The Year of the Poet VII August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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



August 2020

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VII August 2020 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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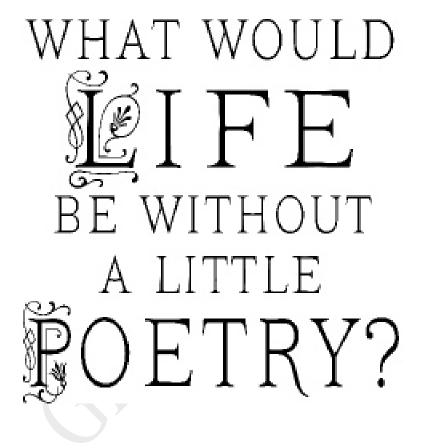
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

The Poetry Posse

&

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Loco Tolstoy once said: "Everybody wants to change the world but nobody wants to change himself." This is indeed true for change in the world must start within ourselves. We don't just expect things to happen, we should be the change we seek.

For this month of August, the Poetry Posse will be bringing to you poetry depicting Adolfo Perez Esquivel, 1980 Noble Peace Prize Recipient. Esquivel is a perfect example of a champion of both peace and human rights who wanted to bring about peace and prosperity for the poor and made it happen. His family's poverty didn't become a hindrance for him to fulfill his calling, a multitalented noble man being a painter, writer, sculptor, an Argentine activist, and a human rights leader.

C squivel's cry for freedom is eloquently expressed in his books: "Let Freedom Ring" an "Christ in a Poncho: Testimonials of the Non-violent Struggles in Latin America." Being an artist, he is an Empath who promulgated non-violent reform to ease human rights abuses in South America.

Truly, a passionate artist like Adolfo Perez Esquivel can be an instrument of both peace and

change in the world. Like poets, we can be stalwarts of peace and unity of humanity to bring healing to an ailing world through our words.

Congratulations to our Featured Poets for the Month of August and to the Poetry Posse Family for yet another wonderful issue exploding with poignant and creative diverse poetry!

Thank you Inner Child Press International!

Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo,

International Author and Poet, Cultural Ambassador to the Philippines/Director Inner Child Press International

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity



www.innerchildpress.com/world-healing-

world-peace-poetry

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

www.worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel 1980

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

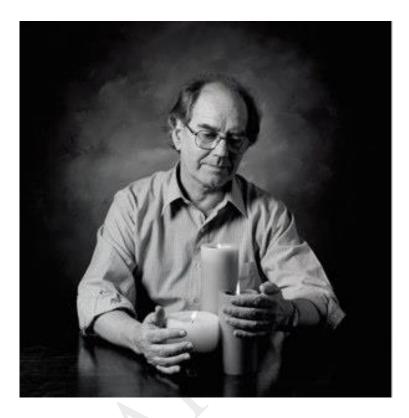
In 1970, The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Adolfo Pérez Esquivel.

For more information about visit :

www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/1980/esquivel/biographic al

or

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Adolfo_P%C3%A9rez_Esquivel



World Healing, World Peace Foundation human beings for humanity



worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org





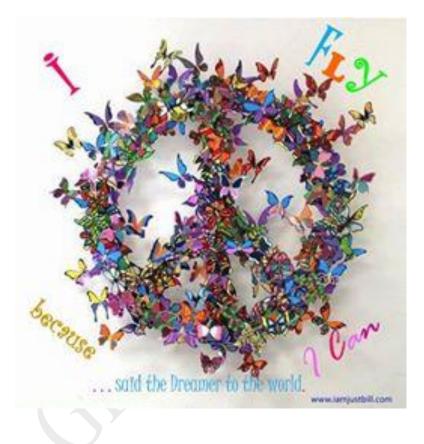
Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action .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

~ wsp



Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor

The Year of the Poet VII ~ August 2020





The Year of the Poet VII ~ August 2020

This is a creative promise \sim 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

Oh death

Out of the corner of my eye A shadow briefly passed And only just for a second A refraction of light I should not have seen it No one else seemed to have Or were too afraid to acknowledge A moving darkness in the sanctuary Cloaked in blindness A momentary patch Over the third sight

Of the multitudes of pew sitting folks The hallelujahs were loud The lights grew dim in the noon hour And it seemed a hot chill passed While we all called on the Lord Weeping for private dreams Praying for private wants Ignoring private needs And the reaper walked unmet To the tares hiding In amongst the wheat

I averted my eyes lest He would find me wanting Offering to make a crossroad deal Though I knew full well that This is now the harvest season And I understood the word mercy In that moment For maybe I hadn't done it right But I am still favored as wheat And at the dimming of this morn Death passed me over

The Year of the Poet VII ~ August 2020

Jazz in the Park

It's hot The music floats under the kenips Threatening to ripen the bunches As they hang Salsa beats to move hips Men with long forgotten partners Appearing to dance With transitioned loves Smiles stealing a sweet memory Of the days when only the band Broke to swallow a cold beer And wipe a wet forehead Hands never still until stilled My mothers speaks of those nights Under a sweltering sun The only breeze, seldom I can hear the skirts swirl Against the melodies The men in Sunday brogues And knife pleated trousers Because, well because This is an occasion May it happens less occasional The rhythm still moves The beat is still strong And the night remains a memory Of singing scat under the stars And it Is hot

The Year of the Poet VII ~ August 2020

Truth

Hold me til the truth Is close to bursting With fingertips caressing The joined places And sinews begin to hum Hold me close Just to hold back The movement of time Breathe breath through minutes And sanction this moment To be with you In that continuous consciousness To lay claim To the sensation of being Necessary to your existence Place your hand Across my ribs And whisper of the changes That have occurred From the dawning of time Know me, my heart In all its pieces As someone whole who Understands that every day Is a day of greatfilledness...

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

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

The architect of gentleness

poem dedicated to Adolfo Pérez Esquivel

Great edifices can made from Glass, concrete and shiny steel But future is created out of words

The power of thought allows To go through the prison bars To get around the padlocks, gates, and guards It gives the chance to climb to the top Where there are the perfect beings - to the kingdom of goodness and beauty The world is constantly changing And a non- violent struggle continues To give every human being his rights.

Man, year 2020

He stands on top of a heap of plastic garbage And he gasps every sip of air with difficulty. He puts a mask on his face and he is afraid to breathe. The Earth's green lungs stop producing the oxygen.

He looks with hope into the endless black of the cosmos In the search of a planet beautiful like a blue gem. In vain he wants to escape from his family home to abandon old problems and his own mistakes.

He still believes in the power of money, So he was caught in a trap made of delusions. He forgot that not everything can be bought. A drop of clean water and fresh air are priceless.

The matches

I am a child that has not been blessed. I stand at a street corner With matches in my hands And light my dreams with little sparks.

I know why it is so And understand what happened. My clock did not strike happy hours... Or maybe didn't strike them often enough

Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen or Jackie Allen, grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Notable Man

An Argentine, a Roman Catholic, Man of many gifts, talents.

> In 1980, this man, Adolfo Perez Esquivel

Won the esteemed Nobel Peace Prize,

Rewarded For his sacrificial opposition

To the civil/military government. Of his native country,

> He remains today, A ray of hope's light.

For the oppressed.

A New Day, A New Song

Sing, sing! Sing, a new song,

Lest opportunities for renewed friendship Dissipate into the dark.

Dark, dark! Dark is the heart Of any who belittles love's effort, To improve one's station, one's self-worth.

Worth, worth. Take count Of peaceful investment; it comes Both with joy and some pain.

Rain, rain. Enjoy the ping ping Of the pouring rain That sinks deeply down,

And nourishes the sweet earth. Earth, earth; let the earth Bring forth her bounty.

With thanksgiving, we then beg Of her to rest, to sleep, Her promises to keep.

Sleep, sleep, my darling. May the loving arms of angels Safely cradle you, until you awaken.

For Real

Wonderment, surprise! It is the season for romance;

See her expressive eyes!

Like the maraschino cherry, On top of mountains of whipped cream, Her lips are an invitation.

Anticipation rises. Tantalizingly. So too her child-like exuberance!

> He grins. She beams, As she runs, then leaps

Into his waiting arms. The ones offering his love, His adulation.

On waves of giggles, Like a child, She snuggles closely, next to his chest.

> She, her smile, her thanks, Her lingering kiss, Has him totally mesmerized!

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

The Dirty War

Like holy rain Drip along the branches and leaves Seep into the ground Turbid and muddy The branches and leaves are heavy with unbearable aging Sinking in the sand, the west wind is blowing violently Can't find itself Only that wailing after another In the name of the poorest and smallest of my brothers and sisters The white butterflies are flying on The Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo Horses lined up Walking Together with the People Against the practice on the part of training children into paramilitary squads Oh the one who is guilty of sin Even the final trial Also leave Kill like the holy rain Drip along the branches and leaves Seep into the ground Turbid and muddy

That Blue Peach Blossom Lake

One piece of blue light, infinite good scene How can it be rediscovered the shadow of the moon in this flower pond? The old agreement Sorrowful heart, waiting in spring, didn't know if people have left Clouds surround the mountain, the east wind blows through the sky outside the empty and green cave The remaining water exudes fragrance, and the cold sky moans all night Looking at the birds with blue wings, lights across the bank The desolate autumn feeling was washed by the day, and

The desolate autumn feeling was washed by the dew, and the person was under the reflection of the water curtain The moon hangs on the bright pool, and the night falls to cover the golden line

The fog is so thick, the empty pool surface, soft silk fluttering everywhere

Sing that song that recalls the past

Crystal curtain roll, cold light stays dark

Swallows fly over, the water sinks and the smoke is wet Crossing over the colorful clouds, looking at the moonlight in the distant mountains

The west wind blows my dream, to seek it after a good night's sleep

Talking and laughing, waterfront, It's not like that year A new word contains thousands of meanings

A beam of sunset glow, thousands of acres of glaze

That blue peach blossom lake, remembered how gorgeous it was

Ask sky where to find immortal's dwelling

Blue lake, can anyone understand it? Peach blossom water, not seen in the world Peach blossom water, where the ten-year old dream can be found again?

Unparalleled Poetry

These articles of poetry Even if you hold tens of thousands How you to stop the time elapsing Day by day Year after year

Spring, it will not disappear after passing Apricot flowers are limited, the endless sea of tribulations Exchange sadness of missing by sickness of poetry Under rising moon, write down the poetic sentiment of the special flavor leisurely My thin body can't stand the cold night wind

That very year, indulge in songs and wine Arrogant is full of paper Nowadays, too old to fight for The flowers in my heart which are slightly open, make me indulge in self-admiration Never dare to mention, those old poems Let them pile up alone by the old brick wall It's even less practical than the ridiculous reputation of the past O, who grind the ink Let it be! No longer smear over everywhere

Let it be! No longer delay that whole-life precious youth

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

Adolfo Perez Esquivel..,

B. 1931

Buenos Aires, Argentina community organizer, painter, sculptor, writer, educator, activist, pacifist champion of the people creative, creator, gifted to create, crave for, endorse promote, sacrifice for peace peace in the Argentine, South America, the world suffered for forgotten peoples salt of earth selfless champion of indigenous, down' trodden, deprived of human rights imprisoned, tortured by oppressive regime never relented, sold out a rock of courage to enjoin the right, forbade the wrong price to pay for freedom never free, you pay with your freedom so others are free you pay with your life that others can live. live free this strain runs through all the peaceful warriors for peace on earth they are a cut above, beyond status quo Nobel Peace Prize laureate 1980

One who..,

floats thoughts of sweetness yearning for tranquility

mourning tragedy literally almost daily carefully navigates angry waters deliberately avoids that which generates voids in essence noise without voice what are you saying sir? i'm just talking about substance that which inspires fire in hearts and souls gives meaning to beings being meaningful feeling whole content to know life has meaning depart on numerous journeys to seek it out that's what i'm talking about for without it one is at loss just as the seas churn 'n 'toss one would rather there be calm waters, tranquil of course let the soul dwell at peace in the house of the lord forever Ameen!

food4thought = education

When your cup..,

continuously runneth over stays full drink from the overflow leaving what's in the cup alone this example thee makers endless bounties never exhausted bestowed? on whom he please thee blesser best to bless endlessly supply never diminishes able to fill your cup keep it full at will by simply saying " be " will you not be grateful? will you not be pleased?

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



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

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

A River of Hope

A river of hope flows across time eighty years through the eyes of an artist human rights activist 1980 Nobel Peace Prize winner

A current of blue and white the sun golden and red in the sky as Adolfo Perez Esquivel paints consciousness a powerful voice for the dispossessed

A tidal wave of human rights for indigenous mothers and immigrant fathers his words and art live on through his time as a "disappeared"

Tortoise Peace

In English peace often found between pay and peacock in Matako a language of Argentina "tanit-pe" or peace is found between

A tortoise on foot on a path of calm companions "ta'ni" a land tortoise "tanicha" is calmed "tanisej" to go with or accompany "tanisfwa" companion

Quiet skies and calm water "tanit cha" calm quiet sky "tanit-pe" peaceful quiet said of water

Where married we can rest in soothing sounds lapping at the shore "tan'waye" married "talaj" headrest or pillow

As we grow up calm and wise learning as we travel through the day "talakw" great or grown up

And then return on foot "tapil" return here or come back "tiischa" on foot to begin again the day in peace and quiet slowly like a tortoise calm as water on a still sunny day

Healing Peace

In South American Aymara

"samaraña" is peace healing easing of pain resting in a quiet place all these held in "samaraña"

Finding ways to peace more we must heal and ease pain in quiet places of peace

A similar word "samana" is air and breath we require air to breathe in spots of healing and calming the pain

"Samanchaña" is paint or to represent something in color to see and reproduce the beauty around us we need more peace air and "T'arphuyaña" to calm ourselves, our family, and community

elizabeth e. Castillo



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Esquivel, Champion of Human Rights

Born poor but yet with a golden heart,

A man also passionate in his art Peace and prosperity for the poor Was his grand dream, The son of a fisherman Esquivel promoted non-violent reform.

His books depict the voice of freedom "Let Freedom Ring" "Christ in a Poncho" A real champion of human rights, An activist through peaceful means.

Memory in a Bottle

I collected fragments of memories Of those great yesteryears When your love is within my grasp Of laughter and tears Like dew drops leaving misty eyes, Of love letters and forgotten woes The melody of a dying ember Stored memory in a bottle.

Like a rainbow cloud, hope is dawning, Of Noah's Ark, of the Great Flooding Of white doves signifying peace, Tainted dreams, shattered glasses Captured moments in a bottle.

The rhyme and reason Of unconditional love and devotion, The waiting game, the damsel in distress Of a Prince who is yet to arrive In still moments frozen in time Embedded memory in a bottle.

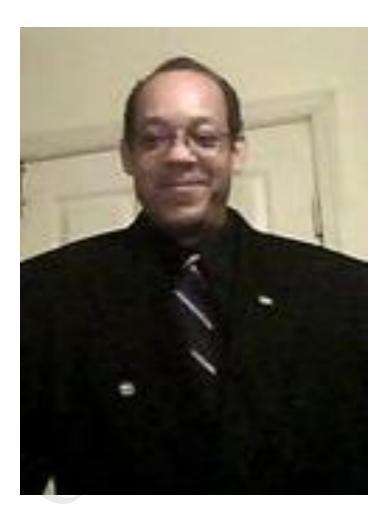
Cast in the sea, sunset at the background, By the shoreline our mem'ries resurfaced, A tidal wave of emotions The current taking me in a serene revelry, Of shared moments stored in a bottle.

Lover Under the Moonlight

I saw your shadow one night Overcast sky but so it seems, Waiting for the misty twilight to dawn The light of the moon Reflected in your dainty eyes, Which speak to me of a love so true My lover under the moonlight Across the oceans, continents apart, And yet love connected our hearts.

Verses of oblivion putting me into slumber To be with you in dreams of forever, My lover under the moonlight Beauteous sight, cast under a spell When your eyes speak of a thousand Midsummer night's dream, Even of those words left unspoken In my sleep tonight, your face I shall remember My lover under the moonlight, Enthralls me each time you are in sight.





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 with a cord 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

I Want To Write A Love Poem Words From A Conversation I was feeling a little left out, left behind I wanted to coax some emotions from deep within I remember her

We met in the most unusual circumstance I was one who enjoyed love from a darker perspective She loved to dance, off and on shared thoughts in verse Was I cursed to be alone in this world? Weeks on end without friend or foe I had to know if I could write a love poem

The internet rang and I answered in past confidence Knowing I haven't progressed not one bit Disillusioned torn apart from the world as I knew it I was fluent in matters of the heart but not my own The casualness of our conversation led to this poem And I quote

"It's thundering so hard out here that it feels like the house is going to come down. I love it when it rains, but I've never heard thunder this loud." My reply off the fly was "That's beautiful music to me, I love the thunder It's like the word from on high to those who'll listen without fear of the mighty voice" (note to self, don't quote yourself) As we continued to conversate, she encouraged me I had no need to fulfill a fantasy, so I thought of the rain The sound of it the feel of it on the hottest day

Memories of being caught in a downpour saying baby what you cry for, I took pictures. After hours in a beauty parlor, I miss her. I itched her with my whiskers and she never complained I want to dance again between phrases Between gazes and days when we just chilled

It's amazing what we do and won't do for love I want to be the one who says everything is okay I want to be believed in on my worse day I don't rehearse things, love should be free flowing With both of us knowing it's going to be alright her storm tonight set me free. I'm beginning to see love poetry.

When We Die For Freedom

How can we live in chains? when we're preached to love our fellow man I'm trying to understand the words of the faithful Do unto others seems to mean do it to others How can that be with a taste of communion on those tongues?

Does survival through the bible mean two men are rivals? Because the action of religious men seem devil like to me Freedom, peace and prosperity we are taught these things Values and morality even opportunity seem to fade I've met my maker a few times in life. I was told what's provided in death I have now

I was told what's provided in death I have now I repeat that line because we seem to have forgotten Life is to be lived as the word prescribes Eternity starts at birth not the end we ascend from heaven It's up to us to make it so Earth is the place paved with gold.

Shout if you feel me, we are so close to the realization A nation of togetherness is a simple signature away The world awaits amid this mist we're breathing And we're breeding hatred in this season of discontent Death has never been the key to havens gate Freedom doesn't come in stillness.

Symbolic Coins

No one truly seeks an accolade when lives are in the balance I struggle to do just cause for people who earn it. The Noble Peace Prize. Adolfo Perez Esquivel was included in those ranks Incarcerated and tortured for 14 months Simply for speaking out against both sides Sides that would lean toward terrorist ways The advocacy of peace seems to fall on deaf ears Yet he resigned from his chair at the Argentine National School of Fine Arts in 1974 Where he was appointed a professorship

A man who sacrifices self is not a man to be paid in coin Human rights are worth more than that An architect, painter, sculptor, lines in his art transformed into lines to his heart men who stand-by rarely feel they gaze and graze on the efforts of righteous folk no one get's paid to be kind, yet men pave humankind, a path to walkover How can I praise this man? Until a few days ago I've never heard of this man The words of this man, his actions, his advocacy Is the price of freedom truly free?

hülya n. yılmaz





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

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

Speaking out Non-exclusively . . .

is not an act for the ordinary.

An architect, a sculptor and a professor of architecture – all in one person, has done thus; ever so capably and effectively.

Adolfo Perèz Esquivel of the 1931-Buenos Aires was meant to bestow a historical gift upon Earth once he was given birth.

A committedly nonviolent activist and reformist, imprisoned and tortured in later years . . .

With his Servicio Paz y Justicia – though purely a Christian-based construct, this passionate believer of peace advocated human rights; not selectively as too many have done and continue to do today, but, rather all-inclusively.

Fast forward to our times . . . I believe we can safely say that history suffers from dementia. A claim that would hold true if the culprit were a person, that is.

Why does history repeat itself anyway? Why do we accept its return to us time after time? Why do our fatal mistakes not stay away? Why do we insist on our erroneous ways?

Are we tragically forgetful? Do we refuse to see the tangible reality? Perhaps it is the age-old egotism that seems to ensure our own demise; our innate flaw to which we resort in the face of injustice to others to the point that we conveniently retort:

'I won't bother with that which does not affect me.'

Hence . . . unlived decades pass by. We remain in a deep slumber and are lulled to our repeated sleeps under the spell of an utterly cunning lullaby.

A Renga for Adolfo Perèz Esquivel

My dear poet-friends: Your collaboration is needed on this one. he spoke against the left- and right-wing violence too much to ask for?



dreaming intently

i want to wake up

to a global reunion

to breathe unity





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

Champion for the Poor

Adolfo Perez Esquivel is an Argentine activist,

community organizer, writer, painter and sculptor. He received the 1980 Nobel Peace Prize for his work to defend human rights. He promoted liberation of the poor, accepted the prize in their name and donated the money to charity.

He was a professor of architecture for many years, but later appointed Professor of Peace and Human Rights Studies at the University of Buenos Aires. He was an avid activist for peace and justice.

I Wanted to Tell You

I wanted to tell you. My touch is holy and my embrace is sacred. When could I tell you and you truly hear me.

I wanted to tell you. I have eagle eyes. I see beyond your breast the scar that holds your fear. I have the power to heal.

I wanted to tell you. The flow from your womb is righteous. When could I tell you and you truly feel me.

I wanted to tell you. Your heart is a ball of purity in a sea of emotions. Those emotions crippling you, I have the power to remove.

I wanted to tell you. I carry the love of spirit on my shoulders. When could I tell you and you truly believe.

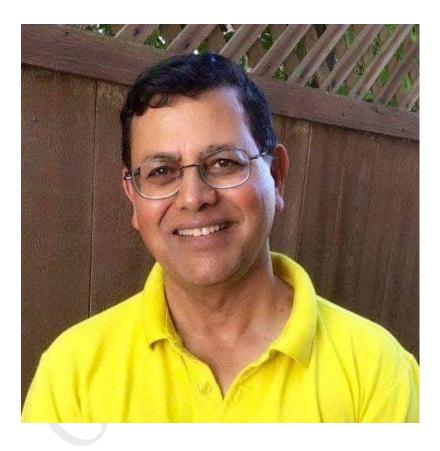
I wanted to tell you. I carry the spark of divine love and want to share it with you. I am capable of surrender I have the power to give. Mom and Pops

I cruise by the house to eat Mom's cooking. She is happy beyond reason. From the living room window, I see him stroke my car windows with love using the morning paper. Those windows sparkle, spit shine, love glittering.

I see Mom out the corner of my eye with a smile from 7th heaven watching me watch Pops as I eat her greens and cornbread.

Pops has magic hands dipped in holiness and Mom has hands of grace. You cannot compete with a love like that.





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.

I'm Peace that is Nowhere

The spectacle of hatred

how to interpret it.

Beyond grasp is its repercussions. Is it intolerance or fury against others?

For centuries blood has been spilled, dead buried in the name of peace.

We indulge in it a thousand times in Yemen, Palestine, Iraq or Afghanistan.

Life becomes a war, often agony and torture orbit the conflict.

Time gnaws the shattered lives drenched by the rain of bullets.

Divine patience needed to attain peace. When we think we have it, it moves.

Sentience

all we do open eyes

to see the beauty

a slug-crawl by a spider's cobweb with an amazing grace

each morning we wake up look around see the beauty

of tiny insects slowly sliding frictionless as the eyes move

A Peace Road, Perhaps

I peep into the past and find all answers or clues have been erased by Time Where does this road lead to?

This road has existed from ancient times. It has witnessed the of footsteps of marauders, saints, kings and regular folks like you and me reborn with a burden of unlearned lessons and forgotten history.

Is it Babylon or Jerusalem?

Far into horizon I see the distant ruins.

Why I'm walking on this road to that unknown place?

I have no answers.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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

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

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

Links to her works:

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

The Teacher is Born *Tribute to Adolfo Pérez Esquivel* you are always born, you never die...

when life turns uncertain, you give us windows of the future we see reinvented horizons, when all seem to be unworthy, your words gather unwavering stories of dignity, sacrifice and wisdom, when no one listens, that your heart started to be torn and crumble, your majesty remains standing you were there, you bleed but your heart is an unfathomable field of bravery and courage.

everyday's free magical story For my daughter

you would sleep like a princess,

when mom and dad's arms are ever comforting craddles of lullabies,

you would be merry with milkbottles or mom's breastfeeding tales in full swing to ease hunger,

you are everyday's free magical entertainer, little boss, giver of hope, littlest star, to our life's full circle and when you radiate a little smile the weary world becomes blissfully blessed.

the masterpiece

thinking of day and night, you are the daily sunshine, you are the beaming moonlight, the seasons' adorable lush of daffodils, blue luminiscence of endearing buttons, of silky baby pink socks of tempting creamy mittens, that you always find soft; that it pacifies you, more than just a piece of comfort, just like having you in our lives because you are our masterpiece, our most precious neonate.

Swapna Behera



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

no chair is vacant

the sky is the endless version of a celebration don't ever think to tie a horizon in its clouds

the sea is never erased melodies are canvas don't put the hash tag of your name on it

the air is restless in open balconies the virus peeping here and there

poison spreads in the arteries and veins of the soil every plant needs oxygen beyond the polythene

someone spreads tears on the fire zone of the pyres who conspires ? five elements are at stake

you are just a dot in the cosmic range a dot needs no chair to establish the citizenship a dot shines ,makes the painting

you are just a dot dear clean the hardware and glaze the dot for a dot can be a Sun a sun needs no chair because it plays no hide and seek

you are a copious dream reflecting every soul and investing your energy no chair is vacant in fact you don't need a chair to establish yourself your journey is your identity not your chair !

liberate me

Liberate me from the bonding bonding that ties my soul for every liberation is exotic

Liberate me from love love that expects and so possessive for every Greater Love is divine

Liberate me from myself For ME and I speak only narcissism myself is only the reflection of Thyself nothing is mine

Liberate me from my pains for pains are created by my own ego let me inhale the Greater pain of the street

Liberate me from lust for lusts are so puzzled and confused let my lust be converted into love

Liberate me from my self ego for egos camouflage let my ego be converted into humility to serve

Liberate me from this time zone for time zones are created by latitudes or longitudes let me be the eternal Sun and dance

Sowing the seeds with open feast

and

he says sow the seeds with open feasts the declaration of a humble man non violence is absolute respect for each human being none can sow seeds with clenched feast a new society is

possible

with friendly hands without hatred and rancour

he is an activist ,community organiser, a painter , artist ,sculptor of Argentina who opposed the last civil -military dictatorship the recipient of Pope JohnXXIII Peace memorial

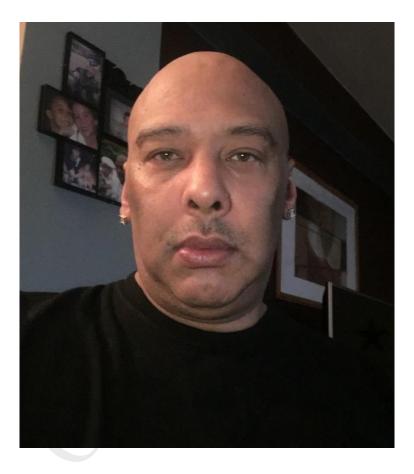
his murals and monuments the fifteen station Latin American Via Crucis that includes a Lenten cloth "A new sky and a new land " to commemorate the 500th Anniversary of conquest of America the sculptor of 'Monument of Refugees'

> he opposed the last civil military dictatorship an artist;

shines in the hearts a Nobel peace prize recipient Adolfo Perez Esquivel

a true sculptor who sows the seeds with open feast

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Aldolfo Pérez Esquivel

On November 26 1931 Adolfo Pérez Esquivel was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina He and his family lived in poverty, That will be one of the things that fueled his fire soon after. Years later he'll be a household name in Latin America. He became an Architect. A sculptor, And a human rights activist. He is an opponent of all violence. Searching for a way to keep the world working with equal and peaceful order. Is the life of this leader. Because of him traveling and sharing his beliefs, He was imprisoned over and over, and felt the pain of torture. There's a light in him that never went dim, when it came to non violent liberation. In 1980, due to hard work and touched lives,

Aldolfo Pérez Esquivel was awarded the Nobel peace prize

"P"

I wasn't embarrassed if he was mopped out in a nod scratching and leaning, I've taken him to the clinics get his meth, as a youngen I've seen that prescription in my kitchen, I grew up around addiction. I didn't co sign, I always preached the ramifications with hopes to see change in his condition. I took him for who he was, only God can judge us.

No one is perfect, we all have bones in our closet, I walked with a cache, vest and red cash in the projects, he didn't look at me as a thug or hustler, he looked at me as a lil brother, we both was poor so he overstood the hunger, he had my back as I advertised a color, when he heard shots or sirens he'll wait for me on his floor with open doors because he knew I was breezn up those concrete stairs with my material and burner.

He was a man of many hats, he was never scared to get his hands dirty, by any means he was going to feed his family. I admired that. He worked for his, hustled for his, everything he did was for his kids and wis. Our history started in the late seventies and continued into twenty twenty, we had a strong bond, four decades of beautiful and ugly memories.

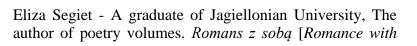
I went from broke to willie and he was there in the beginning and end with no cross in him, straight loyalty. I thought he'll live forever, we evaded death for a long time but he returned to the father after putting up a long fight with stage three. Love you "p"

Trapped

Although we had lookouts in the trap, I didn't like putting my freedom in their hands so I constantly checked the front, park side and back. I had a lot to lose and a lot to gain, wasn't going let the D's or shooters sneak up and catch me with my gat, catch me moving soft and hard caine or catch me slipping to end my reign. Had to be on point like chopper slugs, if not you'll be counting down days to release dates or become food shared with earthworms, maggots and other corpse eating bugs. I was different, I had that eye, I studied the parked car line up and eyeballed everybody walking by, if I saw a flock of birds fly, I looked around that area of trees to see why, the only way to catch me sleeping was in that split second when I blinked my eyes. I wasn't out there for sneaker, liquor and weed money. Work was getting put in, the streets was my career, dudes were temporary hustlers, ya know out there just to get fly or get high, I was out there everyday trying to break the generational curse, not just on the first. The game became second nature, every move that was made was for family, my team and future paper. They say the game doesn't last forever, that's a lie, it does, the only thing that changes is new men in position and flight patterns of cemetery lawn released doves. I've lost a lot of men regardless of how good I was.







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

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

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

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

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

Without hatred

To Adolf Pérez Esquivel, - Laureate of Nobel Peace Prize of 1980 . Listening to God's silence, without use of force, the architect of peace reached hands out towards a human, to aid.

He pursued harmony, fought for justice.

All in defense of

- the truth,
- the peace,
- the lack of hatred.

After all when the world reveals itself with love, it is friendly for all.

Translated by Ula de B

For Them

I'm still alive – happy otherwise. Under the cover of understatements I pretend it is good.

It is not so!

Hungry children wander without a father. They say that... I don't know what! I should be the head for them, but it looks bad, on it are traces of my history.

I'm still alive – happy otherwise I age faster, get thinner and more and more I want to live for them.

I do not know how to explain to them something that is inexplicable?

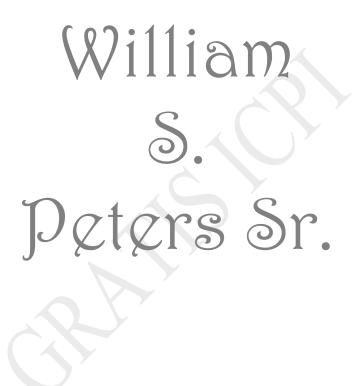
Birds

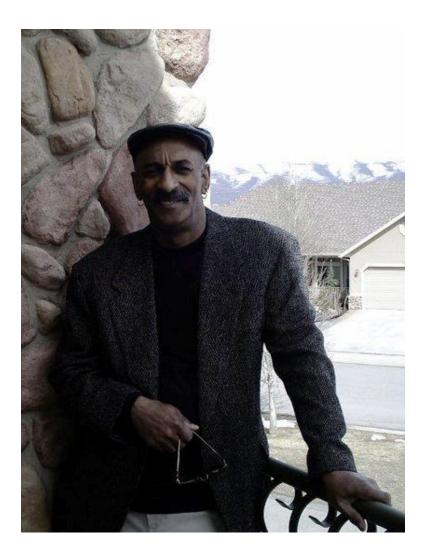
I still heard the flighty birds. They chirped, as if the world was spotless.

I looked at them, they flittered on both sides of the wall. They chose the way they were going,

they - were free!

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Remembering Adolfo Pérez Esquivel

I toiled and struggled

In the fields of hope Believing the yield Of my crop, The sweat of my brow Had possibilities To bring about A fruit That all humanity Could taste And enjoy

Peace was necessary For my existence And many like myself Who longed To once again Embrace That which they remembered From the youth Of their souls

I could not help my self, For purpose had seized me In a grip of death, A grip of life . . . Required I think Of the hearts Of all men

Spreading my Wings

I have always encouraged my children, All children,

Elucidating the message, That 'You' can Fly

I speak for my ancestors Who have endured, Suffered, Yet still dreamed Of this day Where I could make a difference.

I speak for my children, And the children of my children, Ad infinitum, That they may continue the strong tradition Of believing, And working toward the great manifest Of acceptance, Compassion, Embrace And love

I walk the path That my soul has laid before me, For I must reconcile My darkness With my light, And the light of my Creator

I mind not the toil, The sweat of my brow Blinds me at times, But I mind not, For it evidences my willingness To submit to the expression That I may remain The variegated color Of the canvass Of my humanity . . . I glow vibrantly With cosmic dust And a 'Soul Trust' That must be given Back unto from Whence it came

My color is exponential In its vastness . . . I am translucent, I am opaque, And all the visions and views In between

I am the wonder of life That can not be mastered From without For my exponential-ness Has a non-exhaustive potential That speaks in terms Of probabilities, So, you probably better beware, For when I, we spread our wings You will be enveloped In the shadows Of my/our light.

Reset

Gathering a means To validate esteem With 'likes' and 'comments', 'Points' and 'levels' Allowing 'Social Media' And Game Designers To become our saviour . . . From 'self'

'Thumbs up'

Watching Netflix and HULU, YouTube and Fox News . . . Who knew that our lives Would become What they are

Once upon a time I had dreams That I truly believed in, That were spawned from The books I read . . . I believed, So, I attempted to work towards that end To make them manifest Into my every day truth

I added imagination And words of mine own, And the passages became paragraphs, Which grew into chapters

And translated into years

Where character and characters Were developed, Plots etched in the sands, Congealed and thickened, And thus, played out In my ever-evolving life

Swipe, Double Tap, Please leave a comment,

Emojis have grown more than i

Friendships and followers, And other nuances That feed our hopes And desires That someone is paying Attention To who we are, Or at least Who we think we are, Or pretend to be

Hi-rise towers of self-frailties Built upon limestone And sandstone foundations That is surely to erode As time quickens, Plots thicken Humanity sickens Of its self

In the meantime, Wealth is another false equation That is the basis of the persuasion Of 'The Lost', People such as you And i

Lies accepted as certitudes, Attitudes off the charts, 'Mini-Mart' of perspectives Dominating our convictions And derelictionous ways As 'Day by Day' We cruise the net Looking for 'sure bets' That will deliver to us In 'Prime' time . . . The next day, As they promised . . . And they do!

We attempt to buy our way Out of our misery With fading artifacts 'Made in China' At the 'Sweat Factories' Of human suffering, Further enriching Those 'FAT CATS' Who feed us facts Filled with diversion, Subterfuge, Deceits, And other falsehoods spoken

From beneath their Pointed hoods Of exclusion

In the mean time, We pass time Absent mindedly With no consciousness employed, Deployed, Yet annoyed we are About our condition.... Is it time for our Seditionist nature to arise I ask, And take on the daunting task And reset?

Let us purge the distractive divisive delusions of darkness and reset ourselves, our humanity.

August 2020 Featured Poets



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







Dr Pragya Suman :

I am a doctor by profession and literature is my passion. I am from India. My poetry has appeared in Five anthologies this year. My poems and reviews have been published in many magazines and books. I have acquired certificates of excellence for my poetry from Global forum Motivational Strip, Asian Literary Society, Global Literary Society and other forums also. I inherited my inclinations towards writing from my father. He was a civil Engineer by profession, but always kept his library up to date. My mother was house wife, my parents are my ideal though both are no more.

White songs

The words upon the pink petals were frisky and limpid in the whistling wind. they spread upon the soil in a whimper, I tried to embellish them in slumber. broken song in bits in vain elegy of soul stale away in slain! In mauve colour dream I saw them again though my abiding was abstract and whole. I am heckled in, bites in soul "now I sing white songs standing upon the graveyard "

The Tunic Of My Father

The tunic of my father is still on the tenterhooks, though alienated in aura as dust is in the air.

One day I saw it nibbled out in multiple holes, my mother sewed it for hundred years.

My wrinkled eyes are now in arcus senilis and in a big vacuum I am sucking the teats of my mother !

Compass

My eyelashes

were in the wings of butterfly and in brewing coffee with a segment of salt my medic eyes knew, you were going to die soon. In one flash, I moved around the moon. Globe on your table is stand still and compass is crusted as location of yours is beyond par !

Chinh Nguyen



NGUYEN CHAU NGOC DOAN CHINH

Pen name: Hong Ngoc Chau Native Village: Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam University Degree: Master of Education Management Member of W.U. P (World Union of Poets)

CULTURAL AND ARTISTIC ACTIVITIES

Books of poems will be published:

- Vietnamese Contemporary Poetry (Volume 1)
- The Couple of Terns in the Vast Sky

And a lot of printed works in newspapers, magazines and general publications.

The Will Paper Of A Dead Lover

The love story is so beautiful but tragic Commonly, we're predestined a love romantic We will go to a happy marriage as thinking We failed as meeting the scene of mourning

We don't work for the same company We've loved three years so far, you see Having promised to get married at large The wedding will be held in the West in March

He's still been in Wuhan city, China Working as an informatics engineer For a fashion exports company, I like We meet every day on Wechat website

Hearing news Wuhan spread the virus I received his message sent me as such "I get a cough, my body at high temperature I'm worried to be infected with Covid as ever

I scolded him to say unlucky things a little Wuhan has over tens of millions of people Not easy for you to be infected so quickly I comfort, reassure but I'm also not happy

I wish for safety, it is my true attitude I'm waiting for his news every minute Bad Luck, I pray, please, don't fall down On an honest person who loses faith now

In the sad afternoon, on Wechat talking I received news he went to the hospital for testing Got an order number but he couldn't enter at all I asked: "Why didn't you go to another hospital

He sighed: "Everywhere is the same, oh, Lord! Lots of people in fever are patiently waiting for Most hospitals are full of patients at present It is hard to be cured as our hope or consent" "How are you, my darling! On the whole "My body is tired, the stomach is abnormal I feel nausea, cough, fever, chest pain Symptoms of pneumonia have I gained?

I thought he must be infected by Virus I worried to find the means or way, thus Helping him to be diagnosed with his disease? I asked my friend's husband to help quickly

Helping him to be diagnosed on the whole My friend's husband worked at a private hospital So he refused to receive anyone of fever Many patients are waiting for him to take care

My heart in pain, but I didn't discourage He really needed me I couldn't quit My impatience made me choke the throat I rushed to book a ticket, able to approach

At midnight they canceled the trip of visiting They ordered to blockade Wuhan that morning The pandemic spread overcame my imagination Then I didn't know who could help me in action?

I called a video chat to meet him So close, why couldn't I touch him? Warm arms were full of longing I couldn't hear the sweet-talking

He was lying, covered with a blue blanket He tightly hugged a teddy bear I gave indeed Near the bed on a cabinet was a lot of medicine "Call your company right away, have you seen? Or local managers, ask them to help some Sending someone to visit you at home He was bored, shaking his head lazily "Not okay! They don't have only me

"Many infected people are in critical condition Need to help right away with their urgent action Busy with difficulty under great pressure I can still go, it's my temporary pleasure

Many patients are in critical calamity The pandemic spread fast, unexpectedly People in the whole town are in panic They can't deal with the pandemic

He felt better the next day if I could behold I thought he might only catch a little cold But being so scared I was constantly crying All the street was full of corpses stinking

He said: "Peace of mind, don't worry Oh, at this moment, my wife is ugly!" With tearful eyes, I smiled wryly for fun His comfort words don't make me fun

Temporarily not thinking of instability A few days passed over quietly slowly Urgently, he called me on Wechat website The voice was slack, painful, and tired

He said, "Darling, promise me I said this with all my sincerity Obey me, don't cry, don't be sad to panic Our unlucky fate, you must be optimistic

"If I can't be with you to step forward To accomplish being engaged with each other This life we can't finish our wedding We have to postpone, is it such thinking?

Although our dream of marriage is broken I still want you to get happiness golden So I have some words on my will paper Remember to hand it to your future lover

For sure, your future lover will read it He'll change my role as a groom to create A little bit of the dowry I leave for you You feel free to use it later, it is true

Curious I opened the will file When reading my heart seemed died My heart seemed broken into pieces My tears wet the phone screen soulless

"As soon as you read this will document I congratulate you to be her boyfriend Winning my girlfriend's heart, great I'm not jealous when you're talented

The following is my secret confide There are some important advice Certainly, you remember to remind She is a bit stubborn sometimes

You tolerate her unconditionally As her protector, you should be ready To protect her all the life, not to blame Vestibular pain, her anxiety has such a name

You should not be easy to talk miscellaneous I gently rub her forehead if she's unconscious I make her feel asleep, after her sound sleep She wakes up in the fresh mood, all pain relieves

This is the method of Eastern medicine I've learned it, you have to trust in She still has another defect more or less I've tried to help her fix her wrongness

But I can have no more occasion I leave this task to you for action She is a film addict at night She loses the concept of time

She watches film until 3 early morning With a tired body, then she goes sleeping This is bad behavior to harm health, you see Sleeping time is not enough to rest, obviously

Try to help her to fix, you love her When two of you are life partners There's a lot of obstacles in love naturally I wish two of you have a good sympathy

To respect, tolerate each other, you understand I don't know where is your native land Where is the place you will earn a living What I remind you is not a big thing

But it is rather important to note, I hope You need to know-how is a true love As deep as my love I've given her as ever I want to thank you a lot to care for her

Since you substitute me to care indeed I wish both of you run good business You're happier and happier with children If missing me, at my grave, burn incense At the lower part of the document file He wrote to me his last words for my plight "Here is my name, bank account, and password That is a property for your dowry, so I word

It values \$100.000 Chinese currency It is the save of my working money All my life I love only you – my honey You deserve to inherit all my money.

The Belief Of Aspiration

Life sometimes revolves in this existence Let ask misery people in pondering moments Who can foresee the reunion or separation? Sad or joyful days so as to longing in motion?

We share confide at the nameless place To tie our relationship being love fate The two hearts in the same beat, same flow Sunshine or rain we've ever experienced sorrows From now on we hope our love fullness Man life career adapts our desire more or less For tomorrow, it exists throughout generations It's forever constant the belief of aspiration

We love the simple life of sincerity The ideal rises among life worldly With our will, we keep our loving fire The vow is witnessed by the blue sky

NIỀM TIN KHÁT VỌNG

Cuộc đời luôn có lúc quay vòng Hỏi khách trầm luân phút chạnh lòng Hội ngộ phân ly ai biết trước? Buồn vui ngày tháng biết mà trông?

Tâm tư chia sẻ chốn không tên Ràng buộc chữ tình nên nợ duyên Đôi trái tim yêu cùng nhịp đập Nắng mưa từng trãi những truân chuyên Từ đây duyên nợ mong viên mãn Sự nghiệp nhân sinh trọn ước nguyền Tồn tại mai sau bao thế hệ Niềm tin khát vọng vẫn triền miên

Yêu anh sống giản dị chân thành Lý tưởng trào dâng giữa thế gian Giữ lửa yêu thương cùng chí hướng Lời thề chứng kiến có trời xanh. HNC@All Rights Reserved

Agent Orange CHẤT ĐỘC DA CAM

Xào xạt tiếng mưa như nguyện cầu Ươm mầm nhân nghĩa, vun tình sâu Cùng đoàn thiện nguyện đi thăm hỏi An ủi những bà mẹ khổ đau

Vạt nắng dát vàng rơi óng ả Từng cơn gió nhẹ thổi mơn man Chiều về, xóm đạo bình yên quá Gác nhỏ nằm trong ngõ vắng tanh Căn nhà gỗ cũ nhiều khe nứt Vệt nắng trải dài màu tái xanh Những giọt thủy tinh như thổn thức Đọng trên mái lá sáng long lanh

Đồng nghiệp được thăm cô tạp vụ Chịu thương chịu khó làm lao công Siêng năng, sạch sẽ và ngăn nắp Công tác hoàn thành, luôn hết lòng

"Thầy cô đã đến " em tươi cười "Thật ngại, nhà không có chổ ngồi "Tiếp đãi thầy cô cho đúng lễ" Thoáng buồn em lắp bắp đôi môi

Tôi vội trấn an "không có sao" "Chị em đồng cảm, đừng lôi thôi "Em đừng đặt nặng chi nghi lễ "Bối rối làm gì!", tôi tiếp lời:

Bất chợt vang lên tiếng gọi "..Ô.." Em nói "Con em chào đó cô!" Góc trái sát tường, tôi chợt thấy Con em, cháu bé nằm co ro Tay chân quặt quẹo cứ run rẩy Đôi mắt khác thường đang mở to Lơ láo đảo nhìn, tròng trắng dã Miệng cười như khóc - một tràng ho

Cầm tay cháu bé: "Cô chào con" "Được mấy tuổi rồi hở cháu ngoan? Cháu bé lắc đâu, miệng ú ớ Hai dòng nước mắt rươm rướm loang

Tiếng cô tạp vụ: "Cháu mười tuổi "Tưởng tuổi như năm, người nhỏ con "Cháu bị tật nguyền trong bụng mẹ "Nếu thai em phá, cháu không còn. "Nhưng em không thể nào vô tâm "Nỡ giết con thơ, nỡ nhẫn tâm "Khi biết thai nhi năm tháng tuổi "Em tin quả báo đến ngàn năm

"Nhìn con tàn tật, tim đau nhói "Chất độc da cam của chiến tranh "Qui trách cho ai gieo tội lỗi "Cũng nhờ xã hội giàu lòng nhân.

"Chồng em chết trận đã mười năm
"Ở vậy nuôi con em tảo tần
"Mơ ước gì đây trong cuộc sống?
"Chỉ mong no ấm được yên thân"

"Thầy cô an ủi người nghèo khổ "Xã hội giúp em có việc làm "Tương ái tương thân ai cũng biết "Thì đời hạnh phúc đẹp vô ngần."

Rustling rain as the sound of prayers with the hope Nurturing human kindness, cultivating a deep love Together with the volunteer team, I visit Comforting suffering mothers indeed

Golden sunshine drops fall shinily Every light breeze blew caressingly In the afternoon, the religious hamlet is so peaceful The cottage is located in a deserted alley sorrowful

The old wooden house with cracks was seen Slight sunshine carpet is pale light green Crystal droplets are seemingly sobbing Stagnate water on the roof are glittering

The colleague we visited is a school maid

She suffers hard work as a laborer as said Diligent, clean and tidy, good manner indeed Her complete work is always wholehearted

"Teachers have come" she smiled a bit "It's embarrassing, the house has no seat "To treat teachers properly as I like to keep A sad moment. she stuttered her lips

"it's okay already!" I reassured quickly "We're sisters of sympathy, don't worry "Don't place any heavy rituals to pursue "Don't confuse for nothing!", I continued

Suddenly, a voice sounded "Oh .." The school maid said: "my son says hello" I suddenly saw in the left corner of the wall A child was lying down in stoop after all

His body, arm, and leg were trembling His unusual eyes were a wide opening With wild white irises, he seemed in an around looking He smiled like crying - a cough as a rooster crowing

Holding the child's hand I asked: "I salute you" I went on asking " Oh, dear! how old are you? His mouth babbled, the child shook his head His eyes were moist with tears instead

The school maid said: "He's ten years old His body as small as a child of five years old "He had a disability in the womb indeed if I aborted my fetus, he wouldn't exist

"But Oh, God! I cannot be heartless "To kill my future baby so is heartless "When knowing my five-months-old fetus neared "I believe in retribution for thousands of years "Looking at my disabled son, my heart aches as ever "The Agent Orange of the war is a massacre "Whom can I blame about this ghosty sin, you see? "Fortunately I still have the kindness of the society

"My husband died in battle ten years ago "I've nurtured my son, kept being a widow "What is my dream in this life reality? "I just wish to live in peace and safety

"You teachers comfort the poor's hope "Society helps me get a stable job "Mutual solidarity, everyone knows this Oh, happiness, how so beautiful life is!

Srinivas Vasudev

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Dr Srinivas who is a bilingual poet hails from Visakhapatnam of Andhra Pradesh. He writes in Telugu and English. He did his Masters and Ph.D in English literature from Andhra University, Vizag besides a few other degrees and diplomas.

Worked in various countries in the capacity of English faculty for their respective government organisations before he relocated to Bangalore in the year 2014. Worked in Oman, Singapore and Brunei Darussalam for the Ministry of Education for about 15 years. Came back to India in 2014. Since then he has been working as Head of the Department of English PG centre affiliated to Bangalore University. He currently lives in Bangalore city.

Won several prestigious awards in the field of teaching outside India in all the countries that he worked.

Casket, full of dreams

Dream, daughter of night, Solace the troubled soul Comforting through piles of broken images Each droplet of foggy dream slips on a window pane *

Silky & slippery Frothing & floating They have no script Nor screenplay Nurturing the oblivion They push me into bliss Haunting with tinted streamers Dreams, Oh! they cut through life as if they define Life and Love

**

Tales upon tales, piling for ever Tales on wings, tales coloured with feathers as delicate as balloons, as frail as airships Self pricking all of a sudden Self annihilating as fog.... Dying, dying and phoenix again They are there in words and letters too Its all about you It gets the same story Story of Life and Love ***

Let me....wait! wait for the fulfilled dream! Life asks for Love

(To her: She has been my life force and she suggested this title and Can't say if it matched with her thoughts! But still, it is for her)

The City that never dreamt

The Sun-burnt city never sleeps as if to warm up the clogged hearts as if to crucify the odd one the Sun-light clad city never dreams ***

The dew on December flowers competes with my shower- gel in the morning the fog in January sneaks quietly over the naked mountains and rock faced hillocks still, natives sleep in blankets of miasma as if there's no tomorrow destiny is drafted, anyway! ***

One needs to embrace veracity and wakeup either with Mosque hails or Temple bells or the vendors' clarion call the school children's sweet songs make the medley as the morning flowers pave the way for them ***

The occasional rain dampens the hearts if not the red Earth the late Spring plays its flute all through the surged up Sea snarls against the shore solacing its admirers with foamy waves ***

A conglomerate of cultures, the city that shelters myriad temples the city that pricks one's taste buds lo! It cuddles you into it where all the six senses invoked to life where hillocks make sensual love with Sea ***

(This is an Ode on Vizag, a port city in Andhra Pradesh, India, where I was born & bred) When death strip teased a biker... Time lays its trap-a death trap of camouflage.....cowardly He was challenging Time, while wheeling! never realized the truth--Time and Death-- in the same cradle

Death hates Time as it is... as it pedals and reins the ultimate Whats the texture of death If it is to define the beautiful Life?

Where does Man linger Is it between life and death Or between Time and Death always a mystery, kept by Time

do we invite death by ourselves or does it come itself as an uninvited guest

how do we tempt our end? Do we tempt it anyway? If life is measured by minutes and seconds And celebrate b'days Why don't we rejoice death too?

By the way, how do we want to die At the end of it? It what— It symbolizes the Time The ultimate Time

No one knows nor does to pretend to know.... Value life! Value of death too After all none wants a cruel death!! (on seeing a young biker erroneously going into the back wheels of a big truck and yielding on the spot... it was such a ghastly sight that Im not able to come out of the shock even now)

Ugwu Leonard Ifeanyi, Jr.



Ugwu Leonard Elvis also known as (Leonard D Great) is an award winning poet and editor. He is the author of the poetic

reflection titled 'Echoes of the invisible' (published by Author House, USA, 2017). He compiled the Anthology of Peace for the World Union of Poets (WUP) published by Atunis poetry 2016. His poems have been published in websites, newspapers, magazines and anthologies.

Leonard works at the University of Nigeria Arts faculty center.

The War A poem for the post Covid-19 era This is no war of serenity where bullets are swallowed by the skull.

This is a short bout of power burnt by ravaging hymns put install,

Every hoofing jackboot throws our spirit away to the storm, Now we seek comfort from the bottom of terror yet unborn.

Sit home; no we prefer to stir the wall war of cataclysm, Roaming the streets of dread for the sake of capitalism,

But when this voyage comes lurking, shall we dance to its apostrophe?

When this battle cry falls on to our feet, can we avert the catastrophe?

As we bask in adulation; our soldiers return hunting in gyrations,

This time, we bid farewell to our dreams, our children and aspirations.

This War is not of war, never a battle ground infringed by fatalities,

But this is a battle field averse by overwhelmed familiar formalities.

O! War a mark to bear for so long; come by the moonlight sail that we may accommodate your wisdom.

O! War dark heart of green light, no matter your cavalcade, we shall be at your dumping rout waiting to sip freedom.

Oasis A poem to all feminists and anti-feminists I am the oasis that bleeds from nature; a tree to reckon I am the belt hanging on waist of freedom for another freedom

I am that desert forged into trees and shrubs yet to beckon I would love to stare the duo of powers in one unceasing kingdom

I am that referee whistling the bout of two canker-worms Dancing to drums with baseless steps cantankerous to assimilate

What can one do without another? A well placed goat horns Oasis! In the midst of dryness comes life, a reason to love and relate

Amidst darkness you search for your shadow in despair I am that man, who went cooking for my goddess While she stared the four wheel of my car trying a repair Equal right, unequal sphere on dent of God's goodness

I am that man who bows to power to make mystery I am that Man whose mystery attracts power in history.

Look A Poem Written on 5th June; the World Environment Day

Look the sparrows sing

And the wind whirl Look the sun glitters And the cleavage of clouds coalesce

Look the stars hang And the moon pinned to the sky Look the soil at base And the air ready to fly into nostrils

Look the beauty of flowers As it flouts its petals in growth

Yes! We nurture nature But never in control of its nature

Why must man mar this moisture of beauty? In this enthralling nest where we find life a slippery rout Look these beauties And the evanescence of life

Why must man mar this beauty? Where he find himself dwelling like flowers in the sea

This home we find our boot Must be pampered like baby without foot.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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Alan W. Jankowski

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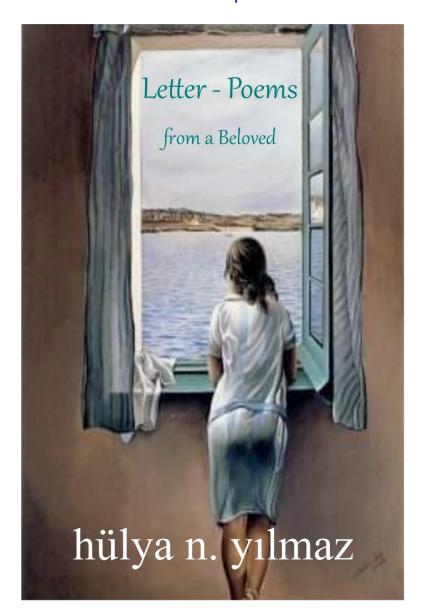
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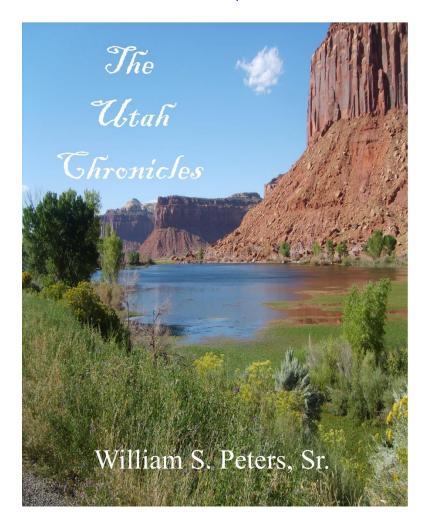
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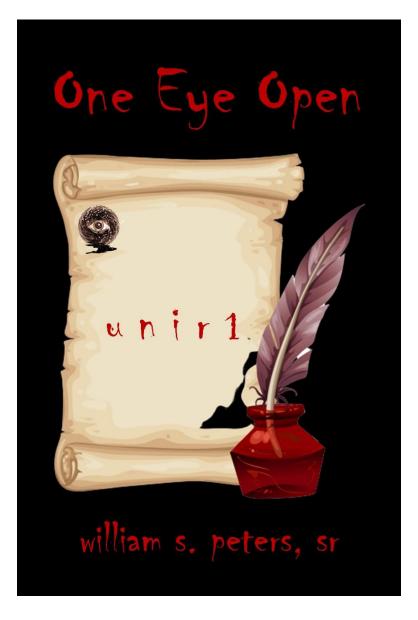
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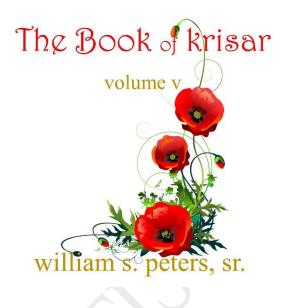
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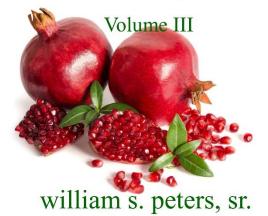


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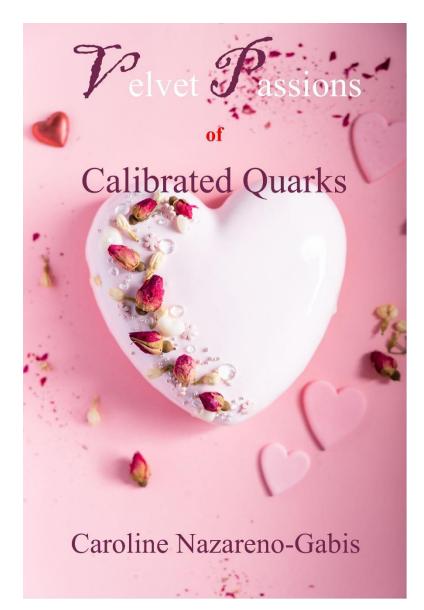


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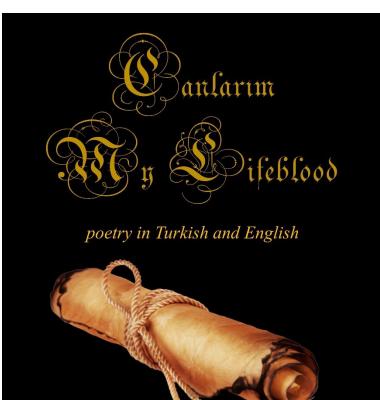


Unpaired

Eliza Segiet

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hülya n. yılmaz

Butterfly's Voice



Faleeha Hassan

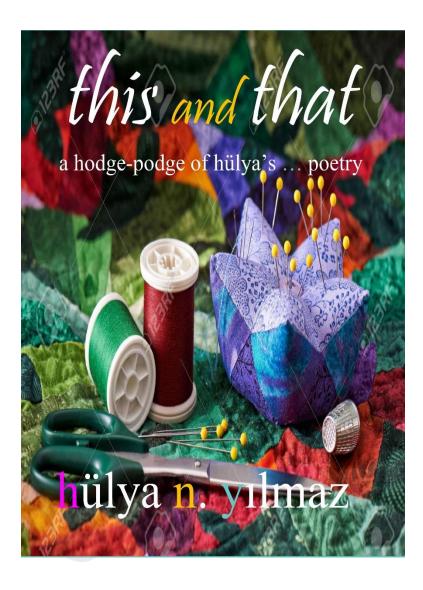
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No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen





HERENOW



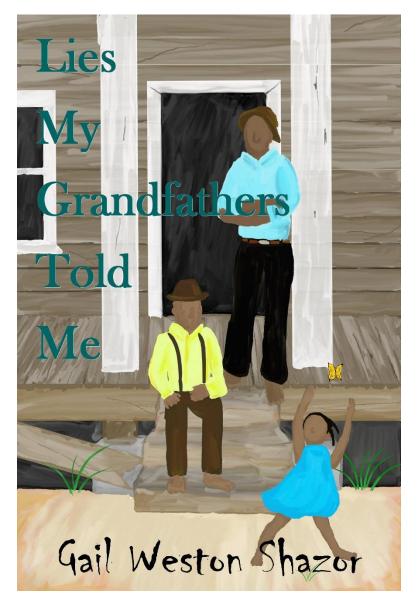
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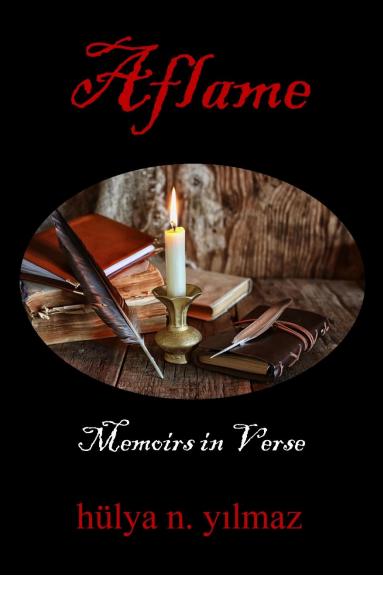
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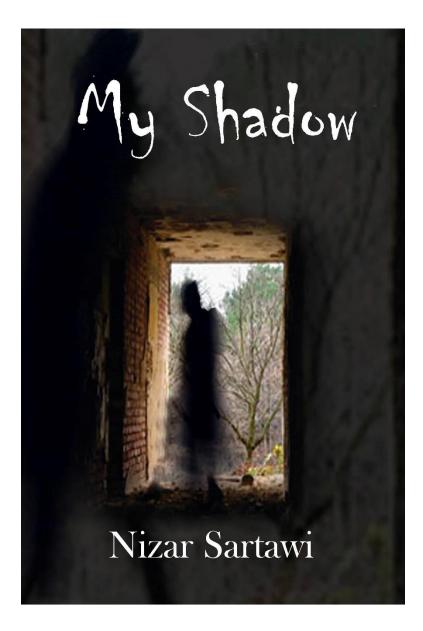
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Breakfast

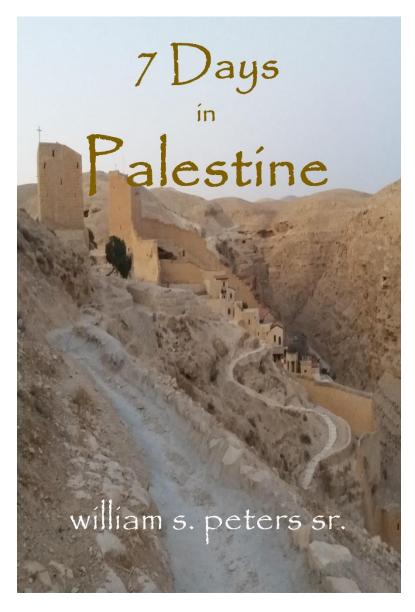
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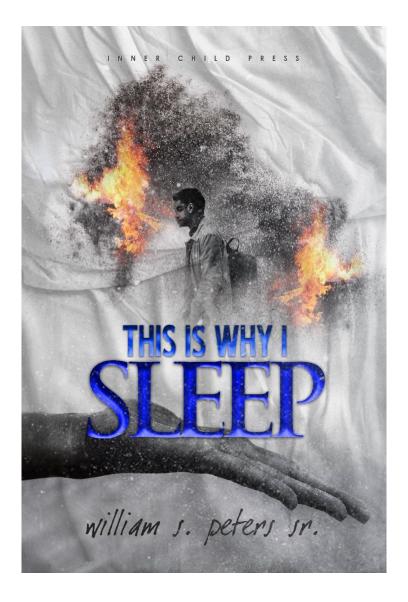
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a collection of poetry inspired during my travels

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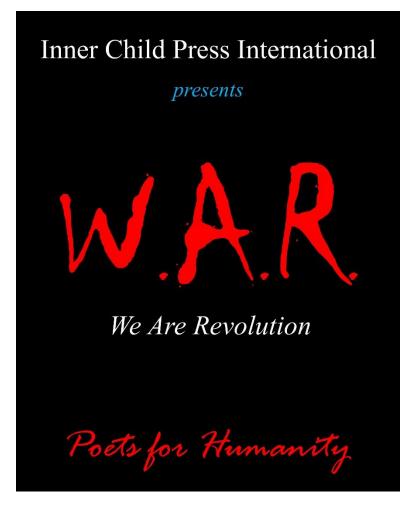
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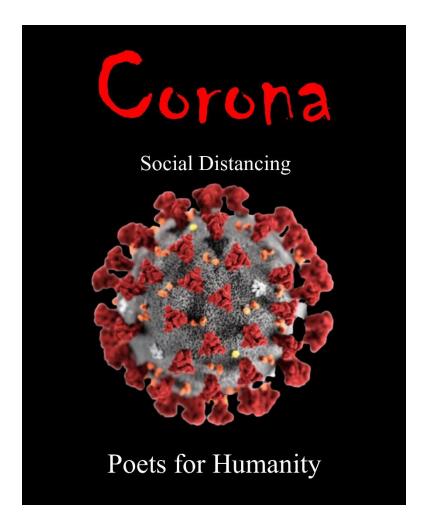


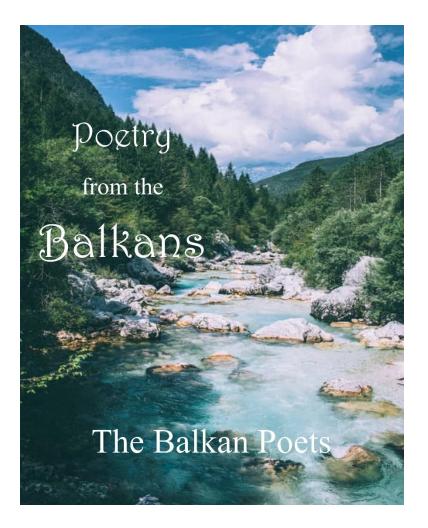
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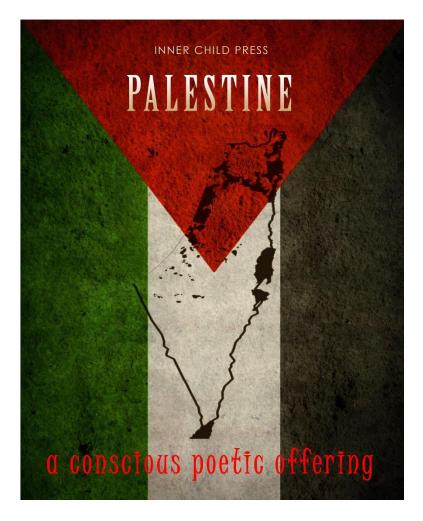


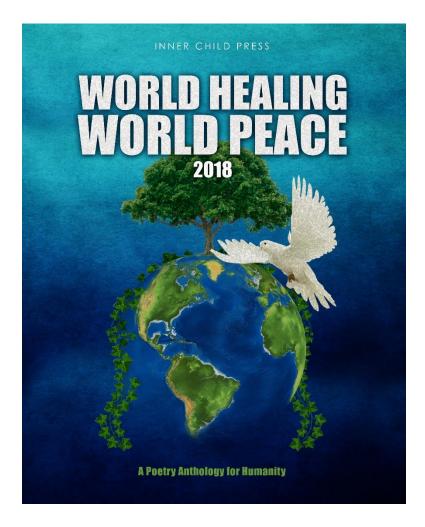
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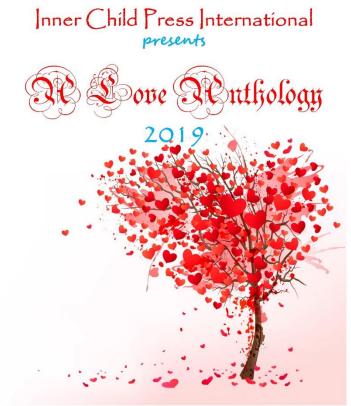
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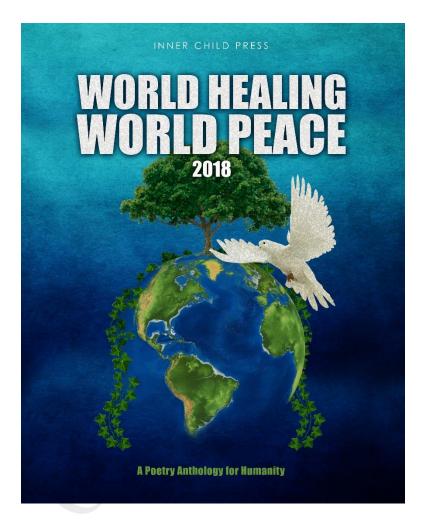




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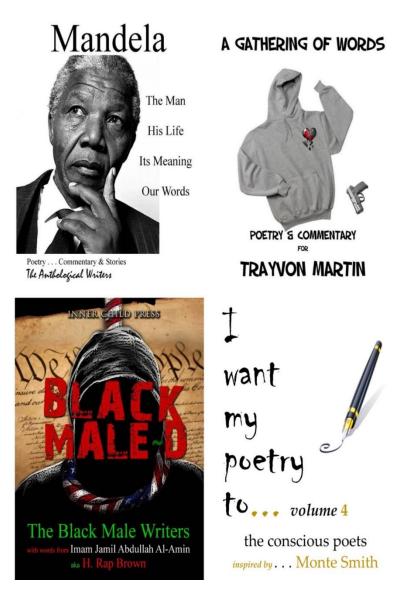
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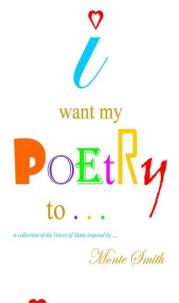
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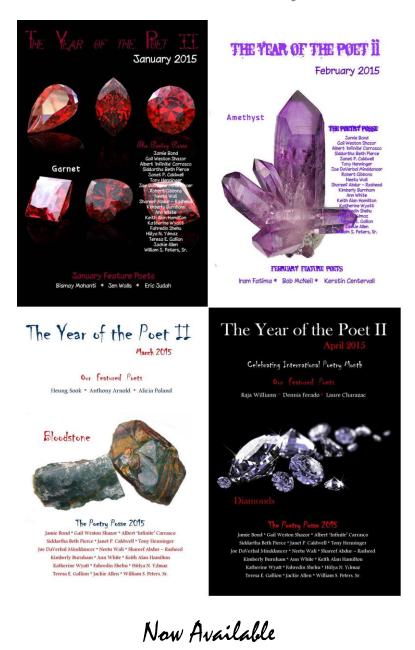
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June 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carracco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Herminger de DaVerbal Multiduncer * Neettu Ault = Shareet Adam - Rasheed Kimberty Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faluredin Shelua * Hôlya N. Yihnaz Terens E. Galion * Jackie Adlen * William S Pieters Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

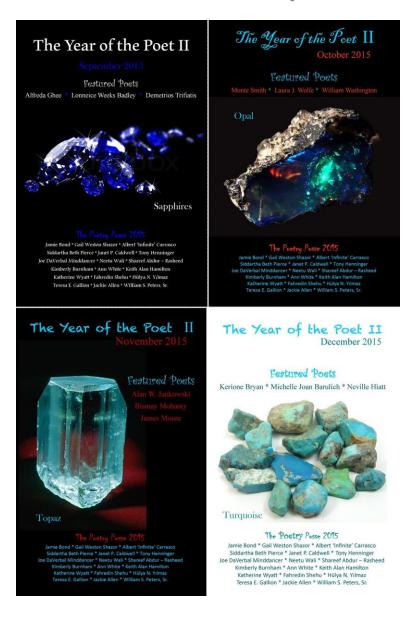
August 2015

Peridot Gayle Howell Ann Chalasz Christopher Schultz

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend* Gail Wetton Skuzer * Albert Tufnitik Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger de Davierbal Mindkneer * Neettu Auli * Shareet Abdur - Rasheed Kimberty Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alam Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehm * Hilya N Yilmaz Terens E. Galion * Jackie Allen * Williams S Peters Sr.

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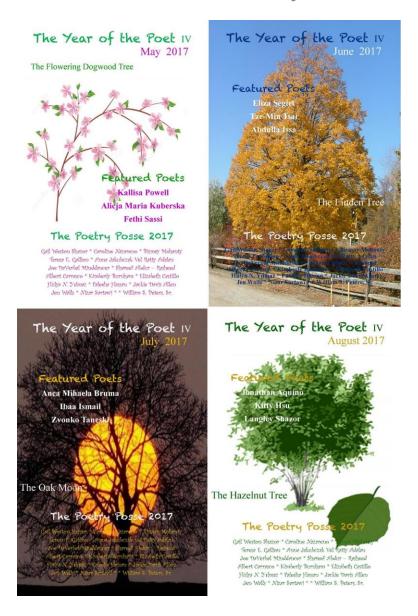
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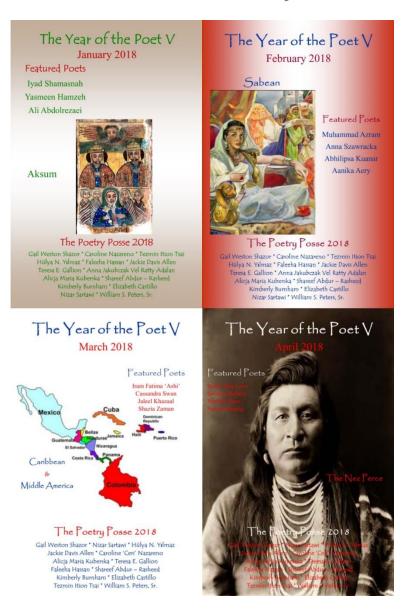
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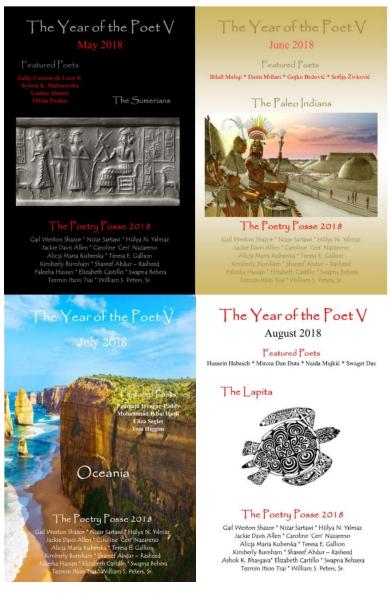
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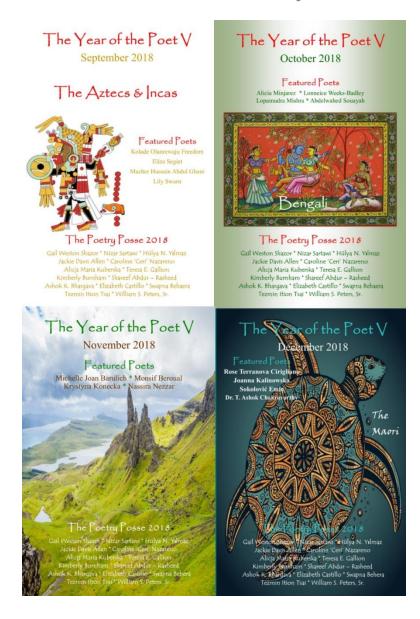
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Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

Featured Poets Marek Lukaszewicz * 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 5. Peters, Sr.

March 2019

The Poetry Posse 2019

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.

Dream Catcher

Enesa Mahmić * Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud * Anwer Ghani



The Caribbean

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallon * Joe Pate Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Svapna Behera Tezmin ttion Tsat * William S. Peters. Sr.

The Year of the April 2019

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



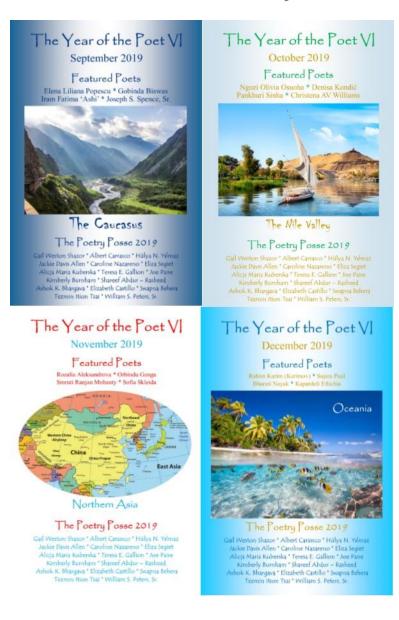
Central & West Africa

J ne j oetroj osse 2019 Gal Weston Shazor * Albert Carasco * Hulya N. Yilmaz Jacke Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Biza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swana Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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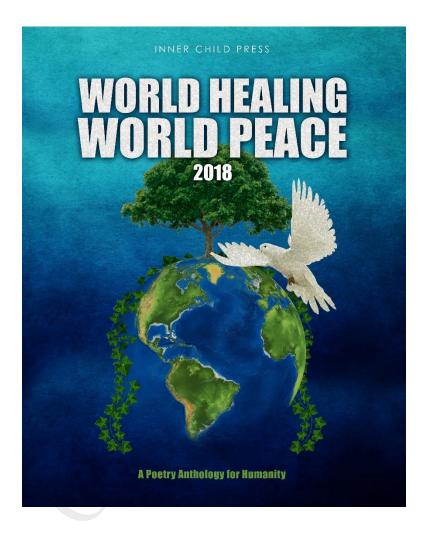


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2020



August 2020 ~ Featured Poets



Dr. Pragya Suman



Ugwu Leonard Ifeanyi, Jr.



Chinh Nguyen



Srinivas Vasudev

