

THE YEAR OF THE POET II

February 2015

Amethyst



THE POETRY POSSE

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
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.

FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS

Iram Fatima * Bob McNeil * Kerstin Centervall

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information
The Year of the Poet II
February Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2015

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Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

its Patrons,

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



Poets . . .
sowing seeds in the
Conscious Garden of Life,
that those who have yet to come
may enjoy the Flowers.

Foreword

Greetings to our Family of Readers,

Welcome to February 2015 Edition

I personally am so excited about what we were able to accomplish in 2014, and so looking forward to what we propose to do in 2015 with the continuation of this effort, The Year of the Poet.

If you are not familiar with our humble beginnings, it started with Jamie Bond and myself having a discussion in 2013 about our commitment to Poetry and Publishing. We had resolved to publish a book a month. Well, Gail Weston Shazor got wind of our dream and wanted in. Of course we could not refuse. From there it took off with others being added to the effort such as Janet P. Caldwell, Albert Infinite Poet Carrasco, Tony Henninger, Siddartha Beth Pierce, Shareef Abdur Rasheed, Neetu Wali, Kimberly Burnham, Debbie M. Allen, Robert Gibbons, June Barefield and Joe DaVerbal Minddancer. What a year we had.

The primary focus of this effort transmuted into broadening Poetry's reach into other poetry circles as well as new readers. I think we have been quite successful in accomplishing that vision as a group of diverse writers came together each month to share their words. We also went as far as to feature additional poets each month to include some wonderful writers and visionaries.

See our Web page a Inner Child Press to see them all.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet>

Again, this year we have made a few minor adjustments as we have expanded the core group, The Poetry Posse. This year's lineup is as follows :

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Jackie Allen

Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shehu
Hülya N. Yılmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
William S. Peters, Sr.

Take some time, and sit back and enjoy our
humble offerings this month and this year.

All previous Publishings of The Year of the
Poet are available for a FREE Download at :
[http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-
the-poet](http://www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet)

Bless Up

Bill

*one of the greatest gifts we have is that we were given two hands
one to receive the blessings life has to offer us
the other to pass them on.*

~ wsp ~



Preface

We are here we are in a new year and we have expanded our poetry posse. I am so excited to be a part of it. If you recall last year, the Year of the Poets book covers each month were themed on the monthly flowers, this year it is Precious Gems Stones.

We celebrate the majestic mindsets within the monthly publications of themes, writing prompts, causes and of course free thought; with a driven purpose to enlighten and empower the readers within the diverse unity of our ink.

As you will see too; there's a wonderful light shining thru each writer that allows you to see, feel their shine and relish in their love for the art of speaking on paper.....

Enjoy and Thank you

Jamie Bond

*Thank God for Poetry
otherwise
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp

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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



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Jamie Bond

Jamie Bond



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Jamie Bond aka UnMuted Ink is an authoress, radio show hostess, poetess and spoken word maven.

She is; as she says “google-able” if you type in itsbondjamiebond or unmuted ink; you'll find her on various social networks. Born and raised in Brick City aka Newark, NJ. Jamie Bond has been recognized publicly by her peers in various genres for her poetic influences. Her Poetic resume is extensive and her spoken word performances go far beyond 1,000 stage appearances globally. Best known for her networking and marketing skills; her future goals are to become more grounded as a liaison for a variety of fundraisers, activism, volunteering as an advocate as she uses her pen and voice to empower and raise the consciousness of those around her.

Her Motto

Help me to help you to help us... BUT if helping you hurts me, then I can't help you!

<http://www.facebook.com/IBJB.BrickCity>

Jamie Bond

The DNA of me

The DNA of me is the art of me
I'm from a generation of a generation
Of writers psychics and artists
Land owners and freedom fighters

I come from a long line of
Educated educators
Teachers, social workers,
Humanitarians and trendsetters
Hustlers
And get off your ass
Go getters....

My bloodlines filled with hard work that'll pay off
Heavy eyelids, ashy elbows and slick ass palms
We got a lot of love and no room for tragedy
We come from Nipmuk/ Penobscot and Mohawk tribes
Traced way back to before the 1800's on both sides
I know where I'm going cuz I know where I came from ;)

Paternally I originated from
A long list of Moore's, Brown's, Matthew's, Wofford's,
Wyatt's and Correlle's from North Carolina districts
A long line of Master Masons and Eastern stars and All
God fearing
Loving homes and fast show cars
We call em green collar dollars workers

Maternally I Come from
Reeds, Walkers, Jones, Ward's, Wyatt's and Freemans
All from the New England Massachusetts regions

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

I come from a stable lineage of strong women
Who didn't need to be needed but appreciated it
Of common sense above greediness
Play writers, authors and high achievers

The DNA of me is a sure thing
My destiny has sturdy branches within my family tree
A call to service be it in hospitals, hospitality or military
service
I come from the slaves that camouflaged with the American
Indians
The blend of my family is a sight to see from black albinos
to
Pecan tanned, woolly red hair, freckles, dimples or
Green eyes, Blond hair and moors with dark skin

I come from broad shoulders, strong backs,
Survivors, the medicinal providers
The shamans, the patriarchs and matriarchs
And paladins of families

The DNA of me
Is in everything I do, spyt, think, speak and ink
Jamie Bond aka tribal name Autumn Breeze
You can call me Unmuted Ink ♥

WELCOME2AMERICA

Welcome to America
where we got backassward laws
Where the judicial systems so broken they're beyond
flawed

Where even
with a doctorate
jobs are still scarce
Where your chances
of gettin shot by a cop
are higher than
becoming a millionaire

Where we
don't love ourselves
and display hate for each other
Where the
higher the sentence appointed
coincides with your skin color

Where woman
have rights to killkeep
And put a kid up for adoption
And the only thing
a father has is court appointed payment options

Welcome to America
We are looked upon as property in an oligarchy nation
for entertainment purposes
We are tortured
to mollify their humor

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

And they play monopoly
with our future
Police officers are being replaced by storm troopers

Where we exist
hustle backwards
and still
can't make a living
that we can live with

Where in less than a min
we got 100 trayvon martins
Being murked by zimmermans
Coupled by a fascicle
of Eric Garners
& Mike Browns on our blocks
Being wrongfully gunned down
and trounced by the cops

When we got
brothers and sisters in the hole
pending falsified cases constantly
Due to privatized prisons
in the form of quotas
called occupancy guarantees

This ain't no past time
this is a passionate speak
our souls spyt in
caps and bold fonts
consciously

Textual Relationship

He never tells her loves her
without being prompted to respond

Calls her when he wants sex
but never just a random
how ya doin text

Star struck for the back shots
She's stupid ...
cuz she jocks this dude
like she's a groupie

Then she says
he never takes her anywhere
She complains
she's never met any of his friends
I'm like wow!

How come you tryna flip a booty call
you're a free hooker to this dude
He doesn't give a shit about you
He ain't even taking you to a drive thru
getting you a happy meal!

I'm like does he give you money?
Does he feed you? Pay a bill?
She said nope, but sometimes
We go half on a hotel
I'm like wow!
So you don't think
you could do better huh?

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

She goes I love him
I'm like riiigghhhtttttt
What's his favorite color?
What size shoe does he wear?
Where does he live? How many kids?

If something happened to him
who would you tell?

How do you love a dude
that you don't know much about
Look wake up
Not trying to bust your bubble
But ummm
NAHHH
You a booty call ma
That's it
And if you're happy with that
Then it's okay too
But just understand this,
You're not in a relationship
If the only time you hear from
and see em is for sex
Then keep it moving
Get yours and bounce
Find a mirror quick
cuz you're looking stupid to yourself

You're sitting over here
Acting infatuated and love sick
What you have
is a purely textual relationship
Where you find this muffuka at
on craigslist??

Jamie Bond

If the only time you see him is at a motel
Within 3 hours he drops his boxers' hits the box

Then he sticks and moves
like a boxer and bails on ya
Look yall she got the nerve
to look shocked!
ohhhh boy!!!
Like what the hell?? Oh well.....♥

Gail
Weston
Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

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

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor

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Story

This is my Story
HisStory
His sings to me
Sing-song words
His whispers my name
Like his was magic
Twirling my limbs with sweetness
His arms stretched wider
Than dreams
I filled my lungs with his scent
His smelled like love should
HisStory
HisStory
In daylight his passes
As if I am not there
How quickly his is more important
It's as if my body is not there
I hold my head down
And stir the pot for her
HerStory
Her calls me gal
With the hard edge
Of metal on iron
Her loved me once
Before the babies came
Before the babies died
There was no milk in her breast
And I was too small
Her hold me to her emptiness
And her smell so sweet
With death clinging to every inch of her
HerStory
HerStory
The headaches came

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Her sing song painful locked inside the room
Like a calf born backward
And her no longer hold me
As she fades from
HerStory
HisStory
His sing song fades from the lost rhythm
I stay my story
Because his and her can't live without me
One to love, one to hate
I rub my belly in the warmth of the kitchen
His baby
Her pain
I sew the sack together from the cloth
I have already picked out the big rocks
Heavy rocks kept in a tree
With the ribbon from her old dresser
In his room, stolen
I know their sing song will quiet
When we are all tied together
HisStory
HerStory
MyStory
ItStory
Will all end with 4 rocks
In the love sing song water
And we will all finally be free

It isn't Over

Four score and just yesterday
There was a role we had to play
That is assigned to us by they
To keep us prey
All freedoms were delayed
And all our dreams to slay
It's only through standing that we may
Dare to hope all efforts to allay
Each generation we defray
Disenfranchising decay
Although hangings and marching fill our dossier
Like black butterflies we hold sway
And our voices will be weighed
Against unending disarray
Hoods are no longer worn by the KKK
They sit in the offices of Fannie Mae
Money now leads us astray
Darkness can give to the sun's rays
We have to learn the right way to disobey
And prove the plan is not brick but clay
By putting tools in our attaché
We can give them hell to pay

Once We Were Kings

Once we were kings
Presiding over arid lands
And verdant forests
Wearing crowns of gold and diamonds
Then the oceans ran with blood

Once were slaves
Sold into financial freedom for others
Corralled and trained under the whip
Forced to endure unspeakable tragedies
Then the rivers ran with blood

Once we were freedmen
Barely whole and mostly halves
So polluted a gene pool
That we could never be africans again
Then the trees ran with blood

Once we were negros
Learning to make it in a Protestant world
Developing, designing and discovering
Still making it better for our new slavers
Then the jungles ran with blood
Once we were blacks
In dropped back cadillacs and platform shoes
Smooth and showy militants
Or we sold bean pies and the “Call” on corners
In our power black suits
Then the ghettos ran with blood

Gail Weston Shazor

Once we were african americans
In suits and ties and power dresses
Instead of making room for others
We forgot our soul blackness
Then the right to rule runs in the blood

Albert
'Infinite'
Carrasco

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

Home

Every day it's hot
You hear the sound of four wheelers and dirt bikes
On local roads unpaved

You can hit the beaches in isla verde
Con mi gientes
And ride the waves

At nite you see the punto ochos
And the corollas carrying on
Listening to reggae tong
Looking tight

Hollering at the freaky tonas
Although I prefer
Mark anthony's otra nota

I can nude bathe in the back of my house
In a hammock
Or lay on a sabanna on the floor

Gaze up at the steamy skies
Or stare at the trees
Watching mangos fall

Wake up in the mornings
To the beat of plena
Or the smell of cinnamon
Being stored in avena

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The dialect I hardly hear in new York
Is the basic language you hear
When my people's talk
And that's Spanish

Carne guisado or arroz con pollo
A famous tradition
When a Spanish woman is in the kitchen
And what's on the table
Before we say grace

I'm taking a trip to the mother land
I miss my people and my culture
I'm going back to my place

Puerto Rico,, my home.

Infinite the poet 2015

Shattered dreams

I came into the spoken word game to share knowledge on the life of murder and cain, I go hard not to claim fame but to represent the heaven sent that perished from hell on earths fame. Infinite is a mourning griot. I miss my kin that was taken away, that's why when it comes to ye word play, I carp diem...seize the day. I call this pain purple rain, cause this is what it sounds like when thugs cry, when thugs die, I spit wisdom, and go through perspiration but water never falls from my eye. Its nothing about ego or testosterone, it's just after my father died my ducts went dry to bone. Without tearing, the hood knew I was crying cause slugs would be flying. I got tired of seeing my men being lowered in the dirt but they kept on dying. Getting used to death isn't a good thing...I'm used to it, so I now cherish every moment with my friends like its my last because there was times I was with my men one minute, then a few minutes later I'm getting calls saying they've passed. Most of my days I deal with the pain, then there's other days when I can't compress it in so I visit the graves of my kin and talk to em... guys please guide me, show me the right direction, help me with decisions, send me a sign that you're here with me listening!

We grew up poor in a bad time. The Reagan era, bricks upon bricks were shipped across water with a deadly recipe that shocked and awed urban communities in many cities. Crack.. The party drug of 83 and 84 turned into the most addictive drug I ever saw before. These partiers were no longer partying they started selling their body or robbing to bass or make coolies and woolies from rock and shake from baking soda risen cookies. They got caught up in a condition called addiction, they're stealing from parents, begging for money from friends and family, they multitasked... cause at the same time they neglected their

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husbands or wives and children. All hustlers were hustling for supremacy and ownership of corners, bodegas and lobbies to control the flow of phlebotomy currency. Users and pushers were constantly returning to the essence, new fiends and new hustlers faces were now present. See I left the game and haven't looked back since not even a glance, but still till this day if you offer a poor brother a million dollars for their soul after two three or years, two or three years later they'll be some weeping mothers. The thought of being rich overshadows the reality of death. Its 2014 and it's still the same way. Although the game is tabu. everyday I walk the streets I see déjà vu, the same game, just different crews. History is repeating over and over, I guess infinite will be writing forever as the bearer of I'll street blues...

Infinite the poet 2015

Veterans

Some came back vets, some didn't come back at all, the last thing anyone heard about them, was that letter or a final phone call, after years at war, and after this one life threatening battle the next day they didn't make role call, bombs bursting in the air, bang ga lores, banging galore, stepping over dead bodies to aim at charlie, retrieve their ammo cause they can no longer shoot at nobody, missing limbs, or no torso just legs in camo, for tripping over trip wire, and being riddled with shrapnel. Some come out 730 for seeing blood fall out of so many allies, dog chains they recovered about 730, some look for a way out from the unexplainable, they went in as healthy as can be, they come out addicted to poppy seeds, some make it out with an honorable discharge, they walk around with combat boots and fatigues, when they hear a gun discharge they jump to the ground, call in for a med e vac but there's no walkie talkie or anyone around, after a few seconds they realize there not at war anymore, march up to the corner store to drink away the war of yesterday, I know this well, my grandfather was an alcoholic veteran, my dad after his tour, came out addicted to heroin, my uncle came out fine god blessed him, after 19 years of enlistment. I know many people just like them, some are able to tell me their story, some got military taps, and are buried in calverton's military cemetery

Our veterans alive are heroes so treat them like so !

Infinite the poet 2015

Siddartha
Beth
Pierce

Siddhartha Beth Pierce



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Siddartha Beth Pierce is a Mother, Poet, Artist and African and Contemporary Art Historian. Her art, poetry and teaching were featured on PBS in April 2001 while she was the Artist-in-Residence and Assistant Professor at Virginia State University in Petersburg, Virginia. She received her BA in Studio Art from George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia and her M.A.E. from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia. She continued into PhD. Studies in African and Contemporary Art studies at Virginia Commonwealth University where she is now All but Dissertation. Her works of poetry and art have been featured in numerous newspaper articles, journals, magazines and chapbooks.

<http://youtu.be/6PcR9TsBQxo>

PBS Interview

www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php

Where?

I wonder is it
From whence I came.

Once upon the Mayflower,
Once at Jamestown, too.

It seems my family traveled
To the New World
In a myriad of ways.

Though, originally,
England, Ireland and Wales
Is where we were raised.

Ere Ibeji

Twin sculptures made
For the plentitude of such births in Nigeria.

Although, the mortality rate
Is often high.

Sometimes, one or both
Do not survive birth.

So, sculptures are made to bless their beings.

Represent them throughout many lifetimes.

The sculptures are ritually cared for,
Bathed, dressed and bejeweled.

The mother carries the sculptures
With her in a sash.

And each sculpture is passed down through
The family line to be remembered
And revered.

Ashanti Akua'ba

I purchased an Ashanti fertility figure
in Washington, DC,
While pregnant with my son.

The figure is meant to bring
A Beautiful Soul
Into the child.

Mothers of the Ashanti Culture
Typically care for the sculpture
Before and after the birth
Of their child.

Once the child is born,
Mothers often rub the malleable heads
Of their infants,
Because a high forehead is considered
A sign of Beauty.

The sculptures are often commissioned.

There should be no errors or marks on their construction
For fear, these may appear on the live child.

Many months after the birth of my son,
I noticed a quarter sized mark on the right lower leg portion
Of my Ashanti Fertility figure,
Which I had not seen when I purchased the sculpture.

Ironically, to this day
My son has a birthmark on that very same part of his leg.

Janet
Perkins
Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell



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Janet P. Caldwell has been writing for 40 years and has been published in print newspapers and held a byline in a small newspaper in TX. She also has contributed to magazines and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies yearly. She is currently editing her 4th book, written and to be published 2015. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child, which includes the many Inner Child Facebook groups, [Inner Child Newspaper](#), [Inner Child Magazine](#), [Inner Child Radio](#) and [The Inner Child Press Publishing Company](#).

To find out more about Janet, you may visit her web-site, Face-book Fan Page and her Author page at Inner Child Press.

www.janetcaldwell.com

<https://www.facebook.com/JanetPCaldwell>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

For My Mother

I sat and watched, as water turned to
ice. I can see my breath;
my thoughts always
race back to you, to us.

Unaware, we danced and splashed in
the water.
Life has taken a different turn for you
and me.

I somehow thought we would always be
solid, as that old tree. Roots deep.
People change and people die.
I'm feeling a little lonely and wondering why?

You were my teacher, my best friend. I was
there with you 'til the end.

A Mother/Daughter, who can explain? The bond
between them strong, at times filled
with pain.

I leave this spot and bid you farewell, when
the ice turns to water,
You know I'll be there.

12th of Never

Talk to me of yesterday,
of things undone,
I still need you. Stay.
Please, just the way you were.

I remember the departure,
that October morning.
We always loved the autumn and could
scarcely await to go outside.
Our skates still here, the key to them lost.

I asked you out to breakfast, with Steve
you wouldn't, couldn't,
saying to me that
you didn't feel well.
I looked around the room,
failing to notice you held
your chest in a discolored fist.

The doctor had explained
the pain away. Possibly pleurisy,
prescribed breathing treatments
and antibiotics which weren't
kicking in. (not to mention my Valiums).
With a niggling-nagging I went
to breakfast with my latest flirtation.
It was a striking day,
The 12th of never.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

I welcomed the oily smells
of the greasy spoon, yellow eggs
and something to pass for meat.
I was lulled by the background chatter
of other patrons, whisk scraping bowl,
the awful in-between of a knife poised
to resize my portion of contentment.
Midbite, I sensed that descending
Blade, knew exactly where
it would sever. I lashed
the driver-sheik,
had him race that cool roadster
XKE, arriving too late.

I watched the paramedics try
to stun you back. You twisted,
jerked like a broken marionette.
“Clear!” they shouted again
and again, the only spike
when they applied the volts.
Otherwise, a flat line. You wouldn’t open
your baby blues.

They carried you on a gurney, covered you with a stiff
sheet
(I grabbed your exposed toe to pray,
“God, please take me instead. He has two sons:
a daughter, another on the way.”
Inadayinadayinaday),
ensconced you in that big white,
wheeled cube, screaming cherries on top.
The last hasty parade.

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Once, people used to question
the tolling of the bells,
ancestors of our modern
rubber-necks, the technology changes,
sirens now, but still that morbid curiosity.

The ambulance left a pitiful wake,
flotsam, a handful of inquisitive neighbors,
your pregnant wife, the tributary
of tears I still leak when the days grow
longer every year.

I lived on, but nothing
mattered. I drank myself
insane. Maxed it out, body, mind,
waxed it old, made myself weary,
died, wanting to join you.

A new life stirred,
earsplitting to be born.

Weep for the Child

Tears fall down my face
for a child with no name.
A child filled with anguish
suffering disgrace.
How could they have lied
and treated her so;
Why didn't they love her
just let her go ?

Buy her new clothes
fill her with song
Mess her up more
you can't be wrong !

She grew up with walls
forever all around.
The music you played
she couldn't hear a sound.

You look at her now
with disgust in your eyes;
You can't see her though
she wears a disguise.

Hand-made by you
so carefully sewn;
With coagulated drops
all her own.

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

You thought that you knew her
but there's no way that you could.
She's not what you think
behind the mask stained with blood

Author Note: The poems above represent a tormented childhood including a lot of family loss. This was the culture that I lived in, thank heavens for maturity, clarity and freedom.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Jackie
Allen

Jackie Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

My name is Jacqueline D. Allen, otherwise known as Jackie. I grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia, one of ten children. As a child, of a coal miner and a stay at home mother, I told stories at night to my younger siblings in an attempt to lull them to sleep. That was the tool I used so that I might return to my homework, uninterrupted. Much to my delight they begged me to bring the "books" home so that they could see the pictures for themselves. As delighted as I was that they loved my stories, it was difficult to endure the disappointment on their faces when I told them the truth: I had made up all of the stories that they had so loved.

Many years after those early seeds of story telling began, after college, after work, after raising my children, I began to write poetry. I find writing poetry the creative fabric from which I am able to weave whole cloth from both truth and fiction. Inspired by real life events, memory, imagination and enhanced by the sheer joy of playing with words, my poetry satisfies my need to be creative.

And, if ever there are days when I wonder why it took so long for the writer in me to reveal itself, I simply pick up my pen, or in most cases, go to the computer, and begin writing yet another poem.

The Mystery Behind the Doors

Fears rumbled like mounting hunger and as
The morning sun oozed, tar melted the path.
On a dare, I entered the sanctum, the one
Room Pentecostal Holiness Church of God.

There a glorious fever was in full swing.
Trembling, I sat down on an aged worn plank~
Walnut, seat stained, the bottom lot where
Stood the whitewashed building, anon...

Where nearest to the door, with eyes agog,
I swatted flies, and wondered if I should leave.
Mesmerized, I saw people shouting, saw foot
stomping, saw the laying on of hands.

Dancers shook tambourines... they like holy
Rollers, receiving the gift, they spoke in tongues.
I wondered if interpretation might soon help
Calm the frenzy of my lack of understanding.

I waited, to no avail. I waited the handling of snakes
The kind whose rattles tell their name, they
With forked tongues, tainted with evil poison...
They still in their baskets. And, in anticipation

I almost fainted. The pitch-level increased. And I
Prayed in silence: "O great God, of the Universe,
Grant they their wish, may they remain unharmed,
And may I not be identified as unbelieving guest."

Cow Pen Hollow's Miracle Child

The fire was burning, the tin tub was full
Of bubbling water, and Momma was stirring
The laundry with a long stick, and the lye soap
Was attempting to do it's job. Outdoors.

The rooster and the chickens were
Scattered here and there as they ate
The shelled corn that I, a six year old
Had brought down from the barn.

Momma must have wondered why the wind
Had to blow so hard, and in my direction.
But blow it did, and one errant ember
Landed on my long, red hair.

The morning was blustery. The sky was
Blue and the sun was shining hot overhead.
And life in the mountains, though hard
Enough, it was still the same for most.

Of course Momma couldn't have known
That a spark could move so quickly to
Where it did. But that little ember caused
My long hair to go up in flames.

My parents had married young. Momma stayed
Home with me, and my Poppa worked
In the coal mines. They doing the best they could
With what they had. Which wasn't much.

I had been playing over near the clothesline,
A safe distance away from the makeshift
Outdoor laundry room, just out from the house,
Back up in Cow Pen Hollow.

Jackie Allen

I heard the mooing of the cows
Begging to be milked, and the frogs
Were a hopping over near the stream
From where Momma had hauled the wash water.

When Momma saw the gust of wind coming
My way, she was unable to halt it's path
Or to call out a word of warning to me, to
Perhaps, prevent what was about to happen.

Just a moment ago, all was well,
The clothes on the clothesline were
Flapping in the breeze, and I knew
Momma had just one more load to go.

Yet in the time it takes to blink,
The wind and an ember combined
To create such havoc. For where I was
A flying spark of inferno suddenly lit on me.

I tried to run, but it was simply futile,
For the burning embers fiercely rode on the wind..
They tangled my hair around my chest and about my neck
And engulfed, I must have been a blazing sight!

The farmyard animals began to call out
To one another and joining in the chorus
Of fear and anxiety, they sang a song
Of desperation and of mourning.

Momma cried out, too, and rushing, she tried
To no avail to put out the fire. But the mountain
Breeze whipped and stirred up my hair...
A worse storm, she'd never seen.

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Even the birds sitting on the clothesline
Dropped their droppings and flew away,
Hoping to flee that awful sight, fleeing for
A more pleasant perch on which to sing.

It took forever to get my little body
Down on the ground and to retrieve
The bed sheet drying on the line
To smother out my flaming hair.

And, there I lay, smoldering and moaning,
And writhing upon the ground as the world
Around me seemed to stop still.
For a moment I wondered if I was still alive.

Smoke, embers, tears, singed
Hair and horror merged with Momma's prayers
As my Granny came running
From the house, hysterically nearly collapsing.

Finally, as if in answer to prayer, the
Wind died down, and with me wrapped
And swaddled in a sheet, Momma and Granny
Gently picked me up from the ground.

There was no need to call for help.
No one lived nearer than several
Miles. And, tucked back in the
Hollow, my folks had to be self reliant.

So, with me whimpering, and barely
Making any noise, for I was in shock,
Granny managed to drive the 25 crooked
Miles over the mountain to the hospital.

Jackie Allen

No telephones, no ambulances, no men
Around to help, just the barnyard animals,
Huddled together. The noises they did make!
Were they also in shock?

Granny prayed and Momma prayed that
The brutality of what happened would
Not have dire consequences but they
Knew that knew I was in God's hands.

It seemed it to take forever, traversing over
The mountain, the narrow winding roads,
With coal trucks taking up the better part,
And Momma holding and stroking my hand.

Granny tooted her horn. She drove like a crazed
Woman. Though she'd never had a license
To drive, now she granted herself the right to do
What she needed. To get me the help I needed.

Finally, after what seemed like decades, we
Arrived safely, and then, Granny and Momma
Turned me over to the doctor who, despite his look
Of shock, began to lovingly care for me.

The details of what it took to bring me back
To life, are best left in my medical files, far too personal
And far too painful for me to recount. But suffice it to say
That on that day, I could easily have died.

Through the decades my memory has faded somewhat.
And though Granny and Momma are no longer with me,
The scars on my chest and neck remind Poppa and me
That I'm still the Miracle Child of Cow Pen Hollow.

A Vision Beyond the Mountains

I remember the mountains,
And of course, my youth, too.
And the days when I attended
The local high school.

My breakfast consisted of biscuits,
Sausage and gravy. Mornings
Left little time to get properly dressed.
But I wasn't lazy.

My naturally wavy hair demanded
Its own independent "hair-do."
Without knowing it I was a fashion maven.
I confess, it's true,

For daily I had to select
The image I wanted to project~
Such a stress, determining the costume
I would finally select.

It most certainly had to convey
The person and the way
I wanted to be perceived
On any particular day.

Perhaps a singer, an artist, or a writer?
No careers of banality for me.
I was a confident teenager,
With a multiple personality.

Jackie Allen

Now, after many disparate careers,
And just as many years
I've finally claimed my full name
As an artist, a poet and a writer.

And, now I am patiently waiting for time
To discover just when and how best
To bestow, upon me, the fame
I've earned from practicing my craft.

Tony
Henninger

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Tony Henninger is the current president of The Permian Basin Poetry Society of Texas in West-Texas. His first book, “A Journey of Love”, is a collection of love poems dedicated to his wife Deanne and is available at InnerchildPress.Com and Amazon.com.

He has been published in several anthologies including: Permian basin and Beyond 2014, We are the 500 (West Texas poets), Hot Summer Nights 2013 and 2014 editions, and World Healing/World Peace. He is, also, one of the co-authors of the 12 volume Anthology “Year of the Poet 2014” at InnerChild.

He is currently working on his second book of poetry to be published in early 2015.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany and growing up in Colorado, He now resides in Texas.

Tony Henninger on Facebook

Tony Henninger at LinkedIn.com

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Tony Henninger

The Freedom Of Artistic Expression

In our melting pot culture
Art comes in various forms and styles.
Some give us feelings of wonder.
Some can give us tears or smiles.

Some you can hear.
Some you can see.
Some you can touch.
Some you can read.
Some can make us mad as can be.

So much to appreciate, to learn,
and to engage our ever-seeking mind.
Broadening our horizons.
Giving meaning to Mankind.

The freedom of artistic expression
keeps our culture bright and vibrant.
Without Art, it would be dark and numb.
Our lives would become stagnant.

Just as through religion, science, and philosophy,
we try to understand our short-lived lives.
Art makes us look deeper inside ourselves.
Art is an amazing part of being alive.

The greatest artist of all is
the Creator of our Universe.
And what an incredible piece it is.
Without the Freedom of artistic expression,
my life I would surely miss.

The Crowded City Bus

He's riding around town
on a crowded city bus.
Nobody notices him.
Nobody makes a fuss.

Staring out of the window,
watching the world pass him by.
As each person disembarks,
he slowly waves a goodbye.

Some wave back to him
and give him a bright smile.
Soon to be forgotten again, but,
he is happy for a little while.

So is his ill-fated life,
lonely and beginning to fray.
Riding around on the crowded city bus
as time passes day after day.

Until, one day, there is an empty seat
on this crowded city bus.
Will anyone notice?
Will anyone make a fuss?

So, where do the homeless go?
Do we really care to know?
Rarely are they heard or seen.
Fading away as if they had never been.

Tony Henninger

Though tragedy can befall any of us
no matter how hard we strive.
One thing we should always consider is
the importance and relevance of ALL life.

Now, when you see a homeless person
on a crowded city bus,
notice them and engage them.
Care enough to make a fuss.

For this could be you....

Music

Listening to music
makes my body sway.
It gets my foot to tapping
and takes me far away.

Like a dream I float along
on its river-like serenade.
Like flying on wings of notes
as one after another is played.

Music gives me inspiration.
Its secrets are for all to hear.
Music makes me feel alive
every time I lend it an ear.

Without music,
my life would not be whole.
Music is a part of my heart
and the deepest part of my soul.

Tony Henninger

Joe
Da Verbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

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

<https://www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer>

Lost Culture

Raised around yelling and the telling of tales
The selling of wares was a means to survive
I didn't realize we were poor
It did not matter who gave us what for
Those were cultural chores
The neighbor next door was as much a parent
As any adult and respect was granted
It was demanded, commanded and given
That's the culture in which we were living
A child was a child and in a child's place
The culture these days, I view as a disgrace
Misplaced values does not a culture change
The basic culture is still the same
But it isn't is it, we got out of the business
Left it in the hands of the show biz kids
The media wiz, other cultures fears
Our culture of discipline was different than his
Majority rules make minorities tools
We're coerced into believing our culture is cursed
But think first; it's been mostly diluted
Perversely polluted, the style of dress is a mess
I must confess in my youth we were no less
Just not soulless, foul mouthed young ladies
Disrespectful young men
The elderly treated worse than they've ever been
And this is by kin, that's the culture we're in
Now it's spreading and effecting all men.
This culture of sin,
This culture of get in where you fit in.
It is what it is, this culture of mind your own biz
But in this society of follow the leader
The culture is producing some less than stellar teachers.

Hereditary Woes

I have my Fathers eyes, my Fathers voice
I wish I had his size, but heredity follows its course
I could alter the reality of my destiny
Hit the gym and do reps repeatedly
Bulk-up and falsify the real me
I'm still destined to be the size of my Mother

I was born a skinny brother;
A trait passed down it seems.
I notice this grand scheme of things
Even in my offspring.
The dough made long ago still lingers
Down to the shape of the fingers

I guess my ancestors weren't singers
None of us can carry a note
This doesn't trouble me though
What bothers me so, is that I can't change a thing
This genetic swing of the pendulum
This seems to be pre-wired cerebellum

This blend of Father and son and son
This blend of Mother and daughter then that one
That one child that seems at odds with the rest
The dough didn't rise I guess, not enough yeast
Too small a piece of the original blend
An odd donation from moms' special friend

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer

Questions begin, lessons to fend them off
Biology 101; two dark plants can produce a light one
Two dull minds produce a bright one
Which really doesn't apply, but it helps squash the why
Will my eyes see a future me, will it skip a generation or
three
Can I only be a product of my heredity?

Ethnicity In Review

What's good my brother,
What it do, how you living.
Yo what up cuz long time no see?
What it be like how you be.
Language is not a marker for ethnicity.

Neither twisted hats, nor sagging pants
No dreadlocked hair or fists in air
No exaggerated squeeze in tight jeans
No tattooed flesh, no Kool-Aid colored weave
Style is not a marker for ethnicity

Soul Train, B.E.T, Head bangers ball on MTV.
LED ZEPPLIN, BOB MARLEY, DRAKE and
FUNKADELIC
What you blast on your stereo won't tell it
You can't smell it by the weed, or some collard greens
Music or food is a more cultural thing, a matter of taste

As a human race, we are ethnically divided
Separated and guided by the lay of the land
Ethnicity provided by the shape of man
The size of lips the color of eyes
The shades of skin, no real surprise

Did you realize some deny their ethnicity?
They go to great lengths to disguise what you see
Curly hair gone straight, straight hair gone dread
Thin lips gone thick, wide nostrils disappear
A fear of one's self, a disdain for another

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer

A condescending what's happening brother
We are but a specific breed
Animals on a plant with a taste for a specific feed
To diversify is to progress, to stay in borders is incest
Stereotypical views, got this whole world a mess
Bred out or bred in bottom line it's the skin
Retail has the ethnic aisles big cities have their China towns
Where can your ethnicity be found?

Neetu
Wali

Neetu Wali



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Hi! I am Neetu. Who am I? This question is very difficult to answer.

Well! If you insist, let me reveal. I am a human and like every other human I eat, sleep, drink, dance, sing, laugh, smile, cry and so on. Hang on! There is a difference. Unlike most of the human beings, I breathe and when I breathe, I relax. When I am relaxed, I draw. I draw sketches of me in words.

I have been orbiting around sun for forty years now. I started this journey on the Valentine day of 1974. I have seen people craving for heaven and I was born in the only heaven on earth (Kashmir). My Grandfather was a spiritual personality and a renowned poet of his time. Though he left me around 35 years ago, I couldn't let him go. I carry him in my eyes and mind and will do that till the end of my life. I hate words, yet I am full of words. I know words cannot express, yet I express me through words, because they are the only medium I am familiar with. That is why I try to express me as much as possible with as minimum words as possible.

When I did Masters in business administration, I never knew, writing will be the only business in my life. More than hobby writing is a necessity for me, because it helps me get the load of thoughts off my head. I don't remember when it that I wrote my first poem was. But I surely know the time of my last poem. Surely, not before my last breath.

Lone Traveler

I am
A lone traveler
I won't stick to even
The dust beneath my feet
I won't carry with me
Even the most beautiful of
Scenes that I pass by
I won't be attached to even
The most concerning of companions on the way
Sometimes, I may feel lonely
But I know, this is just a mirage
Can't stop me from walking alone

May God
Grant me some courage
This ocean of life
Not difficult to cross
In the direction of waves
I only know my inner compass
That only knows to swim in the
Opposite direction
Knowing how difficult it is
To experience life in truth and reality

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Give me some morning breeze
Give me some dew
Give me a bit of light
I want to wake up again
A butterfly of dreams
Let it fly
Give me some vision
I want to open my eyes again
Let the buds bloom
I don't want to take the bait
Give me back the child in me
I don't want to wake up again

Love and Friendship

Why do you upset me
How dare you touch me
Don't cross your limits
We are just friends
Don't steal me
Of the best of my friends
She said,
Her eyes bleeding chaos
He was listening
As if with his eyes
They were wide open
His heart broke
And so did
The glass in his hands
Desperate to bleed
So did his hands
What the hell??
She ran towards her
Stop!
He shouted
Don't you dare touch me
You are just a friend
You know what?
I am fed up of being just friends
You don't want to lose your friend
Well! I already have lost mine
And my love
I never got in back

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Don't worry
I can wait
Till you realize that
Friendship is no relation
It is the spice of every relation

Yes, my hands are aching
No more grabbing of empty sheets
I want you by my side
When I open my eyes in the morning
My eyes regret a blink
When you are by my side

Eyes

Two containers
Collecting droplets
From the ocean of time
Evaporated by the warmth of time
And off they fly into
The sky of the heart
Some of them come back
With a hint of salt
And others return
To form a rainbow

Two classy glasses
Bright like diamond
They open like
The pages of a book
And close like
A priceless treasure
A bit of redness
Lots of depth
A bit naughty
And a story

She was very beautiful
That smile on her face
Made her even more beautiful
Terribly engrossed she was
Into herself

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Like a spider trapped into
Its own web
Every day she grew more beautiful
And with it even crazier
The world outside grew uglier
Every day
Till one day
She decided to leave the world
And merge into her beauty
May her soul rest in beauty

Neetu Wali

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

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 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

For more information about Shareef,
contact or follow him at :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1>

<http://zakirflo.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/shareef-abdur-rasheed.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Muslim-Writers-Forum/370511683056503>

habits...

die hard especially harmful
but must strive to set the
alarm to go get that which
is true
not talking but doing the do
with the creators help you'll
win through
feel brand new
take a different view about you!
forefathers left legacies
beneficial?
not necessarily!
got to discern what's good from
the bad
regardless what background we had
sometimes hate can be handed
down from Great Great Grand to now
do we take it to embrace
for blood's sake
or say a mistake's a mistake
stop it in it's tracks, forsake all that's
not based in fact!
a seeker of truth
speaker of truth
could be the legacy that identifies
you long after you die
sadeeqa (charity) Jar'riah!
the gift that keeps on giving
even when we're no longer living!

food 4 thought!

and..,

the people suffered through another day
same 'ol' sameo what can you say?
that's the game the bastards play
this is the MO the devil's way
in the good "ol" U S of A
sooo it's the same 'ol' sameo
you and i know sooo well
many live a living hell!
how many you know ain't doing so well?
but to listen to the story the spokes folk
of glory tell
the impression in spite of blatant oppression
is 'Oh Well"
"this is a democracy they say, everybody gets
a play in the good 'ol' U S of A"
It's your call today depending on how good
you play.. "The Game"
regardless your color, social/economic
status, name...
"All for one, one for all in the good "ol"
U S of A"
so they say
but if you live in it from day to day
in the hoods shrouded in dark clouds
that speak a different tongue
know all to well the yolk that's hung
around the neck of old 'n' young
who rarely get respect
try to make it through with the government
check they give you
in a hood with no resources for you

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

libraries, parks, rec' centers, schools, if they used to
now stay boarded up or closed after dark
no mo money in the budget, they say
but ain't a war, prison, police equipment they
wouldn't pay for.
and the election time rolls around again
and everybody's "your friend"
and "You vote for me i promise we'll
spend to get what ever you need"
"You hear me?"
don't ya'll worry it's gonna be okay after
election day in the good "ol" U S of A!!

food 4 thought!

S.O.P

Standard Operating Procedure

making...
victims perpetrators
perceived as violators
when their life's relieved
executed without mercy
as loved ones grieve
the news they receive
designed to destroy the
reputation of the newly
deceased
with some negative press
release
meant to deceive,
it's the mark of the beast!
take attention from the
dirty deed
made intention to set the
killer free
do whatever it takes to
make that be
such is the M.O of the powers
that be
in the land of "Institutionalized
White Supremacy"
who preach the words about
human rights
these purveyors of hypocrisy

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

who preach and speak democracy
as they seek to take your dignity
removing it surgically
from right under your nose
and you don't even know
that's how that goes
as they keep you enslaved
from the cradle to the grave
as we sing Kum bye eye
we shall overcome oneday
in the good 'ol' U.S of A

food 4 thought!

Kimberly
Burnham

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

As a 28 year-old photojournalist, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic condition, "Consider life if you become blind." From those devastating words, she forged a healing path with insight and vision. Today, a brain health expert, Kimberly helps people experience richer, more nourishing environments.

"People, who feel better, make better choices for themselves, their community and our world."

Her PhD in Integrative Medicine and extensive training in Craniosacral Therapy, Reiki, Acupressure, Integrative Manual Therapy, Health Coaching, and Matrix Energetics enable her to serve as a catalyst, gently shifting your ability to feel better physically, think more clearly, and be more creative.

A 2014 Poetry Posse member, Kimberly and Creating Calm Network's Ann White, assist small enterprises in crafting business booming words and robust social media platforms. Kimberly won SageUSA's 2013 story contest with a poem from *The Journey Home*, chronicling her 3,000 mile Hazon Cross-USA bicycle trip. Her poetry books include, *Live Like Someone Left The Gate Open* and the upcoming *Healing Words—Poetry for Thriving Brains*. With Elizabeth Goldstein she edited the anthology, *Music—Carrier of Intention in 49 Jewish Prayers*.

Experience greater health & success @ (860)221-8510
<http://ParkinsonsAlternatives.CreatingCalmNetwork.com>
<https://www.Linkedin.com/today/author/39038923>
Vision Story: <http://youtu.be/JhG3-qwkVvk>

Weighty Matters

There is only so much weight
from the past soon
becomes unbearable
why do I keep
books and blankets
within reach today
a gift from a good friend
my grandmother's quilted warmth
as I sleep under my past

Waking to see what has changed
morning following night
habits continue
new paths offered on old plates
customs from my culture
community hearts
open to fresh progress
while holding tight
the ways it has always
been done by me and mine

Familiarity soothing
cluttering my thoughts
still room for a deep breath
eyes ahead on the posts
a clean page
an adventure unique

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Weighty matters
lift with consciousness
poetic lines of hazel light
nighttime dreams gently surfing
waves of change
shimmering into actions
made tangible passed
along into the bright morning

Before

A linear existence
each day pushes the next
unknown ahead defining
my existence

The drums beat
on May day
should we stop the ritual
Green Tara on the mantel
a human mandala circling chants

Before we were Buddhists
we were pagans
dancing and drumming we leave the mandala
for early morning mountain tops
jumping over fires
freeing our souls
with so many ways up

Five generations
stretching back through the years
Mormons praying
in England and Scotland,
in New York before
crossing the plains
challenges met with courage
that blood
flows in my veins

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Now as I sit with those at Sinai
adopting a new yet ancient tradition
my own as I pray under a talis
an ancient language
to the God of my ancestors

Pride in my heritage
the stars and strips
given up to fit in
saying eh to a liberal life in Canada

The child of a country
at war in Vietnam
living in Europe
no one understands
I am not to blame
for the country of my birth
before I was
a small gringo child
in Colombia

Kimberly Burnham

Shape Shifting in Time and Space and Home

A chameleon, blending,
rearranging letters: each lemon,
heal con me, my reptilian
brain keeping me safe,
always scrutinizing,
do I fit here?

How do you put on a Jewish kippa?
articulate a Mormon prayer? Just watch where
do you put a garden party's
dirty paper plates? Just watch how
do you buy a German subway ticket?
Just watch.

I imagined myself able
to talk to anyone, anywhere.
You and I have something in common.
Did you live in Latin America as a child?
Europe? Asia? Canada? Work in Italy?
Germany? Hong Kong?
I can talk to you.
Do you eat meat? Are you vegan?
Gluten-free? I can talk to you
about Japanese food, my favorite raw
vegan, San Francisco's Cafe Gratitude,
Thai food from Toronto's Coco Peanut.

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

“Canadian’s may not know who they are, but they know for sure they are not Americans.” But, I am both, a gringo, gaijin, illegal alien, foreigner, landed immigrant, EU resident, global nomad, third culture kid, with two passports, fluency in four languages, and so many more allegiances to the comfort of home.

I can talk politics, democracy’s republic, parliamentary systems, a benign dictatorship, and healthcare in socialist countries. I can talk to you, the far socialist left and the red religious right. I can find the middle ground.

And so, I can talk to anyone, except about who I am, really deep inside and where I am home. Not a pretender, an imposter, a fake, I am just many things. I have earned a living, collecting insects, saving drowning children, teaching English, massage therapy, integrative manual therapy, craniosacral therapy, and matrix energetics.

Kimberly Burnham

Equally comfortable as an esoteric
energy practitioner, neurology specialist
and vision expert. Reinventing the face
of neurodegenerative disorders:
Parkinson's and bigotry
through the vulnerability
of sharing my own story:
faith and vision recovery.

Yes, I can be a cold blooded reptile,
a chameleon and a warm, fuzzy
teddy bear, still searching for my niche,
while I live here in time and space,
breathing home into my body.

Ann
S.
White

Ann White



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Amazed and inspired by her own life, Ann White has lived the life of a grasshopper buffeted about by wild winds, yet always landing safely and creating a home wherever she finds herself.

Highlights include working with astronaut Frank Borman, sharing a hot dog with Ross Perot, enjoying a coffee with Florida Governor Chiles, and attending a ballet with Imelda Marcos. Ann has also survived childhood sexual abuse, one terrorist coup, two burglaries, one rape and countless misadventures – making her grateful for each of life’s moments.

An international management consultant, board certified family attorney, rabbi, grief counselor, and trauma chaplain – Ann has worn many professional hats.

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm by Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with two very weird dogs and six quirky hens.

Ann is the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking*, *Living with Spirit Energy*, *Code Red – a Stress Rx for Trauma Workers*, and *So You Want to Be a Radio Host*. She has also been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group along with Kimberly Burnham.

Ann produces and hosts several programs on CCN as well as officiating weddings and distributing Young Living Essential Oils and It Works! Body Wraps.

You can find her at:

www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

Earth Song

Be quiet

Stop shouting, stop pouting, stop fighting, stop righting

Just stop

Hush

What do you hear?

Listen....can you hear it now?

The heartbeat of the world....beating a universal rhythm

The life force of the universe

Can you feel it?

Pulsing with your heart – drumming a cadence of oneness

Shhh – can you hear your heart? – can you feel it beat

inside of you?

The miracle of your life – pulsing in harmony with the beat
of the earth

The rhythm of the crashing waves, the dance of the stars
and moon – the chirp of crickets and frogs

One beat, one dance, one earth, one song

So why are you shouting and pouting and fighting and
righting?

Be amazed!

The flutter of butterfly wings ignites wild winds around the
globe

The water kisses the sky in a vague horizon of oneness

You walk on the earth, your feet caressing thousands of
years of life, and death, and renewal

Stand in awe of the power...of this song – sing your own
song with harmonious notes

Join with others in this chorus of life – celebrate our
diversity and sing out our sameness

Sing - Dance – Celebrate – Love

The World is Like a Giant Box of Color Crayons

The world is like a giant box of color crayons and we are
the crayons
The first thing we crayons do is break out of our box
Who can be creative standing upright like little soldiers all
neat and tidy in that damn box
Now we are free – look at us
What amazing colors
Together imagine the pictures we can draw
Be wowed by the kaleidoscope of hues and patterns wildly
whirling
Dance with the doodles we design – what fun we can have
Peel back the paper – it's okay to share our naked selves
And as we get old, and crumble and break – how wonderful
that we can still make vibrant colors
Tattered and used, we are alive with beautiful hues to share
Oh sure – there are those who color neatly within the lines
And others who scribble madly, so madly that pieces of
wax fly about in the mayhem
Some prefer rainbows and others, black and white
But we share the tapestry of the design – each leaving our
mark

Little boxes

I refused to be defined by little boxes...
Check the one that applies
Male or female
Married, divorced or single
Rent or own
Young or old
And I refuse to be white when asked my race
I am not white – white is the color of fresh snow
I am not that color
Nor am I flesh – whose flesh?
Dark flesh, light flesh, freckled flesh
Do these little boxes make me the same as you or different?
I am part of humanity and yet, I am similar to wolves in my
wildness
To hens in my enjoyment of scratching the earth for tiny
treasures
To birds in my love of flight and song
To you in my heartbeat
Are there little boxes for these things?
Am I good or bad and who's keeping score?
Am I rich or poor and what is the measure?
Tear up your standardized forms and burn those little
boxes.
Come hold my hand and let's form a hug that includes
trees, and bees, and furry things, and feathers.
Banish boundaries – lines of demarcation – countries and
religions – bury the “mine is better than yours”
Come touch my heart and let me touch yours – they beat in
sync with the rhythm of the universe.
Come lay with me on the damp night grass so we can watch
the starry sky.
Are those boxes so important now that we can see forever?

Keith
Alan
Hamilton

Keith Alan Hamilton



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is an Author who writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog, the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog and the NatureIQ.com Blog. Keith is also an exhibited artist, a fervent promoter of other artists and a professional Information Specialist/Investigator (Private/Corporate Sector – LPI).

Keith firmly believes, “The true act of creating art, is for it to be used for the everlasting benefit of all humanity” by using art to create change.

Driven by that belief, Keith's mission is within the spirit brought forth in his book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die! to see the value of proactively working together to improve the overall well-being of humanity. So people become more willing and able to help themselves and then do the same for others. To exemplify this mission a portion of the proceeds from the Keith's book series and his Art Store are donated to help support promising research into the cause, treatment, and management of MS, Fibromyalgia, Diabetes, Cancer, Hydrocephalus and mental conditions (Bipolar, Depression, Autism, etc.).

HUMAN COMMUNITY STEW

an American ethnicity

THEM in the know say

I ain't got one

even though

America can be my nation

and based on genetics

the color of my skin

I have to check off

as my race *hmmmm*

whatever happened to

that identifier

THE HUMAN RACE ~

then we would not

have to decide

if the president

of the USA

is either

black or white

or something else

'cause it would then

be up to our acts and deeds

our service to humanity

that should define us

as far as that

ethnicity thing

I was born and raised

in America

I'm a little pinch

of this or that

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

all important ingredients
added to what makes up a stew
my grandfather called *COMMUNITY*

WE THE PEOPLE

experiencing
this mixed up blend
of diversity
interacting physically
and cognitively
as this
HUMAN COMMUNITY STEW
with an emergent
cultural flavor
of complexity
born of
WE THE PEOPLE
living and breathing
each day
within a portion
of shared land
while still being
a part of
THE HUMAN RACE ~
progressively learning
what freedom truly is
or is not
and too
what freedom has still
not fully become ~
~ especially

Keith Alan Hamilton

for many
of our brothers and sisters
as to equality and rights
being a normal reality
of liberty
and that *WE THE PEOPLE*
represent
so much more than
ethnicity
culture and nation

WE THE PEOPLE are
THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE ~
a little pinch
of this or that
all important ingredients
added to what makes up a stew
my grandfather called *COMMUNITY*

HUMAN COMMUNITY STEW

peace out

a global culture

people people
everywhere
sprinkled
like salt over an apple
along the surface
of the planet ~
a home
they call earth
a designation
spoken in many
languages
while living
in different nations
with differing beliefs
and opinions ~
this evolved heritage
mixed with tradition
brings forth
a colorful blend
of rich and various cultures
throughout the world
like a rainbow
arched across
the deep blue sky

people people
everywhere
rubbing shoulders
while going on
with every day matters
under the framework
of nation
and shaped by
ethnicity and culture

while associating
with other nations
shaped by
their own blend of
ethnicity and culture ~
this interactivity
mostly civil
can produce friction
contributing to
a certain amount
of social unrest
a fractured condition
that ain't always so rosy
or cozy ~ fueling
disagreements
aggression
retaliation
perceived oppression
protest
revolution
acts of war
and terrorism
that sadly leads to
..... the spilling of blood
on the ground
freely flowing
down the streets
pooling in dark alleys
which give off
the familiar stale stench
of a slaughterhouse

people people
everywhere
yes ~

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

We
the people
together
on a planet
orbiting inside
the universal space
called Nature
as a *species*
this human construct
within the process
of reflective consciousness
is the link
the bond
the glue
the emergent
spiritual realization
of an interconnection
and interdependence
fully capable of cementing
the focus of

We
the people
on one ~ singular purpose
the key element
of a living
breathing
humankind
as this actual
ever evolving
global culture
this whole
flavored by
various cultures
and ethnicities
the ultimate common ground
for all to take a stand on ~
united ~

the stimulant
for helping
We
the people
to concentrate
less on the discontent
stirred by differences
and the apathy of indifference
that gives birth to
the uncaring behavior
of intolerance ~
and concentrate more on
the preservation
and survival of
We
the people

THE HUMAN RACE

therefore
instilling the foresight
the wisdom
of envisioning the benefit
gained through
helping each other
help ourselves
survive into the future
by living and contributing to
a *global culture*
We
the people

people people
everywhere

peace out

really ~ really

I see you
do you see me ~
~ really ~ really
I can see the wisdom
the benefit
in experiencing
who you are
standing alongside you
for a while
seeing
perceiving
from
your perspective
the beliefs
morals
values
that are reflective
of your way
your heritage
such empathy
on my part
will not only broaden
the experience
of who I am
but for eternity
it will
enrich my soul

I see you
do you see me. ~
~ really ~ really
for who I am

Keith Alan Hamilton

take the time
while you still can
lift the blinders
from your eyes
then look into mine
see past my skin
shed the fear
the predisposition
that standing
in my shoes
for a while
seeing
perceiving
experiencing
the beliefs
morals
values
that are reflective
of my way
my heritage
won't rob you
of your identity
such empathy
on your part
will not only broaden
the experience
of who are
but for eternity
it will
enrich your soul

I see you
do you see me ~
~ really ~ really

peace out

Katherine
Wyatt

Katherine Wyatt



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Katherine Wyatt, born in Pittsburgh, PA., comes from a family of artists and writers that date back into the fifteen hundreds. Her mother was a cartoonist whose work was published globally. Her father was a writer in the corporate world, and he started his career as a journalist as a young man. Katherine was formally a ballet dancer who was trained at the prestigious School of American Ballet and danced the New York City Ballet repertoire for many years. She then went to college and got a BA and an MA in World Religions, and MA in Humanities and another MS in Instructional Design for Online Applications. She Attended Florida State University, among other. She then taught college students for three years. Katherine has written all of her life, but mostly academically until eight years ago. When she was seventeen she began a spiritual journey that led her around the world, and to Rishikesh, India. There she studied yoga in the tradition of the Himalayan Masters. She also has spent the last four years studying the history and traditions of Native Americans, and is still learning much in this area. With a strong background in the arts and her deep interest in spirituality her poetry often reflects the human connection to the divine. Her work is inspired by both eastern and western tradition. Katherine is currently and academic writer who loves to write poetry and has two books published.

Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well
<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud
<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>
http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

~pictures

I send her pictures of shot gun houses
in the deep south
where the slaves lives
and where there are ghosts
everywhere

She paints them in aquifer
watercolors.. in Germany

She sends me pictures of her landscapes
cities preserved
through war and throughout time
how carefully they hold history
in European cities

We gather the details of our lives
sharing them across time
as if space did not exist

She sends me pictures of horses
Clydesdales in the snow
Behind me there are thoroughbreds
in stables
racing for money
how our two cultures measure worth
is strikingly dissimilar

we reach across time and space
connect
sharing our worlds
mundane
as the sharing makes it all
exquisite

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

*~my sister in Russia.... sister at a
distance*

*Sister, can you hear the wind breathing
through the trees into you
into me*

*Sister I needed someone
to help me believe in goodness
that soft pure love
offered with no conditions....*

*We stood beside one another
a world apart
holding one another's backbones
trying not to fall*

*Perhaps it was too much
for such distance
or to overcome the obstacle course
we both had set in front of us*

*Sister, can you feel the breeze blowing
through the center of me
where I put you to keep you safe
...I hear the metal and the whistles in the distance
the sun is setting
as the train disappears over the horizon
with you aboard,
no longer within my visions*

Katherine Wyatt

*There is no solace in emptiness
only the wondering
of what the lesson was
.. and if I missed it...
yet again*

*I am mystified
at the tender frailty
of human bonds*

*I have always held them
as everything
when the reality is
we are born and die alone
anything in between
is fragile
passing like the winds
breathing through us*

*...leaving only
impressions*

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

~foreign to me now

Dustdevils swirl within my solar plexus
winter is a cruel chill
it moves through me
a ghost ...
so cold

The verses fail and fall
turning to frost on this barren landscape
Reminiscence is not a friend ...
and my words were not enough
to nurture a love
plausibly invisible

My own love... only mine
and you were a conception
born of dreams
foreign to me now

We fall in love with love
accidently loving once or twice in a lifetime
arching our backs
in the moonlight
howling lone wolves
as the trance fades
and we are left alone
shattered

Katherine Wyatt

You were too close to my realities

Those words themselves
reveal the depth
of my own delusions.....

I exhale to release the stasis
only leaving space
for forward momentum

Fahredin
Shehu

Fahredin Shehu



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a highly *Noted* and *Acclaimed* World Renowned Poet, Author, Teacher and so much more. He graduated from Prishtina University with a Degree in Oriental Studies. In his continuing Education he received an M.A. in Literature. and a PhD in Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin hails from Rahovec, South East of Kosova and has been embraced affectionately for his acutely gifted insightful poetic expressions by the Global Poetry Community. The depth and knowledge of many spiritual aspects that affect Humanity subtly shines through in his work. *Pleroma's Dew & Maelstrom* are very graceful works that serves to add to the accolades of this much celebrated Poet / Author / Philosopher.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu>

The Grape Berries

See the grape berry
out of which the mildness of
the dew dribbles
the Goodness descend from heaven
there where I see my image
while it reflects a longing
only for a smile
...of an blue-eye Angel
and while it falls in the grass leaf
of emerald color this miracle
that takes its greenness out of whiteness
of the heavy clouds in the end
of September
from the eternal press
again we squeeze the grape
heavy of abundant syrup
soaked up from Albanian sole
sometime ago, today and always

The value of Love

The value of Love is known only by separated
the sweetness of a beautiful word is known only by those
offended
the happiness is known only by the one in soreness
for the sick even a fresh water is bitter
the one who learned the limit of the pain
the one learns how to Love for Eternity and a day more

Opal

Have you ever designed?

a transparent box
to protect my shine, my beauty,
my magnetism and my power.

Have you ever touched?

The skin of an orphan infant
And felt his warmness
From the light of the rainbow colors
Emerging from his heart

Have you ever thought?

You are a cosmos that embraces
The entire Universe and unify
Back with Human

So hard dear so hard...

Hülya
N.
Yılmaz

Hülya N. Yılmaz



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

hülya n. yılmaz was born and raised in Turkey but has been living in the U.S. as a university instructor since she earned her liberal arts doctoral degree from The University of Michigan. During her studies, she gave birth to her life source – a daughter who is now a mother herself. yılmaz authored a then groundbreaking research book in German on the literary reflections of cross-cultural interactions between the West and the Islamic East. She has a chapter published in a research book and presented her smaller scholarly projects at various national and international conferences. A few were published in academic journals.

A member of the Academy of American Poets, Dr. yılmaz authored with Inner Child Press, Ltd. her debut book, *Trance*. In this book of poetry in English, German and Turkish, hülya offers a venue for deliberations on identity formation and assertion within a multi-cultural context. Her narrations then alert readers to the urgent need for a re-visit to the often-unquestioned patriarchal mindset across the world. Several of her other creative work continue to appear in other Inner Child Press, Ltd. publications.

A licensed freelance writer and editor and a member of the Editorial Freelancers Association, hülya n. yılmaz served as editorial consultant for a large number of literary manuscripts, having published several book evaluations and critiques. She has also extensive experience in literary translations between English, German and Turkish in any direction – an example of which is present in *Trance*.

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<http://www.innerchildpress.com/hulyas-professional-writers-services.php>

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

a woman of Anatolia

thousands of years
numbers of civilizations
splendor in built-in riches
artifacts
nature
social, economic, religious reforms met the onset of 1923
Mustafa Kemal in Turkey – the infant republic's first
president
over night, the gentle father of his country for her people

she led a prosperous life since
enviable by the then world powers
jealous of his immense success
from the ruins of the Ottoman land

women became free
not in public merely
but also in their privacy

in her unrivaled bosom
the honor the pride of countless cultural icons
immersed in precious peace-filled diversity
self-differing faiths settled safely inside her
attained in his honor her long overdue legacy
tolerance
acceptance
co-existence ruled

decades later...

-

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

corruption

disruption

deconstruction

religion's unreligious re-construction

of a merciless tyrant raped and is still raping her

unrelenting in its destruction of her glorious past

harmonious present

having robbed her of her dazzling future

monstrosity rules today

with its brutal violation of Turkish women's fate

with no drop of hope for any left behind to date

exclusive memberships

it's a learned thing
nothing to be proud of, if gone awry
and as time is an esteemed witness
these matters too often go amiss

parents, grandparents, great grandparents lead the way
they don't want us to ever go astray
as fast as the revolving door can sway
they scatter us all on a multi-tiered tray
we thus journey as scattered selves into which we are made
though we return to our source as the one that we are meant

“our culture is extraordinary,” has always been the firm
claim,
“learn our rich heritage, live up to its age-old fame,
wear your ethnic pride always all over your untainted build,
have the inferior assume the massacres' guilt blame and
shame”

it's a learned thing
nothing to be proud of, if gone awry
and as time is an esteemed witness
these matters too often go amiss

the marginal and the mainstream human

modern history finds them of despicable minor status
today:

Turks in Europe

1961 saw them rolling in as blue-collar workers
after their government sold them for that infamous red
carpet
its equally manipulative counterpart spread under their feet

they first became street sweepers
attended public toilets and god-forsorn alleys of crime
literary pens among them were brushed aside too long
when out of the scores of oppressed marginal selves
entrepreneurs with the crisp mainstream green came along
oozing ambitions into the parliamentarian powerhouse
although minor in impact yet language and mind intact
those foreign voices then changed into a well-known fact

back at home

for several centuries

their ancestors had under their reign civilizations galore
the great great great great great grandchildren of those
rulers

remained oblivious to the ills of their life-seeking own
unaware how they are now trapped in the fangs of
marginality

on the capricious pages of a modern-day European tragedy
one that has been writing for decades for the world to see
of their twofold abandonment by the hardcore humanity

Hülya N. Yılmaz

Teresa
E.
Gallion

Teresa E. Gallion



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

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

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

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

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

The surreal high desert landscape and her personal spiritual journey influence the writing of this Albuquerque poet. When she is not writing, she is committed to hiking the enchanted landscapes of New Mexico. You may preview her work at <http://bit.ly/1aIVPNq> or <http://bit.ly/13IMLGh>

Teresa E. Gallion

Home Visit

I enter the forest and the trees speak,
branches extend their arms,
leaves take my hands.
They all whisper in my ear, *you are home.*

We hold the entrails of your birth
deep in our roots. This is your heritage.
Come to us when you are weary, sad, feel alone,
full of joy, your belly overflows with laughter.

Your soul has rested here many lifetimes.
The body belongs to that thing called human.
Your spirit belongs to the forest,
a most sacred place on earth.

Come claim your birthright.
It sings in these woods,
runs in the meadows,
dances along the trails.

Whenever you want to rest,
come here and lean against this tree.
Your mother resides here,
keeps your birth blanket warm.

Cultural Fragments

Running up and down
the black tar of summer
barely six, just finished first grade,
ready to embrace a southern summer.

Hot and humid, sweat beads match
the giggles of simple child's play,
marbles, spinning tops, checkers, dominoes.

Stomachs full of grits and eggs,
children of poverty, rich in love and spirit,
sheltered from the real world
as much as possible.

Loss of innocence is harsh sometimes,
a picture of strange fruit hanging from a tree.
God only knows where the boys got the picture
but we all know it is forbidden
and promise not to tell anyone what we saw
as we cry under the acorn tree.

And the afternoon shower comes
teasing the red clay dirt, dull sweet scent pulling you.
Mama's not looking, sneak up the hill
for a taste before Papa tells, *those kids gone up the hill*
and you know they eating that dirt.

Teresa E. Gallion

A Piece of Me

Everyday is Sunday and joy
rolls down my face.
Release from an 8 to 5 dance
with politics and bureaucracy
buried mercifully in the sand.

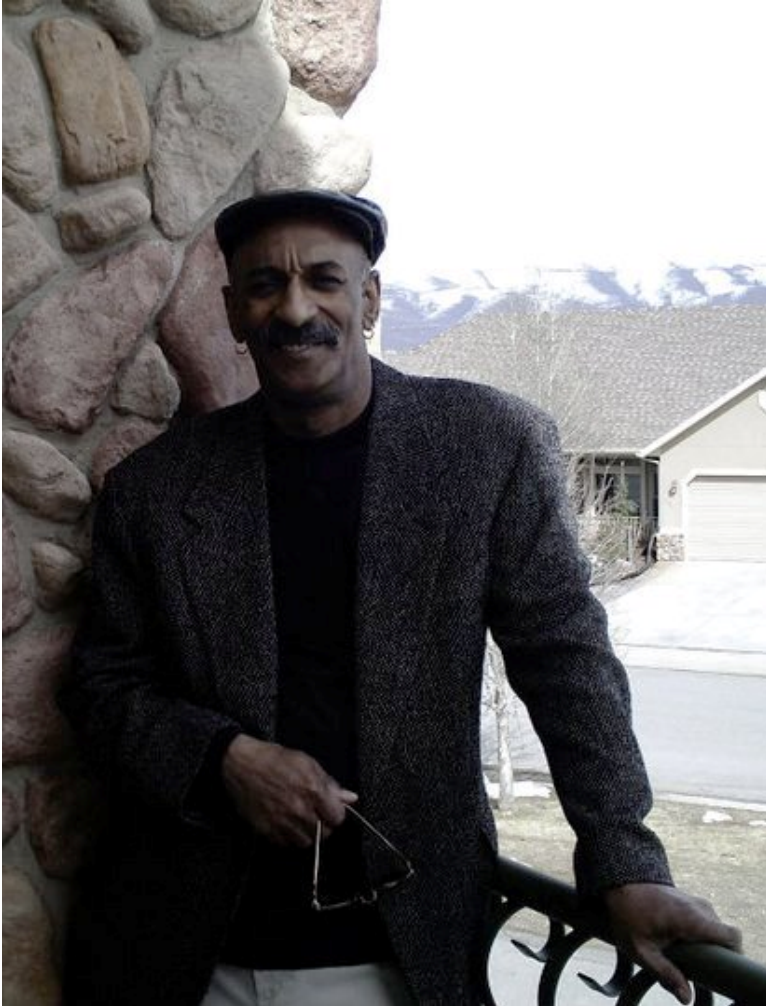
Now the wild woman plays every day,
meditates in grassy meadows,
walks sacred trails,
hugs giant cottonwoods as sexy as sequoia,
frolics in high desert streams.

There is no great love rolling down
the last highway I am driving.
It all resides within me.
The reality of that fact hits
when your wisdom notes
turn to salt and pepper on your head.

You know you arrived whole,
many healed broken pieces
and gratitude bleeds from your veins,
washes your face in sacred light.
You see clearly, the only thing
that matters is the present moment.

William
S.
Peters Sr.

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 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 is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child :

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

William S. Peters, Sr.

i am the fruit

i am the fruit of the spirit of my ancestors
from the seed they planted
in the gardens of their dreams
their hopes . . .
as they suffered
and toiled
sweated
and bled
and cried
to nourish their prayers
for the day
their tomorrows
and our "Here and Nows"

my soul has yearned to taste this fruit
this offering
for which so many
sacrificed and died
in the hot balmy day of the fields
in the cold dark nights
of some one else's wilderness

we still made it through
with the hungry babies crying
and no time for sighing
and our unwilling complying
for the Lorde He was trying
testing our mettle
testing our character
of our visions
and
of our pains

The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

and . . .
i am the spirit of my ancestors
and that spirit is sweet
for i was planted and nurtured
in the spirit of forgiveness
i am the Spirit of love !

May i honor this spirit with
my character
my works
and
my dreams
for my children's tomorrows
with love . . .

for in the fruit resides the seed

and . . .

i am the fruit!

William S. Peters, Sr.

Grandmas Hands had Magic in them

this morning i woke up
just as flaky as the biscuits
served at breakfast,
but i was all right
with that
because my thoughts were
swimming in
that fresh home churned butter
and sweet Alaga syrup
just like at Grandmas
when i was a small
Savannah boy

she taught me that way

there is nothing in the morning
that a cup of coffee
and some quiet contemplation
of the self
and the day
can not fix

you lace those moments
with a love connected conversation
and the meal of life
is always palatable

Grandmas Hands had Magic in them

My Grand Father's Garden

My Grand Father, My Father's Father was a simple man. There seemed to be no thing complex in his life . . . at least from my perspective as a child, and later on "young adult". He seemed to enjoy the plainness and peacefulness of life. We endearingly called him "Gramps". His name was Ellis Wanamaker.

He enjoyed such things as sitting in his Rocking Chair in the shade under this humongous Pine Tree in his front yard. Very often you could find him playing his Acoustic Guitar and smoking his Corn Cobb Pipe simultaneously. I credit him with inspiring me to later on in life enjoying playing the Guitar, though not very good. I however do own 3 of them, a 6 Sting Acoustic, a 12 String Acoustic, and a 6 String Electric.

The thing my Grandfather loved most in his life was his garden. He actually had 2 of them. He had a fairly sizeable one in the back yard. As a matter of fact, there was not a back yard, just garden. He also had a friend named Mr. Kersey who also was an Avid Gardener / Farmer who owned a large amount of land of which my Grand Father shared. Gramps' other garden was really big. Of course as children we did not appreciate it that much. Probably because we were obligated to share in the family tasks of tending the garden. I guess it was fair, we of course enjoyed it's yield.

Gardening is a lot of work. You have to plow the land to create rows, straight rows. You have to seed or plant the seedlings. You have to water the garden. You have to pull the weeds. You have to fertilize the garden. You have to pick the fruit. My Gramps had just about everything you can imagine! Tomatoes (Jersey, Plum, etc.) White Potatoes,

William S. Peters, Sr.

Sweet Potatoes, Eggplant, Okra, String Beans, Lima Beans, Snap Beans, Peas, Yellow Corn, White Corn, Collard Greens, Mustard Greens, Kale, Cucumbers, Cabbage, Lettuce, Broccoli, Cauliflower, Onions, Watermelon, Peanuts, Green Squash (Zucchini) Yellow Squash, Acorn Squash, Butternut Squash, Strawberries, Cantaloupe, Honey Dew Melons, Grapes, Peaches, and on and on and on. Quite a bit of continual work. It seemed like every day, there was something to do. Don't get me wrong, there were very few days where you spent excessive time in the garden, except picking season.

You see, my Gramps knew his craft well. He was well organized. He had it down to a science. He was a Gardenologist. The point I am making is that now, when I look at life I recognize many principles of my Gramps Gardening behavior in my life and my faith. First and Foremost, There will be no Fruit if you don't plant any seeds. . . for real, unless you steal it. But before you plant and seeds or seedlings, you must prepare your soil in your garden. If you remember, this is just the beginning of a very long and arduous process to yielding a "Good Fruit or Harvest"! We must water our Gardens . . . We must pull the Weeds . . . We must Fertilize our Gardens of Life . . . and almost finally if we are diligent, we can now Harvest. But still there is more . . . You must wash off the dirt from your Fruit . . . the dirt of the world! And lastly, then your fruit / harvest is ready for presentation and consumption.

Just 1 quick and final query . . . what good is your harvest if there is no one to share it with. My Gramps had us, and for his efforts, dedication to his avocation, and HIS LOVE, we always had smiles on our faces because of HIS LOVE. Sounds like God!

February
2015

Features

~ * ~

Iram Fatima

Bob McNeil

Kerstin Centervall

February 2015 Features

Iram
Fatima
'Ashi'

Iram Fatima



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’ is Indian and living in Saudi Arabia. She is the Managing Editor of Reflection Magazine.

Iram Fatima ‘Ashi’ was born and raised in India. She has lived in different places and explored different people and their cultures because of her father’s transferable job. She pursued graduation and post graduation in English, diploma in creative language and diploma in computers. She has been writing since the age of 13 in Hindi, Urdu and English.

Her articles, short stories and poems are published in Indian magazines, newspapers and internationally her work published, in different anthologies in Canada, India and US.

Her complete anthology of poetry is published in US “My First Poetry Book”

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/iram-fatima-ashi.php>

Her poems are simple yet subtle. And you don’t need much literary prowess to understand their depth. She is Editorial executive sub-committee member of international on print literary journal LITERARY CONFLUENCE : A Global Journal of English and Culture Studies (GJECS) (ISSN: 2349-6509)

She loves nature, traveling, spending time with family-friends, listening music, reading, writing and painting. She is a poetess, writer, editor, painter and overall an artist by heart.

Iram Fatima

Connected

I will fight thousand times to hurt you, to know the girl
whom you love,
You are always answerable and agree, the name you have
to quote, is me.

My behavior might injure you, you might feel disturbed
and broken,
I will smile with delight as usual and will calm you with
words unspoken.

I will come slowly in your sleep, to make my arrival
unheard carefully,
Keep your head on my lap gently and caress your hair with
love, tenderly.

Shh... don't open your eyelid for vision, nor lips to exclaim
anything,
It's my chance to show my emotions, be innocent as you
know nothing.

I will keep you holding as long as you desire to be there for
caress and kissing,
This is a pleasant dream which you always assumed for
life's blessing,

Feel my warm presence, explore my heavenly beauty with
eyes shut,
I am with you to live this dream, I will vanish by
witnessing eyes, live this uncut.

Our indefinite emotions are beyond understanding,
immortal and eternal dear,
We are at a physical distance, but connected with telepathy
to feel each other near,

A Touch

A touch,
That fills with disgust,
Rolls on flimsy body,
To feel her sharp curves,
Freezes her emotions and body,
Love has gone flush...
He is motivated only by lust.

Don't blame her,
For her dressing and body,
She is but a victim of sick mind,
She suffers whole life due to that moment,
Love has gone flush...
Her goodness goes gush.

A hunger,
For a pleasure out of splendor,
To fulfill worldly necessitate,
He aims to get her feminine body,
Love has gone flush...
Ruthless acts flow and rush.

An ache,
That her body undergoes,
Travels inside her lonesome soul,
Tears her into tiny pieces,
She is shattered like a broken glass,
Love has gone flush...
Pain reflects into eyes its anger not blush.

Iram Fatima

A feminine,
Goes through this,
When a masculine over powers,
Crush petals like cadaver,
Disposes her off after his use,
Love has gone flush...
Insanity overwhelms, and humanity has its crush.

Dancing at the beats of Rain

Saw a girl, dancing on the beats of the rain
Wet clothes draping her body, giving her a shape
Hair like creepers, sliding from her head downwards
She was in ecstasy, in bliss, careless and delighted

Rain drops falling to catch her cheery steps
Kissing her prettiness, dropping on her head
Falling down on the earth, for the last touch of her toe
Like thousands of pearl strings broken and showering on
her.

Clouds are dark and thunder is loud,
Nature is in high spirits flowing its sanction
Clouds are in love and melting in the form of water
To quench the thirst of clouds by touching her beauty

She is with moist body and fresh like a rose
Reflecting her beauty as sun rays come from dawn
Bright, amusing, fragrant and jovial in nature
I am watching her from a distance, tasting nature through a
glance at her.

Iram Fatima

Bob
McNeil

Bob McNeil



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

Bob McNeil recalls, at the age of six, A Child's Garden of Verses planted a seed in his mental soil. Later in life, the Imagists and Negritude Movement nurtured him.

Today, Bob McNeil tries to compose poetic stun guns and Tasers, weapons for the downtrodden in their battle against tyranny. His verses want to stand like a citadel against reactionary politics. Moreover, his work is dedicated to one cause—justice.

Even after years of being a professional illustrator, spoken word artist and writer, he still hopes to express and address the needs of the human mosaic.

Bob McNeil

sword of words

we create
we shape
we mold
a cosmos of star-lustered concepts with words
God-hallowed words
sage-made words
Adam-ancient words
sermon-mounting words
we write
we inspect
we dissect
exposing our love-housing hearts
exposing our world-impaired spirits
we infuse each page with words
passion-inclined words
birth-painful words
war-morbid words
rainbow-garnished words
the serum, language
flows from our veins
words are forces
possessing an artery
to assault or soothe
we're poets
throughout our souls
throughout our limbs
we feel our poems

Our parts of which we speak

I enjoy the way your verbs
taste, stroke and titillate
my hut of flesh and its resident soul.

I endure the way your adjectives
desire to describe the details of beauty.
Adjectives are paintings of dawn:
they strike sulphur,
but they do not emblazon my vision with brilliance.

I revere the nouns that name
the person, place and thing that you are.
Every appellation I use provides
another reference to the benevolence of you.

I hate the pronouns assigned to design ourselves,
for enwrapping yourself in pink
won't disguise the cries of your mannish side
and my anima is pregnant with a passion to reproduce.

I appreciate the conjunction that you have grown to be.
You are the "And" that facilitates my spirit's state
By using the adhesion of compassion.

I adore you for the prepositions that grant these facts:
I am on a bed of beatitude with you.
We do what we want for joy's geysers,
experiencing satisfaction after the flow.

Bob McNeil

I titter at the interjections
we use as illustrations of our jubilation.
The exclamations are sillier
than children chortling on a carousel.

I assert adverbially,
both you and I have become
rather pledged to the notion
of cherishing an emotion
without using its word.
Soundlessly appreciating that thoughtful space,
waiting for language to transport the topic,
our best sentiments on commitment are expressed.

My Mahogany Muse

My Mahogany Muse,

Certain males
Try to malign and confine
Your Sojourner Truth mind.
However, you,
Sun-hot with fire,
Burn your way free.

My Mahogany Muse,

Once hellish hands
Exert their fervor to hurt,
You become water
And swan away.

My Mahogany Muse,

Soon as injustice
Attempts to choke us,
You become air
That resuscitates with care.

My Mahogany Muse,

You are Scripture on Sundays,
Giving the sum
From wealth-filled wisdom.
You are my Guidepost to Utopia,
Providing angel-glazed rays.

My Mahogany Muse,

You prevent my descent
Each time I near
The Foolishness Abyss.
Blessedness is the bridge
You built for us to cross.

Bob McNeil

Kerstin Centervall

Kerstin Centervall



The Year of the Poet ~ February 2015

I was born in Sweden, where I also live and work. My writings and my great interest in all forms of art, has always followed me. I am much fascinated by languages, and to express myself in words. To use the language for making living pictures to the reader. My studies for a Teacher's degree, developed my already great interest in Old English Literature and Greek Mythology which was already a companion in my life.

My first book "Shooting Stars" was a springboard to a new experience in life and my second book "Music in Verses" a contest for winning recognition as a poetess and writer. In the end of 2013 I also published my third book. "The Northern Star" A collection of 180 poems. My fourth book

I was in 2013 by Destiny to write Publication awarded the winning price as the Author of the Year, the Most inspirational Poet and the best Newcomer. I thank Barry Bowles very much for his great engagement and his burning interest for poetry ,which up to now has helped many authors and poets to grow and to become very skilful, achieving a poetic level, very high.

With great thanks to RECITO FÖRLAG AB for their great engagement and to all my readers. My book THE PATH I TREAD is a gift to poetry and to people, giving me the success I have been honoured with.

My Blog

<http://prince2000ful.com>

SoundCloud.

<https://soundcloud.com/kerstin-centervall>

You Tube

<https://www.youtube.com/user/prince2000ful>

I NEED A HUNDRED YEARS

I need a hundred years and many more
to see you standing clear in front of me
so many waves must reach the shore
and thousand dawns must early wake thee.

I need so many ages to read thy frozen lips
so many winter and summer winds to be caught
before I touch your soft skin with my fingertips
and feel your forehead gaze which I adore.

I need all time to hurry and never go to rest
for lifting up your eyes and show the daily bright
for hearing the beating sound from your chest
your humble voice come close in pure delight.

In all our time which grows, I need so even you
your honour , your graciousness and lust
to follow me in veracity, in truth
to embrace every morning in exalted trust.

Please give me hundred years, which I deserve
and I will never more complain, or your will refuse
my senses will lie before you with shivering nerves
my values, within my eyes of tears suffused.

HOW OFT MY TEARS COME RISING

How oft my tears come rising
from wells of inward stirring sores
captivating my courage into nothing
taking all what my heart can afford.

I am not proud of those two eyes
which so much of misery can see
how much they ever sparkle in the skies
they know all hearts not yet been free.

It's true they have a Lover's power
to stay and burn in a brave mind
to enforce that desperate amour
in what devotion lies.

And in thy face ,that mask they know
of what you sometimes turn away
they find and sacrifice the deep below
where all secrets are trembling this day.

The eyes of deep colour in emerald-green
like a fountain are bubbling over
and with all their experience they will see
the tears of lessen immortality and moreover.

BEING SOLD TO THE DAYS

Being sold to the days and sold to the nights
I am weighed by the stars and the light
in the dark and the silence I carry the dream
what to me an overwhelming beauty will seem.

But nothing will be settled and completed
without the motion from the senses, heated
stirring all the leaves of mystery made
and the heart's beat in the passion of shades.

A deep look from the light of my eyes
casting shimmer over all living and death in life
hidden is a soul born with tears
and a child, frightened and full of fear.

The next living tissue which has to gleam
in all grace of my beauteous, but invisible dream
the emotion of a sweeping pearling sound
which I'm sure in my love will be found.

To you my dear, I send my call of days and nights
to follow me in all what's wrong and right
Cause ,I know you will always make the wondrous choice
when you hear my endurance and motion of my voice.

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SAVE . . . SAVE . . . SAVE !!!

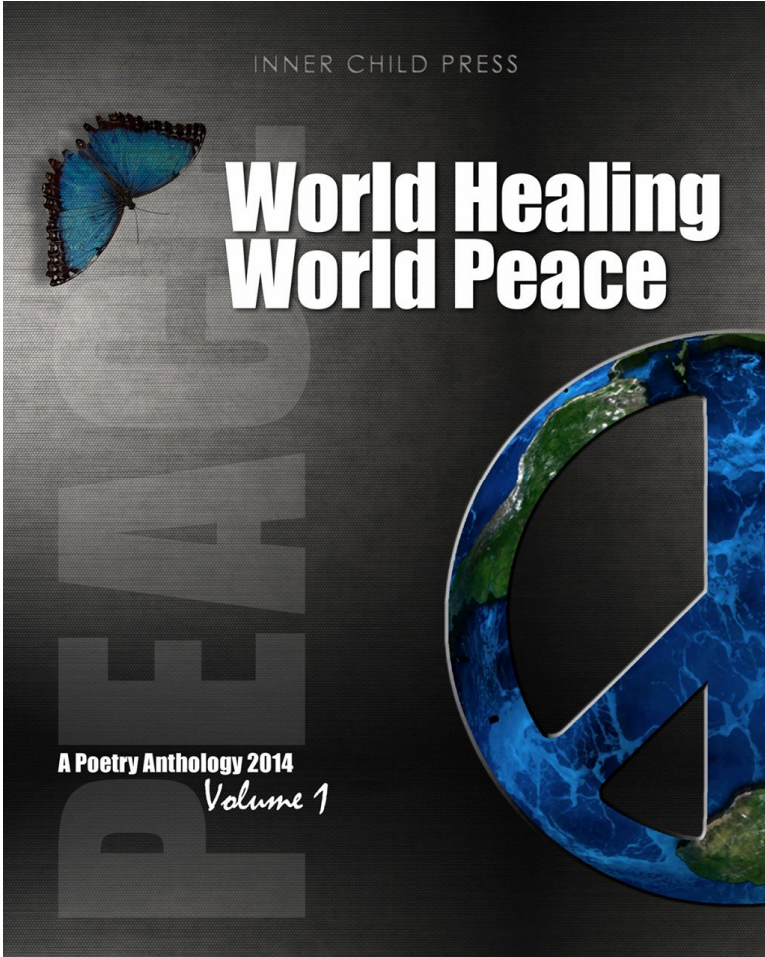


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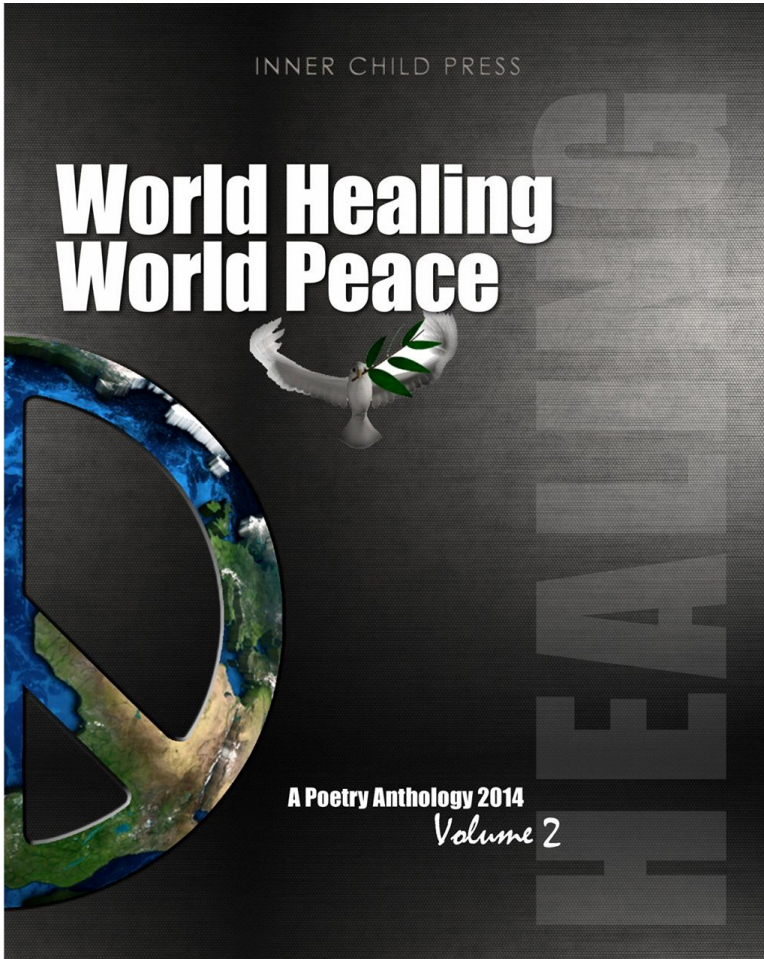
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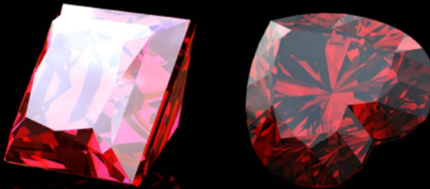
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THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe Davis - el Mirador
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
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.

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

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THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry posse

Samie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddantha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Soe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt * WrittenInPain * Santos Taino * Justice Clarke

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THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

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THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

Samie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raşendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

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The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passe

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

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The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams
Dr. John R. Strum
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert "infinite" Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

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the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Rose

June's Featured Poets

Shantelle McLin
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy
Abraham N. Benjamin

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

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the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal 'Minddancer'
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley

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the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shezor
Albert Infinite Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

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the Year of the Poet

The Poetry Posse

March 2014

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

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the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

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The Year of the Poet
January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

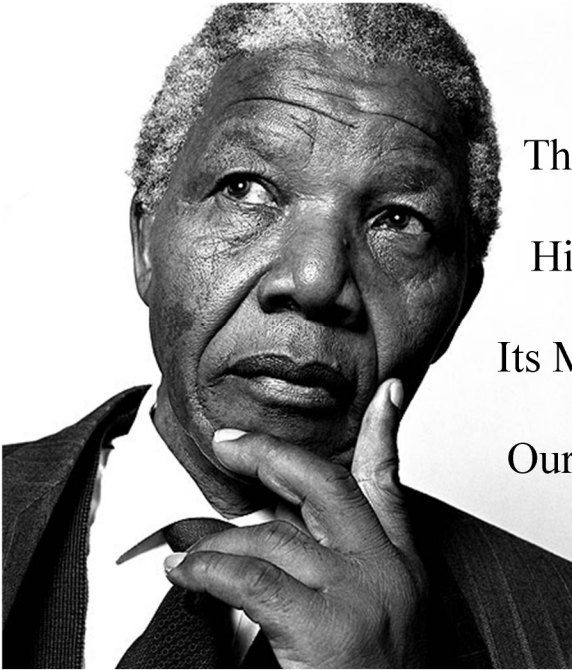
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June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

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A GATHERING OF WORDS



POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

TRAYVON MARTIN

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**World Healing
World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

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2012
World Healing
World Peace



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 2

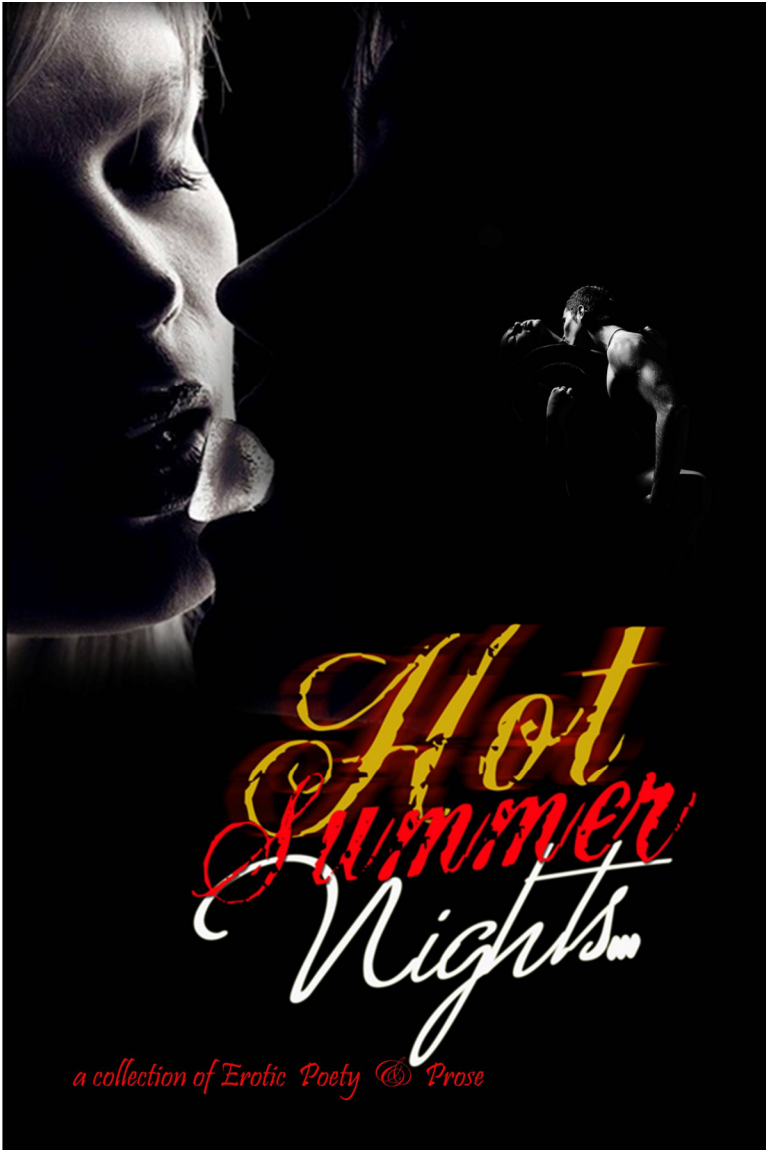
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healing through words

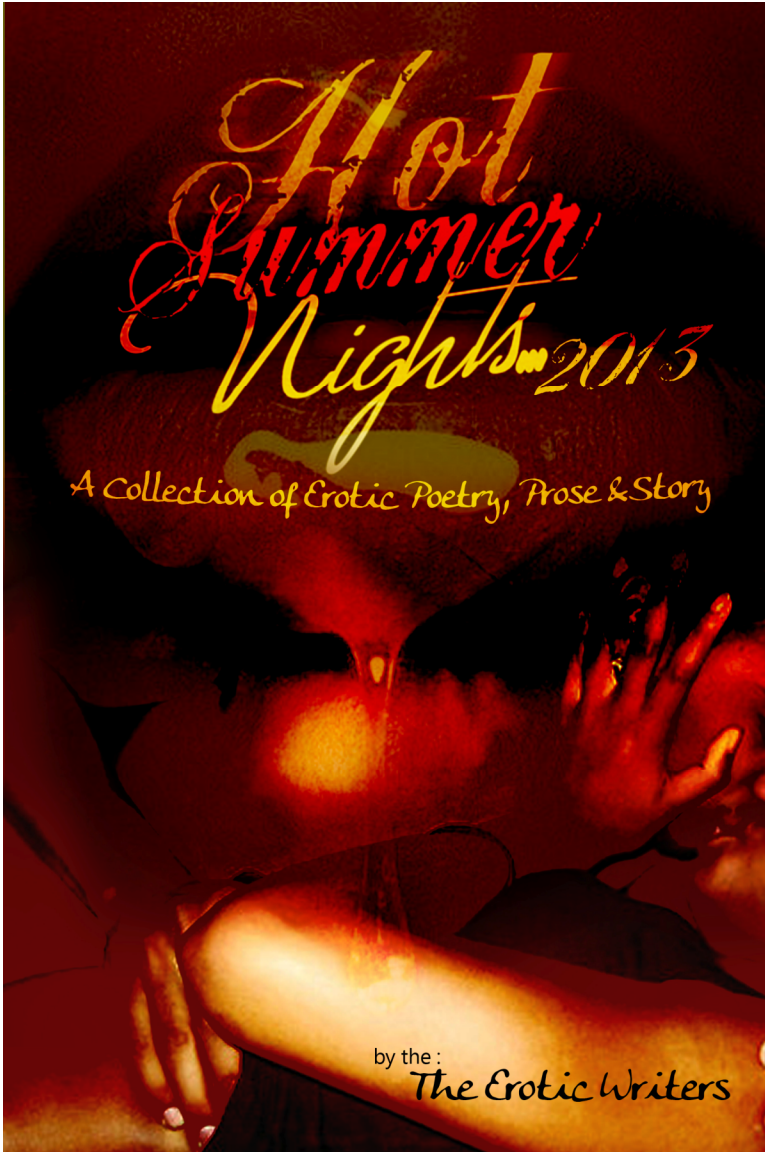


Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

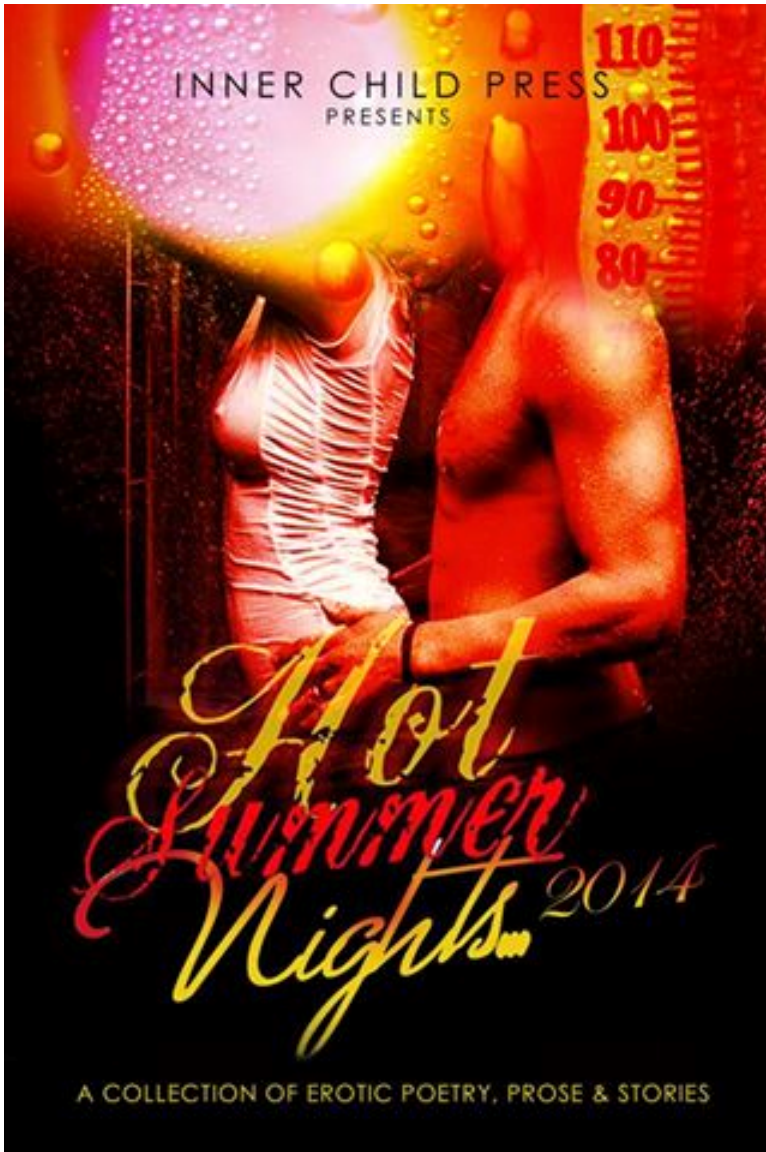
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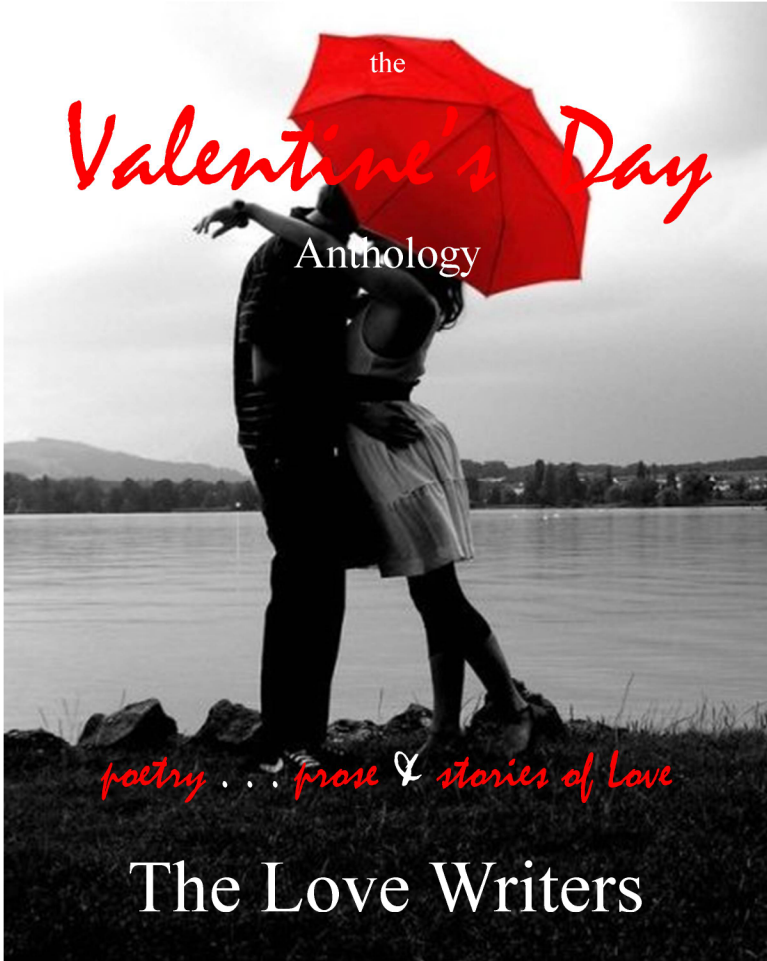
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want my

P **O** **E** **t** **R** **y**
to . . .

a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

Monte Smith

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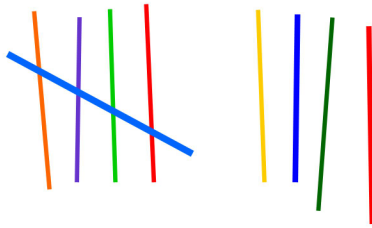
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