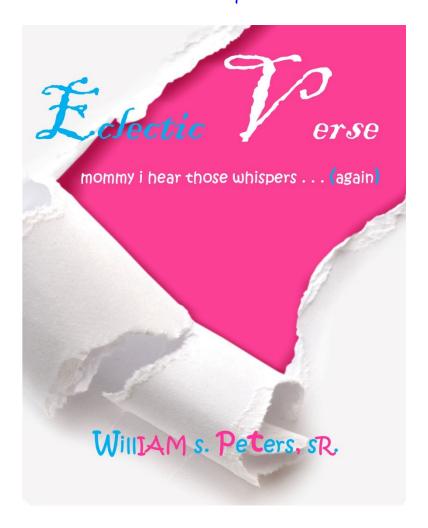
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Jackie Davis Allen
Gail Weston Shazor
hülya n. yılmaz
Nizar Sartawi
Faleeha Hassan
Fahredin Shehu
Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
Eliza Segiet
William S. Peters, Sr.





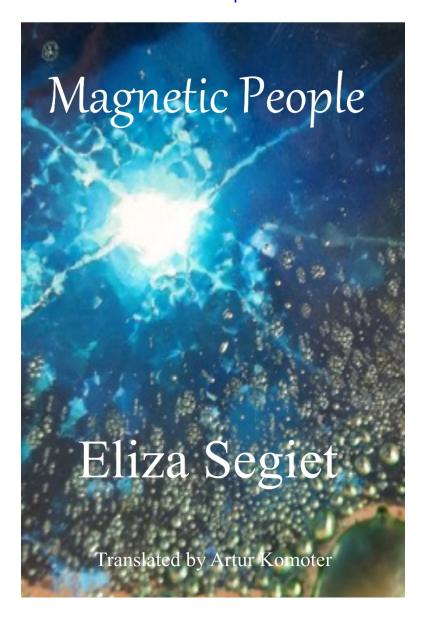


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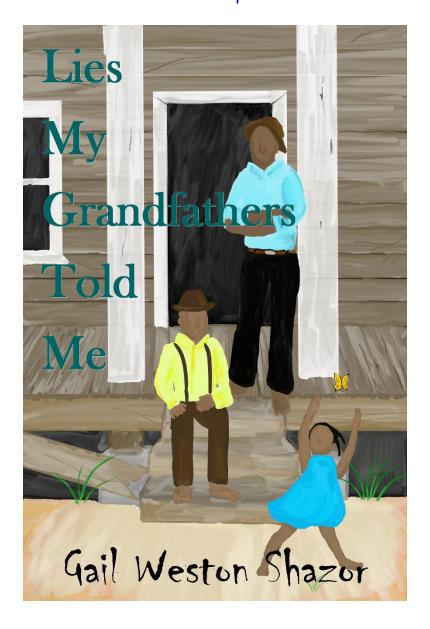
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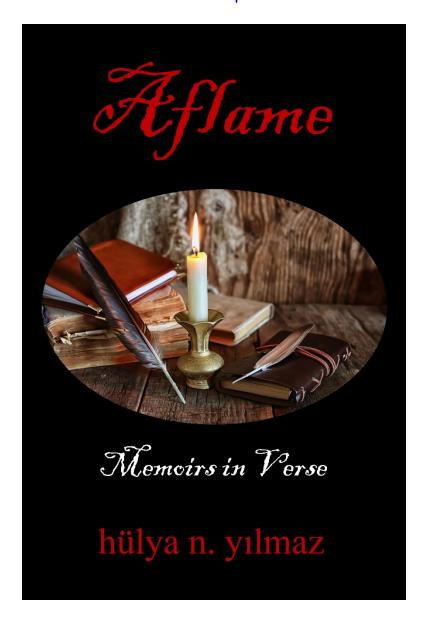


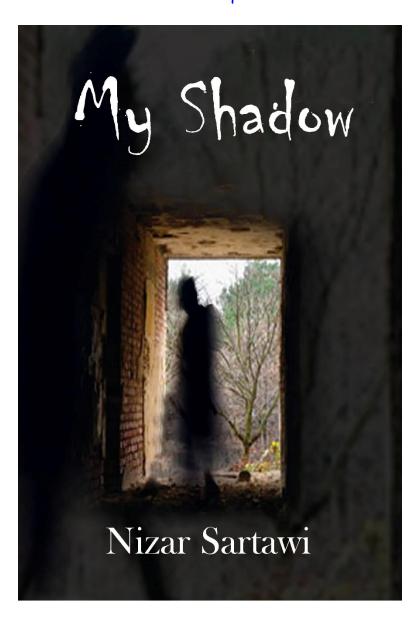
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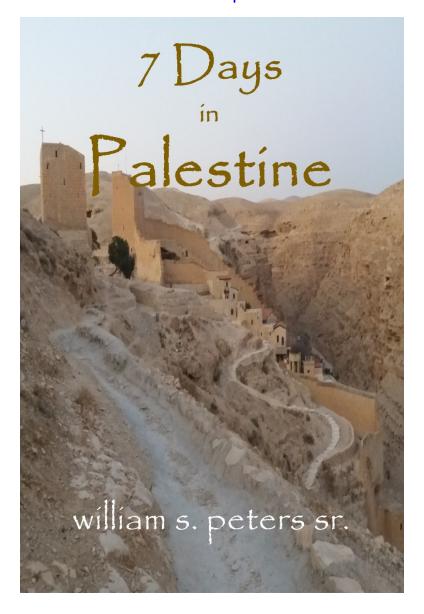
Breakfast

for

Butterflies

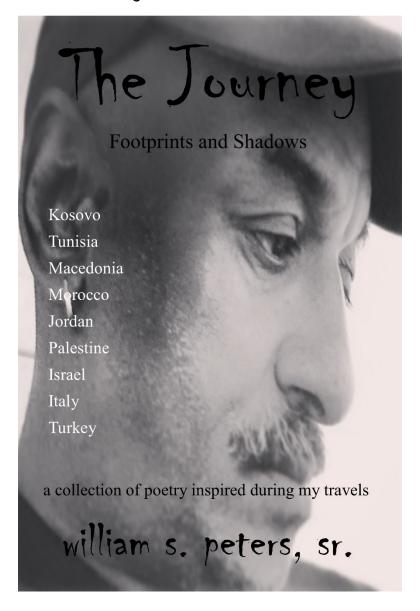


Faleeha Hassan



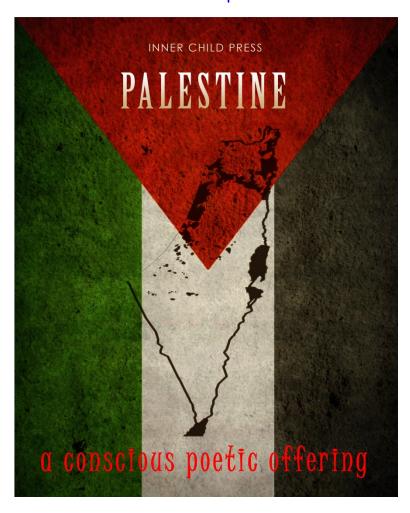


Coming in the Summer of 2019



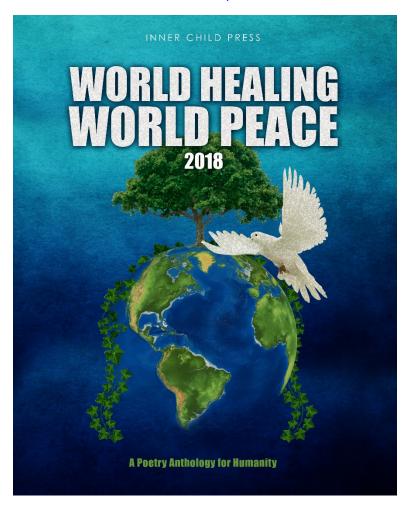
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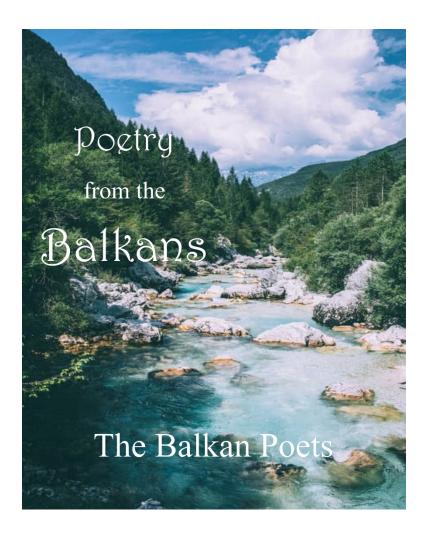


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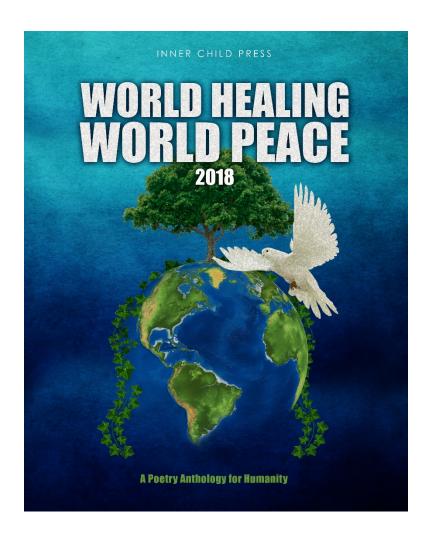
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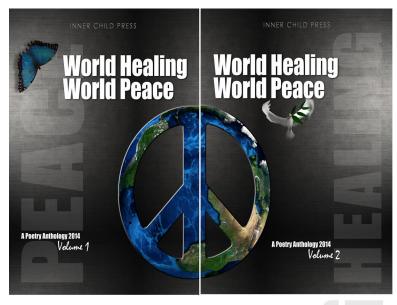


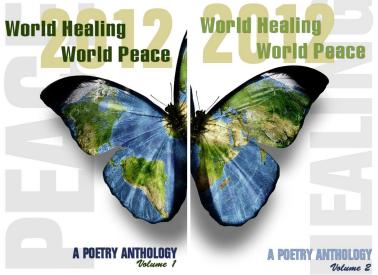
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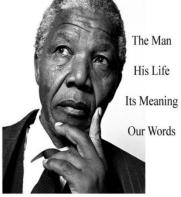


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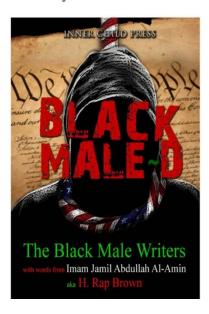


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The Anthological Writers

A GATHERING OF WORDS



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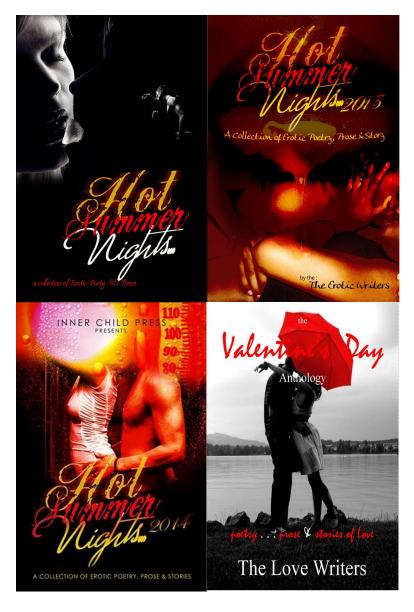




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The Boats Grass

Sanie Bond * Call Weston Staze" * Braket * Ninite's Carnasco * Siddantha Beth Pierce
Sanie P. Cathawit * Xune Blag Brenfelds * Debbe A. Allen * Tony Interriger

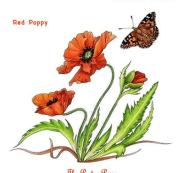
Sale Dollverbul Amerikanen ** Robert Call Sanie * Neuto Wal * Saniesed Andréa-Aucheed

Collabory Survivan * William S. Proters, Sy.

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



Ohe Jackey Jane
Samie Bond * Cail Weston Shazor * Albert In-Kritec Carnosco * Siddartho Beth Pierce
Jonet P. Cadwell * June Bugg BareField * Debble M. Allen * Tony Herninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Calbons * Neetu Wai * Shareek Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

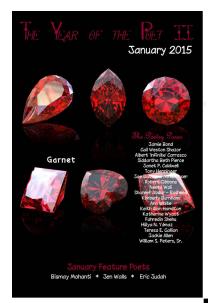
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



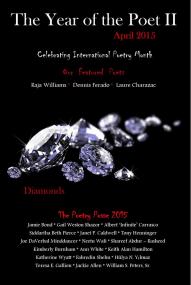


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The Year of the Poet 11



Jamie Bond* Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Fierce 'Jamet P. Caldwell 'Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali' Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham* Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hilaya N Yulmuz Teresa Ecallion * Jackie Jaher * William S. Feters Sr

The Year of the Poet II

The Featured Poets for July 2015

July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Heminiger
Joe DaVrshal Mindancer * Nestu Maii * Sharcef Albart—Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hulya N Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Alen * William S Feters St

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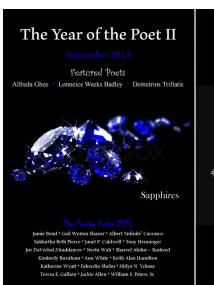
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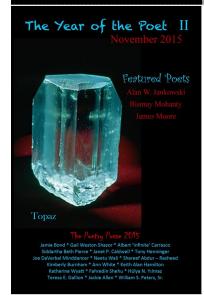
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Sluzze * Allert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddarlıa Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe Da'verlad Minddamcer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Alchar - Rasheed Kimberly Burulum * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Feters. Sr.

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The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



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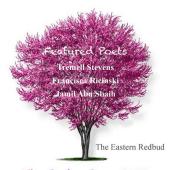


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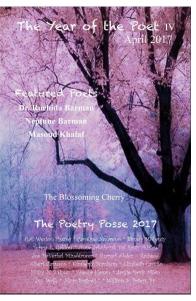
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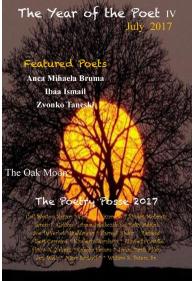
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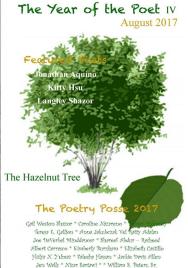
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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

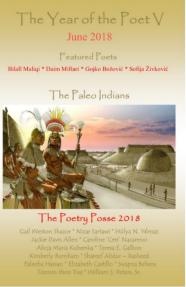
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubezak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerhal Minddance * Shared Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

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The Year of the Poet V July 2018 Feature: Fools Padmial Newford Eddy Molammad Ildal Harb Eliza Seglet Tom Higgins Oceanía The Poetry Posse 2018 Gall Weston Shazon * Nizar Sartawi, Hullya N. Vilmaz Jackie Pavis Allein * Caroline Cerif Nazireno Aliça Maria Kubenka * Teyea & Gallion Kimberly Rumbar * Shazeef Abdur - Rasheed Falecha Hassin * Hizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa*-Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

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

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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

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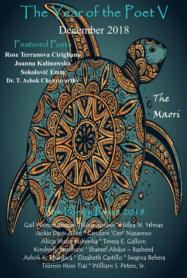




The Poetry Posse 2018

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





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Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr

The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier

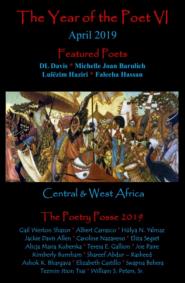


Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

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





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The Year of the Poet VI May 2019 Featured Poets Emad Al-Haydary * Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff * Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

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The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2019

Arctic

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





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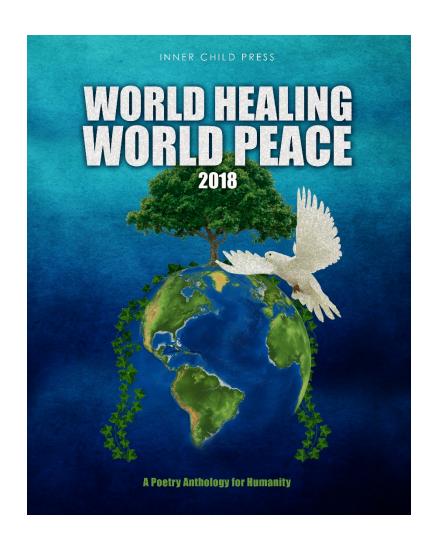
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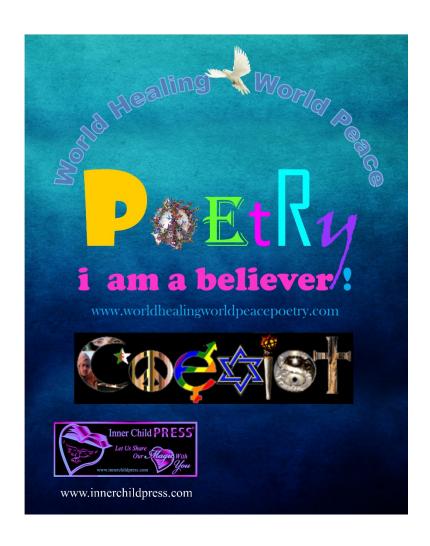
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2019



August 2019 ~ Featured Poets



Shola Balogun



Bharati Nayak



Monalisa Dash Dwibedy



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