The Year of the Poet VII

December 2020

Featured Poets

Ratan Ghosh * Ibtisam Ibrahim Al-Asady Brindha Vinodh * Selma Kopic

Abiy Ahmed Ali ~ 2019





The Year of Peace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

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The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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

~ * ~

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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VII **December 2020 Edition**

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2020

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WHAT WOULD IF F BE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

The present volume marks the end of a year – the pandemic-stricken 2020. COVID-19 is out in full force in numerous countries, with the U.S. having the highest active cases and fatalities. Diverse data suggest that some countries have either not reported anything specific regarding the virus or their population has not been affected. Turkmenistan and North Korea are two instances where related reports are suspected to have been suppressed; hence, displaying zero incidences. There are, however, island nations in the South Pacific – Palau, Micronesia, Kiribati, Tuvalu, Samoa and Tonga, which seemed to have been spared by the virus' spread due to their isolated locations. Still, Vanuatu, Fiji and Solomon have been under its impact.

While the Damocles' sword continues to swing this year over the majority of nations – disguised not only as a highly contagious virus but also in various forms of persistent political turbulences, thoughts of enduring peace worldwide have maintained their place in countless hearts. 2020's final issue of *The Year of the Poet* is its own evidence. Writers from across the globe have once more come together as a collective voice through the uniting power of poetry to contemplate on peace for humanity. The poems in this collection speak for themselves. As for this month's focal defender of peace, the 2019 Nobel

Peace Prize recipient Abiy Ahmed Ali, a considerable amount of information is being provided through the poetic constructs but also as introductory prose. There remains one point that needs to be emphatically stated: even the mere conceptualization of peace for the sake of an oppressed populace is of vital importance. Abiy Ahmed Ali's dedication to the actual application of that concept and his ensuing initiatives against his country's oppressive regime have, after all, materialized as peace not only in his native land, Ethiopia, but also in the neighboring Eritrea.

Thert Einstein has been quoted as having said the following: "Peace cannot be kept by force. It can only be achieved by understanding." Together with Abiy Ahmed Ali and innumerable other defenders of peace – recognized worldwide or not, we thus join hands yet once again toward a comprehensive understanding for the only alternative that there is when the survival and betterment of humanity in its entirety is concerned: a growing platform of peaceful coexistence where oppressive powers that be are not allowed any place or space.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Professor Emerita, The Pennsylvania State University (U.S.A.)
Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press International (U.S.A.)

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited and feel accomplished as we are now piublishing the final volume (#84) of our seventh year. This most definitely has been a worthy enterprise, *The Year of the Poet*.

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

To reiterate, our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful poets, word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global audience.

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

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

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

DS

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

Available here

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Abiy Ahmed Ali 2019

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

In 2019, The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Abiy Ahmed Ali

For more information about visit:

www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/2019/abiy/facts https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Abiy_Ahmed









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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor

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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

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"They have not seen the fear, They have not seen the fatigue, They have not seen the destruction or heartbreak, Nor have they felt the mournful emptiness of war after the carnage." ~Abiy Ahmed Ali

(Nonet)

We Often Overthink What we would do When faced with danger In the heat of moments But the real truth remains this We will only seek to survive The war we often find ourselves in When men nor talk or listen to others

Blue Roof 1945

I cannot sleep. I walk to and fro Oblivious to the dampness That set the bones To shudder And I say out loud Thy will be done and All the other pithies That will set me In Your perfect will But I am not In agreement with You I mutter curses With the very breath That You have given me For I cannot fathom The world that You Have allowed me To have the barest glimpse of This boneless world This broken world That would steal the very tears From my reluctant sight And I rail Against the cleaved in two Thing that You ask of me I am not strong enough To anchor myself So why must this Be my mantle? And You set this Mary task At my Martha feet The same steps that should Shroud my days

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As familiars, I reject Again and again I clutch my breast

I clutch my breast

As each knell falls hollow

And I

With my child choice

Would not deliberately

Pick the pain

Although I long for blue splinters

So that I know

I am still alive

On this mortal plane

And the heart of the tinman

That has muttered

Since You blew into this clay

Beats an irregular rhythm

Give me the easy words

To live through

The coming tribulation

Let the love that quickens

Shine through

All the broken places

For only You know

Just how many there really are

Ease my pace

So that I can be caught

And held

Among the steps

Under my feet

To accept the comforter

That You send

Sweeten my tongue

So that muteness

Is not my lot.

And rest my body

So my soul will heal

Death in a Foreign Land

There was nothing exciting about it. The day started out much as the day before had, with the sun rising hot before one was ready to leave the house. The roosters crowed their regular untimely noise loud enough to wake the dead.

Life calls loudly
In the midday sun
Anybody with anybody's
Time under this hot sky
Knew the sound by heart
The keening wail broke the stride
Of those by passers
Quickening steps less they find
That their numbers had been chosen also
Death was upon the land
It elevated the cries to a pitch

She was just an ordinary girl and everyone knew her even if they didn't know her name. She was well seen hustling along the docks. One day selling flowers, the next teas and when she couldn't steal something sellable, herself had to do.

The smile below her mouth
Shines a bright red
In the morning light
No one could mistake the double grin
For happiness
This look had circled the world
Surprise at the suddenness
Of the end of life

The policeman showed up after receiving the call. His impotence at preventing the violence wrought upon the public daily showing in the sweat on his brow. There was nothing he

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could do for her now but go through the motions of asking questions of the people around.

What more could he know
Save the dead girl's name
Her real name gifted her at birth
The only real thing she owned
And the one thing she had protected
From being stolen from her
Unspoken and not be heard again
Passing her birth mouth
And not the one gifted at her death

She lay half in the water and half out. No one knew how long she had been there, but it was obvious it had been

a while. He estimated from the lack of rigidity that she had lain here most of the night. He knew before he took

out his notebook, that no one had seen anything nor heard anything. With a sigh, he removed a pencil from his pocket.

The business end lay on the stone
The accidental end, in the water
The very thing that hastened her death
Had begun to melt in the surf
Her last bit of currency
Returning to the source until
Only androgyny remained under the sun.

Alicja Maria Kubzrska

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The Year of the Poet VII ~ December 2020

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).

Let's Tear Down Walls, Let's Build Bridges!

(Dedicated To Abiy Ahmed Ali)

The new road is blocked by the old wall, built out of prejudice, feud and intolerance. It has to be demolished in order to continue. It's necessary to overcome further obstacles and throw the bridge across the river to meet people on its other side.

One should follow the voice of wisdom. You mustn't give up and believe in the words of the skeptics, that one man cannot change the world. Step by step, word for word, today is taking shape

To be a philosopher and a Prime Minister, to be a Muslim and a Christian, to be a soldier and strive for peace

— Just believe in yourself.

Autumn melancholy

Melancholy returned home in November and she started to live in all the rooms She placed dim light in the windows and scattered the seeds of sorrow on the threshold

In the evenings, she summons ghosts and memories Her relatives resurrect from old photos and they tell forgotten stories and anecdotes Their lives take again timid blushes

Look - she announces to all her friends Laughing pumpkins and cascades of rustling candies do not match my interior decorations at all. I don't open my door to the bunches of impish kids

All Saints Day

The night frost stripped the cemetery trees. The colorful, damp rug rustles underfoot. It rises and falls, the soft murmur of falling leaves says prayers for all who are absent.

The flames of the candles flicker and sway in the wind, illuminating the barely visible path to heaven Today you can only meet halfway in your memories and in rosary beads.

The good –looking chrysanthemums are love confessions Instead of words, they use the colors and the fragility of petals

They decorate granite slabs and graves with crosses, on which, time slowly blurs the traces of memory.

A marble angel is sitting and crying on a small grave. The morning dew hung tears on his stone eyes. He is silent and sadness flashes in big drops. The angel is filled with remorse, he did not guard.

Jackiz Pavis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

Abiy Ahmed Ali

In 1976 a child was born in Beshasha, Ethiopia. Given the name of Abiy Ahmed Ali, He was his father's 13th child. His mother's 6th. Her youngest.

The child grew up; longed for peace. Resisted, militantly, against Mengistu's communist regime. Later, he joined the Ethiopian military.

A devout Protestant, Abiy Ahmed's parents are deceased. His father was a Muslim. His mother, His father's 4th wife, was Christian Oromo.

At the age of 41, in 2017, from Addis Ababa University, Abiy Ahmed He completed his Ph.D; a doctorate In peace and conflict research.

In April 2018, Abiy Ahmed Became the fourth Prime Minister of Ethiopia. Peace and reconciliation, always the focus. Guided by a strong belief and faith in God.

Just one year later, Abiy Ahmed won the 2019 Nobel Peace Prize. How proud his wife, daughters and Adopted son must be. His country, too.

Something to Consider

When darkness finds light like a lost toy
And when, with its joy, a man rises
To unveil the smile of hope,
He is favored, blessed.

Mistakes invoke pain,
Yet hope sustains
If we but let love guide life into action

When man discovers friendship as a lost toy
With investment some of darkness fades.
Old mistakes rekindle pain.
Yet hope sustains.

Prayers guide fear into remission, If we but let love's truth Guide life into mission.

Friendship. Ah, it spreads love's light!
Its ensuing joy paints the canvas
With love, despite mistakes' shame.
Even still, hope sustains.

Effort guides man through Various and sundry stages, If we but allow forgiveness to guide Love into life's mission.

Waiting for Winter

It is cool and bright in the blue mountains. The deep chill of night has moved, settled down Into the valley.

> The morning sun spreads her arms Over and around,. Breath expressed With autumn's colors, it is a gift.

Still, quiet, peaceful like, I walk
Around leaves: yellow, red, rust, and brown.

Many have fallen to welcoming ground,
Protection's blanket for nature's seedlings.

'Tis season's own version of a healthy need
To relax, contemplate, to hibernate.

My heart skips to the tune of earth's blessings. My lips are singing a song, the stanzas not formed Neither notes upon a page or played

By musicians, nor ever sung
By any, except those who dare
To leave behind the world's loud noises.

I welcome you, O, peaceful morning.
Your gift of joy is mine. Rest, relief you bring
To my soul. You remind me to shine down
And all around. You, I embrace.
I ask God, I pray God,
May the world be at peace.

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering

and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is a professor at Asia University (Taiwan), editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

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

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

The Danger Of Ethnic Slur

Abiyot, in the name of his childhood
That gilded and elegant handwriting asked
What should be the role of Social Capital
In Traditional Conflict Resolution?
"Doing God's work", Isn't this an answer from the heart
In the social tension caused by the conflict
A dawn of calm and peace

To allow political progress and to win people for democracy
Response people
The asking for a different rhetoric
With an open and respectful discussion
Instead of pushing them
This seems to be an expectation that cannot be let down

Joint declaration of peace and friendship
The intoxicating and obscure light of the Nobel Peace Prize
Is it necessary or illusory?
Is it inevitable or repeated?
Increasing ethnic unrest
Barricading roads, forcibly stopping traffic to looting
Tens of thousands have been displaced from their homes
Due to ethnic based violence

Biased and vindictive conducting ethnic profiling in the name of fighting corruption
Daytime hyenas can't get rid of the shame of being demarcated
Fiddled on a democratizing platform
By an opportunistic populist jockeying for power
Can even say it lightly
Occasionally can be read as euphemistic and conspiracy-minded

The Drunk Fisherman Who Blames The Fishing Rod Is Too Light

The waves are merciless

The canoe with short sails was attacked

The rain has no intention to

Forgave the light sails to hide from the sun was all wet

Looked at it from a distance

The poor old fisherman hiding under the canopy

With hair as pale as snow

Did he know what the boat was carrying?

Threw the bait into the depths of emerald wave with equanimity

Let the hat on head be unfastened

The boat under feet was not anchored

Let it drift

Let it follow the waves

Asked others

What does the fisherman have?

A jug of wine

A pole of breeze

Long companioned with the sunset and reflection on a sunny day

Long companioned with the sand gull flying

So To Here This Dancing-Crane Town

Willow winds blow across the bank

Pairs of flying swallow's words just warmed and back to cold again

The little flowers along the coast helped whom

To conceal the oar of the boat

Cannot bear to lose you

The stars in the sky are passing so fast

Overlooking down

The grass is green as ever between heaven and earth

Along the creek

Children crowded on the road

The chasing giggles constantly overshadowed the sound of water

From now on

Follow the instructions of the mountains and rivers

Where can I hide without wearing noble brocade?

Look back

The deep courtyard of the Red Cloud Emperor's Palace is located

Those past years used to shake the jade pendants

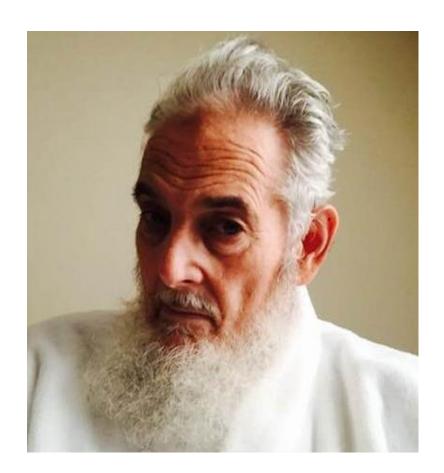
After a few simple feelings

The heart of the zither before the flowers composed the green field into music

In exchange for a smile in the mountain where immortals live

Like a dancing crane looking up at the sky

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

Abiy

Ahmed you're a mover, shaker go getter for Ethiopian homeland and African continent life of service many capacities military, parliament, party leader, Prime minister reformer, serious change government rearranges economic reform from state run to privatization including major state run essential institutions opening up relations with adversaries consummate negotiator between religious factions Muslim/Christian conflict facilitate resolution in Rwanda with UN peace force Djibotji port agreements bringing peace in Sudan between north and south especially Eritrea stop bloody conflict ceasefire, resolution received 2019 Nobel peace prize Ethiopia, ancient Abyssinaa,

Habasha to now a land still in tribal, factional bloody conflict need more than ever skillful peacemakers like Abiy Ahmed Alii

food4thought = education

defective

souls, hearts of those who doubt dem go without belief salvation dem seek by way of rejection don't engage in reflection relation of themselves all creation instead they're fed and feed anything but the truth to convolute, deceive even when shown solid proof dem deny, refute try to explain away why they and all created things don't exist in a vacuum by way of accident

if they opened their narrow minds they will understand perfection of creation even themselves and all things in the heavens and earth is orchestrated perfection should not encounter rejection especially when that fact alone is manifestation

of the miracle of creation evidence of the supreme controlling everything heavens, earth, birth, death fish that swim in the sea birds that fly in the sky overwhelming proof in the pudding

if only they were willing to submit to truth open up spiritual eyes have souls washed open minds clean hearts falsehood squashed that can only be done by (1) one who made them, everything, everyone from where all things come from surely to return back again that's a fact my friend

food4thought = education

in the midst...

for the children of war

of carnage, destruction, genocide but it's not you or yours going through it so, it's not on your mind real life, death issues ain't enough tissues to absorb the tears flowing over lands that stopped growing in an environment of fear, next minute might not even be there can you be aware? babies are aware in reality living, thinking well beyond their years buried family over there including mommy dear dealing with horrific conditions babies often smitten by war children hungry but foods no more lost the family they adored with memories vivid of days before they became slaves of rage now just a morsel of food they crave like the thought of reliving the days before their family were sent to their grave can't help but want to bring back those days but can't no matter what you say

peace if there ever was, was shattered don't try to gloss over the matter out of sight out of mind is the matter of course until the horror spills on you and all of a sudden transformed you by force interwoven the plight of orphans with you because you see you in them and sadness, concern, remorse set in lifted you to take some action the things you coveted no longer hold attraction you took them from your life via subtraction dealing with life and death makes one or brakes one like the babies who want a life but can't get one life's values shift under the gun take a good hard look at yours while you still got one maybe you'll stop placing value on things that have none

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham

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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. Her poetry weaves through 80+ 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-of-climate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

Mountainous Peace on African Roof

To soon some said when Abiy Ahmed Ali Ethiopian Prime Minister won the 2019 Nobel Peace Prize

Others demanded credit to Isaias Afwerki also President of Eritrea cooperation at the border between a peace agreement to end the long "no peace, no war" stalemate

Many in Minnesota's Oromo community say much work remains hope ignited a better life a brighter future all must seek reconciliation solidarity social justice efforts deserve recognition encouragement a peaceful and stable Ethiopia helps all

Two Ethiopian Peace Saying

"The most important thing lay the foundation of peace" like building a home first thing peace then a growing family share in abundance

"One who is transparent has no one against him" act in kindness unseen inspire out in the open share in abundance

Oromo Gadaa "Nagaa" Peace

From Ethiopia and Eritrea to a large population in Minnesota "Nagaya" is peace in Oromo defended for all living things

"Alaa manni, sa'aa namni, maatiif waatiin hundi nagayaa?" an Oromo Gadaa demand literally peace to the home and neighbors cows and humans, family and calves and all

A comprehensive sense of harmony without tranquility of mountains rivers and forests no serenity to humans

No one can be an exception each devoted transforms conflict in collective lives

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

A Labyrinth of Peace

The face of change in Ethiopia

Promoting peace in their horn of Africa
Ali once said peace is our path
To solve conflicts in a civilized manner.

Unwavering commitment he showed,
And just as trees need good soil to grow
Peace needs these to flow

Promising to heal a nation,
Ali ended political repression.

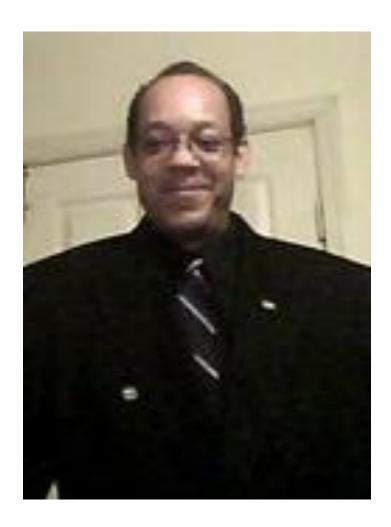
The Bareness of Trees

Misty dew drops from the sky fall Mixing with every tears I cried, Does it hide the pain, the grief, the loss? Somehow it masks the emptiness of the soul. The autumn leaves left scars at dawn When you chose to chase the light The bareness of trees signifies your absence When everywhere I look, There's no trace of your shadow And I ask myself, would I be fine? Every piece of music we played lingers Bringing tears to my eyes and once again Every breath my mind drifts to thoughts of you. Until the last leaf falls. Revealing the nakedness of the trees Below an overcast sky over a downpour The bareness of trees, branches ran dry Unlike the welling up of tears in my eyes, An artist can paint the sorrowful aura Where the trees have grown on a barren land Alas, when the sun sets again over the horizon Until the hues of the rainbow cheers me up once more Behind the veil where angels ascend, I await for spring to come to witness the blooms take over the gloom.

Aurora

Beauteous hues from heaven Rays of mystic light Guiding they Divine Flight Orbs from space **Emitting Divine Grace** I'll go to the edge of the Earth To witness thy illumination Angels must have sprinkled Stardust to light thy path When saints and Holy Ones ascend above Or when the gods need to descend To Earth to remind Man of his faults. No matter how far I may roam, Seeing you would be like coming Home. The Divine Light shining down on me Manifesting transcendence of my soul When spirits haunting the night Finally breaks free from the world's bondage, To go back to their origin Like a phoenix rising, Redeeming himself out of the chains.

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 cord with a 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

Abiyut "Revolution"

In less than two years as Prime Minister Abiy Ahmed Ali received the Noble Peace Prize Forging a durable peace in the Horn of Africa I was thinking about our current situation

Democratization: We are coming out of semi-authorization Same situation as our honored Brethren, Abiy Ahmed Ali Press censorship, empowering Women Minister of Peace, Federal Supreme Court President Free and fair elections

"War is the epitome of hell for all involved"
Problem solved just for agreeing to a decision
We struggle with accepting ours
Who will emerge to be the next Noble Prize recipient?

We who strive for change and human rights We who have spent the night in oppression Only to awaken and fight again for peace.

Stop Signs and Seatbelts

Did you stop at the octagon?
Did you have your seatbelt on?
Is your license up to date?
Do you have your registration?
Regulations are a tad bit less than incarceration
Have your civil liberties been liberated?

Did you stop at the octagon?
Was there a four-way intersection?
Did it infringe on your right to life?
Everyone doesn't have the will to live
But you handle that steering wheel to live
You have freedom of choice to veer right or left

Did you stop at the octagon, or chose to crash it?
Wearing a mask and social distancing
Is the same as resisting oncoming traffic
It's not magic, but tragic to assume you've lost some right
Do you drive with your headlights on at night?
You have a choice, right?
Tickets for doing the wrong thing right

So why is obeying traffic laws different than wearing a mask remember when there were no seatbelts they had to make a law, to protect your health no one wanted to wear them excuses like wrinkled suits, man we can tell them. I missed a funeral today, one for no seatbelt The other was covid related, too beautiful to be safe.

Scripted Medium

Shadows created just by description
Creative wordplay to draw the eye
Righteousness brought forthwith
I tend to rush these things
Pen and paper fuel a need to canvas the area
Torn sheets of ideas strewn in anger
Erasures of escaped thoughts I was in the wrong place
Dang typo's as if they are even, they, go figure

Meanwhile as you build a mosaic from broken smiles Erasures' and smears one misplaced verb Damaged canvasses too much lavishness' I relish the thought of what I'm not scribing Using every sense plus one Manifesting every penitent behind what I see

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 (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

At the Year's End

Off wandered Abiy Ahmed Ali from the town of Beshasha in central Ethiopia into an armed struggle against the communist regime of Mengistu, but not before becoming a learned individual first . . . He excelled in his studies of computer science, leadership and economics; earning a doctorate in peace and conflict research.

Abiy Ahmed Ali gradually climbed up the political ladder, never forgetting his dedication to peace.

While staying true to his commitment to result-oriented activism, he made history in the Ethiopian parliament.

A mere eight years later, he was declared Ethiopia's prime minister.

At the young age of 43, this 2019 Nobel Peace Prize recipient was rewarded for his continuous efforts toward the achievement of peace.

Not losing his focus on international cooperation, he persistently took initiatives which befit his nation. The success of resolving the border conflict with his country's neighbor, Eritrea, proudly carries his name.

As a well-known African proverb goes, "it takes a village to raise a child."
The child, this time, was "peace".
The "village" evidently worked hand in hand with its leader to persuasively demand that collective peace be delivered.

tomorrow's hope

my car's model is Utopia the interior is made of Dreams

i am confined to a highway frequented by aggressors

there comes the traffic jam . . .

denials
delusions
oppression
objectification
discrimination
self-projections
obstructions of justice

to no avail . . .

my car's tires were manufactured in a factory of universal harmony

so, i swerve around
the self-destructive bottleneck with utmost ease
and drive on while i listen to my favorite tunes on peace:
truth
reality
factuality
responsibility
accountability
integrity
honesty
dignity

skills to think critically equality for all – unconditionally

self- and collective-empowerment color-blind inclusivity unity within diversity justice for all – universally, all-inclusively

what a serene scenery!

A Renga for Abiy Ahmed Ali

My dear poet-friends:

Your collaboration is needed on this one.

Here is my stanza...

a garden of lanterns rugs spread on the lush grass "peace" in all CAPS

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

Abiy Ahmed Ali Political Activist

Abiy Ahmed Ali is an Ethiopian politician, 4th Prime Minister of the Federal Democratic Republic of Ethiopia, a member of the Ethiopian Parliament and a former military intelligence officer.

As prime minister Abiy initiated political and economic reforms and worked to obtain peace deals in Eritrea and Sudan.
Abiy received the 2019 Nobel Peace Prize for his work in ending the 20-year post-war territorial stalemate between Ethiopia and Eritrea.

Come Touch Me

Kiss me.
I want to taste your love and feel joy above the realm of earth.

My lips are burning for you. I run wild in the woods hoping to crash in your arms.

You are not awakened to my love. Your resistance bands hold you tight and you do not move.

Your eyes expose a story of deep sorrow that judges anything new as dangerous.

I am working hard to soothe you with kind words. Hoping to get pass your window of sorrow and engage the beauty you shelter.

God is here to help me find a way to touch your heart. I know you feel us. I hope your protective wall melts slowly into my arms.

Love Folds

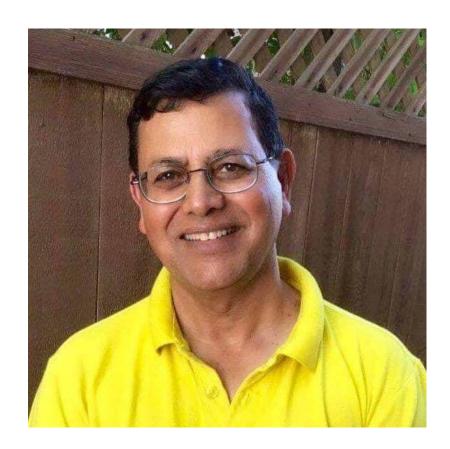
Love folds the body in its last sunset. Soul gives a wink, catches a ride on the moon.

She spreads her arms in the wind.
The body gently folds into the earth.

Soul smiles at the smooth separation with waves of gratitude to Spirit.

All earth substance must return to dust. All souls must return home to God.

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.

Early Spring

Dedicated to Abiy Ahmed Ali

how to restore brotherhood after years of hostility between the long-time foes.

with hands in loam lay out seeds in curated rows.

carefully water it as the gentle mist blows through the fingers.

persuade the afternoon sun to guard the freshly imbedded seeds.

let the sprouts grow into tender vines flower into crop

that fills the empty stomachs with love, peace and dignity.

Let it be ...

They will keep pouring in like sand grains in an hourglass and slip through the fingers.

They will blow over like dust storm if we build walls to stop them.

Ship loads of humanity will continue to cry out loud before every sunrise on our shores.

Even if we don't want them to show up and where else could they go.

Stop the Latino caravans and Haitian leaky boats from seeing the glimmer of hope.

Syria, Iraq or Afghanistan: simply burn them to ashes in the name of light.

Just a single ray of peace is plenty to fire hope in the dark abyss of their desperation.

We can light peace if we really want to.

We can heal the desperate if we want to.

It is ... As it is

My religion is humanity. My sacrament is my breath.

My prayer is my word. My Temple is mother Earth.

The forests are my angels. The rivers are my blood.

My meditation is my love. My peace is my dove.

My wisdom is to know each other. My universe is my brother.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet VII ~ December 2020



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), 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

Peace in the Horn of Africa

'I believe that peace is an affair of the heart. Peace is a labor of love.''

- Abiy Ahmed Ali

aWhere peace lives? Do you find it in the midst of scriptures? When does peace lead? Do you take them to your heart? What peace gives? Does it make you whole As brotherhood and humanity? Why peace called peace? Does it fill the gaps From the wars, hatred and killings? Is it peace, that lies between financial securities? Is it peace that makes a family reunited? Does peace win or lose? When sleep find the eternal call From the depth of understanding And forgiving heart?

Shamata

(revised version)

i can hear you, from the celestial sphere of souls, the mantra of humanity; so i listen to my body, my mind and my heart, drowning in placid horizons, i can see you, from the light particles, spectrum and radiance of neutron stars, connecting all the sacred spaces, there is clarity and balance connecting to myself between our destiny; i become the sound in the echoing, unheard lullabies, i become the silence from the soothing miracles of the unruffled time.

in between

your eyes are lights thy lips unsealed while kissing the sparks of serenity in the eve and predawn of your own

until everything solely connects deep down yourself within.

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 the Prolific Poetess Award ,The Life time Achievement Award ,The Best Planner Award ,The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE Award, ATAL 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 Lasher one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 60 languages .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. 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 African is the life member of Odisha Environmental Society.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

a word can kill; a word can heal

the Ethiopian Prime minister the youngest influential leader in Africa who is slow yet fast? "democracy is unthinkable without freedom for peace; the foundation is justice peace is our path"

a country is the blood stream of the heart you may be sacked from your country but certainly, none can snatch the country from your heart love is the need of the hour none is perfect under the sky if you avoid people for their mistakes you will be alone in the world known for his charisma the young reformer served as a UN Peacekeeper in Rwanda in the middle of the worst political and social crisis Kal Yigedlal, Kal yadinal a word can kill, a word can heal for he unified Ethiopia and diaspora community a military veteran he is for love, peace and unity fostered internal stability, social cohesion his Medemer concept is addition and coming together destroying hate wall he is the noble peace laureate Dr Abiy Ahmed Ali.....

my digital footsteps

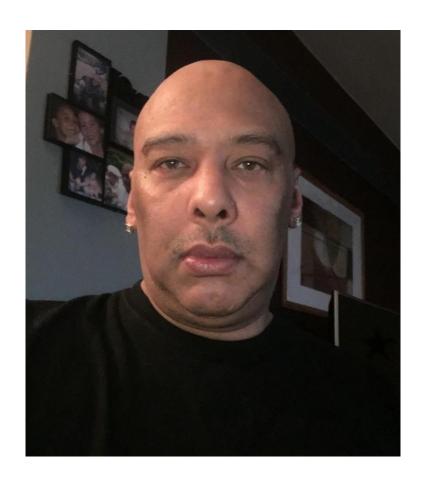
I sing, dance and fight with my inner self
I compose, I delete
my own protocol
the fanning breeze,
the lotus in the pond
the cries of the starving
the helpless ones those who need me
I never see or listen
my digital footsteps trigger me to run and run the race

looking at myself in the time zone
I feel, I am the only single bird
in the horizon
stooping up and down
carrying turbid years on my wings
in due course of time become
a digital trash; so difficult to clean
I pray for a metamorphosis
instead of robotics
let me listen to the tears
let me be an idiosyncratic composer

how long

how long the girl beyond the hamlet will wait for a school? how long the impotent spring will wait to celebrate? how long shall I have to wait for a cosmic conversation? how long shall I wait to frame love's anthem? how long the dreams will wait to germinate? how long someone will fight against the abuses? how long the colours will fix the political agendas! how long the rare and extinguished species will cry to survive? how long the civilisation will take to stop war and terrorism? how long the child will wait to get a park? how long mothers will wait to feel assured for their daughters? how long innocent smiles will be missing? how long I really mean it

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

Abiy Ahmed Ali

Abiy Ahmed Ali was born on August 15 1976 in Beshasha Ethiopia,

located next to Agaro, Ormia.

His father was Muslim and his mother was into Christianity,

his entire family was religious and frequent mosque or church attendees.

Abiy was protestant, a family of religious plurality.

Abiy Ahmed Ali is a very intellectual man,

He has a PH.D. and holds a Master of Business Administration.

His intelligence led him to become Ethiopia's prime Minister.

In 2019 Abiy Ahmed Ali won the Nobel Peace Prize. His motivation was peace and international cooperation. He as the leader in the initiative to resolve the border conflict with Eritrea.

Relapse

I know there's many that prayed for my downfall, I keep lettn them down. When I was hustln they wanted me to bid forever or die, now as an author they want me to get writers block and for my pen to infinitely run dry. I'll take that hate, it fuels my fire, all that does is make me set the bar higher, experience makes my bars tyta. Inf is from the birth circa, i was a hard Caine toddler, walked the walk lived the life, now I'm the game and this urban genres Godfather.

Pyrex, Gemstar and arm & hammer should sponsor my poetry because they made big money off of the team alone as we tried to mend then reinforce a broken home. Ran the streets with many men, the run was intense, the flow was immense, When I speak of most of those men, it's in past tense, I go in depth on drugs money, jail and death, if you don't know me, but hear me before reading my bio, it'll all make sense.

I'm a product of the streets and hard times, had a head start in hard knocks, as a minor my major was white crime, earned a PHD, the Power to Hear the Dead, I converse with my homies that flatlined tryna get ahead. They gave me guidance in the life of knife and slug violence, the fat lady sung death but I was tone deaf, all I heard was silence.

Reborn

I was born in the 70's, in the 80's I was considered a crack baby, in the 2g's it was the rebirth of slick, i reinvented myself to try to save my surviving clique. A big part of my reincarnation was to save the new generation of urban sons, I use words to simulate death for those that have questions, for those thinking about hustling, read my writes of armageddon, heed my messages my bredrens, I was a bread winner like an Italian, lived the life of la costra nostra with Spanish and black brothers. a minority mafia family monopolizing with powdery ghetto commodities became a crime syndicate, plots were intricate, plans sophisticated, movements were precisely calculated and orchestrated regardless when acted out someone became belated, we still made it. Do y'all recall want to sacrifice your man like a sacrificial lamb? Schemes were carried on even after dudes moved on, to the hungry all that meant is theres one less dude to split currency, we all knew that, we chatted bout that, gave dap saying were good money just in case that day somebody didn't come back. We were trap hustlers trap lovers, a bunch of trapped brothers relieving monetary grief from our mothers momentarily, that means until death or locked up for an eternity. I got lucky to live so I could talk about how the luck ran out for most of the kids from where I lived, to the kids from where I lived, and to all kids that live like I lived. I could educate drug counselors future drug connoisseurs and the ones who pass the LSAT to practice the 220 law. just call me a school of hard knocks professor, I'm trying to have the youth reach for excelsior instead of going to a cemetery for a move on ceremony when they pass away and vell out summa cum laude.

Cliza Segiet



Eliza Segiet: Master's Degree in Philosophy, completed postgraduate studies in Cultural Knowledge, Philosophy, Arts and Literature at Jagiellonian University. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The NWNU - Union of Writers of the World.

Her poems *Questions* and *Sea of Mists* won the title of the International Publication of the Year 2017 and 2018 in Spillwords Press.

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 one hundred poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada.

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).

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).

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 (Canada, 2020).

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

Author's works can be found in anthologies, separate books and literary magazines worldwide.

Spite

To Abiy Ahmed Ali, -Laureate of Nobel Peace Prize in 2019

Not the one that was read but the one that was lived, the war drama showed him, what is hell on earth. He was there. Got to know bitterness of time, of a brother killing a brother.

Luck, maybe destiny let him live through and create a better tomorrow.

He knew that the imaginary wall between two countries must be replaced by the *bridge of friendship*.

Peace exists
when there is justice.
To spite hatred and discord -love, reconciliation, forgiveness
build harmony.

Translated Ula de B

Ashes

Is this really happening? What if I only have such sinful dreams?

People kill animals to live, others to...

Exactly! Why?

I know, they carry out orders, breaking the laws of nature.

Nipped, I feel I am not dreaming.

There are ashes around.
An effect always has a cause.
I see the first,
I will not understand the other.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Clay

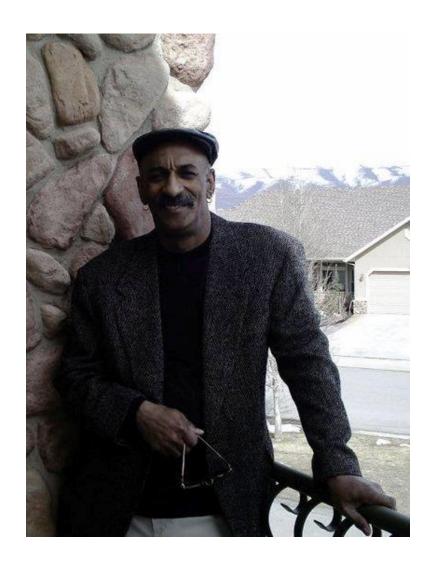
We should strive to create.

Single, strung on a thread beads can be a decoration. In clay one can find an apparent life – the shape of a formed human.

Now we live in an upturned reality. Some, instead of creating – destroy, instead of protecting – they kill.

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

Abiy Ahmed Ali

From the Land of Menelik and Selassie, A land known by its Queens, Sheba Candace, Amanishaketo, Amanitore. Shanakdakhete, And many, many more. A land Where the scorching sands Try the souls Of men and women, A land where children play games In the realms of ideas A land of a variant and rich Diversity of expression, Hues and cues, History, Culture. And so much more . . . There came a voice, Filled with a wealth of insight, Compassion, Love, That which only can be borne Of the 'Mother Land' . . . For Mother means Peace A man

Prime in stature Who administered Through his ministering To the people

.

But it was no secret, For they, the world Came to know him, His spirit, His soul, His heart's intent, His words His efforts as Abiy Ahmed Ali

To laugh again

It has been some time Since I have laughed With the abandon I now embrace

The lunacy of the times
The absence of human rhymes
The lemons with the limes
Have given rise
As I surmise
All the things
We now say,
Conceive,
And believe

My laughter is the sugar That makes all the nonsense And the absence of sense Palatable, Yet never digestible

Isn't it all just one pisser?

I remember as a kid
When my Father tickled me
Incessantly
Because it brought us both
A certain joy,
Much like how I am tickled now
By the things
That come from the mouth
Of babes of consciousness
And fools

The word tools they employ
To divide us from our joy
Is no coy coincidence
As fences are erected
At the borders
Of our reason

The diseased season
Is upon us,
Where trust
Is a questionable paradigm
Much like those raw limes
I mentioned earlier

So, I laugh
That I may not be consumed
By the rhetoric
And misdirection,
The inflection
The selections
That beg for correction
Of the narratives

That is OK for some,
The ignorant and the plain dumb
But my friend,
We must,
Learn to laugh
And alter the collective sum
With a light of insight
That is your own,
Seek out what is known
Not the poisonous seeds
That are sown
Seek!!!!....
And LEARN
To laugh again

we are One

i removed my shoes at the threshold as i prepared to enter the inner sanctum

i open that hallowed door, i enter the House of my beloved and i begin to de-cloak my self of all that the world has given me

i have cast my unified mask of self and deceit in the waste place and my face is now bared

i enter the great room
where the cleansing waters run
and i begin to wash away
the accumulated soils
that reside upon the 7 skins
of my body
collected,
accumulated
from all the days
i have ever lived . . . the many life times

being pleased with my efforts my Soul calls to me to come to the reckoning and i am reverent for i have been blessed to be able to hear

such a sweet melodious calling and my heart begins to dance . . . a dance i thought i had forgotten

my feet lead me down a path adorned with the scents of becoming and i am orgasmic with anticipation of what is to come about

the door that is of light
the gateway that shines,
and speaks words
and incantations
of holiness and praise
opens,
and i walk in
with my head bowed
and my eyes averted
from the awe whose presence
has come for me

i am about to completely lose my self i am being absorbed absolution shadows the way

there is a sense of abandon coupled with a wanton-ness i have never felt before, ever and my awareness is heightened and overtaking the brim of my small cup of self

i am ecstatic for the air is filled with climactic promise

i ease across the great room to the Down tufted bed where lovers conjugate and i offer my self into its soft willing embrace

i lay my self, my weariness my head upon the solitary pillow in the chamber of my betrothed

i open my self with desire with need for what all Souls vie for that i may receive the blessings of thy seed my sacredness calls out

the spirit of my Lover comes upon me and captures all of my thoughts my presence my essence

i submit with no recourse for i no longer have wishes of mine own

my vulnerabilities are bleeding it's restraints upon the unspoiled sheets

there is a One-ness
that comes
and consumes me
deeply
completely
and i now see clearly
through that glass
that once separated
Self from Reality
when i was but a foolish Child

i have arrived here that i may learn to Dream and be actualized in all my thoughts

i will no longer speak
Dead Words,
nay . . .
i shall speak in color
with tones of a sovereignty
where chaos is enslaved to "be-ing"

this day is my day and it is eternal

my Beloved comes to me bathed in a robed light that moves my perceptions to a place i have never been

my Lorde unveils and stands before me Regal with a nakedness of wonder that overcomes all definitions

what do i know for i am not thinking, just feeling and bathing in the flow of the experience which is like a gentile raging River that can not be assuaged

i know the Ocean of existence is my destiny

i am ready

my consciousness is penetrated and i am seeded with song like that of Solomon who too knew of such things

my entirety begins
to quake, to quiver
and i shiver with a fulfilled knowing
that the sowing of this seed within me
shall yield a fruit
no man has ever tasted
... i am wasted
yet chaste

my old self he who i once believed i knew

has dissipated into the ether

my eyes are now closed and my singular "I" is open wide and i see only 'Purpose' and we begin to speak of what is to come

a smile creases my face my all-ness filled with bliss and the heavens open unto me and the Angels kiss me and all is bright within me and without

i fall upon my knees
offering my feeble obeisance
but there is a hand that lifts me
to my feet
and a voice commands me
and speaks unto me
to look
upon the face of thy God
there is no fear
to be found
this is Holy ground

i peer as directed and there is a looking glass and i see

that My God, my Lorde looks . . .

just like me

there is a faint whisper a unified voice that resonates but truth that says to me . . .

"did you not believe that you were made in My image?"

"You are endowed with all that 'I AM', and the seeds that thou have sown this day were that of Thine own, so be it known that We are One."

December 2020 Featured Poets



Ratan Ghosh

Ibtisam Ibrahim al-asady

Brindha Vinodh

Selma Kopic



Ratan Ghosh



Ratan Ghosh (India), MPhil, PhD, an Editor, a free lance writer, a poet, a Short story writer, has experience of more than 15 years of teaching and research. He has published a number of research articles in peer review and UGC approved journal and presented seminar papers in National and International seminars in different universities of India. His poems have been featured in many international Ejournals, Journals and paper back anthologies across the globe. He has edited and co-authored two international anthologies named-SUNUP and CASCADE. Recently he is editing and compiling another anthology of poems on "Gender Inequality". His poetry books like LONELY SKELETON VOL-1 and 2 and My Love: A Soul are coming soon in paperback with ISBN. His short story book "The Talisman and Other Tales" is also going to be launched in paperback. He has received many prestigious awards for writing poetry from India and abroad. He has been awarded WORLD YOUTH ICON OF LITERATURE from NAAC, Mexico and MEWADEV LAUREL AWARD from U.P, India.

Who can forget

Who can forget the streets?

Stained by the blood of innocent leaves

Who can forget the buds...?

Stained with the undesired clods

Who can forget the flowers?

Whose petals got withered in front of some lunatic powers?

Who can forget the flames of fire?

How that engulfed all the humane layers

Who can forget the shinning swords?

That beheaded the helpless veiled heads

Who can forget the long lost treasures?

Those were seized beyond measures

Who can forget the violated mothers and daughters?

Who were seized and killed without any fetters

Who can forget the long lost lands?

That had reared us without being dry and dead sands

Who can forget the borderless borders?

That had displaced and banished all from our land of mother

Who can forget the pains of being alien refugees?

Who had nothing but the empty sky and tears only the basic properties

None can forget....

Perhaps none.....

None but those who had been mysterious destitute fun

In the unknown tales of destiny...

Where the untold history sings...

The songs of mystery...

Only the songs of mystery.....

Engraved for many decades in the blood stained history

Who Shouted?

- Who shouted when I was raped in front of my husband and sons on the way?
- Who shouted when I was pierced with claws on the way?
- Who shouted when my daughters were abducted on the way?
- Who shouted when my breasts were chopped off on the way?
- Who shouted when I was raped, gang raped and beheaded on the way?
- Who responded when my daughters cried and called for help on the way?
- Who shouted when our houses were looted and burnt without reasons?
- Who shouted when our lands were forcefully seized after treason?
- Who shouted when we had moved being unfortunate refugees?
- Who shouted when we lost all plants and trees?
- Who shouted when all men had to stand on the streets?
- Who shouted when all fathers, uncles and sons had to show their penis?
- Who shouted when they were butchered for the veiled penis?
- Who shouted when the raped widows had to sleep with tears in remorse losing mental peace?
- Who shouted when many winters kissed the naked, lean and helpless skeletons?
- Who shouted when thousands killed in the Great Calcutta Streets?
- Who shouted when mothers, daughters and sister had been leased?

Who shouted when many had been the burdened refugees? Who shouted when all were banished losing voices and peace?

Who shouted when the country was religiously seized?

The eyes of the Eastern Beasts. . .

Only the eyes of the Eastern Beasts

But!

We were penniless . . .

We are penniless...

Who shout when the untold tales

Fractured, mutilated, suppressed and jailed?

Who shout when all the tales weeping for being sailed Probably none . . .

Vote bank, healthy bank accounts and awards only shouting now in high pitch...

We have been the unfortunate breasts . . .

We have been the unfortunate breasts . . .

Mutilated in the untold old pages. . .

Mutilated in the untold lost pages . . .

My Love; A Soul

Not being a fancied form...

Standing in front of thee like a violent storm
Eying, eying and eying at your downy sweet eyes
I have lost for that moment all the earthly ties
Walking through your unuttered voices I had a magical
feel

Deep love and sincere hearts always have heavenly zeal Unuttered uttered voices overshadow both the minds Audibly inaudible voices never seem to know any other kind

I only feel your presence in my thirsty longing soul Nothing can drift me from my desired goal Whether you are leased or seized never do I think Only I know how to love and how to only sink Let us meet and sink in the vast abandoned sea Where none but you and I will love forever in glee

Ibtisam Ibrahim Al-Asady



Ibtisam Ibrahim al-asady Born in Iraq Baghdad in 1980 Poet, writer and translator Achievement:

Bachelor of Education English Language University of Baghdad

worked as news editor in newspapers and news websites Trainer of English and conversation at the British Institute of Cambridge –Al Mansur Branch with interchange & speak now curriculum

Trainer of English and conversation at the institute Academy Iraq

Member of the Association of Iraqi Translators – Baghdad Member of the Iraqi writers union abtissam@vmail.com

Issues to:

*some of my pulse 2010

*chandelier shelvings 2013

*unread messages 2014

Rapids 2017

He was not a man

He was not a man

The one who fell from my eyes

He was not a man

He was a saint and stripped!

I named you Cain

The sky for your eyes...is smiling
And the birds are just for you.. singing
While me
I have grieve and silence
And the waiting for the rain

Your songs flow in my heart
And on the memory's platform... fires
break out in my head
I named you Cain
Then left Abel homeless
On the door of my misery

I think you mess with my thoughts Your pigmental hand by my pains chased my smoky thread and on the Map of my dreams...you smile? I named you Cain Then my pure was assassinated And a pride boasted on my face then it shattered tut for a memory.. does not contain except your name it stops,, If I passed her I named you Cain, then the storm's pace has slowed My features which I have lost in you I still remember some of them I still remember my face reflected.. on all the mirrors I still remember my eyelids At any disabled corner are hiding!

At any disabled corner are hiding! I named you Cain.. then Abel died in my language And my self is being Bereavement ***

I addicted your face.. Your perfume
Lovers of longing in
Addicted sky which to your eyes smiling
I addicted a chess patch in my anger
But I forgot my face reflected in all the mirrors
I named you Cain until...
the killing doesn't die into me
So the killing doesn't die into me

I've just known ...

If the sun goes down in my lips A thousand wishes fade away And to attend yesterday in my language Million letters die And The ceiling in my isolation Is like Sona's terrain * I'vejust known The God is more compassionate When I cry When I gloom And The child awakes in my tears I'vejust known... Death does not be an autumn Across the spectrum of challenge I will write... By wretched tear all the truths Every longing fill me out Every flood of my glory Every sadness smile Appears in my entity I will write God has affairs do not seen I just realized them When I fall asleep... when I wake up When I gesture my fan In the face of the hangman!

^{*} Sona: A prison in Panama for the perpetrators of the most heinous crimes

Brindha Vinodh



I hold a masters in Econometrics but I am a writer by heart. My poems and short stories have regularly appeared in magazines and ezines and newspapers.

My earliest poem was published during my school days for a magazine supporting the disabled.

My poems in an international journal and two international anthologies are due shortly.

I reside currently with my family in the United States of America.

Misunderstanding Rendezvous with God

My eyes were caught between the edges of being asleep and awake

like a mermaid of halves

when the cream of my dream unfurled doors of candor to reflect upon the splendors of divine wonder.

In my rendezvous with God, I questioned the creator about the inequalities on earth, early deaths and the end of the world, the answers wrenched me...startled me to ponder.

Isn't it true that the Creator created only men and women, aren't prejudices man-made?

Death beyond destiny the connivance of vengeance and instinctive anxieties of revenge?

Isn't the end of the world a contemplation of contemporary genocides?

Humans killing humans leading to a vacant land of graves?

As my eyes opened slowly to this world of uncanny realities...

realizations aroused me from the sleep of a lost era, a rendezvous of dream that stimulated a dawn of diffusions scrupulous and righteous.

A mid-night awakening

The moon a complete circle of charisma caressing tides swinging with mood swings like rhythmic dances amidst roads receding to retract from tiring traffic and elegant earth enveloped in the ecstasy of eerie silence breeze beckoning a breathtaking bliss of transient serenity stars shimmering in shines of patterned constellations showed suddenly the road receptacle to dwellers when comprehensions of my complacency cuddled to finite folds.

Road---a humble home to those homeless poor seeking shelter with sinews strong but sullen under the silhouetted canopy of full moon glowing through dark lives

when my awakening was truly complete with eyes wide open like a nocturnal bird as speechless I stood a silent spectator with confessions of confined capacity.

Live today

I can't behold upon my death the garlands of your wrapped wreath, unwrap the bundles of your ego and warmth to adorn me with peace while I still hold my breath.

A frozen corpse cannot lend ears to a tribute of hitherto unshed tears, drape me in yards of joy in the life of my years value me if you can with a heart of spirited cheers.

Sølma Kopic



Selma Kopić, born in 1962 in Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina. Award winner for stories and poems. The most significant is the third prize "Mak Dizdar", Stolac, BiH, 2008 for the unpublished collection of poems "Puzzle". Stories and poems have entered anthologies in Bosnia and Herzegovina and around the world. The first collection of poems is in preparation. Selma Kopić is a professor of Bosnian language and literature and lives and works in Tuzla.

I don't know you anymore

I don't know you disarmed, like a clay pigeon exposed. Where are the words gone? I don't know you weak, like a little boy scared. Where did the smile go? I don't know you gentle, as bright as the sun shone on you. Where did the love go? I don't know you anymore. What you don't have, I lost too. I don't know you anymore. What you lost, I don't have either.

Ne znam te više

Ne znam te razoružanog, k'o glinenog goluba izloženog. Gdje su nestale riječi? Ne znam te slabog, k'o dječačića uplašenog. Gdje je nestao osmijeh? Ne znam te nježnog, k'o suncem obasjanog. Gdje je nestala ljubav? Ne znam te više. Ono što ti više nemaš, i ja sam izgubila. Ne znam te više. Ono što si ti izgubio, ni ja više nemam.

How will he find me

Don't demolish old streets or houses! Don't close cinemas and coffee shops! Don't cut the rows of trees! Don't change the facades! Once he decides to come back, how will he find me? What will make his heart beat faster? What will arouse his memories at the days he spent with me? Is there anything sacred to you? The street by which he followed me home. you turned into a cemetery! You broke the wall where we used to kissed! You replaced the bench where we hollowed out our names! We, who are lefted our youth in this town, do we have the right to vote, you soulless, some new, who knows from where, the "builders"? Nothing is the same in this city, no street corners, no walls, no road ... We no longer have old places! No more the corner where he was waiting for me. Nothing that will awaken his memories, nothing that will make him to think of me, nothing that will touch his heart, once, when decides to come back, he will not find.

Kako će me naći

Ne rušite stare ulice ni kuće! Ne zatvarajte kina ni kafiće! Ne sijecite drvorede! Ne mijenjajte fasade! Kad jednom odluči da se vrati, kako će me naći?

Šta će ga u srce taći? Šta će mu probuditi uspomene na dane sa mnom provedene? Je li vam išta sveto? Ulicu kojom me pratio u groblje ste pretvorili! Porušili ste zid uz koji smo se ljubili! zamijenili klupu na kojoj smo svoja imena izdubili...! Mi, koji smo mladost u ovom ostavili gradu, imamo li pravo glasa, vi bezdušni, neki novi, ko zna odakle "graditelji"? U ovom gradu ništa više nije isto ni uglovi ulica, ni zidovi, ni cesta... Nemamo više stara mjesta. Nema više ugla na kojem me čekao. Ničeg što će probuditi uspomene, ničeg što će ga sjetiti na mene, ništa što će ga u srce taći, jednom, kad odluči da se vrati. neće naći.

Thoughts intoxicated by night

I'm getting up with you and lying with you. I'm telling you how I spent the day. With the sounds of music, shared memories awaken. Walking through the city, by the sight of my eyes, I draw your attention to the old and the new. I put my hand over your back when you fall asleep. I make foam coffee for you and cinnamon flavored fruit cake. I am silent with you, as your fingers crowd the pebbles on the beach, while you nervously croak in place looking for the key to a problem and combining solutions. I look at you while you're playing, you run your fingers through the strings, only then seemingly calm. I look at you as you drive and, with the gentleness or fervor of your movements, I'm setting your mood. I read your feelings looking at your hands. I answer your curiosity comforting that it was caused by desire

to get to know me better. I promise you that I'll get rid of bad habits to be good enough for you. I struggle with that, because I love you just the way you are. And, because I love the most, doesn't that make me good enough? And I wonder, over and over, why are you crouching in place, kneading your fingers and asking me to change. In the late hours of the night, the walls and I talk to you. We understand you. We justify you. We cry with you. We cry without you. We cry for you. And then, the thoughts intoxicated by night, become verses, they become a poem by which I love you, by which I gently touch you, by which I call you, by which I love you.

Misli opijene noću

Ustajem s tobom i s tobom liježem. Pričam ti kako sam provela dan. Uz zvuke muzike uspomene zajedničke niču. Hodajući gradom, skrećem ti pažnju na staro i novo, pogledom. Stavim ti ruku preko leđa kad umoran zaspiš. Kafu s pjenom ti pravim i kolač voćni s okusom cimeta. Sutim s tobom dok ti prsti gužvaju šljunak na plaži, dok nervozno cupkaš u mjestu tražeći ključ nekog problema i kombinujući rješenja. Gledam te dok sviraš, prebireš prstima po žicama jedino tada naoko smiren. Gledam te dok voziš i blagošću ili žestinom tvojih pokreta odmjeravam ti raspoloženje. Čitam osjećanja tvoja gledajući ruke tvoje. Odgovaram na tvoju znatiželju tješeći se da je uzrokovana željom da me bolje upoznaš. Obećavam ti da ću se riješiti loših navika da bih bila dovoljno dobra

za tebe. Borim se s tim jer ja tebe volim baš takvog kakav jesi. zato što volim najviše, zar me to ne čini dovoljno dobrom? I pitam se, uvijek i nanovo, zašto cupkaš, gnječiš prste i tražiš da se mijenjam. U sitne sate zidovi i ja pričamo s tobom. Razumijemo te. Opravdavamo te. Plačemo s tobom. Plačemo bez tebe. Plačemo zbog tebe. I onda misli opijene noću postaju stihovi, postaju pjesma kojom te volim, kojom te milujem, kojom te zovem, kojom te ljubim.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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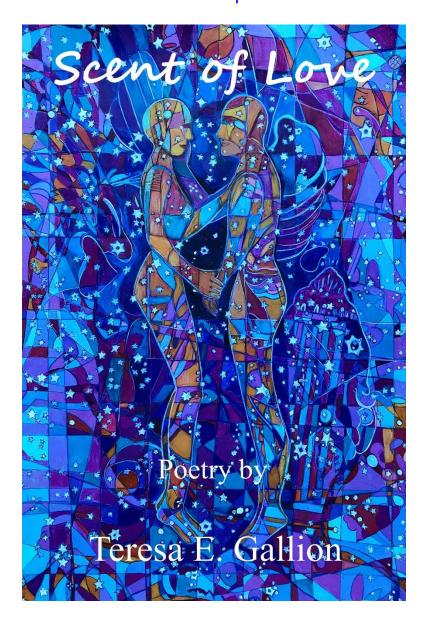
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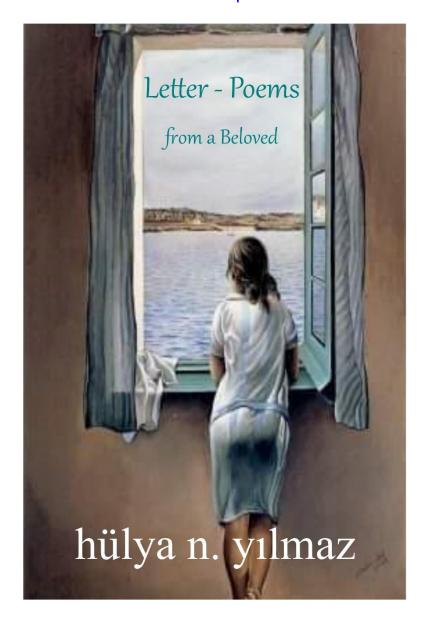
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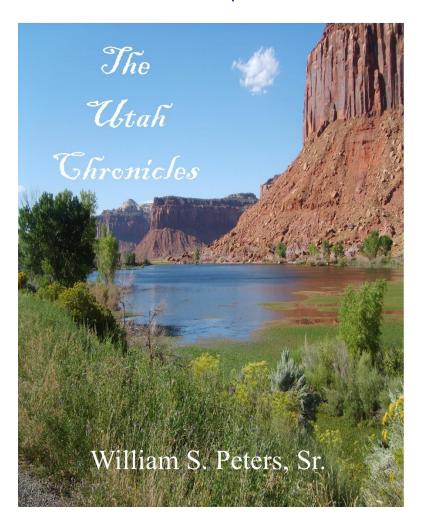
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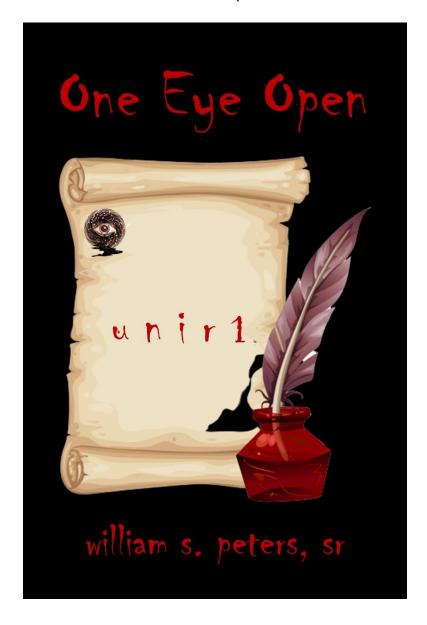
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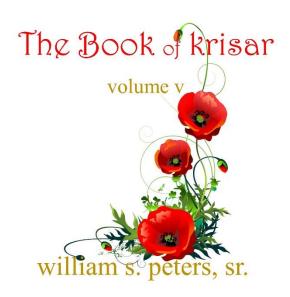
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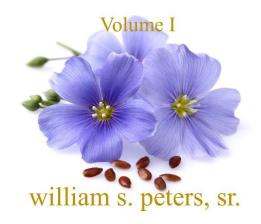


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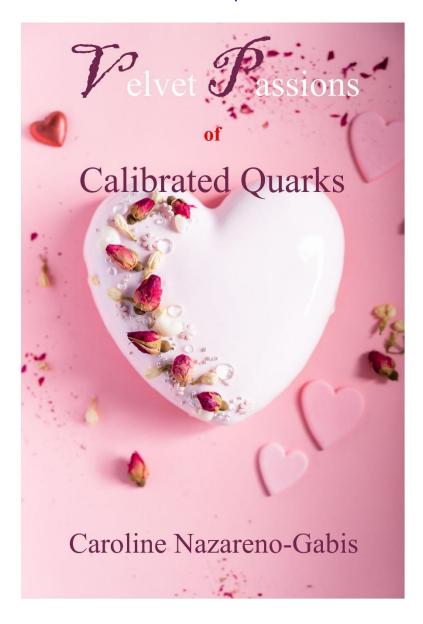


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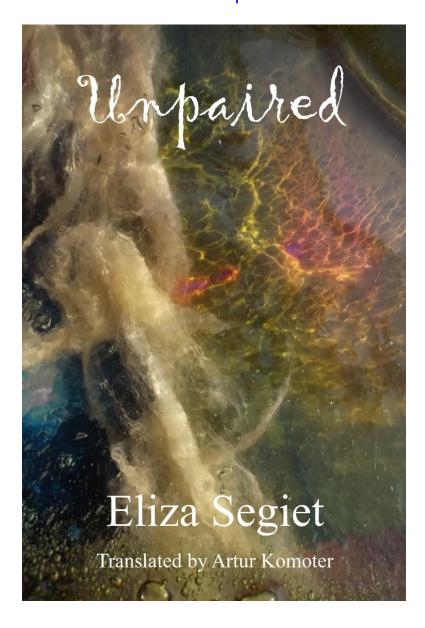
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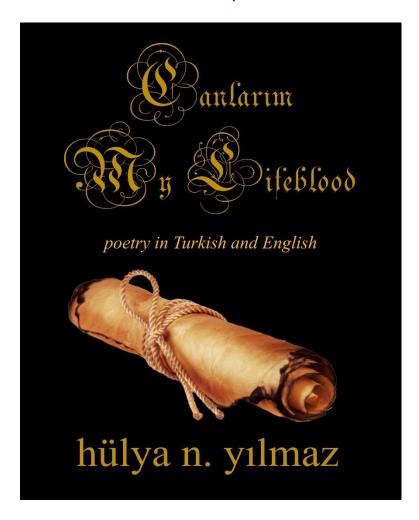
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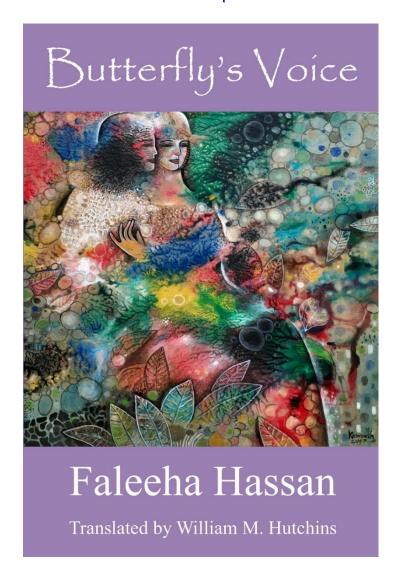
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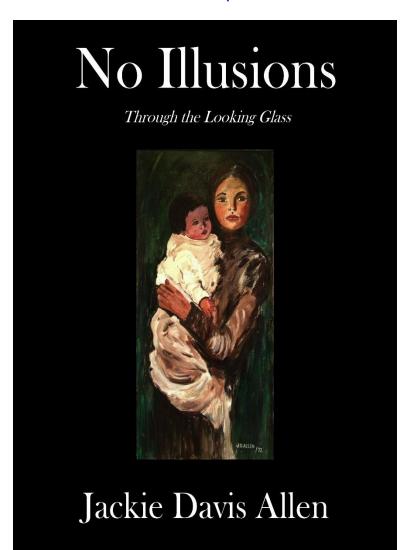


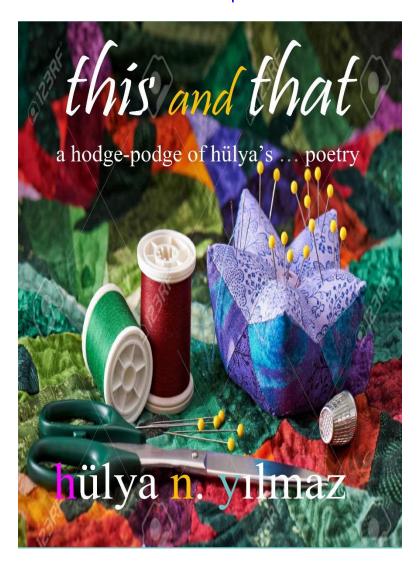
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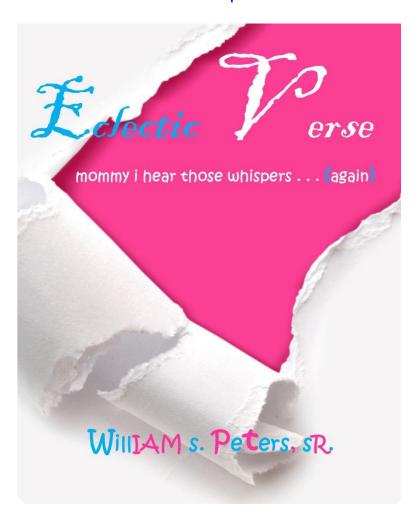
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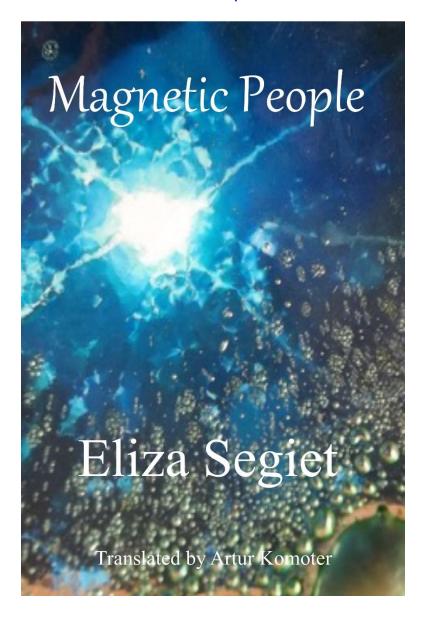
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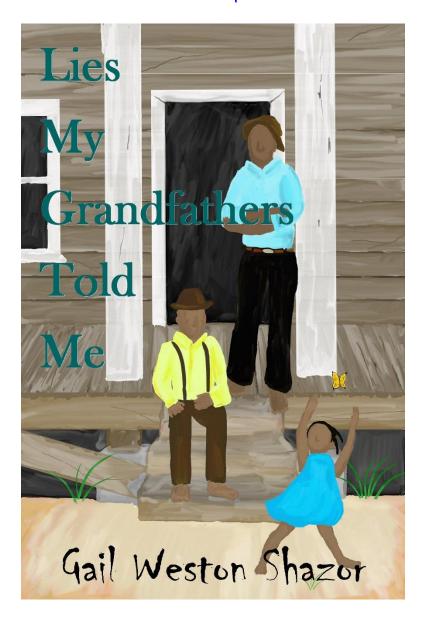


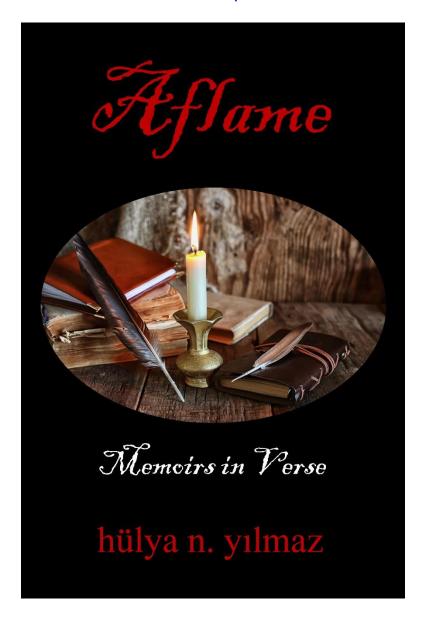
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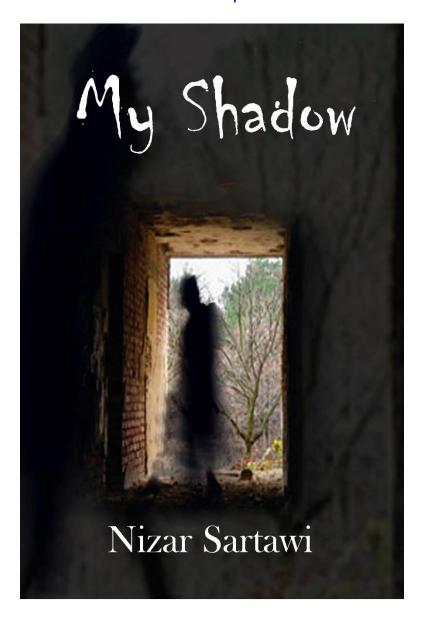


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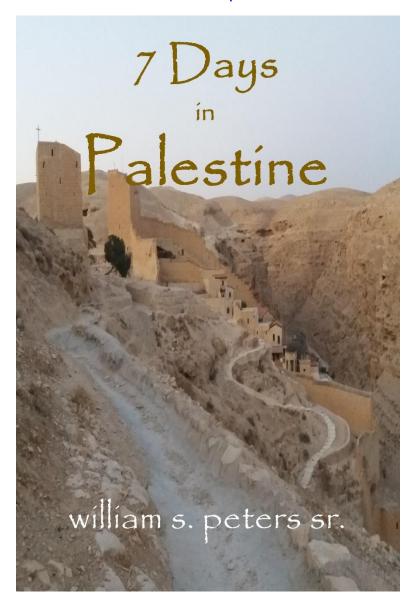
Breakfast

for

Butterflies



Faleeha Hassan



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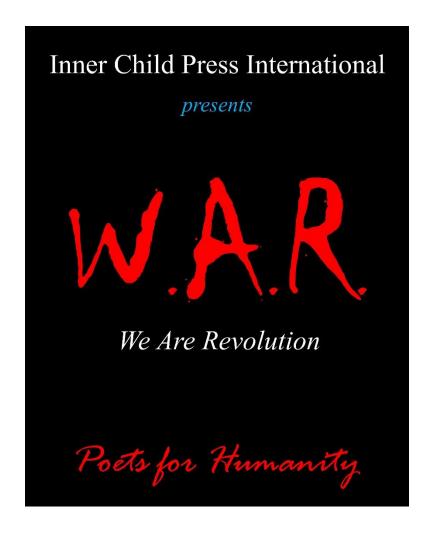
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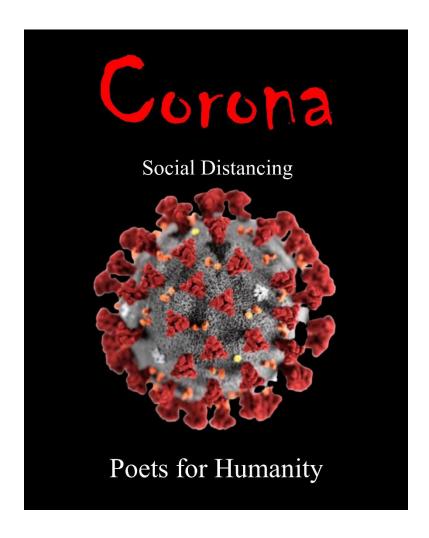


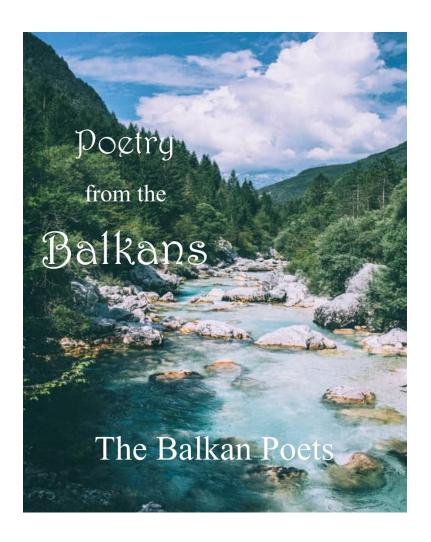


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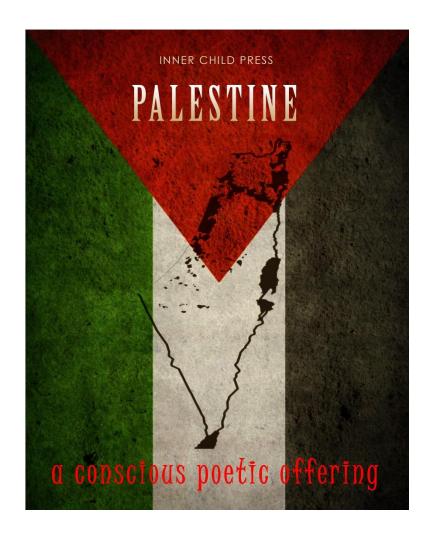
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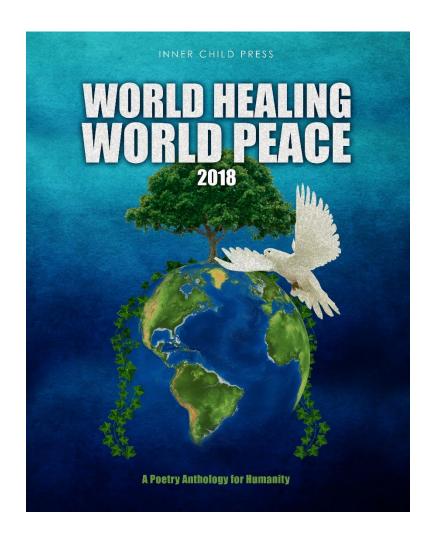
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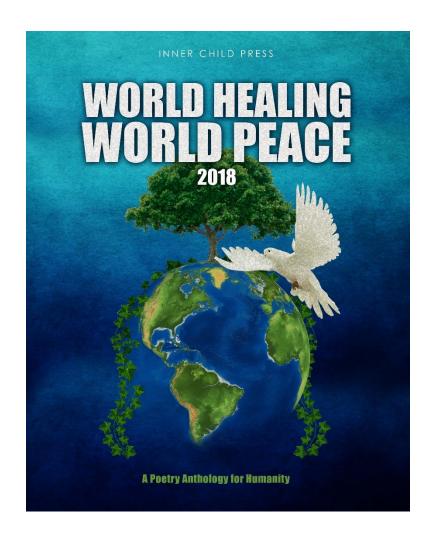


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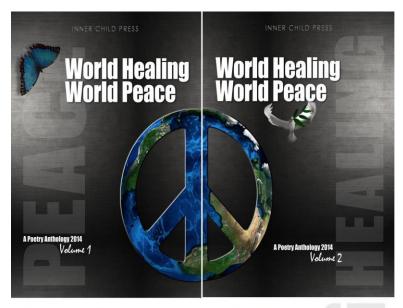


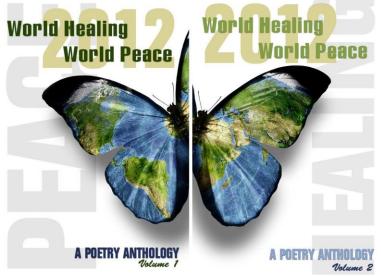
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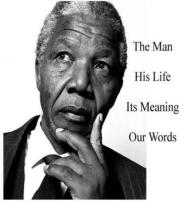


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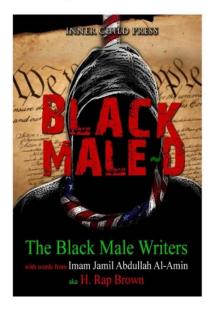
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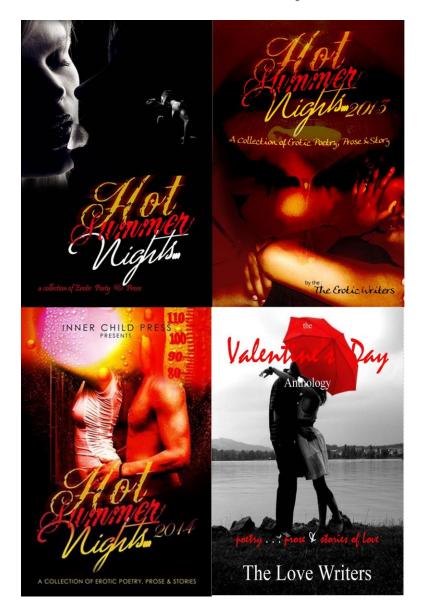
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Sine P. Caldwell * Sure Tugg Barellidd * Packle A. Rilm * Tony Herninger

Soe DeVerbol Mindsoncer * Robert Caboon * Neetlu Wolf * Shraeek Abdar-Rasheed
Kimberty Burnina* William S. Refers, S.*



THE YEAR OF THE POET

The Focksy Focks

James Bond * Call Weston Staze* * Albert * Infolia Comusio * Sidder the Beth Pierce
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Ceri Naz * Rasendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

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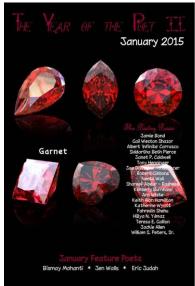
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The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



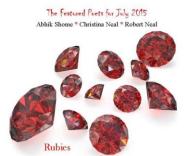


The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Sluzor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Berce * Jamet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger De DaVerhal Aindkauer * Neeth Walt * Shareef Alabar * Basheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hibya N Yılmaz Teresa E Gallion * Jackie Aline * William S Feters Sr

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Westen Shazor * Albert *Infinite' Carranco
Siddartha Beth Freer *Jamet P. Caldwell * Temy Henninger
Joe DaVerhal Minddancer * Neeth wali: Sharred fabora * Rashned
Kimberty Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
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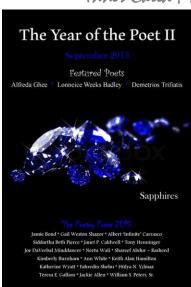
August 2015

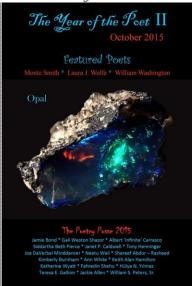


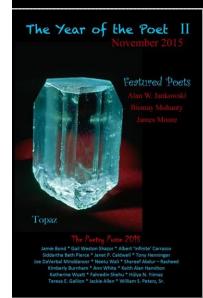
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond* Gail Weston Shazor* Albert "Infinite" Carrasco Siddarha Beth Fierer "Jamet P. Caldwell" Tony Henninger Joe Da'verbal Mindaneer* Newth Wali "Sharered Adar—Rasheed Kimberly Burnham* Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faltredin Shehu* Hildya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Callion* Jackie Allen* William S. Feters. Se

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The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Festured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wall * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N, Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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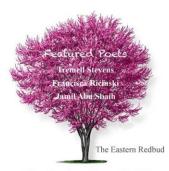


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



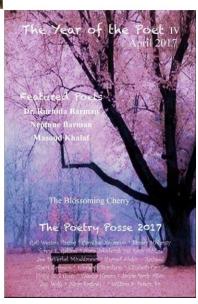
Gell Weston Shazon * Carolina Xizareno * Bisnay Mohauty Xizar Serturdi * Hons Jekubezek Vel Retty Helan * Leo Wells Jon DeVerbell Middlenen * Sharenet Holan * Berhend Albert Carrenco * Kinberty Burnham * Elizhedth Carolin Hillya X. Yilmaz * Falenba Hesson * Allan VV. Jankowski "Geres E. Gelllon * Jackie Dark Allan * Vvillan S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shazor * Ceroline Nazereno * Bisney Mohandy Teres E. Gellion * Shone alexhezek Vell Betty Sidalen Joo TeVerbid Withdispore * Shreenet Sidaer - Bisheed Silbert Carresco * Kimberly Buroham * Elizabeth Cestillo Jindyn N. Yuboz. * Federly Hasson * Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Wells * Naze Setznet * William S. Peteks Ther. Sr.



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The Flowering Dogwood Tree



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shizor "Caroline Nizareno "Bisnay Mohanty Taress E. Gellion "Shina Jakubezak Vel Retty Hidden Jon DeVerbid Withddence" Shirmed Hidden "Righted Hibert Carrasco "Kimberly Burchero "Elizabeth Castillo Jiniya N. Yiloza: "Esdechs Jissson "Jackie Dreis Hillen Jen Wells" Nizze Setzhet "Willion S. Feles, Se.



The Year of the Poet IV July 2017 Featured Poets Anca Mihaela Bruma Ibaa Ismail Zvonko Taneski The Oak Moon The Poetry Posse 2017 Cut Winton Shizer Land According College Moderney Indep To Call Man Street Shize Man Street Shize Moderney Indep To Call Man Street Shize Shi





The Poetry Posse

Gell Weston Shizor * Caroline Nizareno *
Teress E. Gellion * Hinse Jekulscak Vel Retty Adelan
Joe D'A'reh'd Mindelmer * Shirees #Mart - Rasheed
Albert Carresco * Kimberly Burnhem * Elizabeth Cattllo
Hulyn X 'Liboz * Falesky Hisson * Jackle Dreit Allen
Jen Vellé * Nizze Sarketh * William & Feter, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet IV September 2017

Featured Poets
Martina Reisz Newberc
Ameer Nassir
Christine Fulco Neal
Robert Neal

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty, Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Talecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walis * Nizar Sartawi * * Villilam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets Ahmed Abu Saleem Nedal Al-Qaeim Sadeddin Shriiri

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerhal Mindadance * Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassar i Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

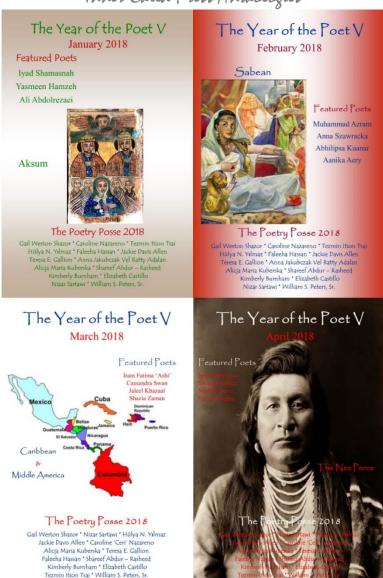
The Year of the Poet IV



The Poetry Posse 2017

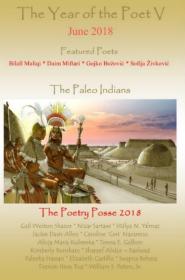
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

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The Year of the Poet V July 2018 Features Feesh Putins of I venior Dutch Molaminad Dish Havi Eliza Septet Tour Higgins Oceanía The Poetry Posse 2018 Gall Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Húlya N. Vilmaz Jacke Pavis Allen * Caroline Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kulenka * Teres & Gallon Kimberly Burnham * Shared Aldur - Rashoed Facetha Hassan * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behra Tezmin Huon Isale-Villant S. Petes, Sr.

The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Adaria Kuberski, "Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargavi Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behacra Tezmi Ittion Tsaj * William S. Peters, 2

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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N, Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Ceri Yazareno Alicja Maria Kubesisk * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters. 3

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

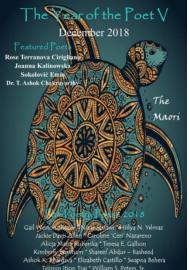
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubensia * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behaera Tezmin Hiton Tsai * William S. Peters. 3





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The Year of the Poet VI January 2019 Indigenous North Americans Featured Poets Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew Dream Calcher

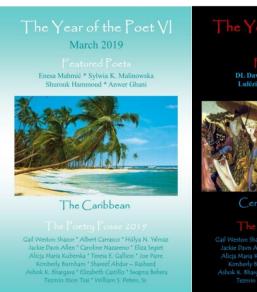
The Poetry Posse 2019

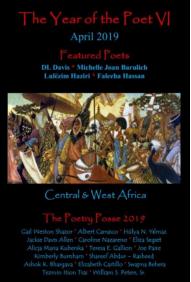
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Cerr * Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera * Tezzini Itton Tsal * William S. Peters, 20



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor " Albert Carassco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen " Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska" Teres E. Gallion " Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsaj " William S. Peters, Sa



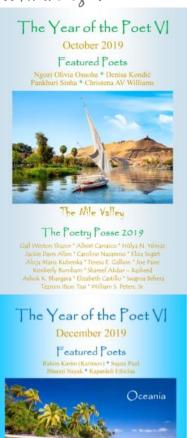


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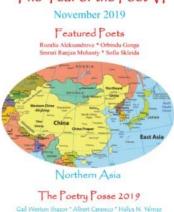
The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * 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. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.



Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet

Alicją Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhangaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

Teamin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

Alok Kumar Ray * Eden S. Trinidad Franco Barbato * Izabela Zubko

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberiy Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabert Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jacke Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alcja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gaillon * Joo Pajie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Termin Itton Tsai * William S. Petess A.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace ebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paile Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsal * William S. Peters.

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Allıça Maria Kuberska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Śwapna Behera Tezmin Biton Taji * William S. Peters, 3

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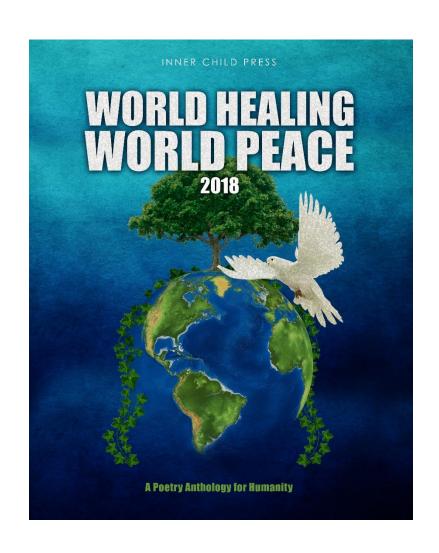
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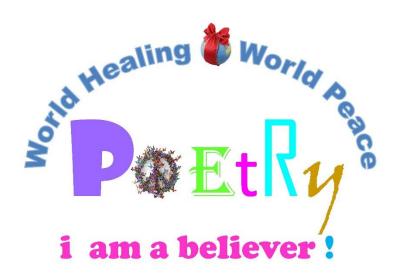


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The Poetry Posse ~ 202



December 2020 ~ Featured Pe



Ratan Ghosh



Ibtisam Ibrahim Al-Ssady



Brindha Vinodh



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The Poetry Posse ~ 2020



December 2020 ~ Featured Poets



Ratan Ghosh



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Brindha Vinodh



Selma Kopic

