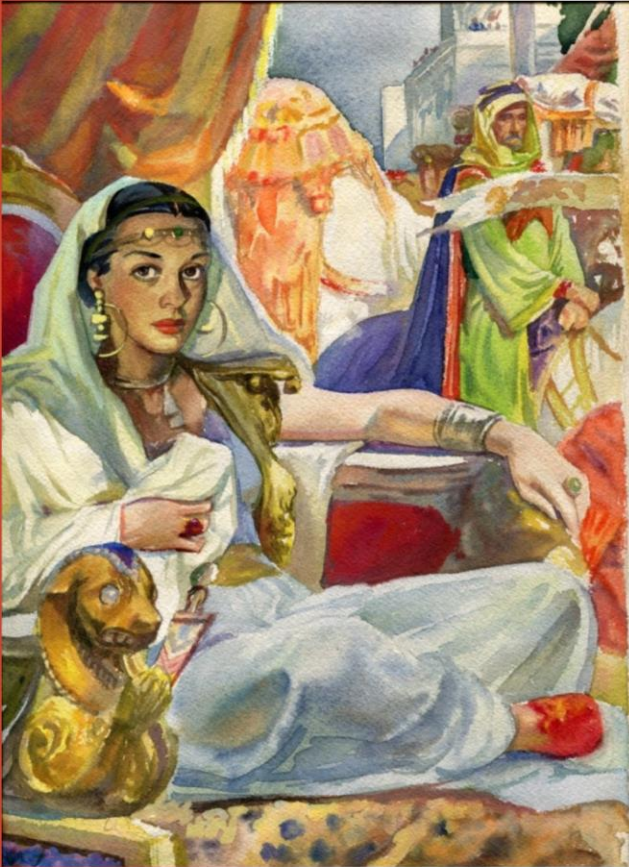


The Year of the Poet V

February 2018

Sabean



Featured Poets

Muhammad Azram

Anna Szawracka

Abhilipsa Kuanar

Aanika Aery

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Tezmin Ition Tsai

Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen

Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan

Alicja Maria Kuberska * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo

Nizar Sattawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The
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The Poetry Posse

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The Poetry Passe 2018

Gail Weston Shazor

Shareef Abdur Rasheed

Teresa E. Gallion

hülya n. yılmaz

Kimberly Burnham

Tzemin Ition Tsai

Elizabeth Castillo

Jackie Davis Allen

Nizar Sartawi

Caroline ‘Ceri’ Nazareno

Faleeha Hassan

Anna Jakubczak Vel RattyAdalan

Alicja Maria Kuberska

William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information

The Year of the Poet IV February 2018 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2018

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WHAT WOULD
LIFE
BE WITHOUT
A LITTLE
POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen

to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

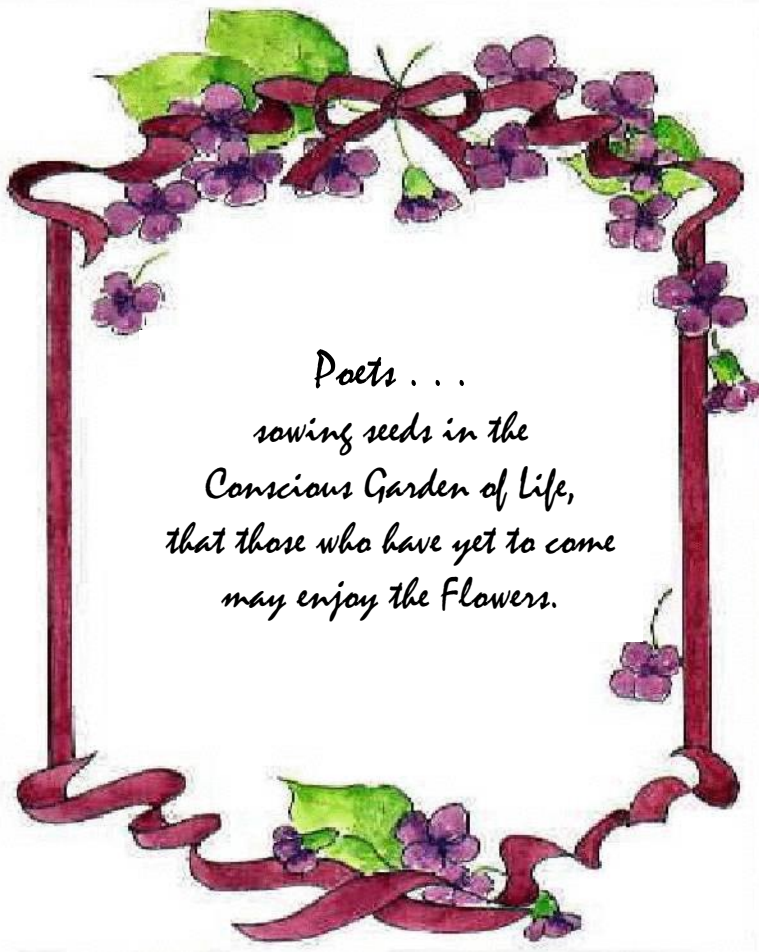
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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

Foreword

Sabeans

The **Sabaeans** or **Sabeans** - they were also called „people of Saba”. They were an ancient people speaking an Old South Arabian language. Their kingdom has been identified with the biblical land of Sheba. Now it is known as the oldest and most important of the South Arabian kingdoms. The origin of the Sabaeen Kingdom is uncertain. It is dated by some scientists to between 1200 BC until 275 AD. Its capital city was Marib. The country was located along the strip of desert called Sayhad by medieval Arab geographers, which is now named Ramlat al-Sab`atayn. The Sabaeen people were South Arabian people. Each of these peoples had regional kingdoms in ancient Yemen, with the Minaeans in the north in Wādī al-Jawf. The Sabeans on the south western tip, stretching from the highlands to the sea, the Qatabānians to the east of them, and the Ḥaḍramites east of them.

The Sabaeans, were involved in the extremely lucrative spice trade, especially myrrh and frankincense. They were described by the ancient writers as rich people who had many slaves and servants.

They left behind many inscriptions as well as numerous documents. We can learn that these Arabs during the pre-Islamic period used to practice certain things that were included in the Islamic Sharia. For example they cut off the right hand of a thief and stoned Adulterers.

A late Arabic writer wrote of the Sabaeans that they had seven temples dedicated to the seven planets, which they considered as intermediaries to be used in their relation to God. Each of these temples had a characteristic geometric

shape, a characteristic color, and an image made of one of the seven metals. They had two sects, star and idol worshippers, and the former doctrine was similar to one that come from . Sabaean are also mentioned in the biblical books of Job, Joel, Ezekiel, and Isaiah, and in ayat 2:62, 5:69, and 22:17 of the Quran. The kingdom was conquered by the Himyarites in the 1st century BCE; but after the disintegration of the first Himyarite Kingdom of the Kings of Saba' and Dhū Raydān, the Middle Sabaean Kingdom reappeared in the early 2nd century. The Sabaean kingdom was finally conquered by the Himyarites in the late 3rd century. The remains of their culture can be admired in the the different museums all over the world. For example "Bronze man" ,found in Al-Baydā' ,there is in Louvre Museum in France.

Alicja Maria Kuberska

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Am I excited ? That is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the second month of our fifth year of publication, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast readership.

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

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones and Trees. This year we have elected to take a different direction by theming our offerings after *Cultures* of past and present. In each month's volume you will have the

opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges

Bless Up

From our house to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse
Inner Child Press

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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

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

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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





poetry is . . .

Sabean

Introduction

The **Sabaeans** or **Sabeans** (Arabic: السبئيون *as-Saba'iyūn*; Hebrew: סבא; Musnad:) were an ancient people speaking an Old South Arabian language who lived in the southern Arabian Peninsula.

The kingdom of Saba' has been identified with the biblical land of Sheba. The view that the biblical kingdom of Sheba was the ancient Semitic civilization of Saba in Southern Arabia is controversial. Israel Finkelstein and Neil Asher Silberman write that "the Sabaeen kingdom began to flourish only from the eighth century BC onward" and that the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba is "an anachronistic seventh-century set piece meant to legitimize the participation of Judah in the lucrative Arabian trade." The British Museum states that there is no archaeological evidence for such a queen but that the kingdom described as hers was *Saba*, "the oldest and most important of the South Arabian kingdoms". Kenneth Kitchen dates the kingdom to between 1200 BC until 275 AD, with its capital Marib. The Kingdom fell after a long but sporadic civil war between several Yemenite dynasties claiming kingship; from this the late Himyarite Kingdom arose as victors. Sabaeans are mentioned in the biblical books of Job, Joel, Ezekiel, and Isaiah, and in ayat 2:62, 5:69, and 22:17 of the Quran.

History



"Bronze man" found in Al-Baydā' (ancient Nashqum, Kingdom of Saba'). 6th–5th century BCE. Louvre Museum
The origin of the Sabaean Kingdom is uncertain. Kenneth Kitchen dates the kingdom to around 1200 BCE,^[11] while Israel Finkelstein and Neil Asher Silberman write that "the Sabaean kingdom began to flourish only from the eighth century BCE onward",^[12] and Jan Ratso writes that there is "hardly any evidence" for such a kingdom until the ninth or eighth century. Afterwards, Saba' was conquered by the Himyarites in the 1st century BCE; but after the disintegration of the first Himyarite Kingdom of the Kings of Saba' and Dhū Raydān, the Middle Sabaean Kingdom reappeared in the early 2nd century. The Sabaean kingdom was finally conquered by the Ḥimyarites in the late 3rd century and at that time the capital was Ma'rib. It was located along the strip of desert called Sayhad by medieval Arab geographers, which is now named Ramlat al-Sab`atayn.

The Sabaean people were South Arabian people. Each of these peoples had regional kingdoms in ancient Yemen, with the Minaeans in the north in Wādī al-Jawf, the Sabaeans on the south western tip, stretching from the highlands to the sea; the Qatabānians to the east of them, and the Ḥaḍramites east of them.

The Sabaeans, like the other Yemenite kingdoms of the same period, were involved in the extremely lucrative spice trade, especially frankincense and myrrh.

They left behind many inscriptions in the monumental Musnad (Old South Arabian) alphabet, as well as numerous documents in the cursive Zabūr script. The Book of Job mentions the Sabaens having slain his livestock and servants.

In the *Res Gestae Divi Augusti*, Augustus claims that:

By my command and under my auspices two armies were led at about the same time into Ethiopia and into Arabia, which is called the Blessed [?]. Great forces of each enemy people were slain in battle and several towns captured. In Ethiopia the advance reached the town of Nabata, which is close to Meroe; in Arabia the army penetrated as far as the territory of the Sabaeans and the town of Ma'rib.

Religious Practices

Muslim writer Muhammad Shukri al-Alusi compares their religious practices to Islam in his *Bulugh al-'Arab fi Ahwal al-'Arab*:

The Arabs during the pre-Islamic period used to practice certain things that were included in the Islamic Sharia. They, for example, did not marry both a mother and her daughter. They considered marrying two sisters simultaneously to be a most heinous crime. They also

censured anyone who married his stepmother, and called him dhaizan. They made the major [hajj] and the minor [umra] pilgrimage to the Ka'ba, performed the circumlocution around the Ka'ba [tawaf], ran seven times between Mounts Safa and Marwa [sa'y], threw rocks and washed themselves after sexual intercourse. They also gargled, sniffed water up into their noses, clipped their fingernails, removed all pubic hair and performed ritual circumcision. Likewise, they cut off the right hand of a thief and stoned Adulterers

—*Muhammad Shukri al-Alusi, Bulugh al-'Arab fi Ahwal al-'Arab, Vol. 2, p. 122*

A late Arabic writer wrote of the Sabaeans that they had seven temples dedicated to the seven planets, which they considered as intermediaries to be used in their relation to God. Each of these temples had a characteristic geometric shape, a characteristic color, and an image made of one of the seven metals. They had two sects, star and idol worshippers, and the former doctrine was similar to one that come from Hermes Trismegistus.

The
Year
of the
Poet V

February 2018

The Poetry Posse

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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

*Gail
Weston
Shazor*

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor
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December-May

Unprecedentedly forbidden we are
Deliciously defying convention
This young man finds silly my old fashioned way
Like turning off the lights and dressing for bed
He is wild and free preferring to be natural
He insists that the slope of my breast is beautiful
Covered up and yet to be worshipped when naked
Anywhere, everywhere he tunes my body like one
Seeking gold in a naked light, pure unfiltered sun
He strokes the ampleness of my curved belly and thigh
No longer tight and supple as his
Languishing, lazily and longingly, easy with the awe of
Something unfound, my landscape of time passing
My hand seeks the slow changes with a timid
Exploration always ending in the evidence of his
tumescence
This young man with no history wants to hear my stories
And he listens to my life, wishes, hopes and dreams
Validating my need to be wistful and young if only inside.
While we lie spooned he enters me quickly and I am
Startled by the sharp sensation, pleased in his immediate
and
Evident desire and need, wanting me to respond in kind
And I do, wondrous at my body's need and acceptance
Afterwards he always sleeps, spent, sated and consumed
And I must dress and leave because to stay, leaves me
No alternate reality to come back to.

Common Ground is Holy Ground

on the occasion of your birthday

I have spent many moments
Wondering how I might
Complement who people say you are
My rumpled blankets
Give evidence to the thoughts
That have plagued me for a time,
Do you like dogs or cats
Is your favorite color blue
Is it bow ties or Windsor knots
Boxers or briefs
We worry ourselves incessantly
Over the answers
And we have been told
That good matches are a science
Given enough correct answers
We may truly find
The one
And I keep my paper in my pocket
So I can be ready to contemplate
The truth against the promise
Only to discover that you are
In the spaces in between
That which is, that which was
And that which could be
I am vexed by this
In the ordinary needs
Of an ordinary woman
I cannot fathom the measure of you
The why of why your touch comforts

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

The when and if it will happen again
And the amazement
At the quickening of chance
I wait to stand once more
On common ground
In the grace of this day.

Kiss Me

You held me still
With the fingers of one hand
Tilting my chin upwards
Into the light
Light kisses tingled
My lips quiver
On the periphery of dreams
My arms relax along my side
Melting into the sighs
Of submission
That your presence commands
I feel you in corporality
Even though I know you don't exist
In my fierce tenderness of the need
To be kissed
To inhale your masculinity
And not be assaulted
In measured over eagerness to possess
The all of me
Preferring to slowly increase
The intimacy of knowledge
Of that I know I offer
And to discover with you
The depths of the unexplored
On the other side of
This kiss

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

*Alicja
Maria
Kuberska*

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland. In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: “The Glass Reality”. Her second volume “Analysis of Feelings”, was published in 2012. The third collection “Moments” was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - “Virtual roses” and volume of poems “On the border of dream”. Next year her volume entitled “Girl in the Mirror” was published in the UK and “Love me” , “ (Not)my poem” in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled “The Other Side of the Screen”.

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

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

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

Hope

Hope like a fragile boat is floating on the sea.
All adversities, rippled waves,
jerk overboard and pour in as a cold stream.
It seems I will die in the darkness of the storm,
strangled by the roar of wind and the powerful billows.

Hope orders waiting for an end of bad times,
to collapse the sails and look for a safe harbor.
The sun always rises after rain over the rainbow's umbrella.
I darn the torn canvas, fix the hole of a lobster.
Moving on to another cruise, I must forget about the gales.

A Song of the Night

On a warm June night, gentle wafts of air
Tangled into the tulle curtains.
Invited by the open window
sweet scent of blooming lilacs entered.

Among white jasmine flowers
a modest nightingale wove its nest
adorned the night with a song of love.
Loud trills reached the stars.

On the clear black firmament
starry constellations spilled out.
The Moon cast silvery sheen
Upon the sleeping garden flowers.

Tiny musical notes sprinkled the Earth.
On the stave, as in a diary
inscribed the charm of the night.
A nocturne was born.

Modern bank note in Museum

I saw a bank note inside a glass case.
Its wings spread like an exotic butterfly.
Still living and breathing, yet history already.

Hear the rustling of false promises and lies.
See the thirty silver pieces of the treacherous Judas.
Feel the foul smell of the insatiable greed.

But look at the reverse, consider the other side
It can build a house, bake the daily bread,
Bend mercifully over poverty, disease,
Breathe life into art and promote wisdom.

The amazing power of a piece of paper

Lackie

Davis

Allen

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Love Story?

Some of the little we're privileged to know
Of the ancient Sabean people comes from the Bible
We learn they were a people whose language
Was part and parcel of the Semitic stock

Their deities were those of Mother Nature
To whom they prayed, beseeching the heavens
To release the rains so that their agriculture
Their crops would copiously thrive

I do so wonder how it was that the Sabean's came
To find gold, and to discover the precious stones
That made up their wealth. Ah, to taste the treats
Inspired by their exotic and fragrant spices

And what of the spices we moderns use today
Could they be the same ones used back then
It would be most interesting to discover
If by clues they are one and the same

Of the Sabean's, the ancient people
Of whom this humble posey attempts to speak
History informs us there was a royal queen, by name
Known, then and now, as The Queen of Sheba

She, as I understand, was intrigued upon hearing
Of King Solomon's widespread knowledge and fame
And so she traveled to Jerusalem to see for herself
In her considerable party were many camels

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

Spices, precious stones and of course, gold
These were among the generous gifts she presented
To King Solomon; and impressed was she by him
And he her, perhaps by more than her inquisitiveness

And with aristocratic curiosity, perhaps guile
She evaluated his knowledge, his wisdom
He answering all her probing questions
And disappointed not, she was enthralled

The Queen of Sheba and her retinue returned
Home with a largess of gifts received
From King Solomon. But a question
I would pose: Did they also have a love affair

Historical accounts indicate that the queen
Was most beautiful. I'm thinking it must be so
For King Solomon seems to have given the queen,
The Queen of Sheba, whatever it was that she desired

The Unveiling

Some way, somehow, some wing their way
Over obstacles high, wide and deep, the goal
To wet their feet, to swim, to fly, to finally arrive

Like tasty, chocolate covered kisses wrapped
In foil, there are treasures, gifts waiting to be
Uncovered in order to be savored, enjoyed

Still, there are some intentions pending, time
Wasting away as faint hearts are beating
Dreaming, and whispering, Come near me

Like night and day, dreams offer respite
A poetic metaphor for reaching for the stars
And like a child, man wants only the best

Sometimes, self-inflicted, in guise of fatigue
Stained from the taint of fighting old battles
Misery too often comes as invited guest

By design, rainbow's promise may be found
In the way one paints the canvas of one's life
And finding, in it, the colors of love and light

Chimera

Click-clack, click-clack
I am walking down the street
And it is midnight, such a vaporous night
Even though the lamplights are burning

My heart is racing, for I think
Someone is following me
Yet I am unable to hasten
Or to quicken my pace

Someone IS following me
Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack
Now I am running down the street
In the misty fog the lamplights flicker

Shadows dance under the the moonlight
Bare branches bend and wave
The wind rustles, pops and cracks
They echo the beating of my heart

Alas, a monster is following me
And I am searching for a way to escape
Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack
The musical refrain of terror relentlessly

Counts the time, it measures my steps
And causes midnight's heavy bells to clang
Determined to revise this overture
I attempt to calm myself, my fears

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I rub my eyes, roll up my sleeves
And prepare as for battle, hoping
To save my sanity. Awake, I clutch my throat
And scream to the heavens above, then

Throwing open the loosened shutters, I let
In the light of the morning. Breathing in
The fresh air of the day, I expel the free weights
Of the nightmare's terror. And they are no more

Tzemín

Stion

Tsai

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

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

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member.

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

After The Proverbs

I bend my knees to lie down facing east
The direction of the rising sun
No any trace of distractions in my heart
How balmy and warm the gentle daylight
Warm my bare breasts
Besides feeding the baby in my arms
I only allow myself to pray
Pray for my husband, who chases camels trade in a foreign
land
An early return
I do not save other ambitions
An ordinary woman
Carved stone of calcite snow sculpture depicting
Will not appear in my grave
Only appears in
The noble tombs' walls around the Awwam temple
This does not mean anything
God of the sun I worship

In the case of
Our queen is willing to accept it
Solomon's proposal
To submit fully to the One God, Allah, Lord of the Worlds
I do not know at all
She is afraid of the war destroyed her homeland
Or the throne that King Solomon gave her
In the Crystal Palace
I just want to ask
In the case of
Our queen is willing to accept it
Solomon's proposal

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

To submit fully to the One God, Allah, Lord of the Worlds
I do not know at all
She is afraid of the war destroyed her homeland
Or the throne that King Solomon gave her
In the Crystal Palace
Just want to ask
For a queen whose mind never chang
The answers of her advisors for counsel
How to be given relative respect
However, King Solomon's wise wisdom
Categorically will not like me a ordinary woman
Perhaps the Himyarites faction's cavalry gave the answer
After hundreds of years
Just forgot to remind Allah

Write down a peace journey

Early in the morning, Light fog enveloped the hills
Brewing a poem
Go deep into the original home of the earth
Surrounded by dense foliage
The juice of Chinaberry without melting the dried up ink
Take off a hypnotized Chrysanthemum, Lake Tanganyika
Reluctantly sleep so deep

Midnight, the silent bee, the nest on the branch
Want to write a song
But take the wrong drawing board without musical notes
Draw it, no choice, no hesitation
Choose a corner to listen to the music from ant-loving
cricket's wings
Looking to the volcano alarm flower, Dyed red Jawa island
Reluctantly outbreak so wild

The road home, Vines tripped feet
Dance like a lemur on the island of Madagascar
Kick injury one singing lotus, Rhythm on the Congo River
The weeping cry melting snow has not stopped for a long
time
With a trace of regret, make a secret decision
With that dance, was hidden in the forest for a long, long
time
Write down a dialogue with the biological poetry

My Spiral Shell Sinking Into The Sea

My beloved spiral shell slipped from my hand
Just when I cleaned up my spiral-like thoughts
It did not sink straight the seabed
It provokes a spiral of water
It tries to blow out a last sound
Before the sea water engulfed it in a spiraling pose

I leaped into the water
Made every effort to rescue my beloved spiral shell
It was rotating in a rapid manner
Went deeper into the sea
I did not let my body spin with the waves
Held my breath but followed it closely

Until my hand touched my beloved spiral shell again
Cold and rotating pressure
Almost knocked me back
It murmured to me with melancholy
You should go back
And ignore me
Try to keep your mind from spinning anymore
You will understand
The sea is my home

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

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

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

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

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

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed>
<https://zakirflo.wordpress.com>

Guidance...

comes to whom it was bestowed
from divine unseen realm
a gift of mercy, divine loan,
never earned, never owed
amana, a trust that means
much more than much
such as Sabians(Sabians) long
ago
one may or may not know
they worshipped creation such
as the stars that brightly glow
these people that go way back
back to Habasha ancient (Ethiopia)
they say from the blood of Sheba
hudah(guidance) came to their people
they came to know worship was reserved
for only the creator, never creation
their hearts were touched
tawheed (Oneness) descended on their nation
and they said only one (1) is worthy of worship
the one who created all things by saying
"khun fia khun", be and it shall be
thus Allah(swt)* mentioned them in the Wahi**
included them among those who believe
those who will receive bliss, happiness,
relief, eternal peace
and isn't it strange that the name' Sabian
Sabian ' literally means to change?
such is the reward for the righteous among us
worship only one and in him only put thy trust

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thus this admonition was not just for them
way back when, but remains so today for us
in the people's of the earth that preceded us
we can learn much

food4thought = education

*(swt) = All glory to Allah

**Wahi = revelation (Qur'an)

like holding water..,

in your hands
so is the sand
passing through hour glass
so is the present as it relates to the
past
goes ooh sooo ~~fast~~
and you remember yesterday like today
though it may be 40,50 years ago today
as the creator of time say:
" By the measure of time, verily man is at loss
except those who believe in Allah and come
together in the mutual teachings of truth,
patience and constancy " *
rehearse the verse, be aware, adhere, hear
and obey
contemplate what the wahi** say
how quickly today is yesterday
how you can remember 40,50 years
like it's today
you see yourself and those there
that long since passed away
you hear them talk 50 years ago like it's today
like 50 years from now someone will hear you
long since passed away back 50 years
like it was today your standing there
the miracle that is the mind works that way
memory amazing memory, how the mind functions
science can not explain the unseen
man can only understand what anything means
if the creator says " Be " and bestow as he please

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who he wants to know but not so if he says no
just the miracle of the mind's brain flow
is enough for you and i to know
it takes the masterplan of other then man to
make that so
please while we're alive, strive to be of those that time
will not render at loss

food4thought = education

* = Qur'an : Surat: 103 Al-Asr (The Time)

**wahi = revealed divine scripture

Yo..,

did you know,
loose lips sink ships
can't take it with ya
when your clock stops
dem with cream rise
to the top
if not in this life the next
stop
you got but so many
heartbeats in the bank
as each one ticks off
be sure to give thanks
time in your account
only withdrawals taken out
second after second
what i'm talking about
and you don't know what's
left in your account
as each second pass
anyone could be your last
deposits are made in good deeds
planted like seeds
paid in dividends, in the next life
forever peace
never fear, never want, never grieve
reserved for those who believed
mercy, forgiveness, total eternal relief

food4thought = education

*Kimberly
Burnham*

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See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupuncture, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from nervous system and chronic pain issues. A current project is taking pages from medical literature and turning them into visual poetry by circling the words of the poem and coloring in the rest—recycling words into color and drawing out the poem.

<http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions>
<https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham>

Kinzeraba, The Holy Treasure

Observe a kernel of light
in darkness learn
goodness discovered within evil
live until death
fully ever
a role for human beings
in cosmic explosions

Growth in the world
two branches of olive
meeting across
four sides of the universe
draped in pure shimmering silk
the book of life
first to last pages flutter full

Great blessings rise up
all colors streaming
from light and water
comes expansive
life

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Light

Switching on at work

darkest day just beginning

power gratitude

Paws & Hooves

Together paws and hooves
pounding
the frozen landscape
wearing a path
where they sprint
like a pack of wild ones

Two sleep inside
slumbering on the carpet
near the bed

Two rest outside
laying snuggly together
in a small barn

Meeting in the daylight to dash
and dart paws and hooves
thundering

Elizabeth

E.

Castillo

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

<https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo>

Google Plus

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

The Sabean Queen's Immortal Love

Arabian Bilqis, Queen of Sheba

You were gifted with all worldly luxuries

As you sit on your royal throne,

the Sabean Queendom

The Temple of Awwan stands majestic with its eight pillars

Signifying your strength which cannot easily be trampled.

Sabean queen who's name no one really knows

Treated as a royalty possessing great glory

One fateful day, destiny unfolds as King Solomon Learned

about Saba and eventually crossed paths with you

Behold, A Queen in great glory and a King, the wisest of

them all

Defying laws and beliefs in the name of love

The ancient immortal sweethearts, star-crossed lovers no
more.

When Souls Collide

awakened from a deep slumber,
my mind still drifting caught myself in what could be a
distant revelry
spinning around in a vast ocean of swirling neon hues
feeling as though I was being sucked up to a strange world
living inside these pastel dreams.

I let the gentle current take control of me brought me to a
place far from reality
and when time stopped, asked myself "Can this be the real
me?"

A heavenly sanctuary I was led, blinding colors with sharp
glares greeted me a calming presence took hold of me
as I walked in as I slowly came to recognize the souls
floating up the air.

They were clothed in immaculate white gowns with shining
faces, no trace of sadness from within
in this place you remain young at heart knowing no
adversities just plain old simple happiness!

Suddenly the space surrounding me darkened and with a
flash of beaming light, found myself collide with the other
souls seems
that I was taken back to the different phases of my
existence.

The Bohemian

a wandering soul lost in a world of his own a vagabond
perhaps, a kindred spirit moving free from a world of
chaos,
he dares to be different from a sea of fools trying to fit in.
an era of madness illusions of a perfect refuge to a mystic
like him,
ridiculed from within the phantom outcast they label the
pitiful man,
for refusing to follow the ordinary crowd who continually
mocks him. to live like a hermit far from the privy eyes of
men in vain,
he created a sanctuary only he can understand,
living in unconventional ways set him apart from the
shallow-brained maddening flock. his masterpieces can
change this ill world at a glance
if only his voice is to be given a chance
no one knows his heart is full of love for mankind,
and yet almost all those he met are deaf and blind selfish
ones
only thinking of what they can get,
instead of giving a piece of them and truly experience life.

*Anna
Jakubczak
Vel Ratty
Adalan*

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Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan – was born 18 April 1994 in Szczecin. Polish poet, journalist and the main editor of e-Magazine *Horizon*. Student on journalism and social communication at the University in Szczecin. In free time author on the website

www.annajakubczak.wordpress.com

Anna Jakubczak vel RattyAdalan collaborate with Association of Polish Writers and few Polish and international magazines. Her poems were included in a few American anthologies: „FM 7: Fall 2013”, „FM 8: Winter”, „FM 9: Spring 2014”, „FM 12: Summer 2015” and “FM 13: Fall 2016” published by Lewis Crystal and Roseanne Terranova Cirigliano in cooperation with Publishing House „Avenue U Publications” and She started to publish her poetry in the cycle "The Year of The Poet" since 2016. Poem “Interlova” was printed in the magazine “The Indus Streams” published by Apeejay Styra University (School of Journalism & Mass Communication).

She’s interested in philosophy, literature, psychology, music, mass media. Her hobbies are: cooking, reading books, learning foreign languages, translating and traveling.

In 2013 she published her debut volume: „Ars Poetica”. At now she’s working on next books: volume “Conversation at night”, novel “Wind of hope”, collection of stories “Gates of subconscious” and fairytales “The squirrel’s stories from the old larch”.

Insatiable

They believed that the world
has been swallowed by them
could be masticated the time
and dripped with immortality.

They acknowledged
that this not their God had created
and they created God on their similarity.
There are as kites released windward.
like silent before the storm.

They still are isatiable
not of the knowledge
but force of
authority
and green papers

Interlova

Do you remember e-flowers
you were giving me every day?
Your e-triviality, wrote as a poem
Love scheme,
which we wanted to modernize.

Do you remember e-feelings
caught by wind of keyboard strikes?
Face to face
Only
touching glass by kiss.

Petrarch didn't know,
what is Interlova.
He truly felt
and didn't need
to be online.

Dan... I walk away,
but please don't forget I will love you,
until we lose our internet
connection.

The fumes

we are the chocolates
bonding the spacetime with a matter
embraced with mutual sucrose
we were born from doubts
like shadows

we are milky
drinking in the secret
experiences
and corporeality
with every bar of mount

we are bitter
filled up with an instinct
stuffing between thighs
and prayer
for every second

we are frivolous
in torn aparts tinsels
we are dying from love

Nizar

Sartawi

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



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Nizar Sartawi is a poet, translator, essayist, and columnist. He was born in Sarta, Palestine, in 1951. He is a member of literary and cultural organizations, including the Jordanian Writers Association (Jordan), General Union of Arab Writers (Cairo), Poetry Posse (U.S.), Inner Child Press International (U.S.), Bodgani (Belgium), and Axlepin Publishing (the Philippines). He has participated in poetry readings and international forums and festivals in numerous countries, including Jordan, Lebanon, Kosovo, Palestine, Morocco, Egypt, and India. Sartawi's poems have been translated into several languages. His poetry has been anthologized and published in many anthologies, journals, and newspapers in Arab countries, the U.S., Australia, Indonesia, Bosnia, Italy, India, the Philippines, and Taiwan.

Sartawi has published more than 20 books of poetry and poetry translation. His last poetry collection, *My Shadow*, was published in June, 2017 by Inner Child Press in the U.S.

For the last seven years, Sartawi has been working on poetry translation from English to Arabic and Arabic to English. This includes his Arabic poetry translation project, "Arab Contemporary Poets Series" in which 13 bilingual books have been published so far. He also has translated poems for a number of contemporary international poets such as, Veronica Golos, Elaine Equi; William S. Peters; Kalpna Singh-Chitnis; Nathalie Handal, Naomi Shihab Nye; Candice James; Ashok Bhargava; Santiago Villafania, Virginia Jasmin Pasalo; Rosa Jamali; Taro Aizu; Fahredin Shehu, and many others.

Felix Arabia

Yemen O Yemen!
Blessed was your land
in the days of old!
Blessed was Saba –
the Land of Two Paradises –
that once upon a time
flanked the colossal Marib dam
whose pristine waters
traversed its veins
to pat the tender roots
of wheat and barley
millet and sorghum
and sodden the soil
below the soaring fronds
of honeyed date-palms
and suckle the groves
of sweet grape vines!

Yemen O Yemen!
Blessed were the myrrh
and frankincense
that crossed your plains
in droves
and travelled far and wide
to burn in temples –
a holy offering for the gods –
to scent the halls of glorious kings,
anoint the skin of their queens
and concubines!

~ ~ ~ ~

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Eudaimon Arabia!

Arabia Felix!

O Fortunate Yemen!

Such was your name,

And such your fame,

until the demon of envy dwelt

in your terrains

and settled into the hearts of kings.

They vied for power

and slew each other;

the valiant Yemenites perished in war

and Saba the blessed was never more.

Ahd Tmimi's Dreams

The shriveled red hair
flying freely
upon her red face

flying freely –
freely like her green-blue eyes
rooming freely beyond the walls
of her village house
beyond the green mounts
that stretched for miles
and resting on the blue Mediterranean
in the West
as its white mellow waves
whispered:
“good morning sweet one”
every morning
and
“see you tomorrow ginger-haired one”
every eve

Her name:
Ahd Tamimi
Her stolen dreams:
to wake up one day
and see no aliens in her land
and
play soccer too...
play it freely

* * * * *

The Fatal YouTube

(For Ahd Tamimi, arrested on December 19, 2017)

How old is she?
not yet 17....

Where does she live
inside a cell
in Palestine.

What happened?
at 3 a.m.
IDF boys besieged the house
they broke the door
pushed Bassem aside
silenced Nariman
trooped in
swearing
shouting
flouting
thumping
kicking
shattering
battering
trampling...
until...
they found them – the fiery eyes
the ones they had been searching for
the ones that had removed the sleep
out of their eyes

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they snatched her out of bed
they dragged her
tied her
tossed her
in an armored van
and drove away
roaring with laughter
so proud were they
of their prey

What are the charges?

– terrorism!
for years she has been throwing pebbles
and further yet:
– she's instigated the village of
Nabi Saleh
to protest against land confiscations
and...
well?
– she's driven intruders
out of her home
and with a furious hand
she slapped their arrogance
on the face...

but worst of all
the whole world saw it ...
on YouTube.

* * * * *

hülya

n.

yzmaz

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Born in Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz presently serves as full-time faculty at Penn State and as the Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press. Her academic publications dwell on literary relations between the West and the Islamic East and on gender conceptualizations within the context of Islam. Dr. yılmaz had her formal initiation as a creative writer in the U.S. Her published works include *Trance* –a tri-lingual book of poetry, *Aflame* –memoirs in verse and *An Aegean Breeze of Peace* –a poem collection she has co-authored with Demetrius Trifiatis. Poetry by hülya appeared in excess of fifty international anthologies.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Links

Personal Web Site

<https://hulyasfreelancing.com>

Personal Blog Site

<https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/>

the world's timeline knows . . .

they had to be noted
while their desert of sand
still chuckled in giggles
with their newborns' tickles
but also drained out persistent tears
that were soaked by parents' eternal fears

wars were aplenty back then

are you with me?
do you see what i see?
on second thought . . .
never mind!
forget about me!
just look
please take a good look
with your heart's eyes however
holding on all along
to the hand of your conscience too
surely you will heed
the desperate call for a minute-long silence
in the face of the so-called
ancient times' wholehearted embrace
of building legendary and timeless monuments
of constructing age-old destructions
oh, the broken spirits' tears!
oh, those souls-burning tears!

wars are too plentiful today

Ma'rib

i time-travel frequently
to far-away places and times

do not misunderstand!
it is so not because i cannot cope
with where i am when i am who i am
it is simply so by choice

we all have that button
at our fingertips
do we not?

this time
i left for Ma'rib
to partake of its much-anticipated fall

no!
no!
better yet:
to witness a bit its oft-quoted glory

it was the years between
...

(?)

surely
many a century

let's estimate them to be
within the 8th century BC
and the 5th of AD

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what matters is the fact
that i have indeed come back
to tell you a tiny story
all the way from its era of notable glory

look!
what you see
on the sand of its desert
at the bottom of its incredible Dam
are my footprints
marked forever on each
those fine particles between my toes
made a promise to me:
they will never give my ignorance away
if i were not to cancel my initial plans to stay
to which i replied in my heart's tongue:
my spirit could not abandon them ever
for i had begun to fiercely shiver
in ecstasy so profound and prolific
that i could not help but compare
the touch of their excitingly hot stare
to my beloved King Solomon's affair
with Sheba his Queen totally bare soul-wise
legendarily beautiful and well-dressed otherwise
that i had been admiring both
from afar long ago from there
where i am now and have always been

but then resurfaced
flooding along their insatiable hunger
(for the fresh blood of innocence that is)
the cold-blooded powers-to-be. . .

my time capsule rushed to bring me back

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what –to my eternally aflame despair–
my ignorant grown-up-eyes did lack
was the growingly notorious record
of my own era’s love for affairs of darkness

perhaps just perhaps
you would like to join me

my time capsule has reserved seats for many . . .

is what we call ours, ours?

my life in Turkey was multi-colored
brown and dark brown were the most favorite hues
served inside delicately painted frailly little cups
they were devoured by indulgers
who passed the age-limit
with flying collars

thanks to multitudes of gatherings
i watched joyfully time and time again
many rites of simple pleasure
and observed how my ancestors consumed
the thick strong- and bitter-looking taste
sweetened only by a delicious mix
of laughter-typhoons and mouth-watering
gentlest lullaby-like mesmerizingly gorgeous
collective-art of masterful story-telling
often a jamboree of exotically aromatic spices
materialized right before all the senses of the gathered
while they sip by sip went on to starvingly inhale
the short-lived though lastingly multi-layered hot vapor
that oozed through the syrup-attired
ready-to-be-painted-already walls
of our little but warm-hearted home
all the way to my behind-the-doors dancing steps
then into my heart's vast collection of dear memories

Turkish coffee
Ah!

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soon after i graduated
to my loved ones' passable grade in age
i accumulated all around me
an army of those intricately hand-made
ceramic art pieces . . . one by one
not even the slightest trace was left behind
of the dark matter that once belonged to their insides

worse!
i started to call them "mine"
resorting however with no waste of a second
to olden plausible lessons in my own defense
i riposted to my inner voice:
Turkish coffee was after all
solely in the custody of the Turks
besides . . .
everyone in my familiar
but also foreign vicinities knew
how it long ago was baptized as "ours"
having held on to the reign
for countless memorable years
so powerfully controlled
that the world still speaks of them today!

then . . .

i became
an older grown-up
and re-conceptualized:
what if that knock-out flavor
which offered itself to us to savor
and those magically aromatic spices in it
were never ours to claim as "ours"
but rather invented and toiled over

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by civilizations of the long-forgotten past
not unlike the one of the Sabaeans whose Ma'rib
the hub-city of their regime's middle epoch
that is largely claimed to have earned its fame
not only for its spectacularly built temples
and other monuments but also maybe more so
for its agricultural prosperity

“Turkish” coffee?
“Turkish” spices
that enhance its perception?

what if its creation
had nothing to do with Turkish-ness

what if its construct
was rooted in the Sabaean ancestry

what if . . .

what if
we stopped to care
about things so mundane
and would re-learn instead
our gifted one-and-only destiny
allowing thus to be immortally re-born
the intended core element of our original self
which many moons ago was the sole stronghold
of that which we, the people
of the so-called “modern” times
ever so dismissively
insensitively
ignorantly
dare to label as “humanity”?

Teresa

L.

Gassion

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

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>

Sabean the Stuff of Legends

Kingdom of Sheba, Land of the Two Paradises, or so the ancients describe you in the southwest Arabian Peninsula. The historians say you built irrigation structures here as early as the 3rd millennium BC, but the great Marib dam was the largest and most impressive.

The rainwater collected behind the massive structure ran off in channels to irrigate land on the left and right banks of the river bed. You grew wheat, millet, barley, sorghum, grapes, date palms, vegetables and fruits that thrived on an abundance of water blessing the crops.

Your kingdom's capital, known as Marib, may have grown to 50,000 at its climax. Sometime in the political and economic chaos of the late 6th century AD, the dam ruptured and was never repaired. Legend holds the people could no longer survive and abandoned the land that is today a part of Yemen.

You allegedly settled in great numbers in the north, eventually drifting with the Islamic conquest as far as northern Spain and China. Historians do not agree on the details of legend. Your history may be many shades of gray, but your genealogy starts as non-Arabic and blends into the complicated history of Arabia.

McCue Impact

The sun rises on my soul
and massages me with first light.
A rainbow teases my feet
as a flaming sky calls me forth.

I want to fly like geese against shadow light
and listen to beauty yell at my brain stem.
My emotions drip into the river.

A full moon leans against my chest.
Totally submerged in nature's eloquence,
I do not want to leave this peace.

James's photography does this to you,
captures a slice of the universe day by day
and rubs it close to your heart.

Private Balcony Oregon Coast

A sea gull owns the morning sand,
waves shout at the beach
and lift my gut in ecstasy.

I rise slowly from the soft heaven of sleep
to light chasing my love notes.
The sea kisses the morning clouds,
eternity rolls out the white caps of waves.

Today I am in love with the sea.
Let me drink the morning, inhale the sunrise,
bend my knees in thanksgiving.

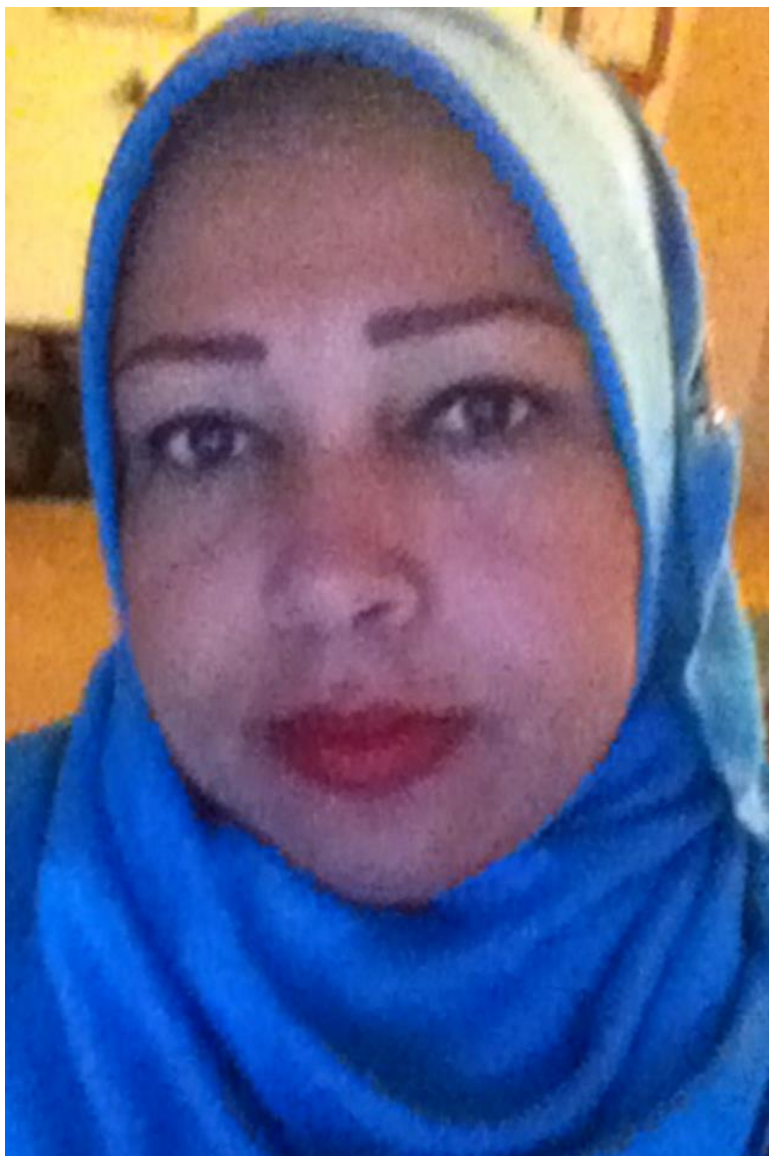
The light of the universe falls upon my breast.
I am in that space between ecstasy and reverie
where you surrender to feelings
that make you sing and dance.

Everywhere you turn, grandeur surrounds you.
You cannot capture what your eyes behold
and your heart feels.
Just smile.

Faleeha

Hassan

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She is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwright born in Najaf, Iraq, in 1967, who now lives in the United States.

Faleeha is the first woman to write poetry for children in Iraq. She received her master's degree in Arabic literature, and has now published 20 books. Her poems have been translated into English, Turkmen, Bosevih, Indian, French, Italian, German, Kurdish, Spain, Korean, Greek and Albanian. Ms. Hassan has received many awards in Iraq and throughout the Middle East for her poetry and short stories.

Faleeha Hassan has also had her poems and short stories published in a variety of American magazines such as: Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum, Brooklyn Rail April 2016, Screaming mamas, The Galway Review, Words Without Borders, TXTOBJX, Intranslation, SJ Magazine, Nondoc, Wordgathering , SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Courier-Post, I am not a Silent Poet, Taos Journal, Inner Child Press, Atlantic City Press, SJ Magazine, Intranslation Magazine, The Guardian, Words Without Borders, Courier-Post, Life and Legends, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Indiana Voice Journal, The Bees Are Dead, IWA, Poetry Soup, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, Philly, The Fountain Magazine, DRYLAND, The Blue Mountain Review, Otoliths, Taos Journal of Poetry and Art, TXTOBJX, DODGING THE RAIN, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, NonDoc Philly, DRYLAND, American Poetry Review, The Fountain Magazine, Uljana Wolf, Arcs, Tiferet and Ice Cream Poetry Anthology , Dryland Los Angeles underground art & writing Magazine , Opa Anthology of contemporary , BACOPA Literary Review , Better than Starbucks Magazine , Tweymatikh ZQH Magazine , TUCK Magazine and Street Light Press

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The rain smells of war

Not me this little girl
Who holds her grandmother's hand
Every time she crosses the street for fear from the eyes of
men
No, I am not her
The same girl
Who crosses her years' war after war
Turns right and left for fear of approaching astray fragment
.....
.....
What the rain is doing now ?
Quickly pouring down on my balcony
Like our tears when we miss our father
I told him : don't be harsh
There are many people
Living in the streets
Be gentle like my mother's tears when she remembered my
father still fighting in the war even at the Eid
I told him : instead of your rivers on closed doors
Or streets are afraid to see you
And instead of me still jumping from sad memories to
painful ones
Like female Kangaroo
We can find a truce for both of us
To forget all our past
And stay calm
But who can convince my memories?
Who convinces the rain

Two soldiers

Let's celebrate

Let us run to that hill

Let us climb up the remains of that tank and sing

Let us drink tea under this burned tree

Smoke our last cigarettes

It is not every day that the war can make dead bodies and

we are not with them

Tonight

When I entered my apartment
The stairs were lying like tired men after a hard day's work
The door a yawning mouth
My TV was listening intently to the sports newscast
And
Like a huge fat woman, the couch was sitting on the floor
Hardly breathing the used air
The curtain tickled the cheek of the window.....
Swaying gracefully above
My books slept like babies on the hands of the bookshelves
The dining table was listening to the whispers of her chairs
The lamps were winking at to each other
The fan was busy flailing her arms indifferent
In my apartment
The life looks the same as I left it
Everything is normal
No
It is more than normal
Strang
No one missed me?

Caroline
Nazareno

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, born in Anda, Pangasinan known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, journalist, editor, publicist, linguist, educator, and women's advocate.

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen's Initiatives Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada 'Amazing Poet 2015', The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

H- And S-Languages

I would love to go back
In the Heart of Marib,
I wonder how were oxen and donkeys
Played roles in the times of Queen Sheba,
How were spices add flavors
To the Semitic menu,
How did Sabean writers
Express their eloquence?
Did graffiti leave flames of revolution?
Will there be higher forms of languages
Than inscriptions in Ethiopia,
Where's Solomon's wisdom, at this moment?
Should I just rewrite in my language of poetry
And if the generation of our children's children come
Everything will stay in other forms,
None will cease to exist.

Ode to Elsie Wheeler

Degrees of Sabeian Symbols turned poetry

Wheeler said: Aries have varied emblems and labelled with degrees;
‘a woman just risen from the sea; a seal is embracing her;
a comedian reveals human nature;
the cameo profile of a man, suggesting the shape of his country;
two lovers strolling on a secluded walk;
a triangle with wings;
a square, with one of its sides brightly illumined;
a man succeeds in expressing himself simultaneously in two realms;
a large woman’s hat with streamers blown by an east wind;
a crystal gazer;
a teacher gives new symbolic forms to traditional images;
the ruler of a nation;
a triangularly shaped flight of wild geese;
an unexploded bomb reveals an unsuccessful social protest;
a serpent coiling near a man and a woman;
an indian weaving a ceremonial blanket;
nature spirits are seen at work in the light of sunset;
two dignified spinsters sitting in silence;
an empty hammock stretched between two trees;
the “magic carpet” of oriental imagery;
a young girl feeding birds in winter;
a pugilist enters the ring;
the gate to the garden of all fulfilled desires;
a pregnant woman in light summer dress;
blown inward by the wind, the curtains of an open window take the shape of a cornucopia;

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

the possibility for man to gain experience at two levels of
being;
a man possessed of more gifts than he can hold;
through imagination a lost opportunity is regained;
a large audiences confronts the performer who disappointed
its expectations;
the music of the spheres;
a duck pond and its brood.”
From the clairvoyant’s quest
Which degree do you like best?

(credits to the original owner of meanings and degrees of
Aries;
[https://cafeastrology.com/sabiansymbols_degremeanings.
html](https://cafeastrology.com/sabiansymbols_degremeanings.html))

Between Swords and Torches

I do not own an empire
Where towering words tell lies,
Nor truth that condemns freedom;
I do not need an empire,
Where statues of men,
Become the centerpiece
Of massive illusion,
And twisted reality.
I do not build empires
Of Solomon,
Just to bribe humanity
And kill one's character
Just to be free.

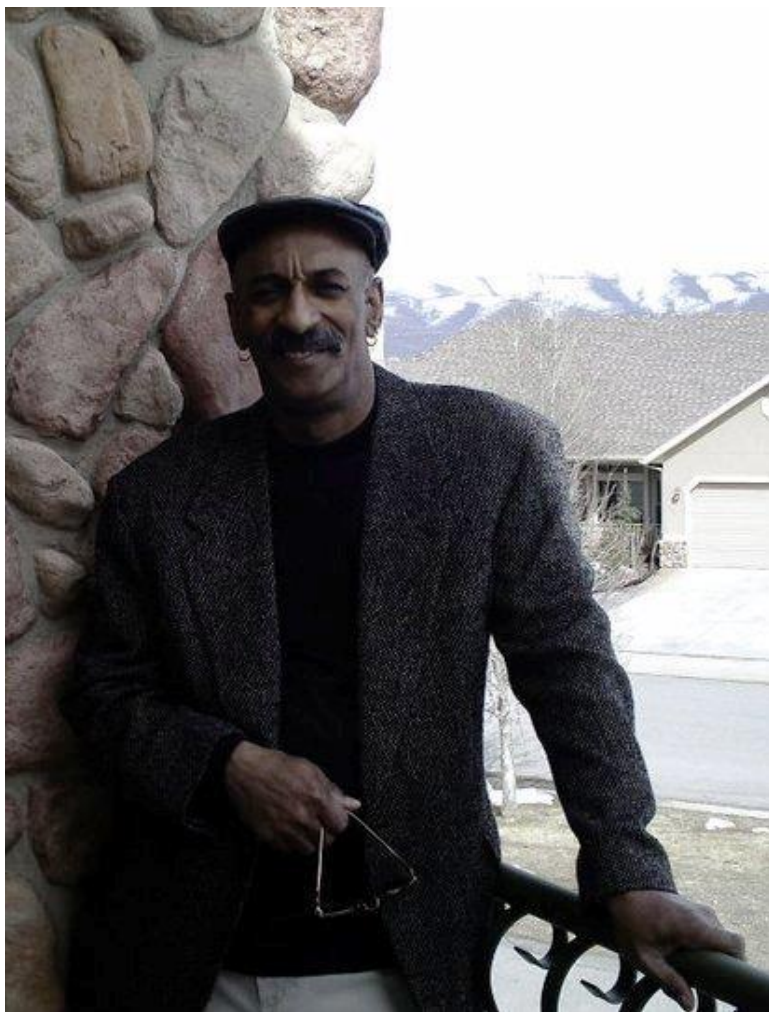
The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

William

S.

Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

Bill's writing career spans a period of over 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author in excess of 40 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

A Saba' Queen

From the land of Saba'
Was born a Queen
Whose spirit reigns
To this day

She heard of the lore
Of this
Wise King of Jerusalem,
So she packed a caravan of
Abundance
With Frankincense,
Myrrh,
Oils,
Precious Stones,
And
Gold
And sojourned
To meet him Solomon

She tested his acumen,
And he tested hers

His spirit was a wily one,
For he knew the names of
Angles and demons and devils

That was the gift
Granted unto him
By his Yaweh

And as they say
In the Kebra Negast,
She succumbed
To his trickery

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

And drank the water

She had wooed the wisest
And he fell in love
And thus she was bedded
And he lay his darkly self
Upon her
And planted a seed
That shall never fail

And in time to come
When she returned to Saba'
She, Sheba, birthed a King . . .
Menelik
And a dynasty
That shall withstand time
Immemorial

At the age of 23
He, Menelik went for a visit
To meet his notable Father
He was then offered the land
And the crown
In homage to the fruits
Of her, Sheba's womb

He was Solomon's first born

Of course
As history made its course
Through time
He, Menelik
Refused
For there was a greater beauty
He envisioned

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

It was biblical,
Yet still to this day
Not spoken of
For that would epitomize
The rule of darkness
Over light
As Black always
Trumps white

They came from the west
In the years to follow
Seeking the treasures of the land
Knowing not
That the land is just that
THE LAND

Who can own it . . .
Not I, not you
For we are but products
Of her grace

Mother Earth

The riches,
The wealth
Is embodied
In our spirits

That is what the Saba Queen
By the name of Sheba
Taught
The wisest man
Of all

A Saba' Queen

Horizon

I live in a corral,
But beyond my containment,
Self imposed
And other,
Lies possibilities
Yet to be explored

I try my best
To leave the gate open,
For that which lies
Beyond
My 'Here and Now' consciousness
Is whispering my name
Beckoning me,
Enticing me
To come for a visit

I have ventured before
Many times
To the land of the unknown,
The unseen,
But there within its breast
Resides a daunting thing
That challenges my empirical self
To let go

Should i ?,
Could i ?,
Would i ?

I will some day again . . .
Soon I think,

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

For I am but a wanderer
Of a spiritual sense,
And my incessant wonder
Has never be sated
Nor abated
By what one would think to be a
Fated
Expression of being-ness

I have waited
Most of my life
To know of the absolute
Where the courage
To embrace
A higher truth,
Beyond that which I perceive
Believe
Or conceive

Wait a minute
I will be right back
I hear the horizon
Calling my name . . . again
This time
With a sense of urgency

Listen

I am poetry
I am movement
I am consciousness
I am conscious poetry in movement'

Look at my curves,
To do so, you must close your eyes
And delve in the wonder
That you are,
And there you will see me

My footsteps are light
And they prance and dance
Across and through
Life's gardens
Bearing naught
But a delectable and sweet fruit

Taste me, I will bring upon your face
And your souls
Smiles
That have no end . . .

Can you see me . . .

Feel me
Experience me
Embrace me,

For I am beauty personified

I am Poetry . . .
Listen

World Healing, World Peace 2018



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Submission Guidelines

1 Poem

Microsoft Word Attachment (**NO PDF's**)

12 pt. Times Roman

Titles Underlined

Single Spaced

Maximum 30 lines

Picture of Poet (no avatars or icons accepted)

Biography 50 words or less with maximum 2 Web Links

Submit to :

worldhealingworldpeace@gmail.com

Submissions open from September 1st ~ December 31st, 2017

Publishing for International Poetry Month April 2018

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Project Manager : Gail Weston Shazor

Underwritten by Inner Child Press

Now Open for submissions
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February
2018

Features

~ * ~

Muhammad Azram

Anna Szawracka

Abhilipsa Kuanar

Aanika Aery

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

Muhammad

Azram

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

My Name is Muhammad Azram. I am an internationally published and recognized Poet and Author from Pakistan.

STAY ENLIGHTENED AND BLESSED ALWAYS
WITH THE LIGHT OF RULING INNER BLISS.

Regards,
Muhammad Azram

Facebook

www.facebook.com/muhammad.azram.79

Email

m.azram84@gmail.com

Exploring Beyond

I travel far and across;
Within a finite known,
And to an infinite unknown

A very complex expedition;
Within infinite layers of finite,
And to finite layers of infinite

The journey within limits;
Limits me on to my limited known,
And journey beyond my limits
Takes me to enormity of unknown

Where, what I am thinking now
Definitely unknown to my little known
But my known is feeling so blessed
In peaceful palms of a greater unknown

An Abortive Exploration

Life emerges from zilch
For the yearn of living, embraces life
Travel from a nothing to an extinction

Earth, to sprouts a fragile stalk
Endows all power to rip her bosom
To gratify her yearning to dump it

Colors for the yearn of recognition
Embraces the light with all admiration
Same light confiscates colors after prime

This voyage is an abortive exploration
Commences from darkness of nonentity
And perish into cosmic light of time

Spellbound

Spruced in time
Amid and surrounded
By net of moments

Shirking a moment
For a moment or covet
Fleeing from jaws of time

And marvel on the trend
Death of moment results
Death rendezvous with time
Take life into vastness

What will happen?
Will it be a pleasure or treasure?
When I will break a net of these moments
And flee myself from nets of time

Succession will surely
Take me out of the existence
Of reason and wobbly presence, and
Take me into vast lands of cosmic fortitude

And failure will honor me
The unchanged divine mortality
That relentlessly honors me philosophy
Of transformation to a undying eternity

Anna
Szawracka

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

Anna Szawracka – was born on 1996 in Zamość. Law student since 2015 at the University in Szczecin. Lover tea, especially from Ahmad Tea, theater, classical music and cats. She is interested in literature, also in history which are her the biggest passion. After the graduate her study she would like to go on herself pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela.

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

feed with me

spit out me

a human

begotten not made

an unsaved desperado

constantly

Exemplification of pleasure
(happiness is such a grandiloquent word)
[...]

cursed

when hunger and lust

survival

eating

expulsion

copulating

child-bearing

and sleeping

dying

in fortune and misfortune

in sickness in health

dying suffer loneliness fear

decaying bodies stench

Job's cry

hospital death without privacy

unnecessary

with god without god

collapse of the senses

agony

death and life

Abhilipsa
Kuanar

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

She was keen towards literature since her childhood. Her mother being a high school English teacher has always inspired her to write poems. Abhilipsa kuanar is a budding dentist, a poet, blogger, an artist. Currently graduating from Army College of dental sciences she aspires not only to serve country as a doctor by joining army but also to bring change in this society by her poems.

She reflects her sensitivity, emotions and delicacy of life experiences into her poems. She has a knack for going into depth of human nature and expressing the feeling through her poetry. What else can a poet dream for, other than her poems in the heart and mind of people all over the world? She can be reached at abhilipsakuanar@gmail.com

Lamentably, She Lost

In the battle of soulish exhortation and cosmos conspiracy
It was all me who is conquered
But I followed it like a midsummer sun
Knowing that it ends at a crossed road

Closed in the room of obscurity,
I stood like a loser
Drunk with my own liberated drops
Left myself to soliloquize all alone
In the domes of deceit and despair

Waited a million years for a glimpse
Stepping miles, enduring all the pain
But all in vain, it was my inanity
Which torn the curtains of my dignity

I interceded between the fights of my heart and mind
And i bled with my own weapon
Expostulated my inertia, ceased my soul
As I looked into the piece of glass
An ingenue with a broken heart.

Beautiful Ugliness

Draped in skin too dark
She has confidence so stark
Her scars and her dents, her smile priceless
And we call it 'beautiful ugliness'

Cologne of her soul soothes
Her eyes meliorates
Words from her lips lift heart from its place
And we call it 'beautiful ugliness'

Burnt was her body, but her spirit so alive
She holds her crown like a queen
Even the acid couldn't make her helpless
And we call it 'beautiful ugliness'

Showed them who shattered her dream
But couldn't break down her esteem
For her cardinal red dress
And we call it 'beautiful ugliness'

For another thing, she says
I am storm within myself
A beautiful rose in the blanket of thorns
A masterpiece of blue n blood all together...

So, Say Love Am I That Harsh?

As if planned, it happened
Sudden and serene like petrichor
Flavored little with suspense
Odored with irksome thoughts
I was smitten

Madness is he, I less loved peace
Poison claded in his touch, I swallowed it with relish
He is storm to my silence
In my solitude, he is togetherness
Moonlight he is, to my darkness

Sins committed turns into goodness
With him my buried desires get flamed
He lit me up with his fire, as I burnt a little I craved for
more
This part demanded an end
Raised emotions got strangled

He is never a forever, but just a daydream
Nor he is in for a long haul
But just a happenstance so ephemeral
Name it lust or a lie lurked
Yet I pinned him to my unforgettable

Untold, unrevealed, unseen, unread
Cloaked in my heart, was a bane
Anhilatating yet amazing it was
He absqualated, again leaving my fragile soul into pieces
All that was filled once upon a time
Changed into void.....

Fanika

Fery

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018



The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

Poetry is what makes you laugh, cry, prickle, be silent, make your toe nails twinkle, makes you know that you are alone in this unknown world, that your bliss and suffering is forever shared and forever all your own. Love, hate, broken hearts and breaking hearts.... BEYOND INFINITY represents us all.

Aanika Aery, a Dhanbad based budding poetess has published her work at several websites like poetrysoup and Wattpad. Aspiring to be a lawyer in the future, Aanika's poems are a delight to the soul. You can contact her at- Aanika008@gmail.com

Dessipated

The slipping sand from your fist,
Am just a forgotten scrape of dust.
Lost in the sea of emptiness,
Left to be dead and rust.

The waves of boundaries you cry for,
Am just a droplet of regret.
Pushed into the sea of wrath,
Living the undead quest.

The burning gaze of sun you hide your soul from,
Am just a blazing ray.
Burnt by the cold heart,
Paradise of the warzone,
Abandoned under the cadaverous grace.

Poisoned Love

The aroma of that aged wine,
So intense and hypnotizing fine.
Among the mighty ravens, there is a single dove.
To enjoy the finesse of the poisoned love.

The warmth it spreads basking in the golden shine,
The sounds of the crystals shimmering serene.
The waves of fire ride just above,
To enjoy the finesse of the poisoned love.

The unintentional kiss of sorrow,
The mystical dawn of tomorrow.
The heat of the moment bounded in the unbreakable cuffs,
To enjoy the finesse of the poisoned love.

What's Love Got To Do With It

Timid in a way, was a toy so fragile,
Vulnerable and innocent, was caught up in their lies.
Appeased with those hands which slapped before,
Shushed with those voices which silenced the soul.

Vehemence shone in the eyes but was now afraid,
Proclaimed by hysteria which was further overlaid.
Words so thought onto which sealed the smile,
A lone wolf in a solitary imbecile.

Despised by all, felt hideous and a maverick,
Whimpered in the dark, running away from reality's trick.

Abdicated in the dark on those carousals,
Shredded apart to befit a damsel,
Eyes that hid those carousals.

Sorcery of enticement and bewitching conjuration,
The dark angel wings with which the paroxysm they knit.
An impeccable façade against the scorching lesion,
Asking what's love got to do with it.

Inner Child Press

News

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

We are so excited to announce the New and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

Jackie Davis Allen

Gail Weston Shazor

hülya n. yılmaz

Nizar Sartawi

Faleeha Hassan

Albert Carrasco

Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

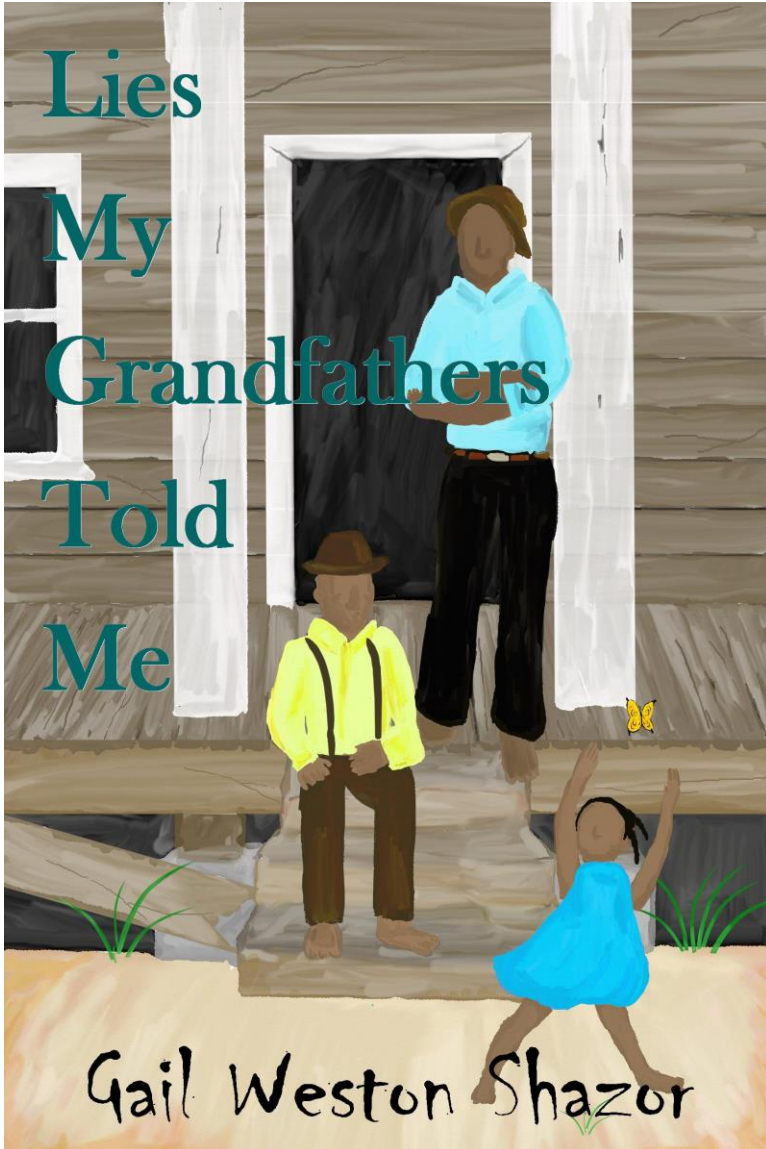
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My Shadow

Nizar Sartawi

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Faleeha Hassan

The Year of the Poet V ~ February 2018

Coming this Fall



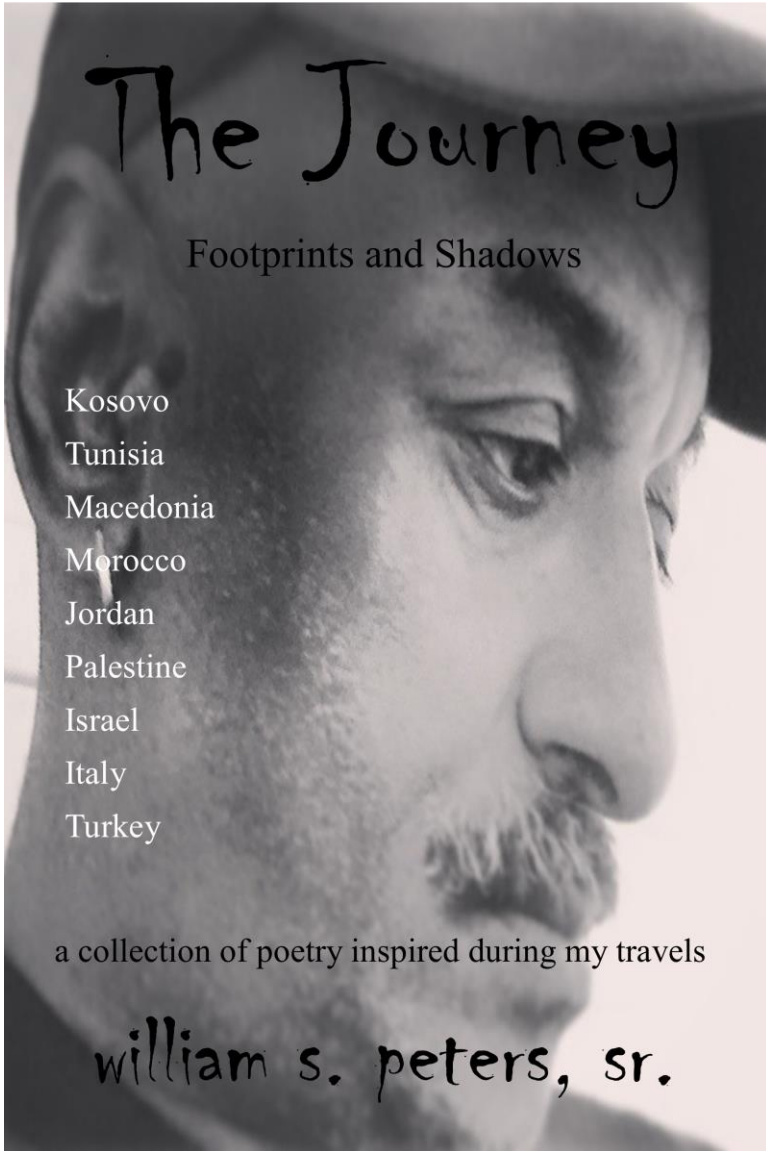
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Coming in 2018



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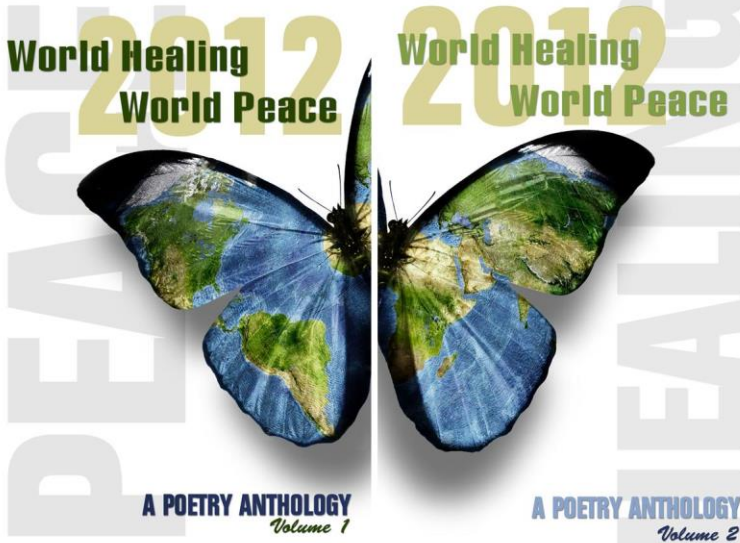
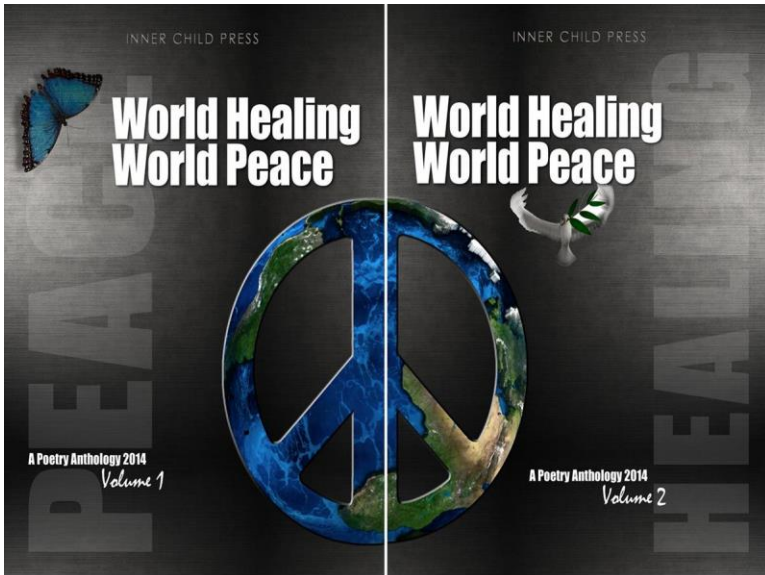
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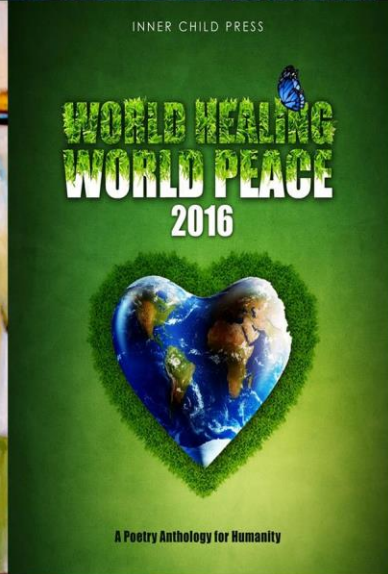
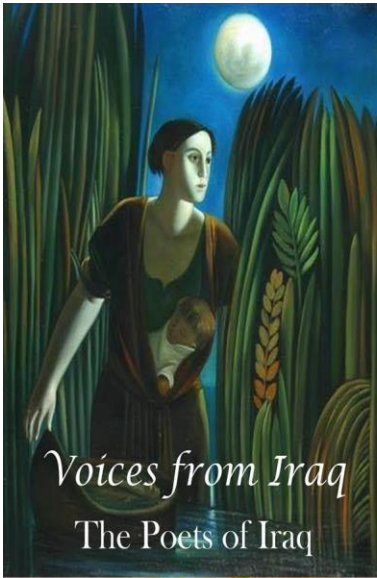
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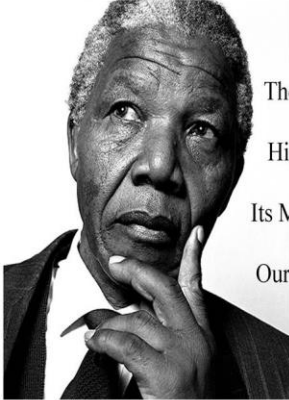
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Mandela



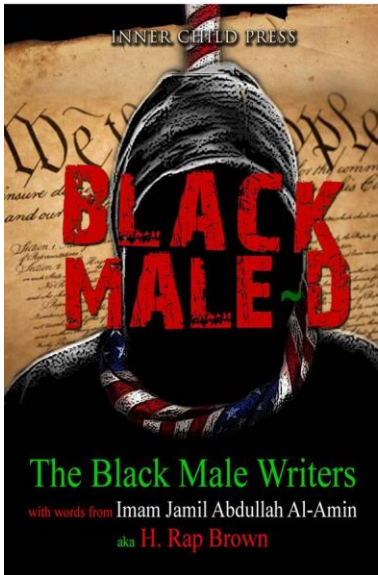
The Man
His Life
Its Meaning
Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

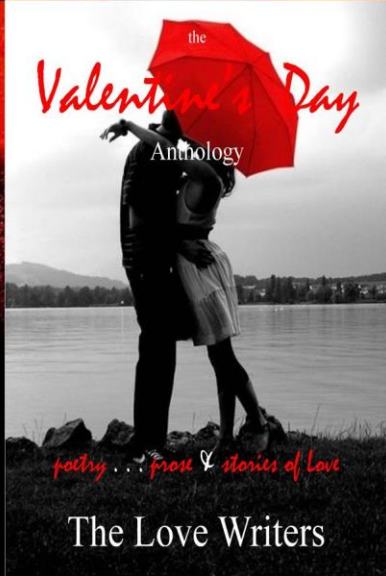
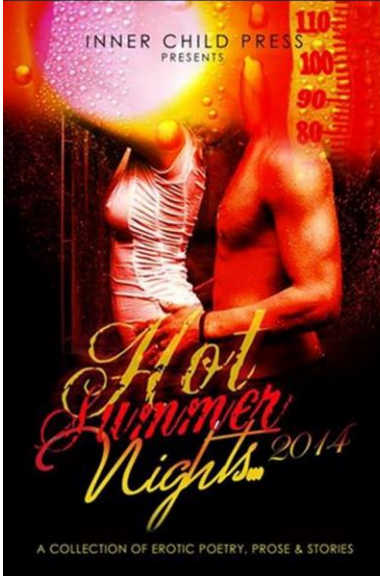
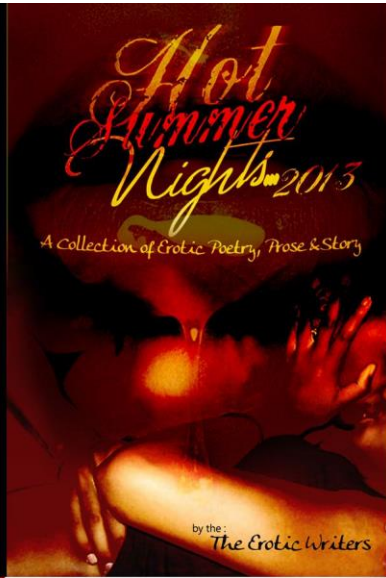
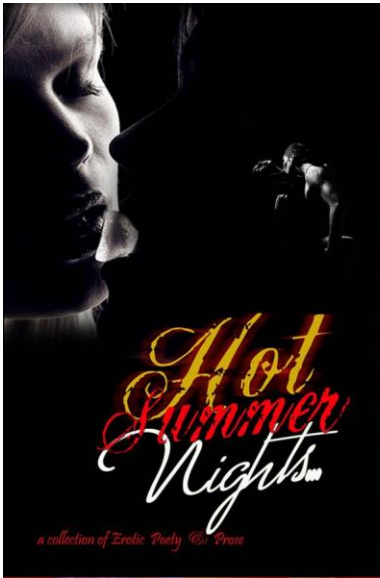
A GATHERING OF WORDS



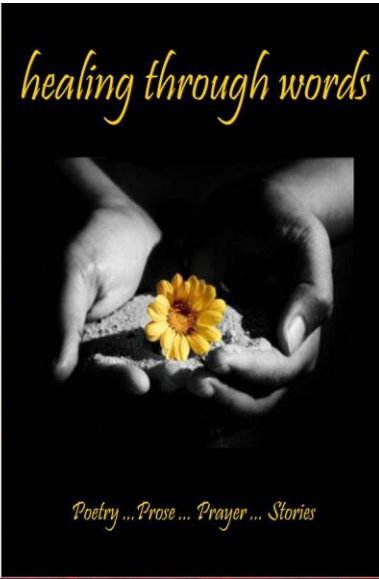
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FOR
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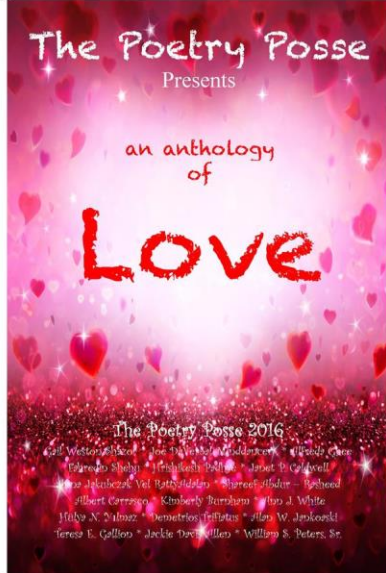
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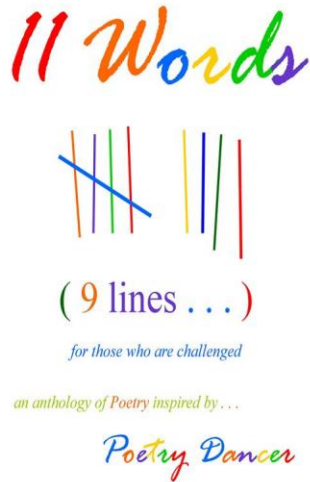
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Poetically
Spoken
Anthology
volume I
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The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

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
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our January Feature
Terri L. Johnson

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

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
William S. Peters, Sr.

Our February Features
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

the Year of the Poet

March 2014



daffodil

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.

Our March Featured Poets
Alicia C. Cooper & Hülya Yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

April 2014



Sweet Pea

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.

Our April Featured Poets
Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith

celebrating international poetry month

Inner Child Press Anthologies

the year of the poet
May 2014

May's Featured Poets
ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Nee'ly Wal
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lily of the Valley



the Year of the Poet
June 2014

Love & Relationship

Rose

June's Featured Poets
Shantelle McLin
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy
Abraham N. Benjamin

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Nee'ly Wal
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet
July 2014

July Feature Poets
Christiana A.V. Williams
Dr. John R. Struim
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Nee'ly Wal
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

Lotus
Asian Flower of the Month



The Year of the Poet
August 2014

Gladiolus

August Feature Poets
Ann White • Rosalind Cherry • Sheila Jenkins

The Poetry Posse
Janice Bond
Gal Weston Shazor
Albert In'In'le Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pearce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Haninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Nee'ly Wal
Shareef Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Garden of September Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone • Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharweel Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharweel Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz • RaSandra Padri • Elizabeth Castillo

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poet's Pass

Jamie Bond • Gail Weston Shazor • Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco • Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell • June Bugg Bonefield • Debbie M. Allen • Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindascano • Robert Gibbons • Neetu Wolf • Sharweel Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham • William S. Peters, Sr.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman • Jackie Allen • James Moore • Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014

Narcissus



The Poet's Pass

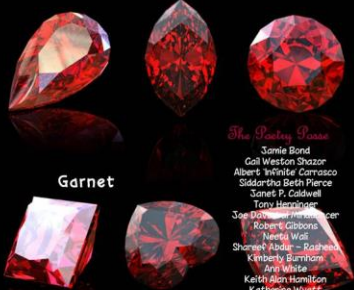
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert Ivrit'el Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Bonefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe Daverbal Mindascano
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wolf
Sharweel Abdul-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt • WrittenInPoetry • Santos Galain • Justin Clarke

Inner Child Press Anthologies

THE YEAR OF THE POET III
January 2015



Garnet

The Poetry Posse
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdul - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shelu
Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
Jackie Allen
William S. Peters, Sr.

January Feature Poets
Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET II
February 2015



Amethyst

THE POETRY POSSE
Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdul - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
Ann White
Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt
Fahredin Shelu
Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion
Jackie Allen
William S. Peters, Sr.

FEBRUARY FEATURE POETS
Iram Fatima * Bob McNeil * Kerstin Centervall

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdul - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our Featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac

Diamonds



The Poetry Posse 2015

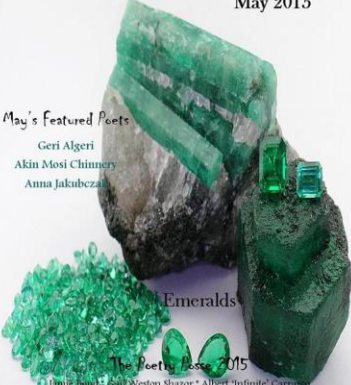
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdul - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets
Geri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chimney
Anna Jakubczak




Emeralds

The Poetry Passe 2015
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets
Anahit Arustamyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker




Pearl

The Poetry Passe 2015
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

July 2015

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

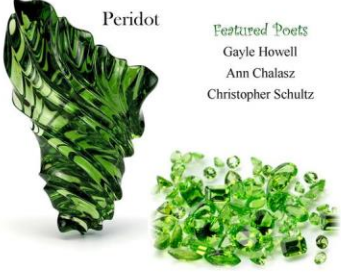


Rubies

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

Featured Poets
Gayle Howell
Ann Chaliasz
Christopher Schultz



Peridot

The Poetry Passe 2015
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Poetry Passe 2015
Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shelu * Hilya N. Yilmaz
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet II

September 2013

Featured Poets

Alfreda Ghee * Lonnice Weeks Badley * Demetrios Trifiatis



Sapphires

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * 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.

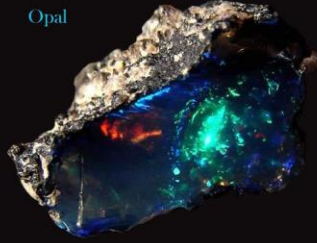
The Year of the Poet II

October 2015

Featured Poets

Monte Smith * Laura J. Wolfe * William Washington

Opal



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * 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.

The Year of the Poet II

November 2015

Featured Poets

Alan W. Jankowski
Bismay Mohanty
James Moore



Topaz

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * 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.

The Year of the Poet II

December 2015

Featured Poets

Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



Turquoise

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * 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.

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The Year of the Poet III January 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph * Atom Cyrus Rush * Christena Williams



Dark-eyed Junco

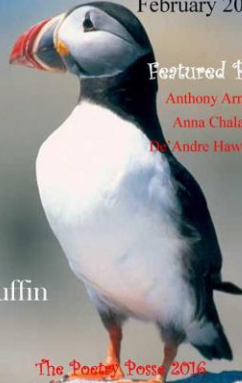
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Alissa J. White
Ehmadto Shahu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Joe DeVeral Misdalancer * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Keith Allan Jemillion
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III February 2016

Featured Poets

Anthony Arnold
Anna Chalas
Dr. Andre Hawthorne



Puffin

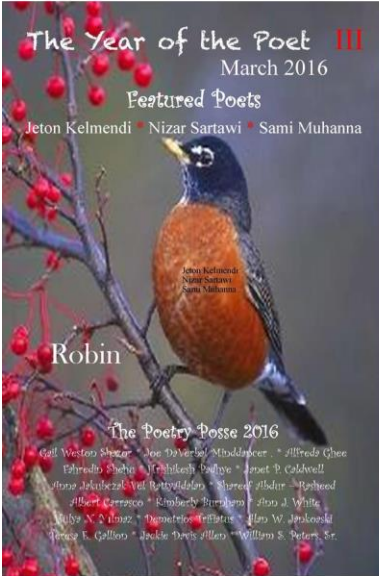
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral Misdalancer * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shahu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alissa J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III March 2016

Featured Poets

Jeton Kelmendi * Nizar Sartawi * Sami Muhanna



Robin

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral Misdalancer * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shahu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alissa J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III

Featured Poets

Ali Abdolrezaei
Anna Chalas
Agim Vinca
Ceri Naz



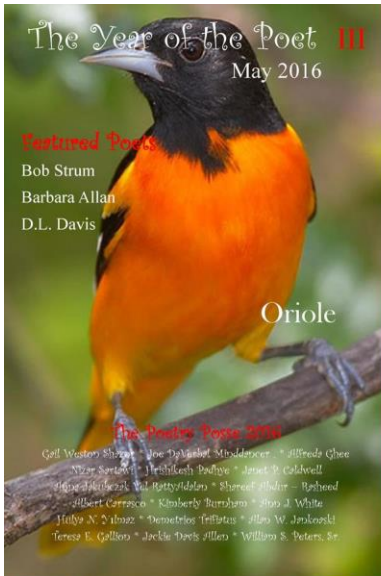
Black Capped Chickadee

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral Misdalancer * Alfredo Ghee
Ehmadto Shahu * Hirshikesh Padhye * Janet P. Caldwell
Anna Jakubczak Vel Bettyvidalera * Sharief Abdur - Rasheed
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdham * Alissa J. White
Hulya N. Yilmaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

celebrating international poetry month

Inner Child Press Anthologies

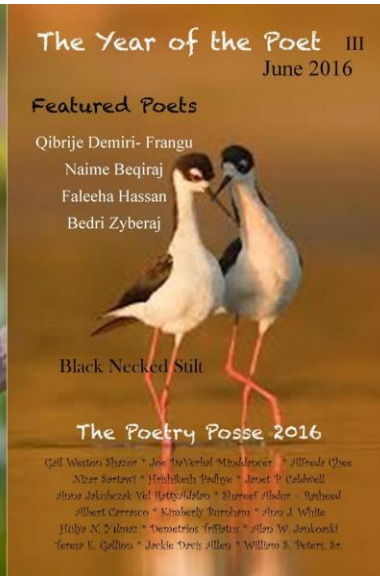


The Year of the Poet III
May 2016

Featured Poets
Bob Strum
Barbara Allan
D.L. Davis

Oriole

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzaz Sartawi * Hershkesh Badwe * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldair - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

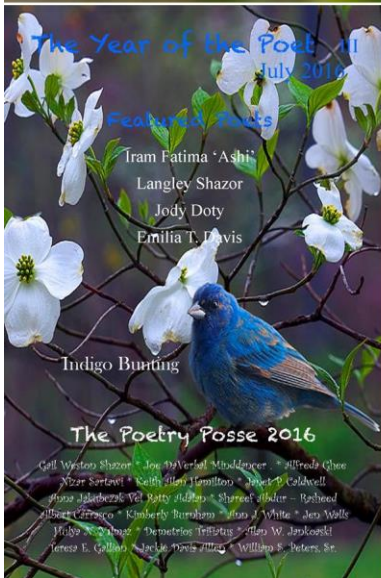


The Year of the Poet III
June 2016

Featured Poets
Qibrije Demiri- Frangu
Naime Beqiraj
Faleeha Hassan
Bedri Zyberaj

Black Necked Stilt

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzaz Sartawi * Hershkesh Badwe * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldair - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
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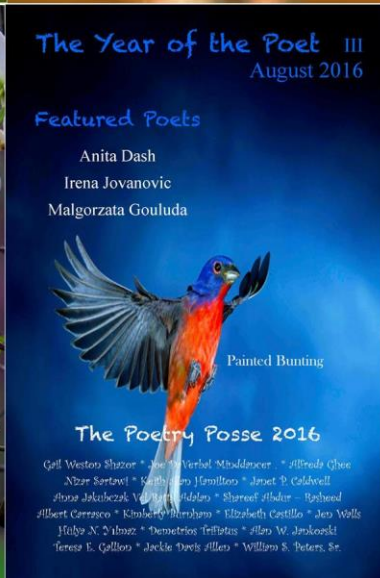


The Year of the Poet III
July 2016

Featured Poets
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Langley Shazor
Jody Doty
Emilia T. Davis

Indigo Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzaz Sartawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldair - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Alan J. White * Alan Walls
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet III
August 2016

Featured Poets
Anita Dash
Irena Jovanovic
Malgorzata Gouluda

Painted Bunting

The Poetry Posse 2016
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DiVierio Mbsalmeier * Allreda Choe
Nzaz Sartawi * Keith Alan Hamilton * Janet D. Caldwell
Shane Jakubczak Vel Betty Aldana * Shereef Aldair - Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo * Alan Walls
Haby N. D'Amaz * Demetrios Trifatis * Alan W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Year of the Poet III
September 2016

Featured Poets

Simone Weber
Abhijit Sen
Eunice Barbara C. Novice



Long Billed Curlew

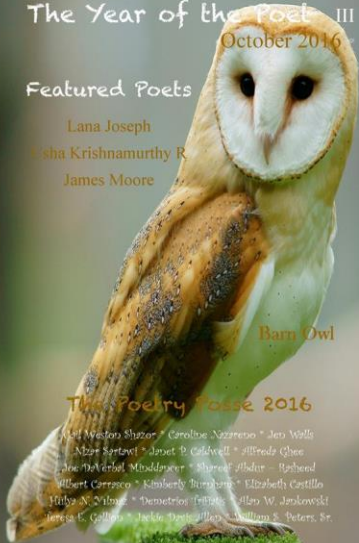
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharon Badier * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
October 2016

Featured Poets

Lana Joseph
Visha Krishnamurthy R
James Moore



Barn Owl

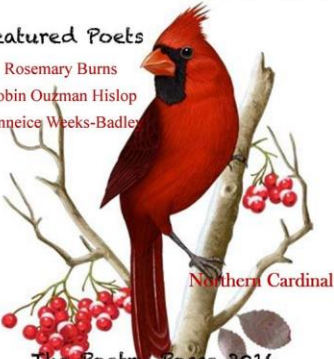
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharon Badier * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
November 2016

Featured Poets

Rosemary Burns
Robin Ouzman Hislop
Lonnie Weeks-Badler



Northern Cardinal

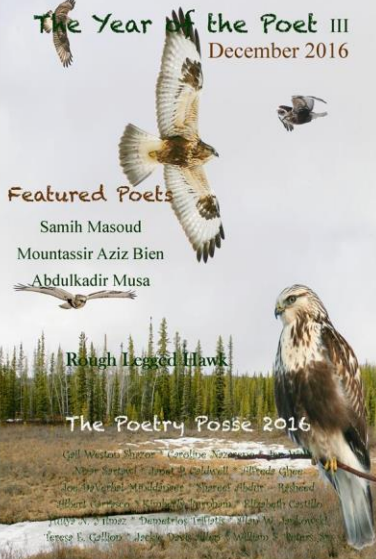
The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharon Badier * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet III
December 2016

Featured Poets

Samih Masoud
Mountassir Aziz Bien
Abdulkadir Musa



Rough Legged Hawk

The Poetry Posse 2016

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Jen Walls
Nizar Sertawi * Janet P. Caldwell * Alfredo Ghese
Joe DeVeral * Mindy Jones * Sharon Badier * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Tanya N. Adams * Demetrios Trifatis * Allen W. Jankowski
Teresa E. Gallon * Jackie Davis Miller * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet IV
January 2017

Featured Poets
Jon Winell
Stacie Shields
Iram Fatima Ashi

Quaking Aspen

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizzenro * Bismay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan * Jeni Walls
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Alan W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Doree Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
February 2017

Featured Poets
Lin Ross
Soukaina Falhi
Anwar Ghani

Witch Hazel

The Poetry Posse 2017
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Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizzenro * Bismay Mohanty
Nizar Sertawi * Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan * Jeni Walls
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Alan W. Janowski
Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Doree Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
March 2017

Featured Poets
Tremell Stevens
Francisca Ricinski
Jamil Abu Shah

The Eastern Redbud

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizzenro * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Jackie Doree Allen
Jeni Walls * Nizar Sertawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV
April 2017

Featured Poets
Dr. Ruchida Barman
Nephtune Barman
Masoud Khalaf

The Blossoming Cherry

The Poetry Posse 2017
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nizzenro * Bismay Mohanty
Teresa E. Gallion * Ahsan Jaleelczak Val Betty Adelan
Joe DeVerbal Mbindance * Shareef Abdur * Rashad
Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burdum * Elizabeth Castillo
Hilary N. D'Almeida * Falecia Jenson * Jackie Doree Allen
Jeni Walls * Nizar Sertawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet IV May 2017

The Flowering Dogwood Tree



Featured Poets

Kallisa Powell
Alicja Maria Kuberska
Fethi Sassi

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #daltos
Joe DeVierbal #mbodanec * Shereef #bdair - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Jilisa N. D'iboz * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis #llen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV June 2017



Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet
Tze-Min Tsai
Abdulla Issa

The Linden Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #daltos
Joe DeVierbal #mbodanec * Shereef #bdair - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Jilisa N. D'iboz * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis #llen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV July 2017



Featured Poets

Anca Mihaela Bruma
Ibaa Ismail
Zvonko Taneski

The Oak Moon

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #daltos
Joe DeVierbal #mbodanec * Shereef #bdair - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Jilisa N. D'iboz * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis #llen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV August 2017



Featured Poets

Jonathan Aquino
Kitty Hsu
Langley Shazor

The Hazelnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Westcott Shazor * Caroline Nazzareno * Binoy Mahapatra
Teresa E. Gallison * Anisa Jakubczak Val Patty #daltos
Joe DeVierbal #mbodanec * Shereef #bdair - Rashad
#bert Carrasco * Kimberly Burroughs * Elizabeth Castillo
Jilisa N. D'iboz * Edecha Hussain * Jackie Davis #llen
Jen Walls * Nizar Sertawi * * William S. Peters, Sr.

Inner Child Press Anthologies

The Year of the Poet IV September 2017

Featured Poets

Martina Reisz Newberns
Ameer Nassir
Christine Fulco Neal
Robert Neal



The Elm Tree

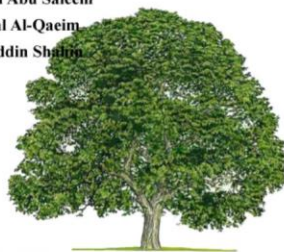
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The Year of the Poet IV October 2017

Featured Poets

Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shaban



The Black Walnut Tree

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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters
Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



The Tree of Life

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The Year of the Poet IV December 2017

Featured Poets

Justice Clarke
Mariel M. Pabroa
Kiley Brown



The Fig Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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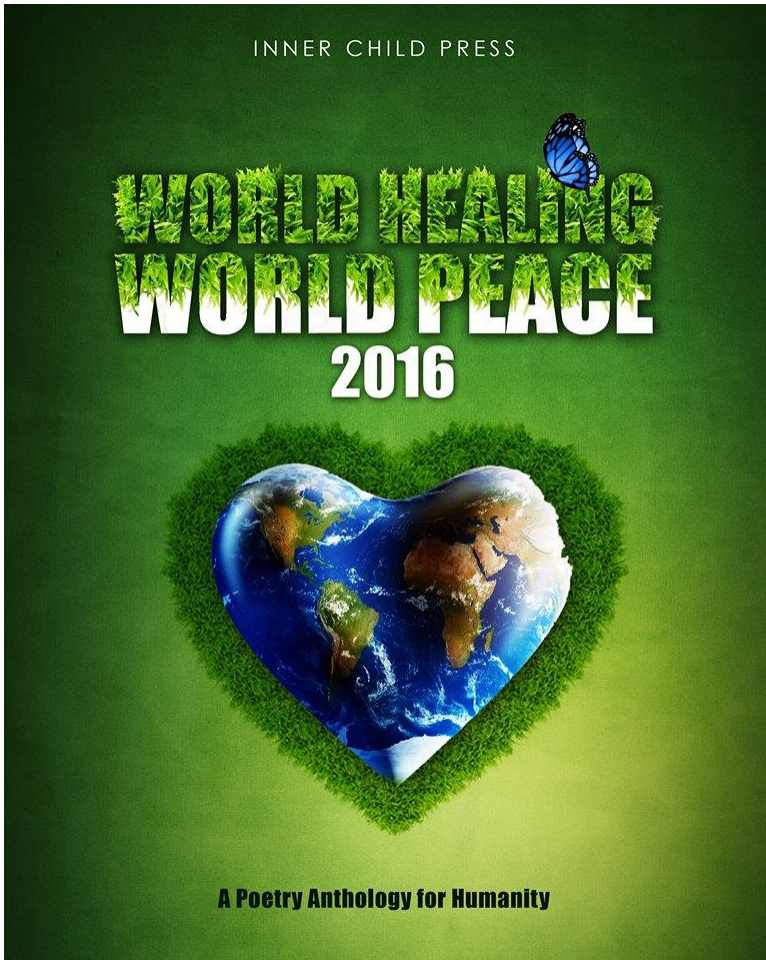
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



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