The Year of the Poet VIII December 2021 Featured Global Poets Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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.



December 2021

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2021

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 VIII December 2021 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2021

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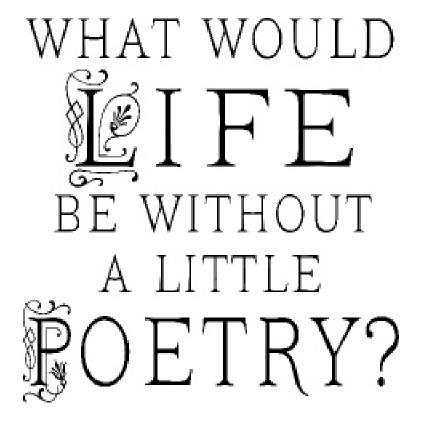
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

The year 2021 in the publishing house Inner Child Press was dedicated to ekphrasis. Every month, an international group of poets, participants of The Year of the Poet project, described the selected work of art. There was a specific, artistic marriage of painting, sculpture and words. The writers conveyed in poems their vision of a given masterpiece, they tried to reveal its hidden message. Each ekphrasis brings an enormous richness to the gaze and shows individual, poetic sensitivity. Needless to say, poetry and art have always required the recipient to have a specific mental work, individual analysis. I believe that thanks to these poems, works of art have become closer and more readable to readers.

December brought another challenge – a winter landscape, i.e. a painting by Frederic Edwin Church entitled "The Iceberg"

The outset, the painter should be introduced. Who was Frederic Edwin Church? The encyclopedia contains the following information: "Frederic Edwin Church (May 4, 1826 - April 7, 1900) was an American landscape painter born in Hartford, Connecticut. He was a central figure in the Hudson River School of American landscape painters, best known for painting large landscapes, often depicting mountains, waterfalls, and sunsets.

Church's paintings put an emphasis on realistic detail, dramatic light, and panoramic views. He debuted some of his major works in single-painting exhibitions to a paying and often enthralled audience in New York City. In his prime, he was one of the most famous painters in the United States. "

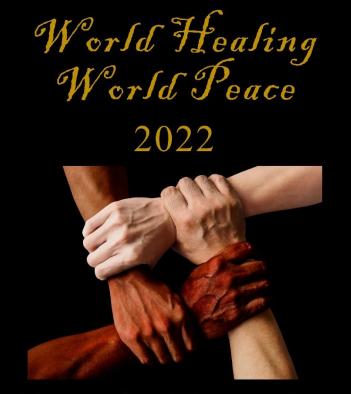
What should you know about the painting? Church painted this scene of the Arctic from sketches drawn by his friend, who was a polar explorer – Isaac Israel Hayes. Church has never been there and he used his vision. White has different shades depending on the angle of the sunlight. The painting shows the remains of a shattered ship. This item is disguised conflict information about The Civil War. This war changed American art forever, a new chapter in painting was opened, namely the way it was expressed was changed. So let's read the works that describe this seemingly peaceful landscape of the distant Arctic. Let's use our imagination to feel the icy air and see all shades of whiteness.

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Director of International Relations Inner Child Press International

Now Open for Submissions

Closing 31 December 2021

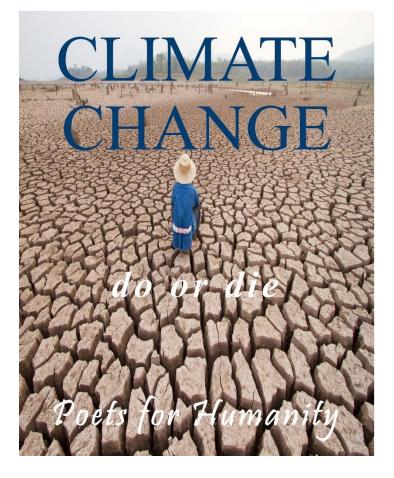


Poets for Humanity

1 Poem Picture of Poet Bio of 50 words or less

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Opening for Submissions 1 January 2022



1 Poem Picture of Poet Bio of 50 words or less

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

D_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, in the closing of yet another year of publishing *The Year of the Poet*, ready to begin our 9th year of which our theme will be '**Climate Change**'. This volume, (#96) represents the 12th month of our eighth year of monthly publication. It is truly amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful *Featured Poets* from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

This last year, 2021 as well as 2020 has been particularly challenging for many of us throughout the year for many reasons to include the 'COVID pandemic', political unrest, Wars and Famine, etcetera. We at *Inner Child Press International* were busy. We envisioned our role where the arts meet humanity to continue doing what we were good at . . . publishing. We managed to not only produce and publish this series, *The Year of the Poet* each month, but we were also very proactive in the arena of human and social consciousness. In the coming year of 2022, we are so excited and look forward to the projects we now have on the board such as *World Healing, World Peace 2022*, *Climate Change . . . do or die* and so many more.

Going forward into this new year, we are seeking to invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'. We, poets and writers do have something to say about it all, and we intend to do so in any and every way we can. So stay tuned . . .

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

PS

Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry initiative for 2022 is now taking submissions until : **December 31st 2021**

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

Fredric Edwin Church

December 2021

Frederic Edwin Church, a direct descendant of Richard Church, a Puritan pioneer from England, painted more confidently and on a grander scale than his contemporaries. He uniquely captured the spirit of an optimistic American people who associated the landscape of the New World with manifest destiny. In 1846 Church sold his first painting to Hartford's Wadsworth Athenaeum for \$130. The painting we feature this month, The Icebergs sold for \$2.5 million in 1979.

Church painted scenes of the arctic from sketches drawn by his friend, polar explorer Isaac Israel Hayes. When Hayes returned to New York, the country was in the thick of The Civil War which forever changed American art. American artists of this era could not depict the conflict using the conventions of European history painting, which glamorized the hero on the battlefield. Instead, America's finest painters captured the transformative impact of the war.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frederic_Edwin_Church

Art historian Barbara Novak wrote that Church was "a paradigm of the artist who becomes the public voice of a culture, summarizing its beliefs,





https://www.flickr.com/photos/gandalfsgallery/384 45497932





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

The Poetry Posse 2022 making a difference !!! www.innerchildpress.com

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

Where was I...

When you were lying back there in the dark The sounds of wretching reaching my ears Though I was deep in my closet Where was I When you called out in the night From the pain that bit through you Like the knives in your memories I was On my knees like the pastor told me Praying hard and earnestly for your soul But I know you didn't hear me Because even my tears fell silently As I rocked and held myself tight Scared that you might really hear The tears that I meant to be for you And yet I couldn't remember where I was When you faced down the yellow skinned man Someone we didn't know Because our jungle was cotton fields And only green in the summer I stayed in the church house After every letter Even though I could feel the real you Slipping away behind every shot fired When they sent you home You were no longer you The drinking and weed smoking replaced The tall brown love you once were As the years passed and the greenness Began to creep around your eyes I couldn't understand how it could be

Likened to something orange When that was the color of my bruises That you used to exercise your demons Pastor said it wasn't your fault So now you lay dying inside your head Inside my house, inside my skin Waiting for charlie to come and forgive you And I have become one of the ghosts That live on the edge of the mist Waiting on the both our pains to stop I can already hear the report of the 21 guns Maybe then I will Know where I am

YWHW

i say YWHW from You i breathe Your very name into my mouth And the whisper covers the air i taste You name yourself everlasting Alpha and Omega Am that you Am and It is sufficient for my limitedness And i breathe after You-Abah In the midst of my day In the middle of my life i find that You are here In the same place i find myself It is not that You have ever left i moved And now that i have returned i say yes And draw close to You For in this i am refined after my rescue Storms rarely run in a straight line And i have been buffeted around And i have run headfirst into the wind Even though You told me no i could not hear for the listening To my flesh senses So my doxology has become this i am greatfilled to the inked And to the said And to the whispered breath of You i say yes to the wind across my face The salty sea on my lips that flavors My independence of dependence For You are my choice

This one of abundant living in the midst Of practicing to yield to You i am your child of water i am your adult of giving i accept who You made me to be So i live You in my waking And in every love of my life i expand, reach and fill much farther Than i can ever hope to do alone And though i am not perfect You Are

Ministrations

Senryu in 5 parts

Hold my hand in yours There is never a wrong time For it to be right I welcome your touch Especially after not For so very long It is in this time Of many middling moments That I look for you And as you look too It is still doing something Let me ease your work It's in the split place Of calluses that create A fearless new life

Alicja Maria Kuberska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor.

She 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, Our Poetry Archive (India) and Cultural Ambassador for Poland (Inner Child Press, USA)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in : Poland, Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary,Ukraina, Belgium, Bulgaria, Albania, Spain, the UK, Italy, the USA, Canada, the UK, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Israel, Turkey, India, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan, China, Australia, South Africa, Zambia, Nigeria

She received two medals - the Nosside UNESCO Competition in Italy (2015) and European Academy of Science Arts and Letters in France (2017). Ahe also received a reward of international literary competition in Italy " Tra le parole e 'elfinito" (2018). She was announced a poet of the 2017 year by Soflay Literature Foundation (2018).She also received : Bolesław Prus Prize Poland (2019), Culture Animator Poland (2019) and first prize Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia- Paestrum Italy (2019).

The Arctic

A ray is born in the heart of darkness to penetrate the landscape with the sun's light and cut the transparent chill.

Everything is different here Fresh water turned to a stone is drifting in huge patches on the sea Delicate snowflakes clump into the mountains, and a whirlwind breaks the deathly silence.

The world of white has different shades - streaks of blue and green pulsate It is a beautiful and terrifying landscape Man is forbidden here, but curiosity tells him to open up the gateway to an icy hell

Poems on The Lake Ohrid

Three shades of blue – mists, mountains and sky fell softly into the water in a wide cascade. The fishing boats were lying lazily on the yellow sand of a nearby beach - gazing at golden reflections glistening on the smooth surface of the lake

It was a beautiful day - full of sunshine and love There were roses and the wind hid in the flowers, to listen to the silence interrupted with the carefree laughter of playing children. The old people sat down on the park benches - they were similar to birds tired after a long flight

In the odeon, as in ancient times, the subtle music of the words sounded. Here we were, the wanderers from distant lands - we spoke with all the languages of the world and we felt the common speech of poetry

The differences are gone. In our veins, in the same rhythm drops of blood throbbed, calmness settled in our minds. Against the world, full of wars and hatred, we built a new tower of Babel to climb above the walls and touch the azure sky.

Lime Tree

yesterday it greeted me outside the window today it disappeared - cut into pieces

someone is converting wood into cubes somebody else is cutting the branches and I am crying

I will not hug the trunk tomorrow and I will find no relief in the shade of its leaves

a friend died - mine and the local birds

Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis 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.

A member of the Poetry Posse since 2015, she resides in northern Virginia with her husband. With three collections to her credit, 2015, *Looking for Rainbows, Poetry, Prose and Art*; in 2017, *Dark Side of the Moon*; and in 2019, *No Illusions.Through the Looking Glass.* Mostly narrative poetry, published by William S. Peters, Sr, Inner Child Press, and edited by hulya n. yilmaz.

A musician and friend has composed a piece of music inspired by her poem, "Momma and Me". Homer Hickman, author of <u>Rocket Boy</u>, from which the movie "October Sky" was made, has expressed an interest in her writing. Additionally, several poems in her third book, *No Illusions*, were nominated for a Pushcart Prize. The book itself, was submitted to the Pulitzer committee for consideration.

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

Help!

I am an iceberg. Like many of the majestic sculptures, dissipating, I am in a dilemma as to what can be done. Is not that the sound of my mother weeping?

I am icy-white, frigid in form, fearfully made; my image, awe inspiring. From one and all I have received both great fame and acclaim. I am Mother Nature's own.

Captured as from the eye of an artist or photographer, that which remains of me is far less than it was before.

Aging in stature, sadly crumbling, I crack, slip, slide, then crash, splashing down into the depths of the foamy sea. Here me roar!

Like thunder, like so many of my peers, my burial tomb is within the insatiable mouth, of the raging sea. Ooh's and ahh's become my eulogy, witnesses to my demise.

As from, a silent breeze, centuries in the making, my time is spent. I am groaning, longing to remain.. I have lost the better part of me. Adieu! Can you not hear me moaning?

Color of the Unspoken

Time after time Day after day Week after week

Month after month Year after year Secrets are hidden

Yet everyone is aware Of the unspoken And of the one

Who fears Being revealed, she tries still To keep on singing

She Walked Down the Street

In nothing did he find any pleasure. Reaching out to no one No way to track his measure,

Abandoned, he had become undone Wondering what had gone wrong.

Inside the dimly lit bar musicians Soulfully played their instruments And the piano keys danced in tune While she, the jazzy one

With lips painted bright pink Glowered beneath the neon.

Suddenly she walked out the door, Swiveling her hips, swishing her silky slip, Unnoticed by one distracted.

And then she walked down the street, Never turning around to look back.

The night screamed and shrieked And eventually so did he As did his heart which heavily fell.

Down t to the subway stairs he ran Searching left and right

Still under her beguiling spell. And then he walked back up the street Towards his flat, passing the noisy bar He dragged his weary feet while she Sought her freedom in a subway car.

Never had he felt so lost as he did That night, counting up the cost Of climbing up the stars to the moon,

Where the blues were spinning And he holding a half empty glass.

Scattered on the floor Are bits and pieces of trash Littering his forlorn room and he,

Waiting dejected and all alone The time of depression's clock..

He throws himself across his bed Feeling as if he's sinking, about to drown For in nothing does he find any pleasure.

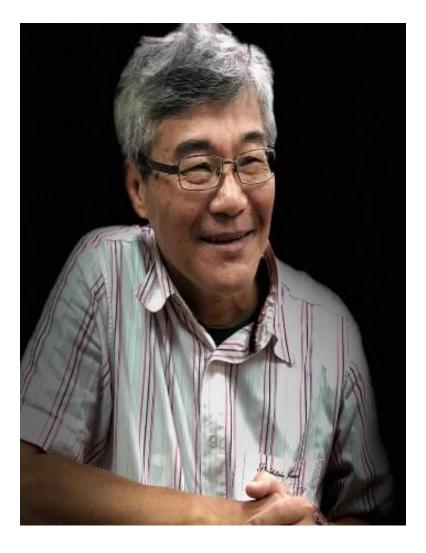
Isolated, he reaches out to no one No way to track his measure.

Abandoned, he has become undone. Questioning what had gone wrong, He wonders if ever she would come back,

Or if in the writing, the error had been In the second draft?

22

Tzemin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai come from Taiwan (Republic of China). In addition to being a literature professor at Asia University (Taiwan), he is more committed to writing poems, novels and proses. He is also an editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text, International editor of "Contemporary dialogues" literary periodical in Macedonia, and a columnist for *'Chinese Language Monthly'* in Taiwan.

In a wide range of literary creations, he is particularly fond of interesting stories or novels, and writing articles or poems about the feelings of nature and human beings. He has won many national literary awards. His literary works have been anthologized and published in books, journals, and newspapers in more than 50 countries and have been translated into more than 22 languages.

The Icebergs

Since the early morning, the weather has changed The silver brilliance turned into valiant, greeting in my remnant dream The ice mountains rose, and blocked the verdure sent by the mountain at the same time That mountain is as old as ever, just admit the sorrow of this cold The plum blossoms always fall in the cold winter like this night, but once they have a good time with the clouds The lonely temple is no longer embarrassed those fragrant flowers and green grass that used to be But who will come to straighten the sunbeams that have been dumped? Who will remember that the song is singing the reflection of clear water? Too cold for plants to grow on the iceberg There are some winds be gathered in several mountain cols When the remaining cold is blown out, the prevailing wind and snow have all changed color Why bother for yourself Go and ask, who hasn't come to rely on yet? The heavens are like water, not ice The trace of the moon is as bright as a sharp dagger, Mountains and rivers have always been lonely but proud The snow is no longer falling but the ice has not melted Snow dissolves undissolved ice

I don't know who to drunk, so why calmly and lightly?

How can I face all this calmly before don't know whom to

borrow a drunkenness from?

The Sun Went Around Dumbly The Mountain Lakes

The mountain is not close enough but the slope is so steep I ordered a lying-on-back to crush the white clouds

- indiscriminately
- The sad goose doesn't leave traces like fish scales along the mountains and rivers, but have you ever thought of stopping?

The flowers hiding in the blue breeze, the green shadows are jagged with each other but difficult to be uniform

The dew drops wetted my collar, and the white butterfly flies like a passionate dancer

By the lake, surrounded by vines and paved the colorful Annotated how free and at ease of the earth

This scene marked the infinite pride of nature

- Laughing and playing with the spring light, just happened to be
- The roars of the lions, the wind wave to and fro let the valley full of willow catkin
- The staggering mane sheep on the rock wall, except for picking up buds
- Why should it necessary scrunched their strange black and white faces

With a sudden grin, turned their head to peep at the foxes hiding in the sandpit

Those withered branches climbed high in the sky, can't find any robins who came to report for safety

Even my father beyond two mountains

Was still following the tracks of the prey

Right now, the reflection of the setting sun made the sky reddish

But can't avoid the regret of being at the mercy of others in my heart

Standing in this sad land of lovesickness, withered and fragile like a cold moon with a river

The mood sinks again, what is the use of inviting to accompany that hesitation?

In the distance, smoke curled under the cliff

Squatted down, resting my left ear against the ground Listen carefully

I would like to make the heartbeat in my chest

Replaced by the sound of horse hooves of my father from far to near

The flame is looming, and the mother's calls has been waiting for millions of times

How much concern turned into dust in the wild world?

The old sentence was quoted, shy not let the slanting wind and drizzle blow away

Like the retreated love, like the hatred was picked up again

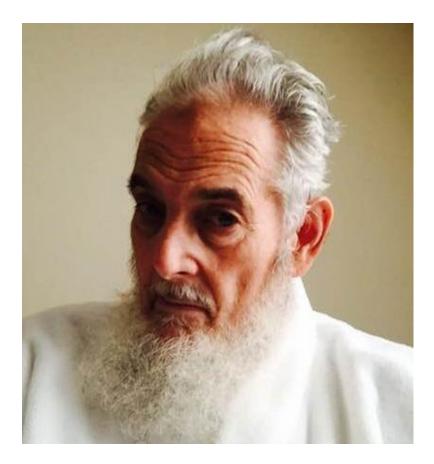
A gust of wind in the evening, how the sun went around the mountain lakes so dumbly?

Midnight

The temple south of the castle Changganjiuli Hundred feet floating circle, Jin Langxuan Qi Leaning on a railing, pointing Jiangcheng Climbing to the top, I gradually feel that the mountains are low and green Misty water light sky The shadow of the setting sun, Yanziji's head pendant Favorite is East wind is coming The snow is half gone, and a new one I regret not bringing the bottle here When the official residence returns, you must remember at midnight Try to sit on the hills, the towers of the forest and the fire, and let the drunkenness disappear at a glance

30

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

Church

renown american landscape, seascape painter b. 1826 d. 1900

gifted as well blessed with amazing teachers specialized natural wonders, offerings of earth mountains, valleys, sea shores, trees, sunsets, sunrise played with variety of light setting moods actually metaphoric reflecting various expressions happiness, grief, life, death autumn, landscape in the Adirondacks, Niagara Falls, El Rio de Luz, above the clouds at sunrise skillfully capturing nature's offerings in abundance

Pandemic of Ignorance, Chaos, Lost Souls

The complex multi leveled disease of the heart doubt, envy, arrogance, greed, lust etc. that has throughout the history of humanity (or lack thereof) has and continues today with a vengeance, in plague proportions

mankind fueled by ignorance perhaps more prolific then ever in history. Ironically in an era of technological explosion man has become a moron who fancies himself more intelligent than his predecessors.

The earth is becoming void of Hikmah(wisdom) that never has been bestowed by man through his channels of so called institutional structured educational systems. It only can be given to whom Allah(swt) pleases as an undeserved gift of mercy usually to an individual who truly is endowed with humility, gratitude, sincere devotion to the commandments of Allah(swt).

One who has "Taqwah" (fear, awareness of Allah's presence) and looks forward to his reward in the arkirah (Hereafter)) much more than any ambitions attached to this world.

Bam dado bop

sound of bebop go baba ba bo bop strange the way the phrasings arranged no matter it's music to the ear tickle the soul feels good no matter hit the spot whatever that is sku bop, bop loved it when i first heard it way back then since many crossed over most gone forever but spaba du bop remains in ears, brains especially those of us who remember being there at the venues in the big apple early, mid sixties birdland, five spot, slugs, vanguard, gate, blue note, apollo, central park 4 free all now a far but very near memory badu, badu, badu, badu take a bow monk, trane, bird, rollins, stit, dizzy, McLane, miles, clifford, charlie, eric, rashan, lester, benny, bud, lee, dexter, donald, horace, gerry, bags, max, art, McCoy, archie, elvin, jimmy, reggie, philly, oliver, to, to many more troubles me to not recall all, but if you look up bebop they there, believe

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 12 & 15). Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Her poetry weaves through 94+ volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, and A Woman's Place in the Dictionary. She is currently working on several ekphrastic writing projects. One is a novel, Art Thief Cracks Healing Code for Parkinson's Disease and the other is non-fiction, Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

https://healthy-brain.medium.com/bears-at-the-window-ofclimate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

Sky, Water, and Ice

Bluish pink sky reflecting ice and water one gas one liquid one solid

two hydrogens blown apart with enough energy one oxygen breath in to save a life for all the valuable moments in the middle

solid enough to last forever vulnerable and reaching for our help to save our own lives to write another day painting the world with our actions

Nature's Ice Sculpture

forever immortalized

ice solid in art

melts into reality

Art and Poetry

Like artists poets become the voice of culture express beliefs put words and images to ideas and shine a light on the assumptions that swirl around a community

Like artists poets become subject to praise and condemnation alike depending on how they reflect a community

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

A World in Landscapes

You feel my heart with stunning hues, In the Andes my soul rests Embracing the beauty, Filling the void. Cotopaxi on my mind, Erupting emotions from inside Reality sets in, To a new beginning As the dawn comes.

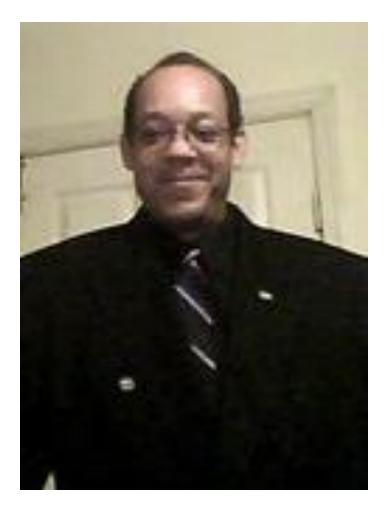
Dreams

Dream what you desire Believe in yourself, And set the world on fire Attract what you want, Manifest it in time. Dreams don't expire, It knows no age, no color For it is in your hands, For your world To turn around.

Victorious

Standing on cloud 9, I am in awe You helped me get through My tough journey, In time, I realized My destiny is in my hands alone The road less traveled I traversed, Leads me to my victory Everything's in harmony, Alignment is within my reach At the pinnacle, I raise my hands, And I thank thee!





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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Cold Mind

Frozen in time we can't seem to escape our discontent Hatred is baked in and progress moving forward ends Remnants of bygone days held onto by legal means The tip of the iceberg is as obvious as what is not seen

We hold on to what makes us happy-go-lucky Change is this thing where violence is like a puppy Let's pet the snake instead Being cold in these times is merely prep for the dead

Frozen emotions never thaw We seem to believe what we never saw In a case of injustice there is no law A jury of my peers my cause fury, because that theory is flawed

Icebergs are melting revealing nothing inside People are growing colder in these times Lock-step policies trying to fulfill a prophecy And it's legal to kill an unarmed man

It's cold outside and empty promises aren't alive It's okay to feel out raged over the outrageous It's okay to act out when the situation is dangerous It's okay to fill optimistic icebergs leave a cold mind.

Living In a Forest

Red- and gold-colored leaves fall during the cool rain I feel blessed to catch the wings of a blue jay Winter in the city suburbs, bags of leaves line the curb Squirrel's leap from powerlines to trees They fence walk the borders of my yard, on trash they feed

Gofers and beaver, rabbits and believe you me My cat would not catch them At night when the moon rises just right There are so many stories the shadows could tale A family of dear feast on the last orange orchid

They don't run from human contact like before man I'm becoming natures doorman The lens of my camera lets them in

I've given up on human contact It seems only the animals know how to act I speak to trees and clouds that roll by They morph into distinguishing shapes as they vaporize

The sun says hi The moon says hi I've never been on the edge of goodnight Although I prefer darkness over light

Eerie sights in the nighttime is the right time to write I pick up my Roget's Thesaurus I'm feeling very porous Trying to find a more descriptive way to express Living in a forest.

Vigilante

Take the law into your own hands Characters turned into heroes like the fictional Batman Issues like court rules don't apply There are no technicalities when a perp has to die

Villains are spilling into the legislation Crime bosses are running the nation Lawmakers are the lawbreakers And the supreme court is on permanent vacation

Cops on the take, judges in the pocket Who decides who gets on whose docket? The attorney general is a criminal Now let's get back to lock step

Is that the iteration of that infamous goosestep? I think I'm about to lose it The government has used it to stay in power I'm claiming self defense in these darkest hours

My mother is sewing my cape To the innocent there is no escape I'm a vigilante from inner space, enter race. Only one can be justified in any case

Make no mistake on how it would be viewed Is okay if they are killing you Running away is aggression And all the more reason to shoot

I saw the news today There was a man looking through a window I have to take him down leaving nothing but blood and sinew

hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita (Humanities, Penn State, USA), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is a published tri-lingual author, literary translator, and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, USA. Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at poetry events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, the WIN of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award. Her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* (USA).

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

Man Acts, Nature Reacts

Exposed to a barrage of man-made nature's ills . . .

A rapidly increasing level of greenhouse gases Rising temperatures, ocean waters in all-time high Changes in the sea levels – going hand-in-hand with glaciers' loss of ice mass Extreme rainfall-hits – floods in the most unexpected parts of the globe Expansive forest fires

Then comes an "ahh"-moment, may that be in the form of exceptional art only . . .

F. E. Church's landscape paintings come to the soul's rescue for a brief period of time, pushing away the peace of those few minutes as swiftly as it had entered the mind's eyes . . .

still, heart holds on to those impeccable visuals that traveled from the edge of yore.

"Twilight in the Wilderness"

Asserting their unmistakably forceful presence, colors captivated me before I took a note of the painting's name.

I found myself talking out loud: Frederic Edwin Church did it again!

One stunning painting after another . . . as I legally eavesdropped on this remarkable artist's page, inviting my self to soar over the mesmerizing assortment of his journey's pace.

I think I lost my heart in "The Heart of the Andes".

Can you tell . . .

how enchanted I am by 19th century paintings of North American landscapes?

My post-high school schooling is at fault!

In the heat of having to learn about European accomplishments in all the conceivable areas of art, even the central figures my adopted home country had it in her all along passed me by.

I admit: I am exaggerating a bit. Of course, I learned much about non-Europeans long before today. Regardless! I intend to make up for neglecting a balance in my knowledge-acquisition skills from this time forth.





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

Ice Kingdom

She rides the narrow passage into the kingdom of ice with an alternative plan to carry the heat of love in her pocket.

This is her last bold move. She melts icebergs that carry her name and drip with the pure water of love.

In her magic boat the passage opens in the light stream where thoughts burn ice on the ride to the heavenly planes.

With no anchors to hold her, only the safety of love's hand paddles her boat toward home.

Mission of Love

Between the blank space of the lines, you nourish the heart and soul of the broken with nutrition sound bites in creative letters forming healing words.

When you grab the soul of masculine and feminine energy sparks fly across the universe looking for stars that embrace love.

They patiently hold love until time is ripe like fruit to stroll down to earth. Mission to spread love along the highway of light.

New Covenant

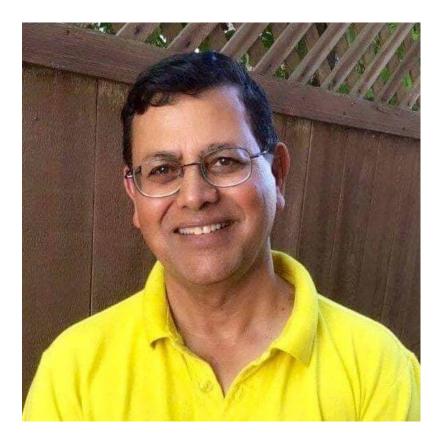
To begin anew is the destination. Paddling hard to the unknown country. Fear holds service in my shoes.

Moving anyway with stubbornness my strong paddle. I will not be denied. Courageous sweat wets my face.

Show the current you in charge. I believe I can make it to the far country to break bread in my new covenant.

God has written on my soul. Behold my magnificence. Leave your tears upon this sea. Bend your knees before me. I will grant you peace.

Ashok K. Bhargava



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

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

Silver Floe

ice mountains white on its wings drift across the ocean

curved waves push with force to break free

invisible breeze craves a window to see the stars through it

the faded jeans sky a tide of fog rolling over

the scissor edges of iceberg cutting star-shapes into sky the wet silver floe opens up

a scene to behold eternity erases an end with a beginning

Mist Rain

Rain coming down like silk threads stitching the parched souls

to calm down raging fires and to make lovers smile to spread fragrance all around the aroma of raindrops.

Crystalized Reality

Without any center my true self peels off in layers of memories, dreams, desires some experienced others unfulfilled.

I remember not being myself my thoughts and promises yours or mine.

I will be myself the day I catch winds with my fingers to become fire with a passionate glow melt and crystallize into a rare, perfect glass.

Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, author of Velvet Passions of Calibrated Quarks, 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 PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), 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:

http://panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazarenogabis/

https://apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

http://www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras /id1181.html

The breathing shadow

You can't stop the rain Unmute for the clouds That pour on my earth Bound to my feet, You can't stop the rainbow Nor deceive me with another hue When I touch you I already know, You will be forever In my senses. You can't stop my sight To see wavelength, To shed some tears for the joy Or grieve when you're gone. Let me be your light In the breathing shadow.

My Green Temple

Walk away and visit me Where my soul resides It bleeds with the forest Making my inner self happy

At my doorsteps, you'll see Tiny plants for you to remember How gentle hands grow them Just like your heart that beats.

Look at every window, You can see all the canopies Inviting to see the green lush Lovers can camp and stargaze.

Beyond the Sea of Clouds

Exaltations of waters behind the drunken clouds Blindly rushing to the creeks of first kisses Like migrant birds forming parachute Sealing all mysterious mountain peaks.

Seasoned wonder as diamond ring reveals Eternal playground of the gods Rare, magnificent, priceless beauty Between the skies, between the seas Unbound love, our destiny.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a trilingual contemporary poet, author, translator, educationist and editor from Odisha, India. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published. She has penned six books of different genres including one children's literature on Environment. She is the recipient of the International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019, honoured from Gujarat Sahitya Akademie, Telangana Sahitya Akademi. She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government and from Algeria, Morocco, Kajhakhstan, Argentina etc. Her one poem "A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP" is translated into 65 languages. She is the Cultural Ambassador for India and south Asia of Inner Child Press U.S.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

metaphor on the canvas

Aurora Borealis the metaphor on the canvas depicts transformation of war Frederic Edwin Church of Hudson river school of American naturalist a landscape painter church a paradigm of the artist public voice of culture scenes of Arctic the visual components are colour, form, line, shape, texture and value nature is so lavish the artist he was who fills the gap between Romanticism and formalism dreams of peace dreams of love dreams of humanity the planet is his ultimate canvas

perhaps I died

what if you were in stoic silence not in a mood to celebrate I was lying on the bamboo bed the only cacophony was the whistling of my lungs you just wrapped me with a shawl the journey started perhaps i died

what if the rhythm of the diaphragm melted memory was so volatile stucco languages printed the tapestry of our zone perhaps I died

what if moments of sharing vanilla ice cream hot coffee blended to form a drop of tear smiles are submerged to create a new iceberg of zero noise perhaps I died

what if the placid zone filled with trepidation all promises became celebration life negotiated and the carnival started perhaps I died

to be an idiosyncratic composer here and there

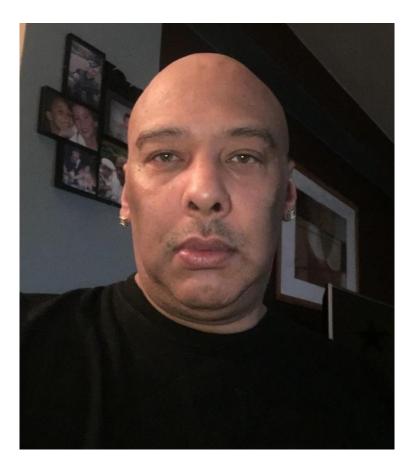
here and there a grandma sings just listen to the tune; the nature, the birds are twitting the cassava porridge is on the stove the corn plants are growing taller

here and there a baby crawls just see how she puts the efforts to stand she needs language and unlimited love take her to nature to get colours of life

here and there the vendors sell the farmers till, grow; the soldiers fight in the war field just respect the labour sing a song of beatitude for them

here and there life is living in multiple ways just leave your digital world for a fraction of time live with life sing the song of a legacy la la la

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

Frederic Edwin Church

The Iceberg

Mountains of ice bobbing in the arctic

sights seen must be shared

It's almost selfish to keep these visions in ones optics.

light sneaks through clouds to make some icebergs look like huge diamonds,

the ones in the darkness look like white uncharted non stationary islands.

The water is ice cold but not frozen,

i see the current showing there's motion.

- As i look at this painting i feel as if i was on the voyage with Frederic Edwin Church.
- I see the beauty and feel the cold air as if i'm right there perched on a vessel,

as we wonder research.

Gods work

I must say sorry to the lord I cursed at him every time a friend of mines lay bleeding on the floor It wasn't you behind the reason they are the late It was the devil taking over a weak mind That's how he manipulates At that time I didn't understand That you was holding my hand through this journey Of bloodshed and death and hospital gurneys You was guiding me When my guys were at there dying day I used to ask why didn't you place me In their killers face? I understand the reason now to that question I been asking It's because the killer and the one being killed Are still gods children It's like being stuck between a dark and a righteous situation Darkness is living with evils temptations The righteous way is to speak and try to uplift An uncivilized individual I can shoot back with evil and malicious intent What type of message will be sent? He shoots me My brother shoots him Now it's two moms grieving It will never end It will continue to transcend Like a ghetto trend Or a plague Cemeteries getting bigger, due to the domino effect the devil made Instead of continuing to run the street having police checking for ballistics

I put down the gun and the lord armed my mind To try to lower NYC murder rate statistics In your head

I try to write like a poetic neurologist, get up all in your head like a psychologist, Then control your mind like a, psionicist, I'm getting this down to a science, like a word play scientist, thesis then my pen moves with telekinesis, two physical eyes watching while the third controls motion, follow the pen rock tic toc tic toc hypnosis, with my thoughts I can give thoughts to a fellow poet with writers block. my brain plays slide I see mental pictures pass by, I choose one then jump inside, then its calligraphy with mental telepathy, one more thing I must mention, I'm working on my phd in esp, extrasensory perception.

Open your mind

Cliza Segiet



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University.Eliza received *Global Literature Guardian Award* – award from Motivational Strips, World.

Nations Writers Union and Union Hispanomundial De Escritores (UHE) (December 2018).

In 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).

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

Laureate International Award Paragon of Hope (2020).

Laureate "The Most Outstanding Of 2020" in Central America.

Obtained certificate of appreciation from *Gujarat Sahitya Academy* and *Motivational Strips* for literary excellence par with global standards (2020).

Winner of Special Jury recolonization Award Sahitto International Award for Literature 2021.

Laureate Premiul Fănuș Neagu - 2021.

Finalist "Golden Aster Book" World Literary Prize 2020, 2021- Italy

Finalist of The "Festival" Europen Poetry ChampionshiIp 2021"

Finalist Mili Dueli 2021 Poetry Contest

Indifference

To the memory of Fredric Edwin Church

The painter stopped time on the painting, untamed charm created from the awe about nature. What's more important? Icebergs or depths of the sea.

Maybe just the message – of loneliness in the world of cold, indifferent people around. Torn off mast of the ship, which cannot be rejoined back to the wholeness, is as a one eyed wonderer during the sandstorm.

The world in full isn't available at all times. Aside from wind, sun, and storm a human – needs a Human.

Translated Ula de B.

Otherness

Maybe for the better that, doesn't tolerate certain sounds. Doesn't even try to give heed to words, which he might hear about himself again.

Weird, different he seems to have it memorized.

If it was leprosy, they'd fear for their own health, they'd leave farthest away possible,

and might even feel sorry.

His otherness is not contagious, yet it still frightens. It's not harmful, yet dissuades.

So different means – more sensitive.

Coexistence with him expects from us –

the smilingly keen people – the understanding.

We, immune to reality feel differently

Translated Ula de B.

Withdrawn

How many times can one repeat? - Withdrawn, he avoids contact with people. Will they not think it's good that way? They should think that everyone is different, not worse, not better - but extraordinary.

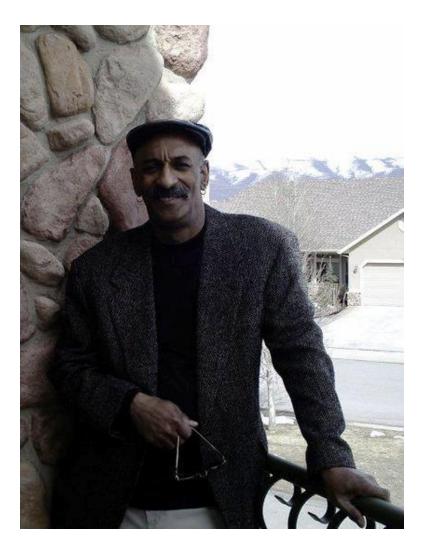
When I was little
I did not play with children,
I always liked to be by myself.
People tormented, touched, wanted to kiss me,
then only toy blocks were friendly. *- He does not show emotions*.
Always the same. Still on about one thing,
ad nauseam!

I preferred and prefer a quiet, closed world. If they knew that under the cover of my silence stray thoughts not available to everyone. One Albert, Isaac, Andy... they were not ill, they just had it.

Do people not know that some minds have power?

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 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

Church Styles

Some are frigid landscapes Painted warmly upon the canvass, Depicting hidden stories Begging to come to life In our consciousness

Others are balmy glimpses Into the things That move things Within us

Trees and skies Tell of our hopes perhaps And the ever-present waters Reminds us to not stagnate Though we are deciphering The colors offered

Nothing is quite acutely lucid, And thus allows me, The onlooker, admirer Room for a little wiggle In my imagination

Let us go to 'Church' now And listen to the silence Upon the canvass

The Secret of Kismet

In the struggle to heal That which has been declared broken, When the contrite heart Of forgiveness Bears an unbearable pain, What is a man to do?

Is love the culprit That wields The two-edged sword That cuts a swath Through the hearts Of all who stand In the presence Of its own transgressions? Does love heal all things, Or is it just a matter Of time That makes the sting Less acute

Sometimes words are lost, Or just too damned obtuse To fit into the required spaces That effectuates a rebound Or preoccupation Of the comfort We once possessed

At other times, Words are but senseless rhetoric

And unheard useless chatter That annoys The intended audience Who have learned To turn a succinct deaf And calloused ear To the pleas of reconciliation

Is this the definition Of melancholy, Or that of one Of her many siblings From the 'Family of Forlorn'? That resides in the plains, The wood. The mountains, The valleys Those places that collect Our silent tears That run down The cheeks of our souls To the streams That become rivers And thus feed the oceans Of our silent existential consciousness That nourishes All of life?

Oh how do we heal From our negligence, Our ignorance, And these things That somehow evaded Our understanding and awareness?

What is the prayer

One should pray At what altar Should one prostrate, What is the longing hope Within our aged breasts That offers resolve Recovery, Reconciliation, Or reward For the suffering endured? Who may I ask Knows "The Secret of Kismet"

Words

I have been searching, Seeking, Peeking under every rock, Turning every stone Trying to find that poem That will reconcile my soul, Make me feel whole

Is what i am looking for Mere words, Thoughts, Or a spirit of a thing I have always sought?

Words have an immeasurable magic That escapes the lazy eye And the dulled mind Such as mine

December 2021 Featured Poets



Orbinda Ganga Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold Iyad Shamasnah

Orbindu Ganga



Orbindu Ganga is an Indian science post-graduate and the first recipient of Dr Mitra Augustine gold medal for academic excellence. He is the Co-Founder and Editorial Director of the International English Literary Journal INNSÆI (IJCLPH), Certified Life Coach, Spiritual Mentor, Author, Poet, Content Writer, Painter, and Researcher. He worked in financial, banking, and publishing domains. He proved his finesse as a Soft Skills Trainer and Content Account Manager (Client Relationship Manager). He has published many poems, short stories, research papers, articles, and a painting.

Inspiring Feuillemort

Auburn tanned in the blazing Morning, waiting for solace, Wondered the dust was never More scented, flying like ashes, Murmured within to bring The curtains to fall, sojourn heard The whispers to ask the twilight To loan her shade, without much ado She gave her shade, welcoming The season of golden misty hues. Quietness was waiting for long To find the space To be staid Witnessing The falling leaves To be sighted in a shoal, She suaved She allured She swayed Murmuring and whispering Smiling at each other's fall, Kissed the dust Gasped heavily Heaved with a sigh

Thank you, god!!! We are in love again.

Opening The Layers

Morning layers scented aroma Of fragrance, arcanely whispering The showers to follow, to wet the leaves, Firmament accepted her invite To open the pores leaving the dust aside, Petrichor breathed to gather The sleepy eyes from hibernation, Onlookers danced in delight Orchestrated a call for many Still sitting behind The windows and Poking to smell the scent, Buried flavours layered Deep in the corners opened The mind, to shout astutely, To join the onlookers for A season to rejoice.

You Had Me Seen

Shadows hardly get noted Being occupied with The missives of tomorrow, Shadows started following In the morning whispers And in the evening hues, Never did eyes glanced Before, being behind The less ordinary. Starring counts depleted With the changing norms Grafting many to think. With the thoughts Sauntering to be hit By a paradigm shift, The parallel resemble Than ever before, tweaking The existence to doubt. Never before had someone Disturbed, with no shades Of her visible before me. She remained beside Me, unable to discover Her form in my world. She shifted her base From another World Where I existed, existing. Being a shadow Whispering in her Language, muted to me. She exists in a world Where I exist, existing, Unknown to me.

My mind still feels Her, she exists without My eyes accepting her. I drown in Marina Trench To see her, she weeps aloud Muted is my world to hear her.

Fadairo Tesleem



Fadairo Tesleem is a poet, a literary critic, and a poetry coach. He writes from Ilorin, Kwara State, Nigeria.

How I yelled at God

I saw a bird twirls towards me "looks like a bat" No! "it's a hawk" I only heard the resounding flaps of its wings. It sang in such an undecipherable language, Language no one understands but I. What a bird!

"Boy! Kneel & say a few prayers" authoritatively it sang. As Muslims revolve the holy 'kaã'bah' & with silky looks and remorseful hearts hold its shield firmly. & Christians confess their dooms in presence of 'Holy Mary' I closed my eyes, knelt down & spoke.

Holy bird from the most high! Tell father when you reach home, tell him that this small boy has written tons of words of hatred to himself, word he'd ne'er say to his enemies. Tell him this small boy here will end it all if HIS interference takes too long

My Legs Led Me To The Emptied Apartments Of My Ancestors

/My parents/teachers/peers/ told me nowhere on earth is as silent as a graveyard /Even mosques/not churches/not shrines/ are fitted to be compared to its lingering silent atmosphere. & Today, I followed a friend to a garage, after ruiner of happiness built an /unbreakable wall/ /unjumpable bridge/& an electrified fence/ to the beginning of a journey with /no ending/no returning /of loneliness/& unpredictable destination/.

/But I heard the peeved laments of heirs who preceded their heroes/

/The weird sounds of wandering souls finding their hosts/

The noisy violent wind that, /erupts/sweeps/&gathers dreams/

Different noises of different tones from rooms, /Pleading/threatening/protesting.

/Give back this life to me, 'ver would I go back to it/

/& If I can hide beneath tonight's darkness, I'd strangle my wife's concubine/

/& they said death don't accept bribes, Why'd he leave my father's father and take me/

I am strong

- ~i've walked dreadful paths, paths jungle kings would take & increase their pace.
- ~i'd stood in wilderness, wilderness men call life, 40 days and a night of no water.
- ~i made an adventurous tour, into sacred forests, forest no one went & come home wholly.
- ~on this crooked narrow route, of chirps, weird roars & odd bleats I'm still not shaking

Anthony Arnold

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Anthony Arnold, born in Tampa, and raised by his grandmother in a little town called Quincy in the Florida panhandle, wrote his first piece in the third grade and fell in love with writing ever since that moment; writing has become a comfort and a mainstay to keep him focused. As an avid reader of all genres of literature, Anthony has found a particular passion for black history.

He believes that his ancestry and the ones that have come before him have given their blood, sweat and tears to make it possible for him to live a life of freedom.

Another Saturday night in Harlem

Juke joints bopping The bands rocking Couples dancing Bouncers bouncing

Just another Saturday night in Harlem

Brothers dressed to thrill Ladies looks would kill Sweats flying Partners screaming

Another Saturday night in Harlem

Bottles popping Booze flowing Food on the plate Better hurry don't be late

It's Saturday night in Harlem

Well the nights at an end Shake hands and kiss your lady friend One more song, it will be my treat. Come on baby, we'll come next week

Another Saturday night in Harlem

Injustice anywhere

Dr King stated many words of wisdom Some that are more relevant today But this particular one has stuck with me More than any other jewels of knowledge he shared

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere

How can one even expect to have justice When the scales are tipped away from us When the lives of people of color Mean nothing to those tasked to protect

Those meant to uphold the law

3/5 of a man But we are all supposed to be created equal Yet according to the supreme court Persons of African descent could not claim citizenship

Then who do we belong to

Gunned down in the streets In our cars In our homes By our own

Walking while black Driving while black Napping while black Shopping while black*

*ask oprah about this one

Money doesn't matter Status doesn't matter Ask James Blake Ask Tyler Perry

Ask Eric Garner, Botham Jean, Sandra Bland

There can be no justice Whenever injustice rears its ugly head Whenever racism is the word of the day Whenever hearts are hardened

To the plight of others

Wish you were here

Getting old The aches and pains more prevalent I look back now Family and friends

Gone

Best friends... Taken too soon I wonder Why

Those who had tried to spread the word Called home Their voices Silenced

Our leaders Taken Getting into "good trouble" No more

For those taken In the streets In their homes In the waves of compliance

My muse My rock My mom No more

For all of those transitioned For all of those lives taken For all of those in a better place Wish you were here

*Inspired by the song from Pink Floyd

lyad Shamasnah



Iyad Shamasnah is a Palestinian poet, novelist and essayist. He was born in 1976. He holds a master's degree in building organizations and human resources development. He is a member of the General Union of Palestinian Writers. He has published two poetry books: *The Secret History of the Knight of Dust* (2012) and *Crystal Gardens* (2015); two novels: *A Woman Whose Name is Capital* (2014) and *Pagan Dancing* (2017). Also a book of prose texts will soon be published: *The Book of Pain and Courage [The Latent Flames Within the Blue]*. In addition, he has written numerous articles, reviews, and literary research papers for newspapers and magazines. Iyad lives with his family in the city of Bethlehem in Palestine.

Link :

https://www.facebook.com/IYAD.FORMALPAGE?ref=br

_rs

Email shamasnah@gmail.com

The Honor of Simplicity

I embrace the wind invite her to share my glass and may even go out with her when I wake up

I am in awe of her dignified unruliness of her slim figure

Oh how I crave to be so lean like her when I go on my way and my way narrows

But the wind cares not for warmth and I cannot bear life without warmth

Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi

Reading Extinction

This sand is naught but tales that have fell off the words of passers-by

If one day you ask it you'll find out that it keeps the secrets of those who ask

Or if you wish listen for a while and you might hear a voice like groaning

It is something the wind never discloses but we comprehend it when the years are gone

Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi

The interpretation of Bleeding

In my country we write poetry to vanquish oppression and carry on with our lives

We are a people for whom God ordained to see the elite walking among the tyrants

We hold the ember in the fireplace whenever we taste the new deadly sins

But we sing to guard against the thoughtlessness of the gullible in the valley of sleep

Translated from Arabic by Nizar Sartawi

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Still available

World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

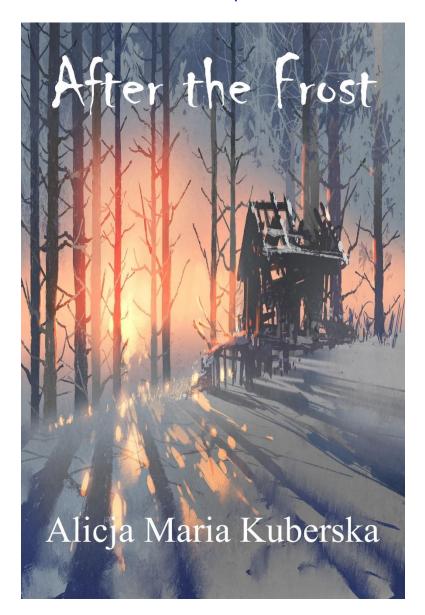
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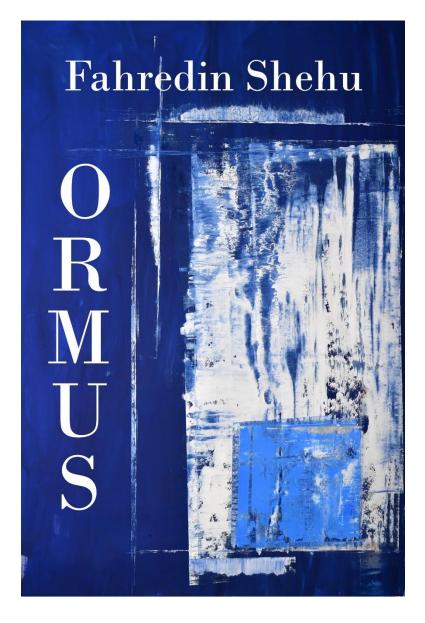
Poetry Posse Members

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.





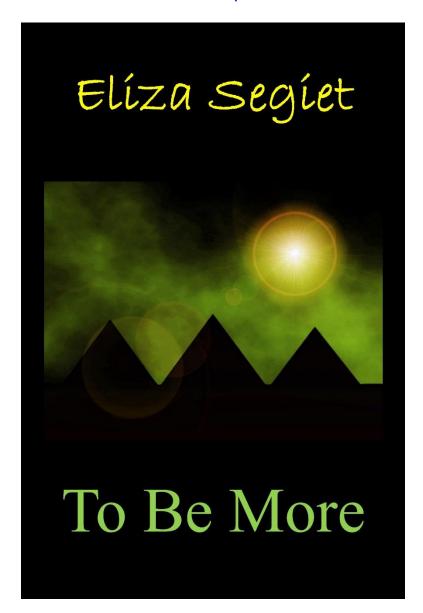
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... from the Streets to the Stages

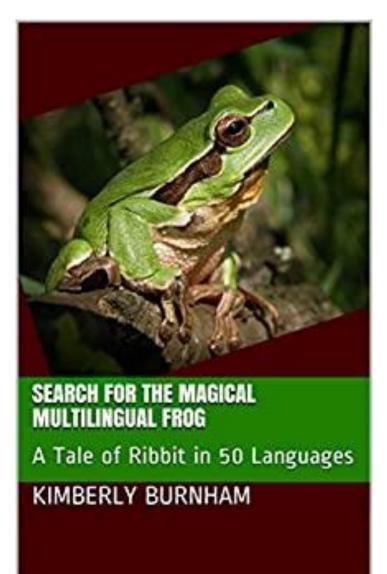


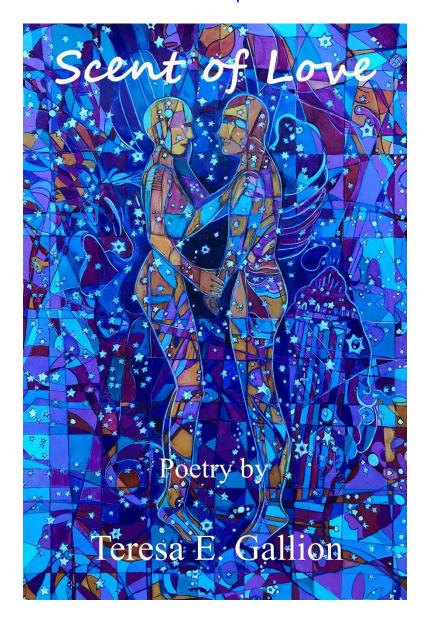
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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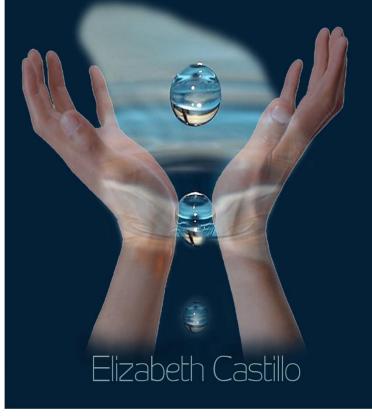
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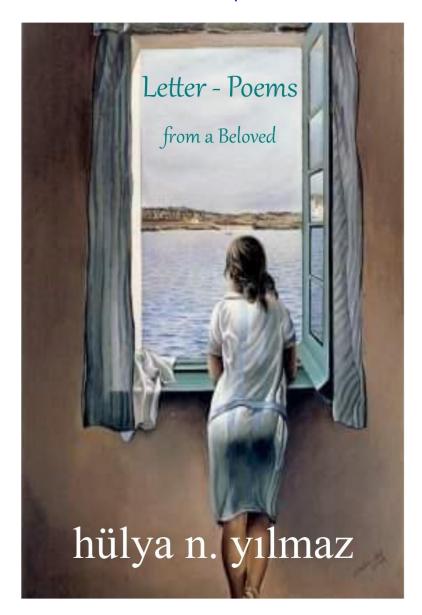


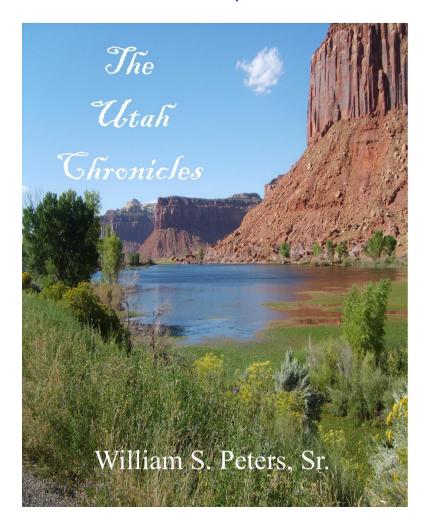


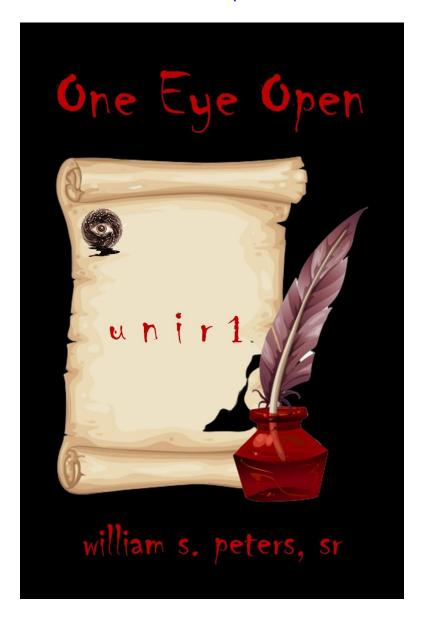
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Inner Reflections of the Muse

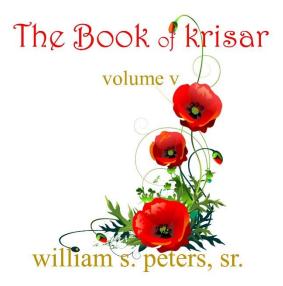








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The Book of Krisar



The Book of krisar

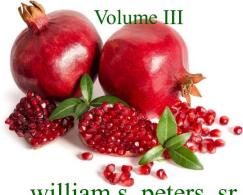


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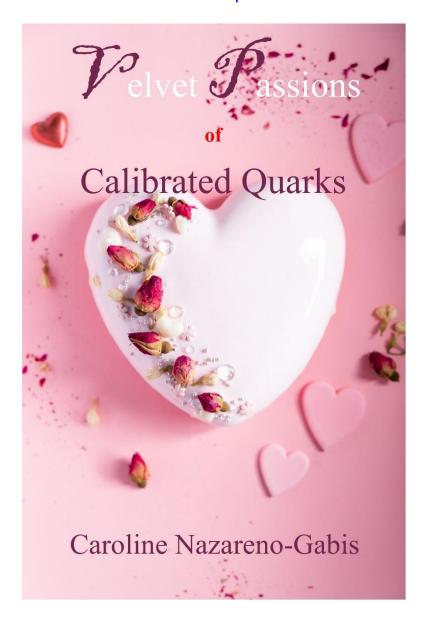


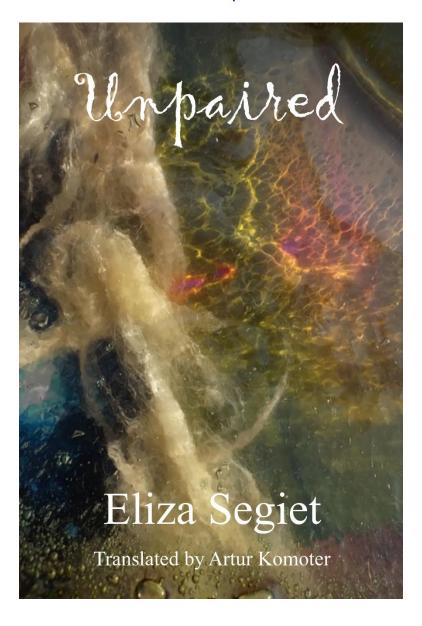
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The Book of krisar

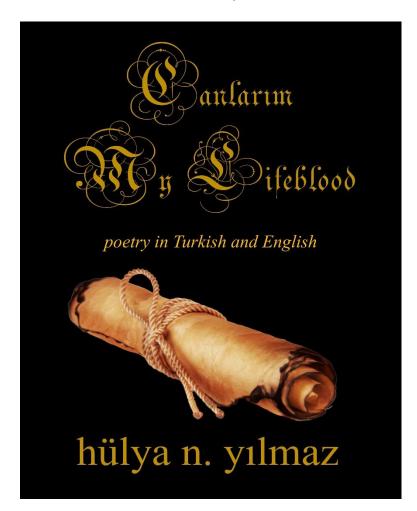


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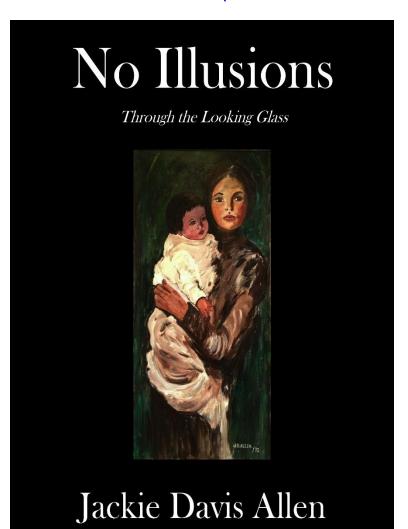
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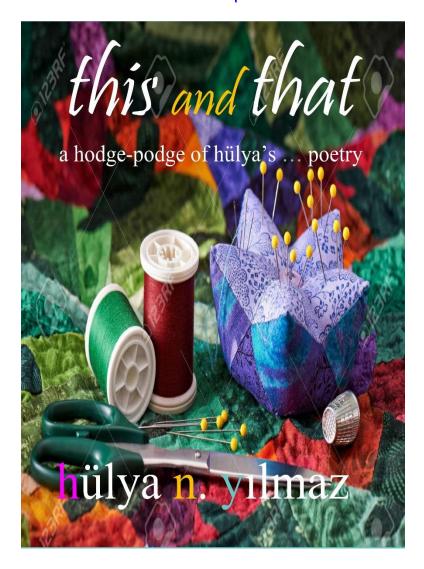


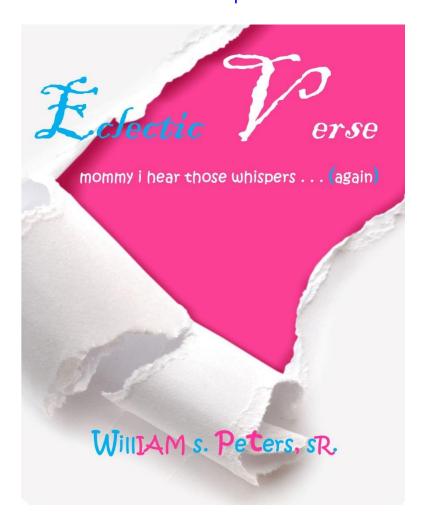


Faleeha Hassan

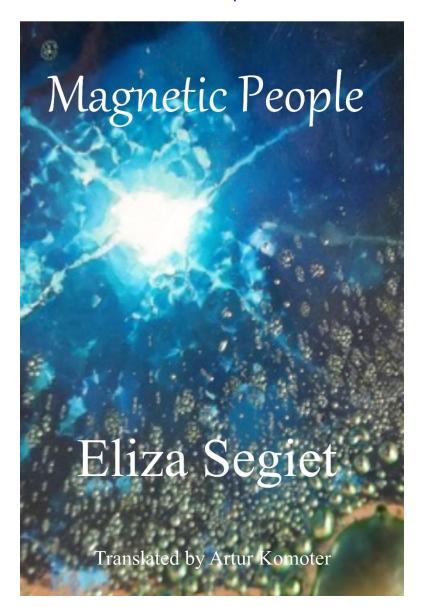
Translated by William M. Hutchins



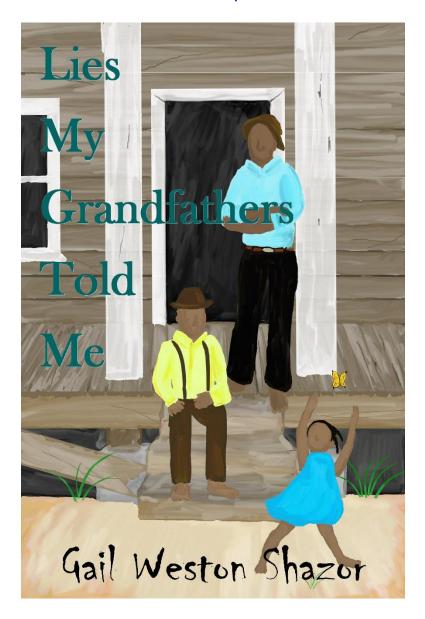


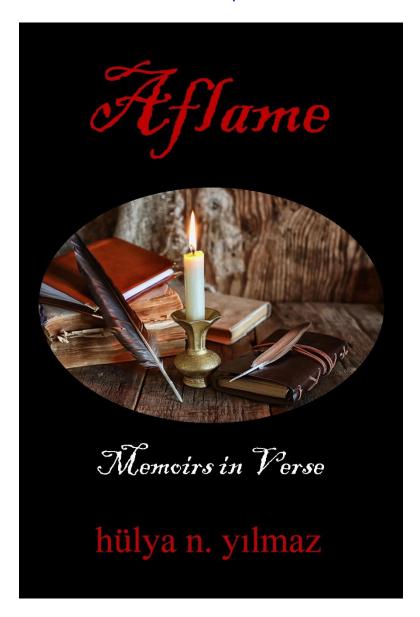




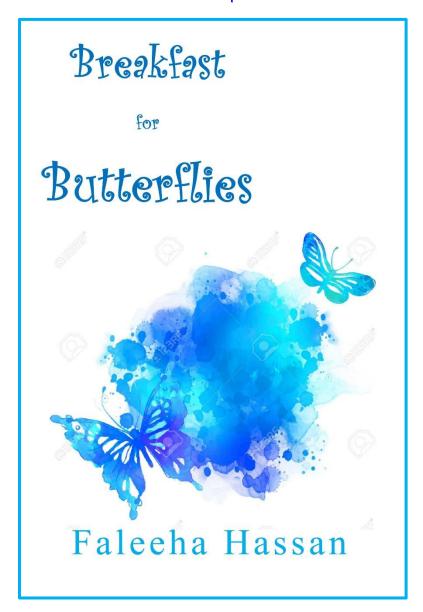


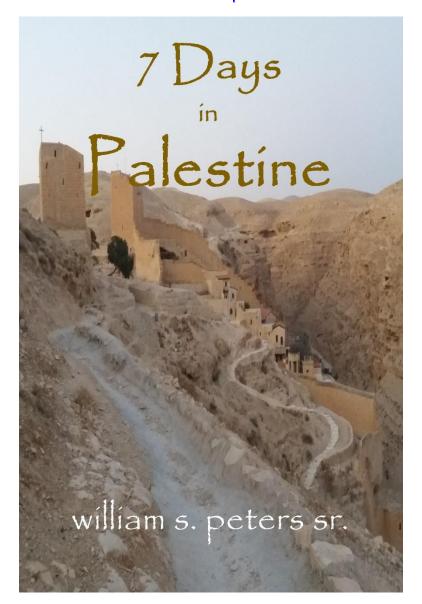










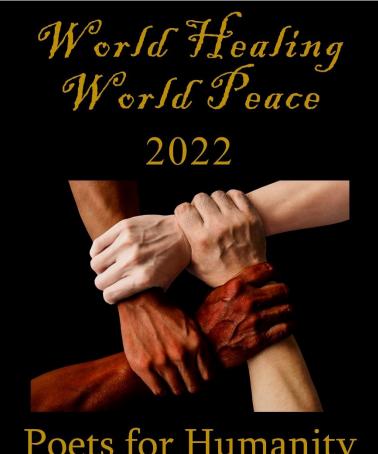








Coming April 2022



Poets for Humanity

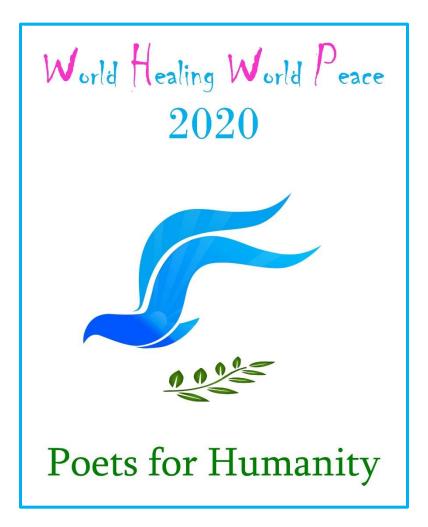
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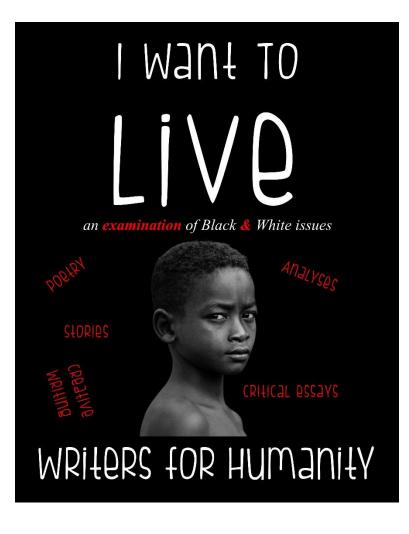
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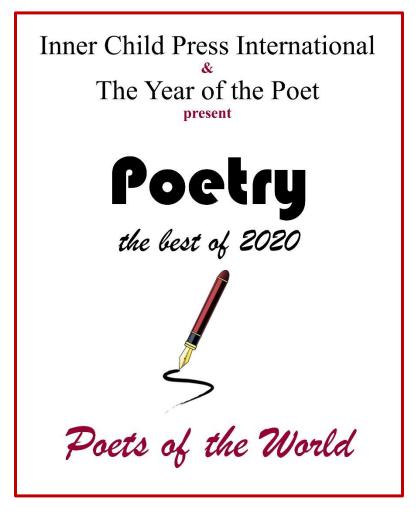
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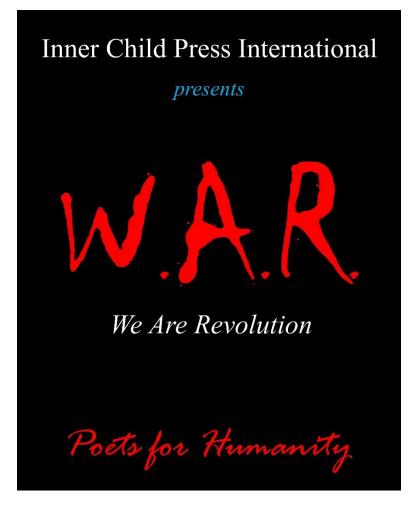
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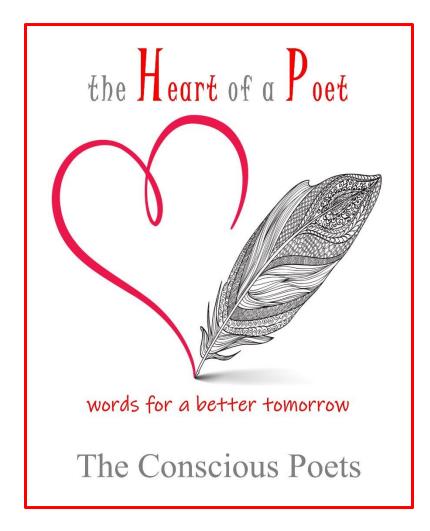


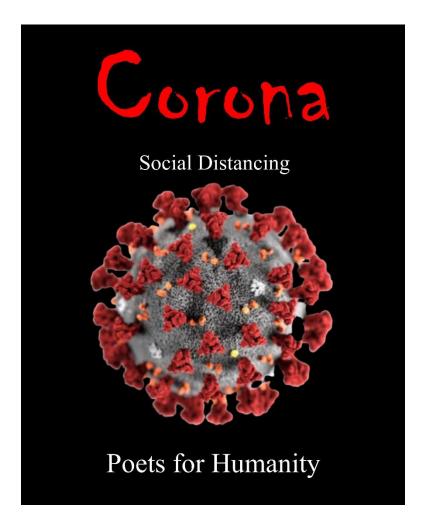
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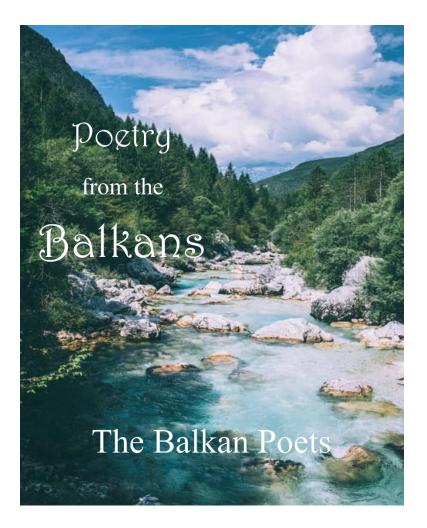


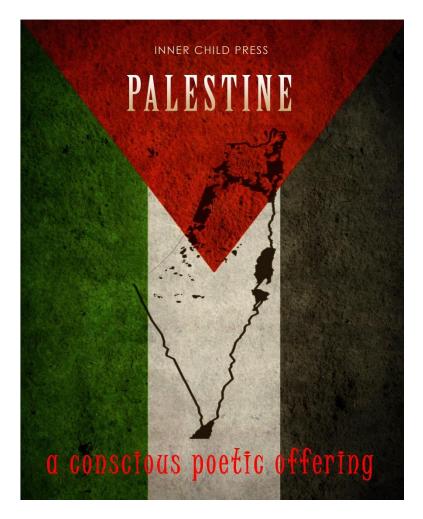


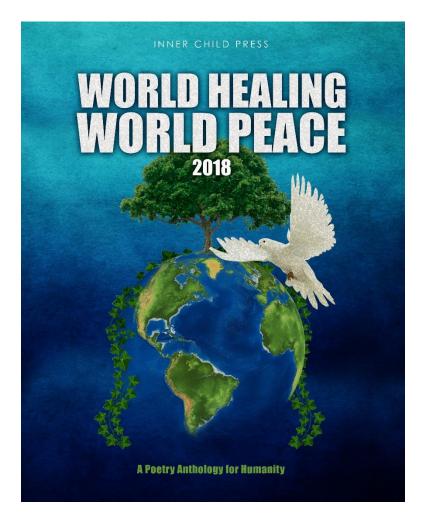


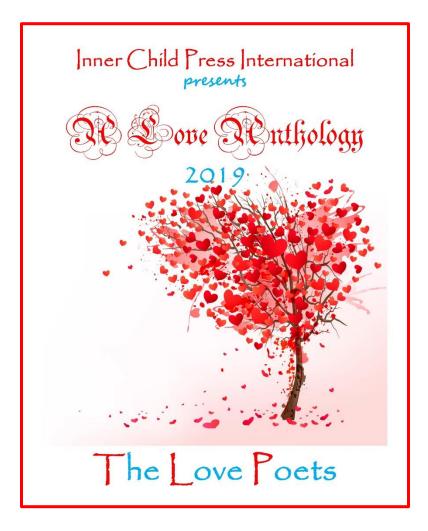




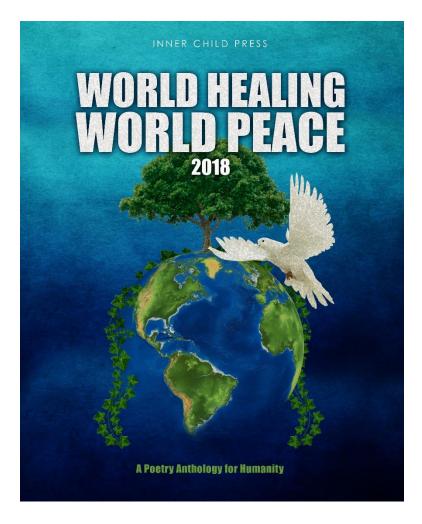








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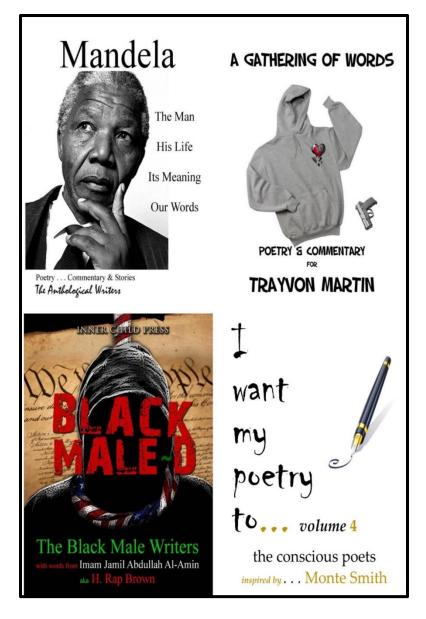
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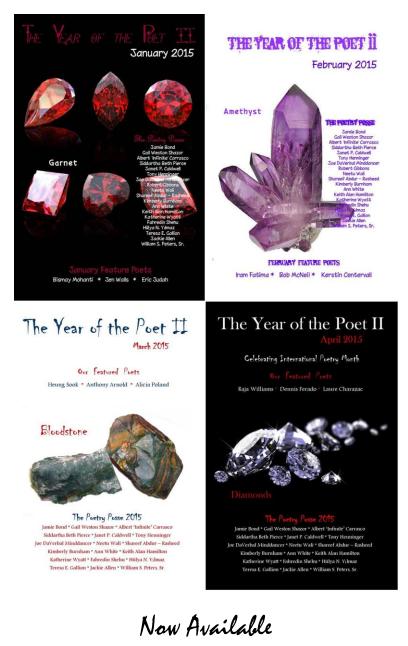
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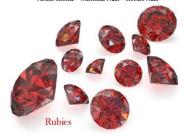
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The Year of the Poet II July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carranco Siddarfua Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwoll *Tony Henninger de Daverbal Minduncer * Neutu Mai's Sharcet Adout – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Jahredin Shehu * Hulya N Yinaz Terena E. Galion * Jackie Adriw * William S Peters Sr

The Year of the Poet 11

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

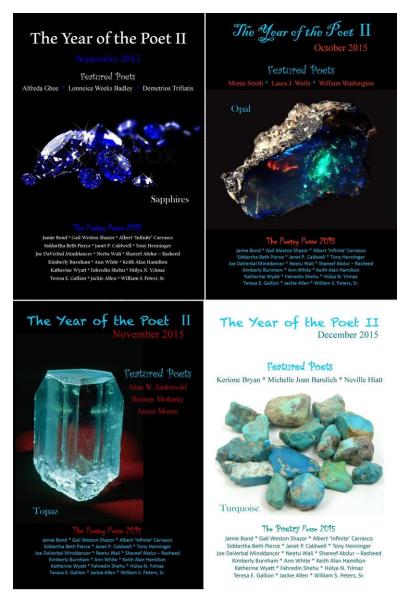
August 2015

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.

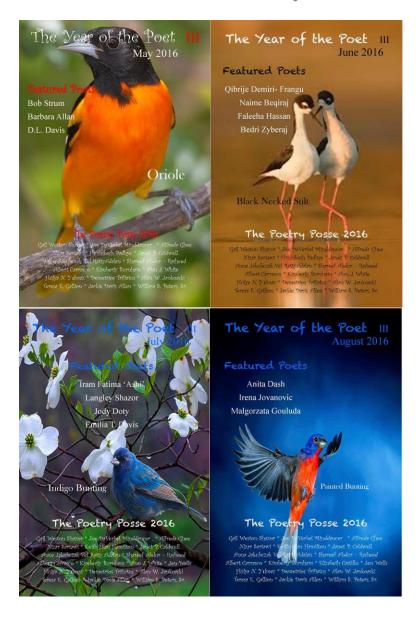
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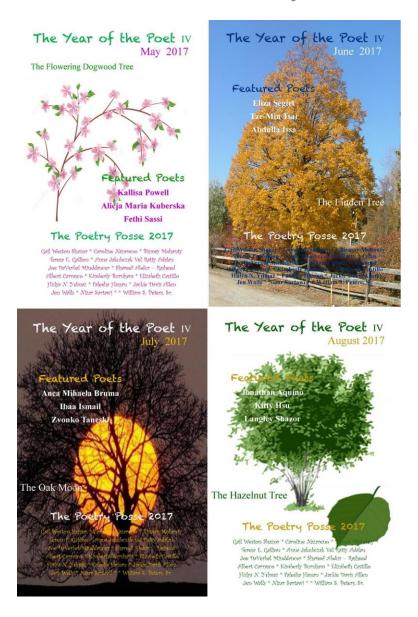
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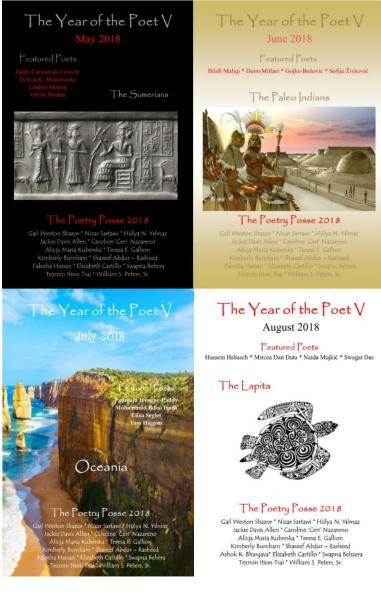
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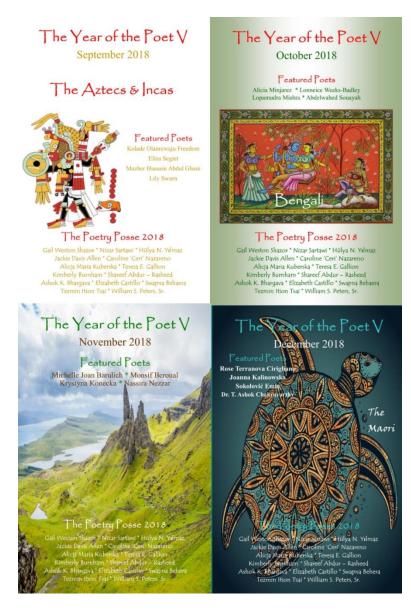
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Indigenous North Americans

Featured Poets

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

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

Featured Poets

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



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

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

Gail Weston Shazon * Albert Carasco * Hulya N. Yulmaz Gail Weston Shazon * Albert Carasco * Hulya N. Yulmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shazeef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhazaya * Elizabet Castillo * Swapma Behera Tezmin Ition Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

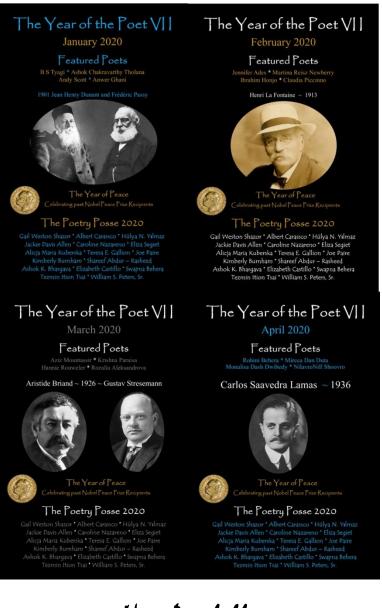
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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan





Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassoo Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicip Maria Kubeska Terzea E. Gallion J. Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Beherg Tezmin Hion Tsai Yulilam S. Peters, S.

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabu Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman * Falceha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eiza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska * Tereae E. Gaillon 7 Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * Wulliam S. Peters, S. *

The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülyq N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Elica Segiet - Alica Maria Kuberka - Teresa E. Gallon - Loe Paire - Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur – Rasheed - Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Beherg - Tezmin Ition Taji - William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets Iram Jaan * Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Lan Qyqalla

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets Alonzo "zO" Gross * Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy * Tirthendu Ganguly

Rayen Kang



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

Featured Global Poets Caroline Laurent Turune * Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha * Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carasco - Hulka N. Yilmaz Jacke Davis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segir Alciça Marik Alberks, T-rese E. Gallion - Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai - William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

September 2021

Featured Global Poets

Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik

Heather Jansch



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

Featured Global Poets Errol D. Bean * Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic * Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

October 2021

Featured Global Poets C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Carassco • Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen • Caroline Nazareno • Eliza Segiet Ashok K. Bhargava ' Elizabeth Castillo ' Swapna Behera

December 2021

Featured Global Poets Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

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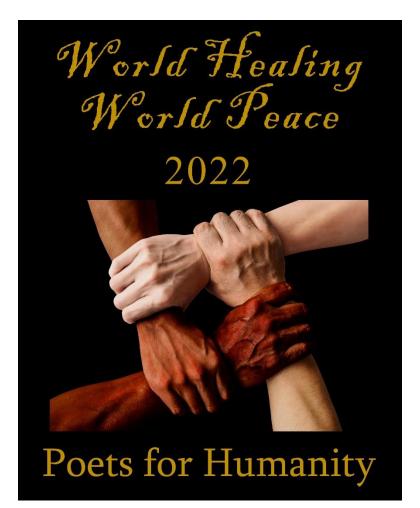
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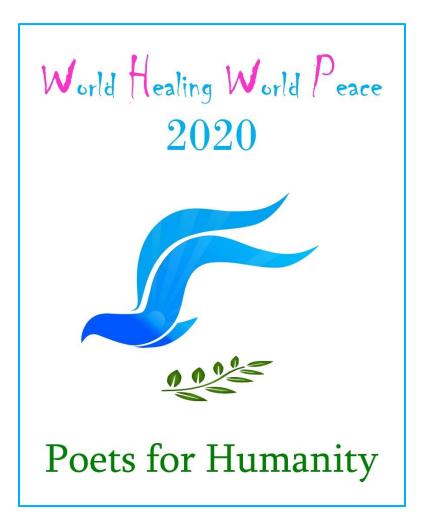
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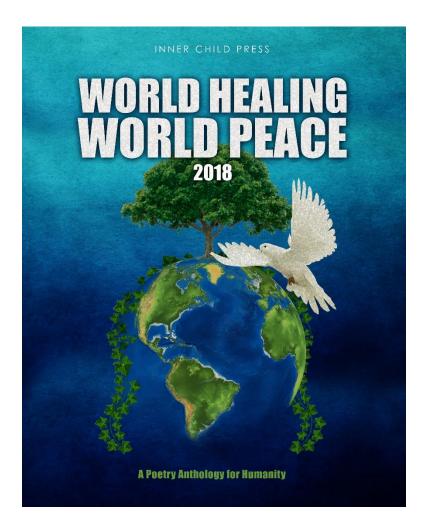


Coming 1 April 2022



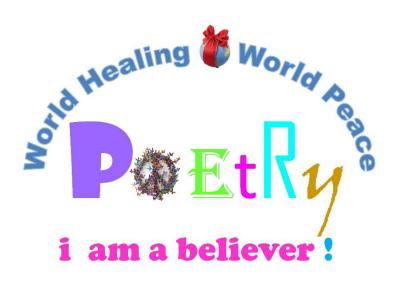


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World Healing World Peace 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020

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'building bridges of cultural understanding' Meet the Board of Directors



William S. Peters, Sr. Chair Person Founder Inner Child Enterprises Inner Child Press



Hülya N Yılmaz Director Editing Services Co-Chair Person



Fahredin B. Shehu Director Cultural Affairs



Elizabeth E. Castillo Director Recording Secretary



Director Performance Poetry



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