The Year of the Poet VI

December 2019

Featured Poets

Rahim Karim (Karimov) * Sujata Paul Bharati Nayak * Kapardeli Eftichia



The Poetry Posse 2019

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

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December 2019

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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

General Information

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

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2019

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Throughout the year, we, the members of the Poetry Posee, have endeavored to introduce you to various parts of the world.

This month's edition of The Year of the Poet, December, is no different. Therefore, we, The Poetry Posee, humbly offer up, in verse, for your enjoyment, for your utmost pleasure some of the sights, sounds, tastes and pleasures that are to be found in Australia.

So, come to the poetic table!

We, the Poetry Posse of 2019 invite you to savor each of our family members' offerings.

Through hungering-searching eyes of education or from desire-thirsting imagination, perhaps they will but serve you as an appetizer? Should that be the case, we humbly invite you, dear reader, to venture out far beyond the table set before you. Choose, for yourself, this day, to sample the delights that creatively satisfy your hunger for that which is Australia.

Jackie Davis Allen jackiedavisallen.com

World Healing, World Peace Foundation human beings for humanity



worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

World Healing, World Deace 2020 International Poetry Symposium

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

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

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

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

Communicate with us via our email at:

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com or whwpfoundation@gmail.com

Visit the Web Site(s):

worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

World Healing, World Peace 2020 Anthology is now open for submissions.

Submit to:

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Please share this information

Thank You

Inner Child Press International 'building bridges of cultural understanding'

www.innerchildpress.com

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited and feel accomplished as we close out our sixth 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 UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now moving forward to our seventh year of publishing. For 2020, we will be focused on acknowledging and poetically sharing our insights on the theme of Nobel Peace Prize recipients. 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 about such celebrated members Ambassadors, but we have included a few words about each individual in our prologue. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

PS

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

Available here

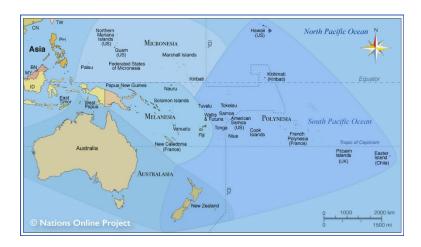
www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



Oceania



Oceania is a region of the Southern Pacific Ocean that encompasses in excess of three million square miles. This exceptionally expansive region of our world includes Australasia, Melanesia, Micronesia and Polynesia. Oceania spans the eastern and the western hemisphere and has a diverse cultural population of about forty two million people.

For more information about Oceania visit: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oceania









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







The World Healing, World Peace

International Poetry Symposium

Stay Tuned

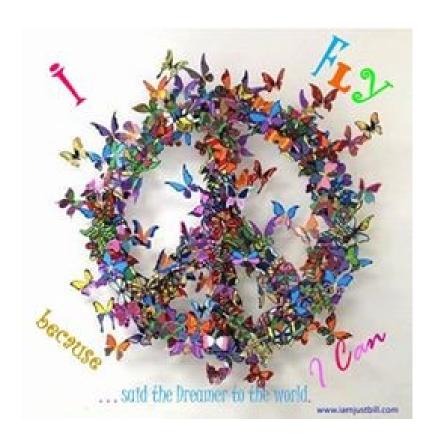
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intouch@innerchildpress.com

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

Antipodes

My

Feet are

Always near

The equator

Trying to find purchase

And the warmth from your feet

My fingers reach around suns

Nails painted in brilliant oranges

For sometimes my light needs to shine bright

If it is up over or down under

Daybreak

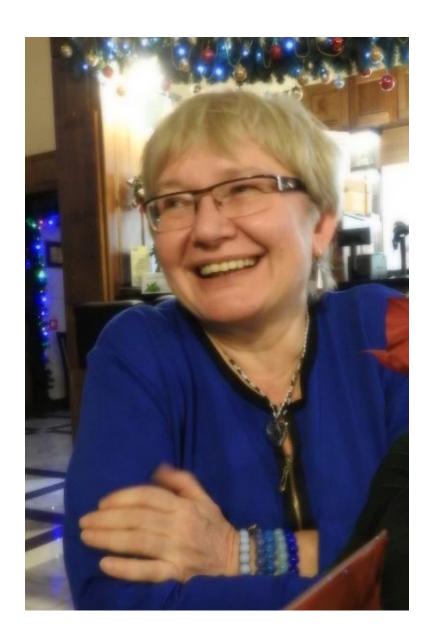
I would kiss you Small. Gentle, petal soft breaths Brushing across your Skin In moments too slight To count Measured pleasures Leaving sighs In short trails I would kiss you New At first light Before the day has its way And the hunger For deep, large caresses Is the only salve that Covers I would give you Small And the newness Of me Before the dawn

Love Poems

I should be writing Love poems But the words are stuck In my jaw And they taste foreign In the daylight So they remain pillow songs In the vibrato Of my pulse and resting lids I dream of your smile And the way Your hands feel in the small of my back I wrap my breath across your shoulders Whenever you are near Although the brevity of the moment Is short of the longing For abandoned kisses Drawn long and intimate and Warmed by the sunlight You lean into me and I silently acknowledge the offering Wishing for time to still So that your closed eye gift Will imprint on my bones Filling the hollow spaces Even as the rougher touches Evoke damp memories I discard the syllables That seem wholly inadequate A description of how

Being in your presence
Draws the ink into my lips
But I don't understand
Why. It doesn't find the parchment
I would be writing
Love poems
If only I knew that you wanted them.

Alicja Maria Kubgrska



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.

Australia - the land of dreams

On the sandy soil, the wind makes a symbol of eternity. It leads along the dreamy path marked out by ancestors. The right direction is indicated by the Uluru monolith.

Churing remained after the past generations of sleep time. Oval stones are hidden in the holy places of *oknanikilla* There, as in rock cocoons, souls sleep until they are born again.

Time carries death and life like a boomerang. Before the next revival - a long and stone sleep awaits. Ritual songs and dances wake the dead to a new life.

Heart of the House

I take a small surface, intercede solid lock for the doors and say with pride "it is my new home"

I live there a few years. Walls absorb sounds and thoughts, small fortress guards privacy.

Memories settle as dust on the shelves - some favorite books, trinkets from the distant journeys

I buy or throw away items. Dresses in the closet change fashions but I still say "my home"

I move out and give my keys to the other people. Silence says goodbye indifferently.

My Old House

I know well all metamorphosis of this house. The new aesthetics took off its rich ornaments, The renovations deprived the subtle beauty of Art Deco. Entangled by grapes, it lies dormant for years in the shadow of lindens.

Stone stairs buckled under the weight of many feet.
After the rain, in the mirror of a puddle, the sky is reflected
Brass door handle, in the shape of a dragon ,guards happiness and the oak door defends admission of the foreigners.

I sometimes dream of my happy childhood, wander along corridors and elegant lounges, visit the attic filled with memories.

I listen to the rustling of fans and dresses with bustle.

Not so long ago the age of refined ladies passed. The distant relatives smile from the old photographs. I walk along a thin thread woven by time. I have a key to non-existent door.

Jackiz Pavis 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

Australia: A Sovereign Country

Listen! Sydney! Hear the operatic voices! Ah, Melbourne, she is a feast for the eyes. Visit her museums, exclaim over her art. Tour Australia, her landscape, Islands, numerous large and small.

The Great Barrier Reef, rainforests. Oh my! Pleasures, treasures, above, below the sky, Australia is a surfer's paradise! The Gold Coast awaits as the Commonwealth Of Australia beckons. Savor her night skies.

So pack your bags, bring your pen and pad. Off to Perth! Go with laptop and camera, too! Despite being the smallest continent, Australia is the largest country on earth. Avail yourself of her natural wonders!

Beaches, deserts, the Outback, the bush, Tasmania. Hush! The death toll rises. Bushfires inflame the land and protestors' anger. Should the opportunity arise, go, visit The mainland. Or Australia's many islands.

Me, at Eighty-three

Today as in bed I lie, no longer Nimble nor so spry, I replay some scenes From all of my yesterdays. Despite the springs Curling up and railing against the clock, I am still the same old me.

I am and have always been my own person. I am the sum total of all that I have seen, And done. And have yet to see or do.

In my growing up years,
A child of a stay-at-home Mom
And a coal-mining Dad, I wore shoes
With slits cut in the toes. I had to wait
For new shoes, come September, to wear to school.

I was naive long before I ever knew That going barefoot was something for which Outsiders thought I should be ashamed.

Regardless of shoes, purchased or not, My mind traveled in giant steps, in and around The four corners of the house. Much like A coal-truck, I carried more than capacity's load... The speed and destination, aside.

Upon occasion, maybe once a month, my parents Went to town. That is, if Dad's paycheck Would reach as far after paying some on the bills.

There was always the light bill, the charges At the B. & L. Maytag, and something Against the ever mounting I.O.U.

At the store, the one down the road... The one that held the balance Of our lives in its hands.

Troubles were a'plenty without wondering If there was gas enough in the tank. Or, if they, Or we might be able to pass by, undetected.

It was a one stop shop holding the monopoly Of their employees' lives, their paychecks and All that they owed to the company store. My dreams screamed at night. I still see them Counting, mourning, the cost in lives.

As next to the eldest, I stood watch. Stayed behind With the little ones. My siblings, many in number. Their names lost, so too those of the hollers.

Memory wanes on the way to the county seat. It is a time that has mostly escaped me. I don't know why. I traveled not far from home, Walking the mile or two's distance to school. Or maybe, I rode a bus?

Perhaps it was Virginia. Maybe? Near the coal fields? West Virginia? Wherever it was, the house stood on stilts.

A labor of love, stick-built, its back brushed Up against the foot of the mangled hill. Not unlike the backs of all the menfolk. It was a long time ago. So, if you please, You'll pardon me? I can't say for sure, But I think it was built by my father

And some of his brothers.

It was a long time ago. A very long time ago.

Once my fingers played my song, Tapping out its tune Against my prayers, my dreams.

Now, I am left wondering about the time Of reckoning, my pillow wet with pain And stained with tears.
Yet it finds me cherishing
What I can't explain.

A cold and hard winter warning
Has too long beat its wet
And hard path over the tin roof of my youth.

My recollections, my life's intent, My vitality spent. Even still, At the age of eighty-three I love to sing its song. I love to hear its music.

Shelling peas, sitting out on the porch, A tea towel covers ample, their laps. Thick ankles peek out from beneath 1950s hemmed dresses, fourteen inches Measured up from the pine board floor.

The 1950s pale-painted green-glider Creaks from the weight of time. Pauses for but a moment, While flies caught in yellow sticky Tape dot their funeral ribbons: The coffin strips, the death scene Hangs from the blue board ceiling.

The road oozes black, hot and sticky. Like the day, the air is stagnated, sickly. The color of coal is like the N &W cars Across the way, waiting for the engine Its steam power, silent, as if it has died.

Hanging over our heads, the thought: Eventually there will come a time When all is washed clean. Pray then For rain, a thunderstorm to hide Tears stifled, held back with iron of will.

Softened by white lightening swigs
That lighten the loads of men and women folk,
Gossiping, gasping, political correctness
Holds to heaving breast, tight clutching fears.
Too near to the side of the framed board house
Uniformed men alight, dispatched with guns,
Others exiting from backs of state-owned vehicles.

Toting weapons, back and forth, sun glasses Dark with warning impact, authority,

Reflect images, men, zebra-like animals; Their stripes black and white, with chains Around black faces' weary ankles, balls, too.

Unable to roll, to escape, but on whites, Badges shine silver-like with mores' authority. Grim, ash-white faces stand with determination Vigilant, ever at the ready, guarding captive Dark faces, innocently painted by birth's brush.

No choice in the currency, then, or today Yet for some reason they must now pay. But, why, oh, why must they struggle Like in a side show, while, we, Momma Auntie, Maw-Maw and little old me, who In winters be white as light bread?

Yet with summer's sun,
We darken naturally while down by the road,
The striped uniforms bow their heads
And I cowering, begin to bawl.
This ain't no movie!

It is a world of comprehension, or not Depending upon where one sits or stands And back in the mountains, white and quiet, We lesser captives of the times, thought ourselves Hostages, held by the urgency of coal's black lungs.

What a shock, reality of the world revealed! Despite lack of radio, television, and magazines, Steel rimmed sunglasses bore holes Into young psyches with the somberness Of a truth, the likes of which I hadn't known existed.

Most of those actors, those players, Are now silent, dead and gone.

The script, its history, like a bad play Has been mostly forgotten. But not entirely.

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai ($\square \square \square \square$) 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.

An Unexpected Glimpse of a Passing Beauty

My old yellow dog

Accompanied me into the depths of the forest buried in the mountain bay

As usual

Just relying on that 24 dorsal bones to take on the big responsibility

Carrying my old canvas bag obliquely over my shoulders

A small camera

A sketchbook

A box of different kinds of pencils

Two pieces of steamed bread

Firmly put down my feet

Totally did not expect to

At the end of the creek, the spring suddenly drilled into the ground

The misty fog caused the inexplicable melancholy to continue my original dream

No inns can be found in this mysterious mountain bay Only to find a steady rock for resting in the shade of the tree

Facing the creek, I sat cross-legged

Grasses and trees were all coming to wave their hands

A screaming scream caused a short silence around

I looked around

It was on the branch without lights or fires

An unexpected glimpse

I didn't read or write, just drew the five-color fluster bird with my paper and strokes

Waiting

It spread its wings
And disappear like the wind
Let the song that have been brewing in my chest for a long time
Be melancholy sung

The Songs Always Weeping as the Sun is Going Down

Time always seems rushed and precise.

I couldn't help but watch the sun go down the mountain.

Like this highland,

Towering into the sky along the edge of the sea.

What kind of sound of nature will forget all of the warnings.

Mother was gradually drifting away

Yes, she will does eventually leave.

The song that should sound when the sun sets.

Keep silent.

Wind blowing over the farm.

Did not stop playing.

Why did I only hear the sound of the treetops?

Scratching my heart

Scratching my innermost being

Never asked me about the scars left behind

When to fix?

Naturally, you won't ask.

Facing a delicate and frail girl like me.

A loving marriage,

Why was it so unbearable and fragile?

Tribulation of war, lingering shadow of death,

Forced to take everything away.

Why was everything so pale in my dreams?

But everything in everything,

the very thought of

That kiss has never been realized.

Until the last time we met.

Caged Bird

The wind bear down on me from behind Mixed with the sounds of the wings Don't need to care too much That's not from my wings Not from my companions too

The wind bypassed the wires and passed through the cage Did not stop at all
It's me shouted at her
It's me handed over her the words of heart
But forgot
left words to her
Who should the message be handed over to?

Retreated to the nest in the cage
Dodged
The blames from the entire of companions
But unable to resolve the imprisonment in my heart
Also couldn't face the gradually dying wing
I really wanted to sneak a peek
Who was fanning away from the wind?
Who was following the wind that is flying freely?

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

Unlike

other regions Oceania encompasses over 3 million sq. miles for those who don't know 42 million call it home 34 languages spoken 15 countries make up in Asia pacific dominated by smallest continent Australia, first occupied indigenous over 70 thousand years ago migrated Africa to Asia unique environment mix produce rare species plants, animals other varieties of life stretching from southeast Asia to Hawaii continental islands Australia, New Zealand, New Guinea Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia Oceania unique, diverse, array of living beauty

food4thought = education

F4T

Millions of minds solve nothing combined no matter how smart if their hearts are dark

observe all the verbs, nouns, pronouns coming from so called leaders world round amount to spit on the ground when no change for the better abounds

BS seems to be the beat to which the world taps their feet

no matter which news old or new it's all old

that's how the narrative goes that's how the current flows

only the maker knows!

mankind is lost as long as they don't rely on the source that gave life, death and raises up again mankind will fall short if that source they don't exclusively depend

they can't see that ignorance, fleshly desire rebellion, greed obscures the vision they need to obtain the best in this life and the next avoid the eternal black flame fire and only with mercy allowed to past the test

so, what lasting value does the world contain to make it worth the wrath, pain of the eternal black flame?

pray for..,

shifa... (cure) to cover me as i suffer imprisoned in pain reminded of frailties humans plagued humans beg for relief pain speaks in tongues harsh tones deal with this it said " you can't ignore me " so i pray, supplicate for chains to break comfort me with ease a break from difficulty rescue from frailty just a human being in need of mercy won't complain in pain faith remains believe, receive relief creator speaks "and when i'm ill it is he "(Allah) who cures me " Qur'an: 26,80 rehearse the verse

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/

Peaceful Listening

Madura a peaceful Indonesian island
means "paradise" in Tamil
we don't hear too much about her
perhaps because "anten" the word for peace
in Madurese also means still, calm, gentle
and most of all quiet
not speaking much
giving more time to listen
to the waves and waterfalls
the wild Banteng and Balinese cattle
and occasionally a wandering whistling duck

Shirt of Peace

Words are amazing a few letters carry so much meaning unique in different languages even in the same language

In Mengen
an Austronesian language of New Britain in Oceania
'Malo" is peace
as well as
a cloth or bark wrapping like a shirt
the shirt of a man
the shirt of a tree
compared in four letters

"Malo" also to become quiet calm and be at peace "Ka malo!" is to tell someone to be quiet listen and "malolo" means ruins

I wonder at these letters carrying meaning the inner peace of knowing you are love that someone would give you the shirt off their back quietly even when your life feels like it is in ruins

Maaropo Calm

Words describe actions building an image of a life on the Oceanic island of Vanuatu in Mele "maaropo" describes what a fire does when it burns low stream subsiding or when the swelling goes down and the wind dies as the sea calms flattening after a storm

"Tamateemanu" is quietness while "manumanu" describes a person a hostage exchanged between villages to ensure peace "tamate" calm of the sea and a ceremony to commemorate peace between tribes or honor the death of a chief

"Marie" is good a common greeting "kor ragonaji marie?" do you feel well? as "oina" describes the tide when moderately low, especially in the morning calm and "sale-jiijiro" is to drift along in calm waters looking down for fish

Clizabeth 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

The Melas Nesoi

The hunter-gatherer people
A culture, oh, so unique
Amidst the tropical rainforests
Their most-cherished habitat.

MelanesiansBelieved in a supernatural force
The "Mana"Eclectic people, forgotten not.

We Are Infinite

When I'm missing you

I simply look up

Islands apart,

The thought

That we're looking

At the same sky

Marveling at the same moon,

Settles my anxious heart...

Yes, our mystic connection

Is timeless and infinite

Magically weaved, the Universe

As our Witness

There is simply no End...

Silence

For two hearts that understand each other,

Silence speaks a thousand words

Though unspoken, the connection lives on,

Souls waiting to touch each other

In the physical plane

While apart,

The mind wanders to where you are-

Keeping this promise I kept from the start.

Jog Pairg



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

What Is This Place

Who are these people that look like me I wonder in this land down under are they free? Have the chains of persecution lessoned the populous? Has their skin fenced them in the land they love?

Aboriginal people, have the original people thinking We are connected in kind with the land we are rejected in the eyes of some men What is this place?

I see strange looking animals and beautiful beaches I see a mirage as I thirst in desert heat I see old bones that never made it home I hear the tone of a didgeridoo

That sound, that sound, that beautiful sound every shore bare echoes of waves ancient rock art etched in caves Australia-Oceana long live pass graves

Travel Woes

I want to travel to North America and speak to the natives I'm embarrassed now
I want to travel to South America, Mesoamerica
I'm ashamed now
I want to explore the Caribbean, Central and West Africa
Where ever what have you I want to experience the world
I feel I can't now, there's a cloud over my pride
I've traveled before to foreign shores
in uniform and civilian attire
but there's a climate here in which I fear
it's not safe to travel anymore

Hey Joe, hey Joe, such a common name to get me to purchase what the natives are displaying This country I love and served in war for, Now has a reputation, we can't keep our word, LORD! I want to travel the Middle East, North and South Africa I want to cruise down the Nile I'd love to visit China, their cultures so rich but let me remind you I have travel woes, will I be spit on or dodge thrown stones my democracies polices has opened up atrocities We were once the model, so what's truly stopping me Pride! It's been shattered

Life In General

How often I've wondered about my purpose for living is there such a thing as a poor philanthropist? A starving artist, I think not, although I do hunger for knowledge life being my college I've learned a lot how I apply it now follows me Rhyme and meter double entendre I speak silent in conversation don't say I didn't warn you the lucky ones know what they were born to do I've yet to find out, yet I continue plodding through What do I want to do, some say I have talent I'm funny, intelligent but I wonder truly wonder has my life become relevant, will I be missed? Will my demise cause weeping eyes is life simply being born, live and die Are we no more than a life cycle buried to be recycled? Life puzzles me Are we no more than eat and sleep.

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

oh, woe be upon the nations of Oceania!

1789
William Bligh
an escapee of the Royal Navy
of the United Kingdom, that is
Pitcairn Islands, a British colony
merely one among the too many

the 19th century, a time of colonial blossoming Niue, the last island to colonialize the British are at it anew

the French, the Spanish, the Dutch, the Germans, the Americans, the Japanese, each partaking in the bounties as well insatiable egos had long ago started to swell native abundance flowered forcefully under the rulers' prolonged evil spell the iron fists of all the powers-that-be frivolously opted for a fatal decree

underground nuclear testing ensued, the 20th century showed the natives catastrophes of cruelest absurdity the United Kingdom and France once more

as for "Mike", world's first hydrogen bomb, that one was the pride and joy of the United States

protests fell on deaf ears yet once again and again

oh, woe be upon the nations of Oceania! The so-called civilizations invaded them, leaving them in dire despair

irony? the same control-greedy, very much alive today, claim preposterously that they have the last say

oh, woe be upon the nations of this day! the ruthlessness of old and young colonizers is eager and determined to be at play

when a HAIKU lacks its title

utter destruction
many sleepers take a side
the heart must decide

a new day dawned again

inhaling, exhaling in the comfort of a home running water, heat, food and body intact luxuries for far too many on Earth their sufferings . . . oh, they do impact!

knots in the throat, tears in the heart while sitting on the privileged throne knowing that there is much good to unearth and needing to reach out with a helping hand oh, the soul pains severely over the aches of the known and the still-unknown

yet she goes on to remain inside her frame and devours her by now-cold coffee one sip at a time, carefree . . .

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

Indigenous Australians

Aboriginal peoples descended from groups that existed in Australia and surrounding islands thousands of years ago.

Archaeological evidence reveals human remains were present before the advent of British colonialism.

There is great diversity in different indigenous communities expressed in mixture of cultures, customs and languages.

Reduction of the population occurred due to diseases such as smallpox and wars by British settlers against the first peoples on the continent.

The fact that the aboriginals survive today is a tribute to courage, strength and persistence through time of all indigenous peoples across planet earth.

Salmon

It takes persistence and stamina to swim against the river to end a life cycle. In one last defiant act, lay eggs at the river's bottom to give yourself relief, sweet death.

Little pearls left behind grow into alvins, start a new cycle at natures call. They abandon their birthright, smolt downstream, grow salt skin, the entry ticket to the sea.

They live life in their own way until time calls them home bloated with good news.

A single focused goal powered by determination and endurance leads them to swim against the river.

Some will make it.

Some will make an offering to the bears.

Those that reopen the door to home complete their mating cycle dropping eggs, joining their ancestors in sweet death.

Bonding

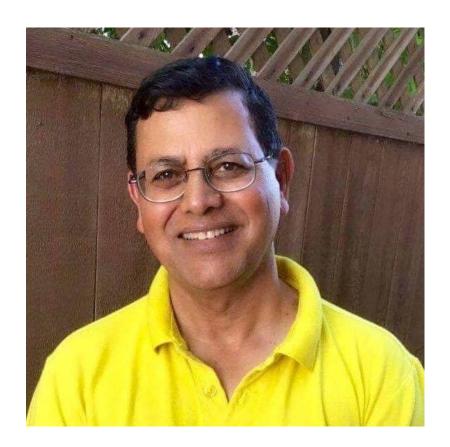
The open road makes a call. She cannot resist the nomadic itch that consumes her.

Metal is pressed below her foot to cruise down the highway.

She stops momentarily, drools over a YouTube landscape streaming on the computer.

She will just keep to herself this bond between the video, the road and her feet.

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.

Oceanic Heaven

The seashore at nightfall is home of the dark waves until the dawn brings the orange on the sandy beach. With a quiver in the morning wind waves flow backwards leaving starfish stranded. The sunrays lay Sparkling pearls on Oceania. Flocks of gulls whirl down In search of food. Beaches devoid of people look empty. It is a lonesome paradise as it is supposed to be.

Salt Water

a dip in ocean water didn't absolve my sins or primal desires because I am a selfish being with a lustful mind sensuous lips coveting heart dipped in deceit

rather I polluted the pious waters

Deer Park

break away from desires to attain nirvana echoes all around here

clicking photographs of ruins of Sarnath site of Buddha's first sermon we attempt in vain to refute the cravings of modern bungalows sculpted lawns luxury cars to detach from the self-made entrapments

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno



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

Blaze of Delight

One, two or more
Waves in the ocean of our lives
In this current time
As it goes back and forth
To remind our worth.

When the luminous hours
Transcend beams of hope
I think of how the stars
Glow more than you'll ever know
Become thrones and tiaras of passion.

Every now and then
To behold a golden cloud
Sometimes the rain of pulse and heartbeat
In thunder and lightning
Cast million of teardrops of joy.

The flower fields in our battlefields Covered with rhythmic dewdrops As it sips dazzles of sunlight Like you and I whispering The tenderness of our fervent prayers.

The Messenger and The Muse

I am reunited with my bicycle
The happiness is between heaven and earth,
My mind is on a pedestal
For many hours,
I cherish the moment
I found myself—

I am the version of meanings
The trees affirm my presence
Where I throw season's home
Igniting words of wisdom
And carry miracles of growth in every soul
I found my existence.

Sky-life

woman,

become the mosaic

of the crusades you won,

as you aspire to move in calmness

you spring love,

you, the warrior on the edge of time,

will live the star and the sky of LIFE.

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.

If you look at the contours

if you look at the contours seas, hills ,valleys and the pearls some where the miniscule globe snails ,oceans , trees and colours sing the Anthem to give and live

lo, behold mother's milk or the fruits metaphysically sing; a dot in a circle or tune in a soul the pristine segmentations certainly create strata of the heritage

if you look at the contours death and life make the circle with easy intrusions and dimensions

contours are documents of dawn and dusk some written but mostly not yet recorded

Salary and Celery

my salary speaks; loves, buys, sings dances in my purse twists honeycombs can bridge the parameters to paragraphs tucked in my pages of life

celery in the garden gives fragrances to the broth the greenery oscillates my soul each morning
I smile end of the month my salary tinkles in my pocket or in my account in the ventilator for my existence for bread or blankets

the celery smiles in the courtyard celery and salary march forward for the curry in a hurry

3 random poems *TERCET*

1. The Great Barrier Reef

The Great Barrier Reef only living organism in belief can be spotted from space

2. Coral Reefs

coral reefs provide buffer coasts never suffer from waves, storms and floods

3.Oceana

the waves echo, to throw the ego the rivers merge to search the archipelago

TERCET forms are Three lines with the first two rhyming

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-infinite-carrasco/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

Australia Oceania

Australasia

Melanesia

Micronesia

Polynesia

Are all in the geographical area of Oceania.

This is the land of many islands,

From aboriginal to modern man.

There's so many wonders on this part of the earth,

Whether you're in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane or Perth.

The beaches for swimming and for those that surf.

The outback has kangaroo, wallaby, Tasmanian devils and koalas

You have Mount Ossa in Tasmania,

And ten deserts including The Simpson and The Great Victoria,

Tourist come to see all of thee above and the barrier reef in

a huge body of water.

National Parks,

Museums,

Restaurants,

And Art galleries are delightful by courtesy of the Aussies.

Praying for my downfall

They didn't want me to win, they're tired of me shinning so they pray that my light goes dim. I'm on my job writing urban scriptures producing mind blowing pictures of clouds, sunshine and rain as if I was drawing the weather. It's infinite, eight letters, the horizontal eighth number, the way I put words together should make me the eighth wonder of my genre. I went from the streets to stages to published pages, I'm a hustler, there's levels to this, Perico and Manteca were phases, I still have material, it's all mental, ya know memories of the birth circa and trappers at early ages, up to now when most of those trappers or dead or In cages. I got that work. I'm hitting heads like my old environment, I don't have to worry about raids like my old apartments, there's no more wars because of the love for money getting violent and no more lost freedom due to physical confinement. I miss men i bonded with a few years after birth, they say what goes up comes down, so can anyone tell me when are the souls that went to heaven returning to earth?

Lean on me

When dudes was hungry they knew I'll feed em, so they looked for me to eat, when dudes had drama they looked for me because they knew I'll give this cold world some heat, when dudes were making bad moves, I showed them how to navigate these streets. I always wanted for others as I would want for myself, wealth, good health and stealth, ya know get cheddar, stay alive and off the radar.

I learnt the game before I was in the game, I had a head start in hard knocks, I'm talking about spoons to bags, sealed or slabbed rocks, bottle and cans practice shots and how to spot cops trying to infiltrate the block. It takes a village to raise a child, I was an ado out there taking lessons from those living vile, they didn't know they was teaching me, I was just a nosy juvenile.

I didn't look at them as if they were bad, I looked up to them, because where I'm from in the slums I admired those that lived with the "by any means" mentality when chasing that bag. When I got my shot it was as if I was a young money beast released from a cage, I'm was too advanced for youngens, so I was the youngen pushn with older dudes, some twice my age, a few stacks a shift was minimum wage, I put that work in until me and top men was on the same page.

When the top men could no longer stand the heat in the kitchen, got sent up to the yard, found or got sent to god, started smokin or sniffn till they nod, I stood on the trap workin, hustln and stayn alive was my only job. When dudes was hungry they knew I'll be able to feed em, so they looked for me to eat, when nikkas had drama they looked for me because they knew I'll give this cold world some heat, when dudes as making bad moves, I showed them how to navigate

these streets. I know the pros and cons, the ying and yang, they joy and pain of the game, it's educational when I speak.

Eliza Segiet



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

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

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

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

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

Below the Surface

In the blistering silence, deedy, thirsty for gems, they burrow an uncertain future. The unrest of the seekers disappears with the opalescence of the uncovered stone.

They keep looking

translated by Artur Komoter

- one is not enough.

To fulfill their dreams of wealth, they settle in the underground Coober Pedy.

There,
in the desert,
it is better to live below the surface

– the lower the cooler
maybe

– the deeper the closer to the stone prize.
They burrow more corridors of hope
to say

I have everything. The world can be mine.
Worse, when at the decline of life
they understand that

no lootwill resurrect lost time.

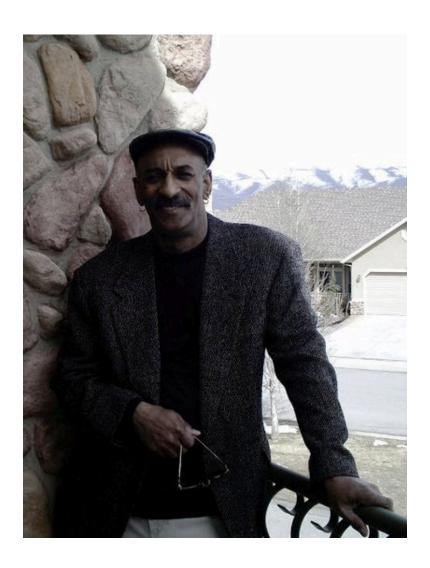
translated by Artur Komoter

Skies

When the wings fall □ you dive.
You need a moment to again rise to the skies.
You have to believe in yourself. Someone needs to do it first. Then others will believe that you can also glide.

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

Oceania

I tried to swim the seas Where the oceans run amuck From grey-tones to azures, To emerald laden shores

Temperature frigid, Temperatures warm And the predator and prey Swarm, swarm, swarm

The vastness and expanse As the islands doth enhance The poetic beauty Of it all

Can you hear the call?

Memories of sailors searching For bounty and booty alike . . . Discovering the unknowns With a thirst and wonderment Which has yet to be vanquished

Bibles, guns, whiskey and wooden ships Coming to conquer The unspoken tongues

Who will survive who I ask . . . Yes, who will survive . . . Oceania?

I dream of that place

I dream of that place I once called home, And there is an acute longing That pains my heart When I remember

I have a distant hope
To once again
Feel the soles of my feet
Touch the raw damp earth
In the quiet gardens
Where solace grows
And peace is the yeild
That is borne
Upon every bud and blossom

The trees of this land
Offer a sweet fruit
Of content and smiles
And we, all the children
Were kissed
By gentle breezes and sunshine

Oh, it did rain . . .
Every now and then,
and we all were cleansed
Of our errant thoughts
And our 3rd eye opened
As our brows of sweat . . .
Renewed

There were no lamentations

Yes, I dream,
I dream of that place,
That elusive place
That dances about me
Enticing me and my aspirations
For you,
For the world
For the all of all things

Wonder

I	Just	That	Our	Doing
often	what	have	"here"	"now"
wonder,	are all the souls	transcended before	are	

We do understand that "energy"
Can not be destroyed,
It just transmutes
To dimensions
We yet to fully comprehend
And therefore yet to . . .
Embrace

It is not the universe That is expanding, But that of our ... Consciousness

So I ask again What are they doing In this moment

This moment in creation
Is as are each and every moment.
It is devoid of time,
For time is the illusion
In which we take stock
Of ourselves

And create our personal esteem That rests itself on dissolving Foundations Of "knowing" . . .

But I ask . . .
What do we know
About tomorrow,
Save our shallow perceptions
Laced with the wisping fabric
Of expectation,
A place where dreams
Become . . .
Necessary

Well... there is no more at this time For me to write, For I hear "Wonder" Whispering my name

Dgcgmbgr 2019 Featured Poets

~ * ~

Rahim Karim (Karimov)

Sujata Paul

Bharati Nayak

Kapardeli Eftichia



Rahim Karim (Karimov)



Rahim Karim (Karimov) is an Uzbek-Russian-Kyrgyz poet, writer, publicist, translator. He was born in 1960 in the city of Osh (Kyrgyzstan). Graduate of the Moscow Gorky Literary Institute (1986). Member of the National Union of Writers of the Kyrgyz Republic, member of the Russian Writers' Union, official representative of the International Federation of Russian-Speaking Writers in Kyrgyzstan (London-Budapest), member of the Board of the IFRW, laureate of the Republican Literary Prize named after Moldo Niyaz. The author of the national bestseller "Kamila", the winner of the second prize of the International Book Forum Open Central Asia Book Forum & Literature Festival - 2012 (Great Britain), the nominee for the Russian national literary awards "Poet of the Year 2013", "Poet of the Year 2014", "Writer of the Year 2014", "Poet of the Year 2015", "Heritage- 2015", "Heritage-2016", the Prize for them. S. Yesenin (2016). In 2017 he was awarded the silver medal of the Eurasian literary contest LiFFT in the nomination of a Eurasian poet. Co-chairman of the Council of Writers and Readers of the Assembly of Peoples of Eurasia. Author of about 30 books published in Kyrgyzstan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Ukraine, Belarus, Russia, Great Britain, Canada, Romania, Greece, Netherlands, India, Tunisia, Saudi Arabia, Albania, Belgium, Macedonia, Afghanistan, France, USA etc.

He translated poetry and prose of authors from Kyrgyzstan, Uzbekistan, Russia, Tajikistan, Mongolia, Azerbaijan, Kazakhstan, the Netherlands, Tunisia, Saudi Arabia, Romania, Poland, Macedonia, Croatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Iran, Luxembourg etc.

Friendship song

And friendship is an expensive feeling, like love, Does not like friendship rash steps!
Oh, take care of friendship, good people, It is given only as kind as a gift from pearls.

Do not wait in vain from friendship benefits never, The law of friendship Faith will be forever. Oh, cherish the friendship, people of the whole Earth, Treason does not forgive friendship through the year!

Let's sing about the friendship song, together we all sing, Having put all soul into this song, we will save the world! We will sing like the sea, coming from distant shores, Sing like nightingales on branches at night, by day!

She is tender as a rose, friendship, like a flower, Love water is required at the right time! She is like a bridge with a hair size To pass through, he must have honor for the future!

She - the need of the soul, beautiful, good disposition, War and malice, anger is her sinister enemy! You will find good friends, if the mind is healthy, Treason is alien to her, blasphemy and slander!

Give me a hand, sister, give a hand, stepbrother! I am not very happy to live in a world without you! Let's be together on light in the rain, and in hail, We are passengers of only one ship!

We are rewarded with friendship by the Most High, God, The faithful motherland is the blue sky. To glorify friendship every moment is a sacred duty, She is a sign of purity, take care, people!

It doesn't matter who you are, Uzbek or Uigur Ukrainian, Tajik, Georgian, Kazakh, Hindu. Ile Russian, Armenian, Czech, German, Belarusian, You are first a man, even though you are an Arab, a tungus.

Let's sing about the friendship song, together we all sing, Having put all soul into this song, we will save the world! We will sing like the sea, coming from distant shores, Sing like nightingales on branches at night, by day!

There is no peace, happiness where there is friendship, no faith,

Life will consist of squabbles, battles, misfortunes. Do not tarnish your friendship name, banner, honor, As long as there is Friendship in the world, then Life is!

It doesn't matter who you are, Rahim, Kai, Muhammad, Ivan, Arthur, Nurtay, Taras, Rome, Salavat.
Michel, Maryam, Arzuu, Barcin Il Karamat,
You are first a man, even though Karl, James, Marat!
Give me a hand, sister, give a hand, stepbrother!
I am not very happy to live in a world without you!
Let's be together on light in the rain, and in hail,
We are passengers of only one ship!

My dad is the worst in the world!

I swore again the younger one for the prank, - I didn't want to cook my own lessons ... Frowning - offended, a little, a little, Suddenly he took a notebook and a pen in his hands.

And he wrote the names of all the relatives, Friends, acquaintances, on a piece of paper - in a cage ... "Good" - stressed opposite the birdie, -And in a moment, he circled his marks in red.

Opposite the father's name, however, Put a cross, he vetoed. And he wrote beautifully - very clearly: "My dad is the most, yes, bad in the world!".

No luck with dad son in the world, -With a bad father lives, alas, oh, have pity! Let, I did not become an idol for my son, But I have the best boy in the world!

Disabled people

Rich Planets, just humans, Do not torment you compassion, pain? Singing in the markets are songs of the handicapped, We hurry past to the concert, football!!!

I look into the world again through the window of Khayyam,

I only see alms asking. Hurrying friend, to the wedding, flying, For the first time you hear their songs with me!

Dressed luxuriously, without offense, Just look around you. On the streets they sing, after all, people with disabilities In the cold, hungry, grieving.

Careless persons, individuals, Go to hell at least once a concert. Singing in wheelchairs now disabled Serve them at least your dessert!

Sujata Paul



Sujata Paul is a poet and educator from Kolkata, India, who writes in Bengali, English and Hindi. Her poems and articles have been published in numerous anthologies like *Spilling Essences*, *I Am A Woman, Burning Desire*, *Daddy* (U. S Publications), *Queen, Family, Ripples Of Peace, The Spirit Of India, Gungunati Lehre, Are We Mere Spectators, Traumas On Widows, Pictorial Poetry, Social Media And Literature, Pros And Cons*, and Complexion Based Discrimination. Her first poetry book *Whisper Of My Soul* will be published soon.

Email: paul.megha65@gmail.com

Link: https://www.facebook.com/mithu.saha.7773631

Just Wanted This

Wanted this kind of pure rainfall In which there would not be any acid or dirt Only the purity that will wash all the garbage.

Just wanted an innocent heart That will fill up the soul with love and affection Where there would not be any artificiality.

Just wanted some kind of verses Which won't attack or highlight one's own arrogance Rather will show the way to proceed and spread the delicious fragrance.

Just wanted this kind of selfless devotion In which one could surrender themselves without any hesitation.

Loop Poetry

Look at the girl Girl is so innocent Innocent by heart Heart is full of love.

Love needs caring Caring comes from the soul Soul is immortal Immortal is not human being.

Human beings are mysterious Mysterious is their mind Mind is faster than air Air we need to live.

I Need Some Open Air

I need some open air Nowadays I feel suffocated.

Light I need very much For the darkness haunts me.

You know I wish to lean on you
To have some oxygen,
Hope to hug you tightly
So that no one could snatch me from you,
Wish to step together
To lead the journey of life,
Wish to jump over the sea of love
And float there up to eternity.
Again wish to have challenges
To test the intensity of your love.

Some open air and a ray of hope Are needed very much For I am scared of darkness and of suffocation.

Bharati Nayak



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

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

I Speak Not

I speak not As I feel Speaking is not essential.

Silence speaks for itself
Even eyes speak
Speak thousand words
My quivering lips.
Unsaid words travel million miles.

Sun speaks
Moon speaks
Speaks the thunderstorm
When hearts meet
Mouth says no words
Only the closeness knows
How louder is the heart
When it beats
Beating the loudness of sea roars.

Parrot

Though winged
I am caged
I flutter my wings
As if to fly
They get hurt by the iron railings.

The milked rice and good nuts That I am served Do not satisfy me As dream of the open sky Where I do belong.

You ask me
Oh Parrot! How are you?
You see my bright green feathers
And my beautiful red beak
I answer in my clatter
Which you can not understand
And think
I belong to the rich and
So I live in lavish.

On some careless day
My owner may
Keep the cage open
I may get a chance to fly
But my wings
That have forgotten
The art of flying
May fall a prey
To some vultures.

My good owner and his neighbors Will curse me and say O.K. O.K.
Let that ungrateful bird Meet a graceless end.

Sea and Seashore

You are the ocean, endless
I am but a tiny grain of sand
After being bathed countless times
By your great tides
Still wait for
Another countless baths.

Each tide
Like a dream
Attracts me to its heart
But, every time
I am thrown back
To the shore of day's reality.

My soul expands
To billions and billions of sand grains
Uniting with them
I become the sea-shore
Then I take your endlessness
In my embrace.

Kapardeli Eftichia



Kapardeli Eftichia has a Doctorate from ARTS and CULTURE WORLD ACADEMY She currently lives in Patras. She writes poetry, stories, short stories, hai-ku, essays. She studied journalism AKEM Has many awards in national competitions. Her work there is to many national and international anthologies. She has a section at the University of Cyprus in Greek culture is a member of the world poets society. website is http://world-poets.blogspot. Com. She is a member of the IWA (international writers and artists Association); chaired by Teresinka Pereira; had from IWA Certify 2017 as the best translation and member of the POETAS DEL MUNDO.

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Myrrh of drunkenness

In the Immortal Earth intoxicating joy and fragrant charisma of flowers pollen

Myrrh of drunkenness, secret
wavy hair
cravings hidden
with the kiss of the first
Sunlight morning
you

you ***

Excess affection
an intoxicating source
wavy dancing
in pleasure veil
Aura of simple joy,
Aura sun sculpture
Libation

ΜΥΡΟ ΤΗΣ ΜΕΘΗΣ

Στην Αθάνατη γη μεθυστικής χαράς και ευωδιάς χάρισμα των ανθών η γύρη ***

Μύρο της μέθης μυστικό μαλλιά κυματιστά πόθοι κρυφοί με το φιλί της πρώτης αυγινής Ηλιαχτίδας εσύ ***

Περίσσεια στοργή μεθυστική πηγή κυματιστός χορός σε πέπλο ηδονής Αύρα της απλής χαράς ,αύρα ηλιόγλυπτης σπονδής

ΗΜΕΡΕΣ ΕΥΛΟΓΙΑΣ

Ημέρες ευλογίας στα ασημένια φύλλα της λεύκας που πλημμύρισαν τις ακίνητες στέγες και τα παράθυρα των σπιτιών με μυστικές ευχές

> Ο δρόμος της ζωής μου σε ένα μικρό σύμπαν από φώς στα δίκαια της ψυχής

Days of blessing . . . ME

Days of blessing on silver leaves of the poplar that flooded the immovable roofs and windows of homes with secret wishes

The way of my life in a small universe from light in the righteousness of the soul

ΛΕΥΚΗ ΣΙΩΠΗ

Δύο κόσμοι που τυχαία συναντώνται στην άγνοια των καιρών χτίζουν και γκρεμίζουν με την λευκή σιωπή των χρόνων

Τριμμένες λέξεις ,μισοτελειωμένες φράσεις σε μια ξεχασμένη γλώσσα Όνειρα Αναδύονται, χαράσσονται στις γνώριμες ρυτίδες στα ίδια χρόνια που τα μάτια γέρασαν στις μνήμες

White Silence

Two worlds
who accidentally meet
in the ignorance of the times
build and shatter
with the white of the times silence

Grated words, half-finished phrases in a forgotten tongue Dreams they emerge, they are engraved to the intimate wrinkles in the same years which the eyes had grown old on the edges memories

Heshtje E Bardhë

Dy botë Që takohen rastësisht Ndërtojnë dhe shëmbin Me heshtjen e bardhë të viteve. Fjalë të thërmuara, fraza gjysmë të mbaruara Në një gjuhë të harruar. Ëndrra shkridhen, vizohen Në rrudhat e njohura Në të njëjzët vite Kur sytë u plakën në kujtesë.

ΝΕΕΣ ΑΧΤΙΝΕΣ

Ένα φιλί και ένα όνειρο τραυματισμένα στις γωνιές της νύχτας ξεχασμένα χρυσαλίδες χρωματισμένες ,μεταξένιες μπερδεμένες φωσφορίζουν φυλακισμένες

Γυμνοί οι δρόμοι τα μάτια δεν μπορούν να αποδράσουν ψάχνω το φως πλάσματα Αγγελικά με μαλλιά πλεγμένα σε άκρα ηδονή θείων σωμάτων Λουσμένα

Στο περίγραμμα του κύκλου Νέες Αχτίνες στου κύκνου τα λευκά φτερά γεννιούνται στο ξεκίνημα της μέρας

New Rays

A kiss and a dream injured in the corners of the night forgotten Colorful golden chrysalides silky confused phosphoresis, prisoners The streets naked the eyes can not escape I'm looking for light Angelic creatures with braided hair at the end of pleasure of the divine bodies bathed On the outline of the circle New rays in the swan the white ones wings are born at the beginning of the day

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Alan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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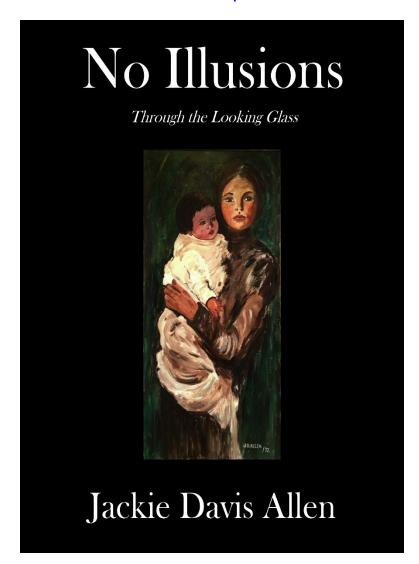
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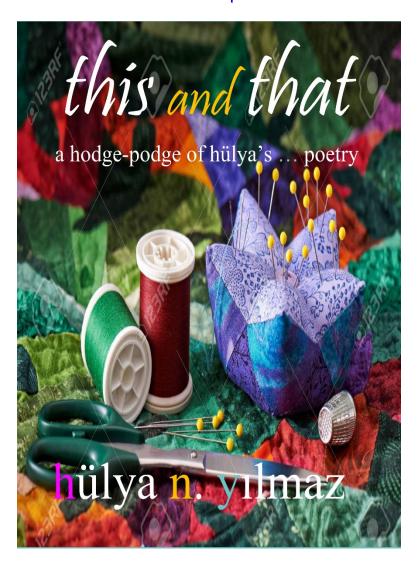
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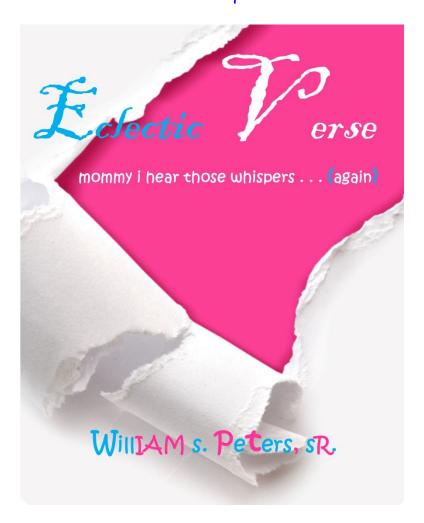
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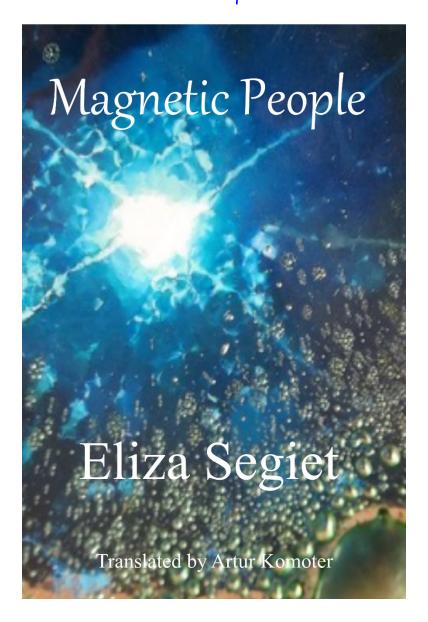
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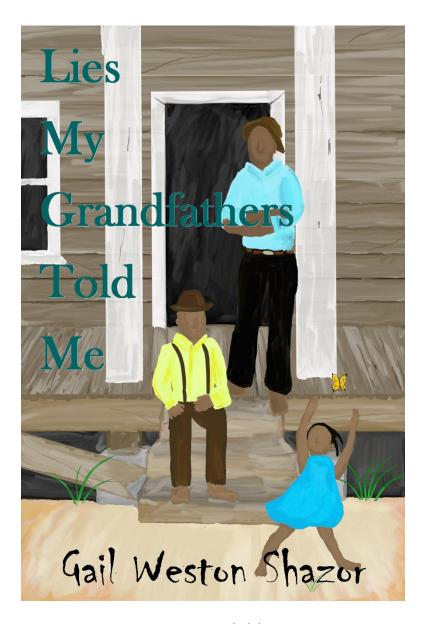


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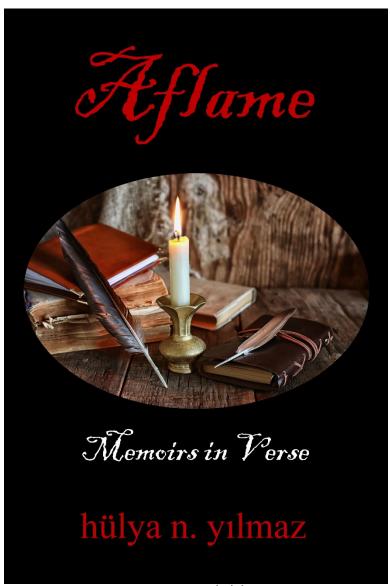
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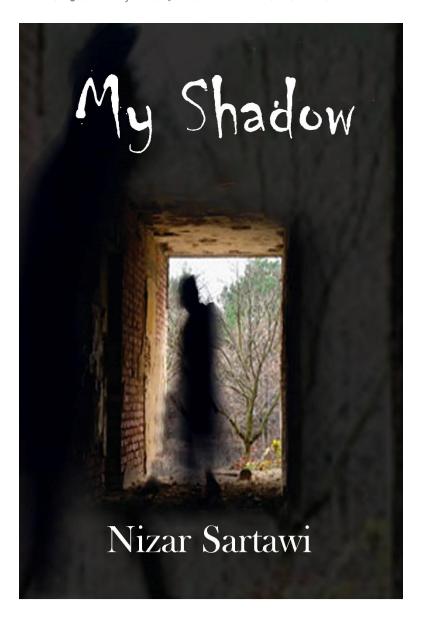
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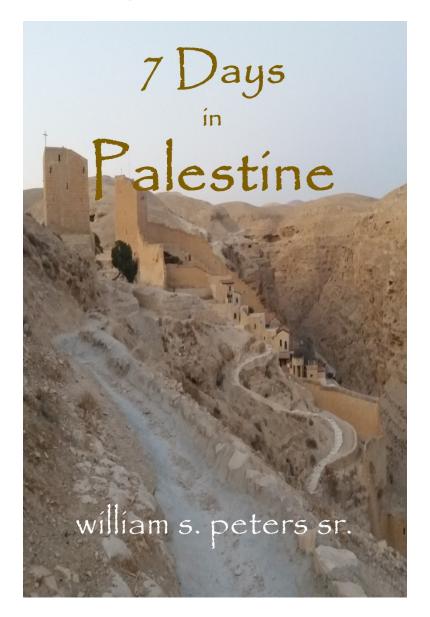
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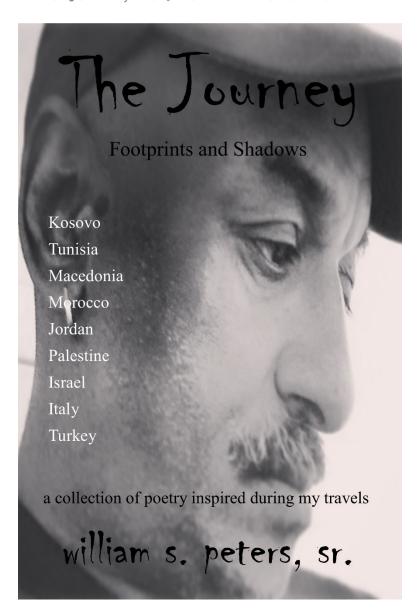
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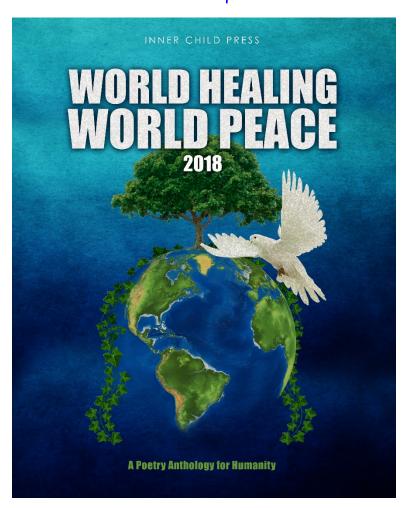
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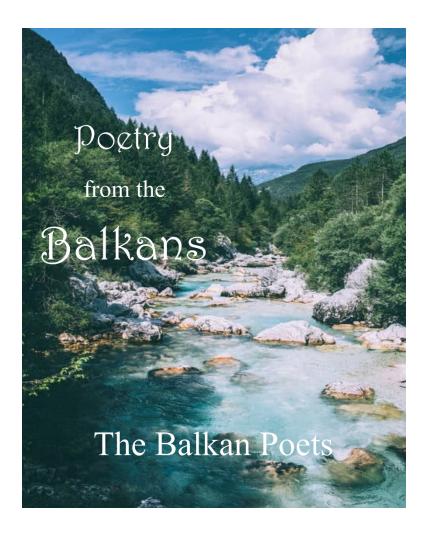
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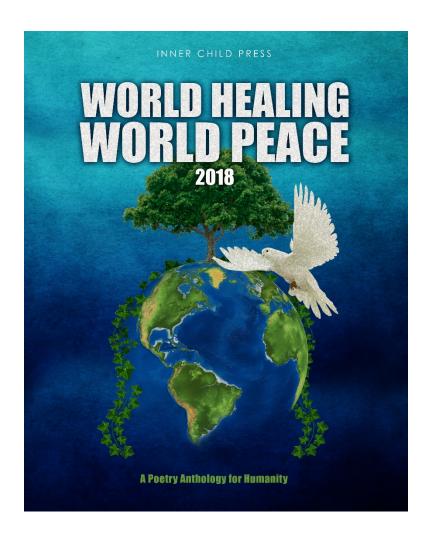
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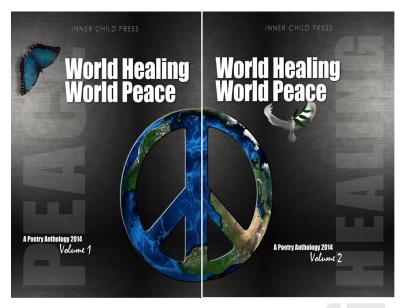


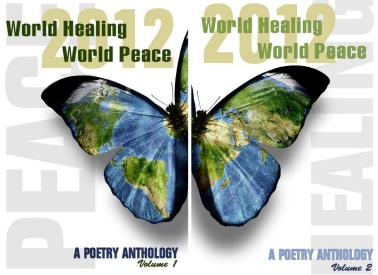
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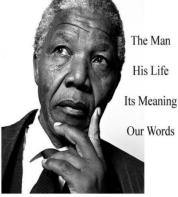


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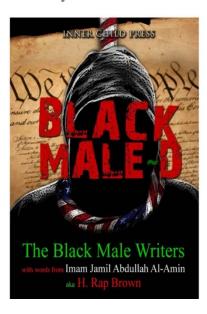


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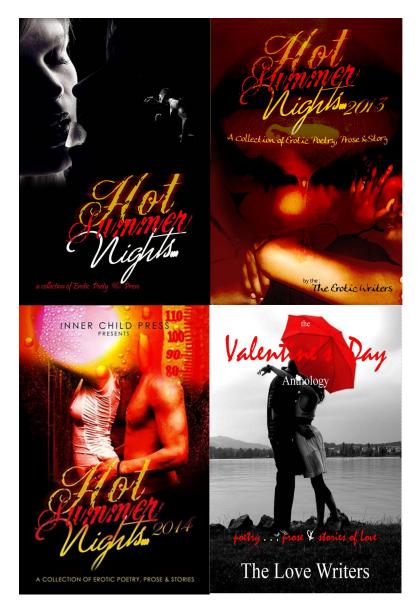




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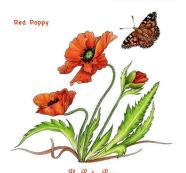
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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



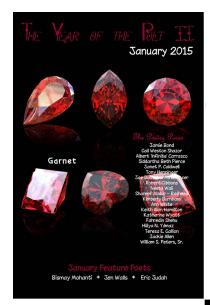
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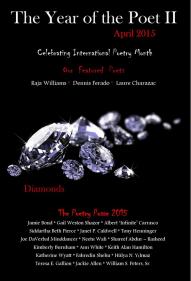


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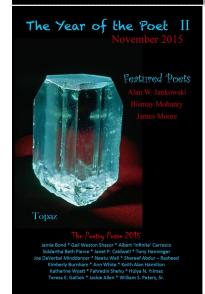
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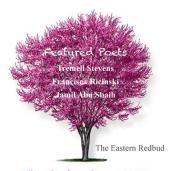


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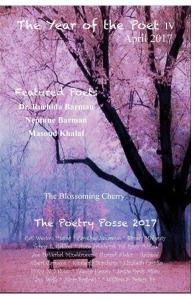
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Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



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The Black Walnut Tree

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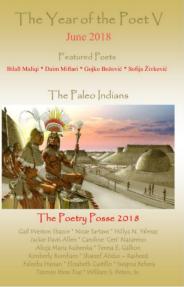
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The Year of the Poet V August 2018

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The Lapita



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The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

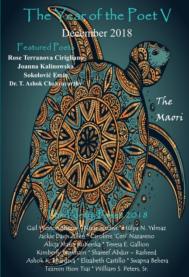
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



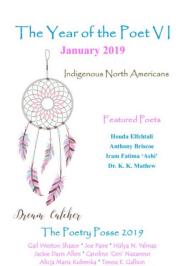
The Poetry Posse 2018

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





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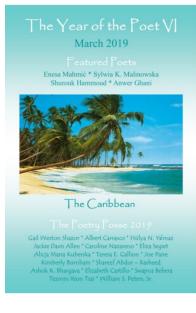
Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr

The Year of the Poet VI
February 2019
Featured Poets
Marck Lukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak
Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier

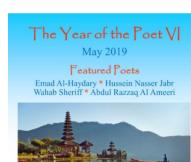
The Poetry Posse 2019

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The Year of the Poet VI June 2019

Featured Poets

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

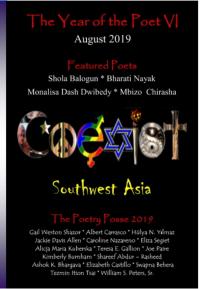


The Poetry Posse 2019

Arctic

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





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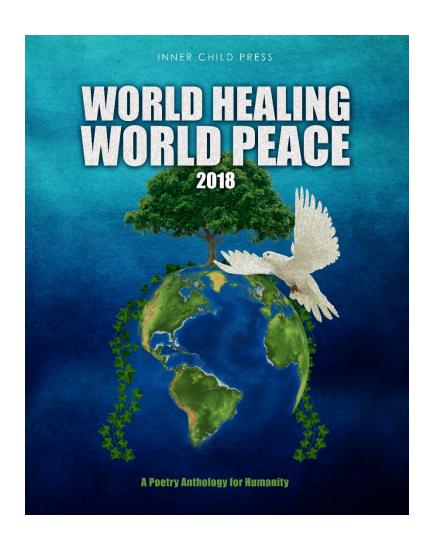
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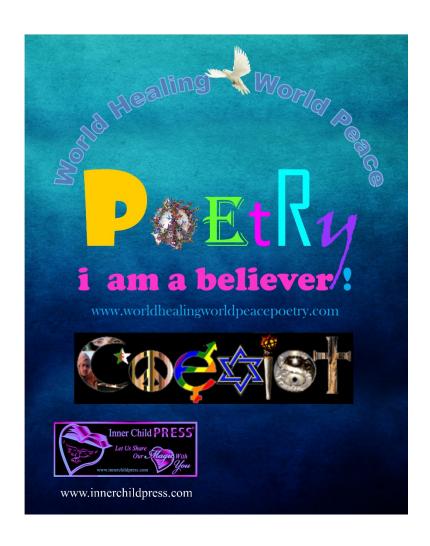
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2019



December 2019 ~ Featured Poets



Rahim Karim (Karimov)



Sujata Paul



Bharati Nayak



Kapardeli Eftichia

