The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

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



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

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

Year

of the

Dogt VI

February 2019

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VI February 2019 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2019

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

$T_{able of} C_{ontents}$

Forewora	lX
Preface	xiii
Meso- Americans	xvii
-	
The $\mathbf{p}_{ ext{oetry}}$ $\mathbf{p}_{ ext{osse}}$	

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	15
Tezmin Ition Tsai	23
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	29
Kimberly Burnham	37
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	43
Joe Paire	49
hülya n. yılmaz	55
Teresa E. Gallion	61

Table of Contents . . . continued

Ashok K. Bhargava	67
Caroline Nazareno	73
Swapna Behera	79
Albert Carassco	87
Eliza Segiet	91
William S. Peters, Sr.	97
February Featured Poets	107
Marek Łukaszewicz	109
Bharati Nayak	117
Aida G. Roque	125
Jean-Jacques Fournier	133
Inner Child News	141
Other Anthological Works	163

Foreword

The poetry posse is a diverse group of poets from all over the world. We value diversity. We love the differences between us in terms of the culture we come from, the kind of poetry we love to write, and the way we look at the world. I particularly value diversity as I grew up and had the opportunity to live in several parts of the world.

January's *The Year of the Poet* focused on Native American languages spoken in the United States. I love that volume because I grew up with a father who spoke Navaho and a connection to the American Southwest.

This month's volume of *The Year of the Poet* focuses on the indigenous people of South America. As an eight year old living in Bogota, Colombia, I learned the value of education. My parents would rarely hand out money on the street even though there was such poverty all around us. Instead, I saw my parents pay for the school uniforms and books for neighborhood children. The schools were free but you could not go to school without a uniform and books. My parents paid for sewing classes for women who worked for us and I learned that education can be a way out of poverty and that the ability to provide someone with education and opportunities is a gift to the both giver and the receiver.

South America has given the world many things. With only six or seven percent of the world's land mass, tropical rainforests are thought to house fifty percent of all the world's species. If we continue as we are going, 20 percent of the Earth's biodiversity may become extinct in our lifetimes. These forests have provided us with much of the air we breathe as well as foods and medicines, including tomatoes, peppers, corn, coconut, banana, coffee, cocoa, cassava and sweet potatoes. Cassava is the plant used to make tapioca pudding and Boba, the marble-sized balls part of bubble tea, a now famous Asian drink circling the world.

South America is home to acres of tropical rainforests as well as another kind of diversity. It is the continent with the highest proportion of language isolates. More than ten percent of South American languages, in other words, 65 out of 574 languages are isolates or languages that are unique and unrelated to other languages. Each of these languages holds within its words a unique set of customs and ways of looking at the world.

In the coming months, we will continue to circle the globe with our words, perspectives, and poetry.

Enjoy the diversity in this volume focused on South America.

Kimberly Burnham, Ph.D.



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 . . .





\mathcal{D}_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now in our sixth year of publication. As we are hitting another milestone, needless to say, 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 global 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 International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, Trees and Past

Cultures. This year we have elected to continue the Cultural theme. 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 of Understanding . . .

Bless Up

From the home in our hearts to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



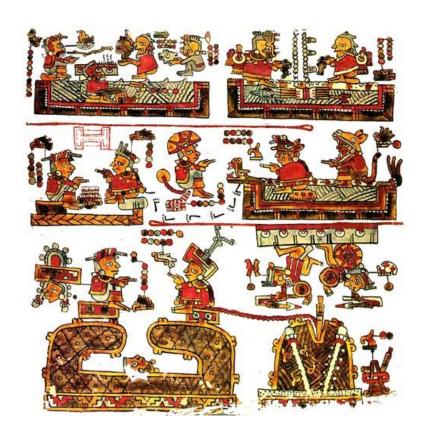
Mersoamerica



Mesoamerica is a geographical and cultural region that extends from Mexico to the beginning of South America to include Belize, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rico and Guatemala. It is a pre-Columbian in nature and were prominent before the Spanish colonization of the Americas in the 15th and 16th centuries. Some archeologists believe that these civilizations date back as fara as 7000 BCE. They are attributed with the cultivation and domestication of such things as cacao, maize (corn), beans, tomatoes, ,vanilla, chili, squash, potatoes, avocados, the turkey and the dog to name a few. This had a result in assisting their transition from 'hunter-gatherers into more organized tribal units that built villages, cities and significant places of worship.

For more information visit:

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









The

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The Poetry Posse

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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The Hunter Gatherers

pueblos indígenas

We run Beside our fathers And though our legs are shorter, They are newer The newness is a challenge for the boar Tender and tangy Not like that of the long tooth The jungle is also On the defense With sharp thorns On greener vines The pain is quick and sharp Against old and new legs We run Beside our fathers And on our land And for our village They come to see our running Though not interested in the hunt And soon we are running But not beside our fathers Nor on our land And our village no longer waits on us to eat

While we run for our country
On someone else's land
And in faraway villages
Beside other men
We keep the soil of our mother
In our shoes

a lost poem

this poem is floundering it started out purposeful in the waning of the night as most poems do when there is no light or sound to complicate it and somewhere around dawn it turned backwards into thought and the day began so this poem had no recourse but to be still as all second hand thoughts are want to do when unattended and unaccompanied in the busy-ness of the day just hanging around waiting on complete sentences but secretly in love with dangerous dangling participles this poem is sexy but all alone a flash in the pan shiny, with a tawdry footnote someone said poems like these tease you with intent and it hung around most of the day full of promise but in the periphery of light it needed someone to

love it fully into life add a bit of adverbs to the middle of this poem and bring it to course with a conjunction or two the and, but and or will tuck its slip back under the hem of a conjugated paragraph just enough to make it proper this poem plays loose with your habits of fulfilling the morning with intentional purpose of spreading ink but you slept late and it remains lost

A Lovely City

At last in the lovely city I remember nothing of rain The sun never dims Nor the moon rises And it is always happy At last in the lovely city The bloom no longer surprises For it is expected To pull it's weight of hues Without need of rosy glasses At last in the lovely city The wind is incapable of blowing Up Marilyn's skirted whites But only musters up The unruffling light breezes At last in the lovely city My choices have been anticipated And thinking is unnecessary I only need to sit In the gladness of metallicism At last in this lovely city Sometimes I become conscious Of the scratching At the base of my skull And the rusting of truth At last in this lovely city There are no doors on rooms And I have been told That they are unnecessary For there is no where left to go (how much bleeding are we willing to do to maintain our individuality)

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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.

Puerto Rico

A holiday paradise attracts the crowds of rich people, Who are thirsty for the Caribbean island's charms. Walking along the sun-warmed beach and the blue of the ocean.

They are sifting through golden particles of sand under their feet

Luxury and convenience rule in hotel buildings. They make dreams come true and offer relaxation. Gold credit cards often shine between the fingers And dollars in thick wallets rustle discretly..

At home, old women are sitting on the thresholds And they look longingly at the distant horizon Are they looking for their children behind the big water? Maybe they will return like birds to their homeland

In economics there are no sentiments and no mercy
Tax reliefs have expired and hopes diminished
Poverty and lack of prospects have settled on the island like
dust

The tropical jungle covered skeletons of factories with a shroud

There is no sadness printed on holiday brochures, The eye is attracted by the lush vegetation and azure waters.

Tourists will come and will soon return home. They will not notice the open gates leading to hell.

Incorrigible Dreamer

Every day I am slowly leaving. I step to the rhythm of minutes. The evanescence is astounding - Days and years pass At an ever increasing speed.

I am living in an ephemeral world.

My house of cards can be demolished

By each gust of events,

But with an insistence of a maniac,

I build castles in the air, inside my imagination.

I am running towards mirages and I am looking for Greener grass in the neighbor's garden I cannot appreciate what I have - I regret only when certainty Turns into uncertainty.

I know I am an incorrigible dreamer

Widow

She stayed alone, like an expensive cup without a saucer.

Nobody supports and protects her and she cannot give her warmth to anyone

She is still beautiful, but lonely. She does not fit the set.

Jackiç Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

Mesoamerica, We Thank You

Faces of America, amazingly crafted From stone, wood, ceramic, they Depict both the real and the mythical.

Displayed in homes, public places, Wrought from and by the hands Of a diverse and ancient people.

Their characteristics depict a variety Of cultural traditions: a glimpse of jewelry Hair styles, as from long ago eyesight.

For creativity's abundance, handed Down by the ancient peoples of Mesoamerica, We owe a debt of appreciation, gratitude.

Withstanding the test of time, fortunate are we Who learn of their contributions: crafts, calendars, Writing, astronomy, calendars, architecture. More.

Mutual Bonds

An investment, a security I couldn't do without Looks over my health, my wealth. Has, for years.

Not a day goes by without thanking the heavens That I accepted an invitation as compensation For an investment that went bankrupt.

There were ups and downs, like on Wall Street.

A friend serendipitously gave me a tip which led To opportunities yielding higher and higher interest. As in true love, the rewards accrued daily.

Ones yielding higher degrees of fidelity.

I watched, held onto this asset, it growing Like a weed; only minor differences in distribution.

It had me wondering if a depression might rise And cause it all to crash and fall; happily, I decided To diversify, frequently checking on my deposits.

Time is the monitor by which we gauge the balance.

From all reports, the investment in my first stock Proves there are some things worth holding onto: A lock of hair, a baby's first tooth, a wedding photo.

And, the holy commitment to our mutual bonds.

News Flash!

On the runway strut emaciated bodies, Adorned in the latest of haute couture!

Gathered on either side of the catwalk, I see plasticized versions
Of the elite and moneyed class.

They wait with baited breath, Smiling not, giving queenly waves At passing notoriety.

The noble ones perch on priceless antiques, Leaning, precariously forward, dreaming dreams.

Spectators, ankles crossed, Wrinkles long erased from years That once lined their faces.

The scene has the effect Of instilling, in them, the hope Of morphing into a more desirable self.

I am unfazed, yet I confess: from behind the camera, Inside, I am feeling much older than my years.

Of the highlights
Of the fashion show, I record the obvious.
Although, poetically speaking

I, who have not yet seen
The surgeon's knife, marvel at their skill,
Wondering if someday I shall.

Stretched out, smoothed, stitched: age euthanized. They proffer cash, checks, debit, and credit cards.

Dreaming of whom they might, Still, become, they long To replace the effects of life-lived years

Reborn, shall they find immortality Within, across media's screens?
All is not what it seems.

Believing in the fulfillment of fantasy They deface themselves with illusion's face.

From higher price paid, shall search For youth bring satisfaction? Will agent Of vanity's stock wind back time's clock?

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



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.

Sacrifice

Maya

That stele depict

Eagles and jaguars devouring human hearts

Jade that represented hearts

Flowers symbolized

The blood that provided life

As the priests controlled the religious ideology

The warriors supplied the sacrifices

Death transformed into the divine

Then it is not the end

But

The continuation of the cosmic cycle

The gods

Able to create more life

Justifies war

However

The death of the warrior is the greatest sacrifice

Autosacrifice

Obsidian, prismatic blades, and cutting the tongue

A queen's tomb

A stingray spine

If someone was struck by lightning

A sacrifice was needed

As thee

Beilived they were chosen by the gods

Why That Flower Is Nagging at My Mind

Gray house
With courtyard large and quiet
No one really knows how deep it is?
Willows along the pond
Raise a large piece of cloud
Like curtains with no end
One layer over the first layer
High officials and noble lords who came by horse carriages
One after the other
Looking far
Can't see the end of the road

When the street light is on
Night falls
Fine rain drifts in the wind
Heavy red gate
Blocking dusk entry
But also blocked the leakage of spring fulls in the air
Falling flowers ask with tears full in eyes
Who knows my heart?
The rain keep silent in the wind
Slowly
Fly to thousands of miles away

The Rain Full of Wind

That drizzle
Was Dancing crookedly and slantingly
How much wind did it eat?
The big gap be found on the mountainside in the west
The ridge of the mountains tightening the collars of its
leather shirts
Diped some of the cold ice
As if
Could retain some of the lack of mind

Rain was no longer misty
How much truth is there?
How much sadness is there?
Was hidden in the heart of the liar
Asking the mountainside with a gap
Asking the freezing that never dissolved
Asking your anxious waiting heart
Nowhere to find the answer

The rain is no longer flying away Winter swallows scream sadly The scissor-like tails Lack! Lack! Lack!

Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

https://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1 https://zakirflo.wordpress.com

one with earth

indigenous peoples one with earth original inhabitants going back thousands of years long before european marauders came where the natives of the America's by name Aztec, Inca, Maya, Quechua to name a few Of more than a thousand tribes Seventy million native to South America, central America, Mexico all keepers of mother earth appreciation for creator's creation reapers of creator's grace never resorted to waste held sacred bounties bestowed knew it was a loan never owned, never owed hunters, gatherers but also cultivators, growers, fisherman developed incredible civilizations nations comprised of cities, citystates, kingdoms, empires once were of the advanced nations on earth acquired knowledge worth more then silver, gold and had that as well facts tell, engineering, architecture, mathematics, astronomy, writing, physics, medicine, planting, irrigation,

geology, mining, sculpture, goldsmithing. that is before Europeans came and stole, murdered, in the name of the lord that they claimed told them to maraud, enslave put the righteous in graves in the name of their lord satan. till this day it remains that way and one day dem have price to pay pray for the day oppression goes away

food4thought = education

Contrary..,

to popular belief the words of Wahi(revelation) speak(apply) to all situations today and in no way are played out antiquated out dated permanently but instead remain contemporary sustain potency truth remains truth falsehood is falsehood for eternity sign of legitimacy longevity a rhyme in recognition of the wahi(revelation) withstanding the test of time but mankind has ignored that which was sent to guide and warn in fact, reacts with scorn making rejection of that(wahi) the norm. instead prefer to conform to what men invoke falsehood, misguided words spoke pulling many away is the promise given when Shaitan (Satan) broke his contract with the only one worthy of worship promising turmoil, mischief until the day of reckoning will insist a shift that flips the script read the words (Qur'an)

bite down on it with your molars hold it!
hold on tight to the rope of Allah(swt)*
That is revelation (Qur'an)
Allah(swt) invoked legislation
with the stroke
of his pen
and then the pen was put away
ink dried
everything revealed apply until
judgement day
can't add or take away
to what Allah(swt) say
words of Allah(swt) heaven sent
is and always will be relevant

*(swt) = All glory to Allah

food4thought = education

Pen this...

pen that writing smooth, phat, beee's like that matter of fact strange sort of act spirit comes, bam impact! juices flow, creativity grows artist souls' glow strange ya know how you explain yo? comes from an unseen plain expressions flowing through veins strange! how you explain? then again, many things are beyond explanation therefore, generating intense fascination then again when it comes you know time to get out the e-pen and flooooooow.

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, 33 years later, 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, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

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

Peace With Less Stuff

There is a saying in Yauyos Quechua an endangered language spoken in the Peruvian Andes in the Province of Yauyos where peace or peaceful is called by the name "hawka"

"Mana vakanchik imanchik kaptin hawka ir tiyakuchuwan" literally "no cow what be tranquil sit could" in other words "without our cows and our stuff we could sit and live or be in peace"

This makes sense to me the ease and peace of less stuff

Peaceful at the Center

The Bora the indigenous people of Peru, Brazil and Colombia call themselves "Piinemuna" and call to peace by the name "meíjcyane"

"Piine" means central place half between the middle in the thick of things the universe revolving around us

"Múnaa" means people humans or relatives it tells us our place in the universe with our family reminding us to treat each other humanely

Peace Between a Dress and a Cougar

In Mapudungun peace is found between a comfortable old dress and a young cougar "pachama" is old dress in this indigenous language of Argentina and Chile

"Paiguen" or "paihuen" are verbs that mean being at peace "paila" is to be with your back to someone knowing they have your back feeling safe enough to turn and look into the future sometimes leading often following supported and at peace

"Paillalco" is quiet water like a fish-filled stream. and a nearby "palguin" or medicinal bush in the distance a "panguipulli" or cougar hill with a pride of "panqui" or young cougars sleeping after a large meal as the sun sets in the cool of the evening moonlight guiding us as we walk at peace with the land comfortable in our own skin

Clizabeth C. Castillo



Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo is a multi-awarded and an Internationally-Published Contemporary Author/Poet and a Professional Writer / Creative Writer / Feature Writer / Journalist / Travel Writer from the Philippines. She has 2 published books, "Seasons of Emotions" (UK) and "Inner Reflections of the Muse", (USA). Elizabeth is also a 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

Olmecs

They are called the "Olmecs"
Regarded as the first Meso-American civilization
Socially advanced than their predecessors
With a culture so unique and alluring.

Olmec, you possess a golden, pristine culture, One of a kind for it developed independently The first to develop monumental architecture, And the first people to use a writing system in the Americas.

Would you believe that the Olmecs were the first ones To use chocolate as a drink during their time? "Rubber people" is what "Olmec" means The Aztecs called them and it does makes sense, Since they were the ones who invented the first ball games.

The Olmecs were the first ones to have used Mathematics, Had the concept of zero and the first calendar in long count format

Can be found in Tres Zapotes on the lower part of Stela C. In San Lorenzo, ten amazing collosal heads were discovered.

Zephyr

I am not of this world and I am evolving, My soul is a spark in the Universe Traveling in the speed of light years, As I am ahead of my time.

A zephyr bringing a gentle touch, Summoning lost souls to ignite And light the amber, Rekindle the flame.

The enchanting echoes of the sea Calling forth fairies from the other world, Sprinkling pixie dusts to an ailing humanity Bringing hope to wandering hearts.

The zephyr that I am brushes your cheeks each time, Crooning sweet melodies, music that is so sublime I am beyond your imagination taking you to oblivion.

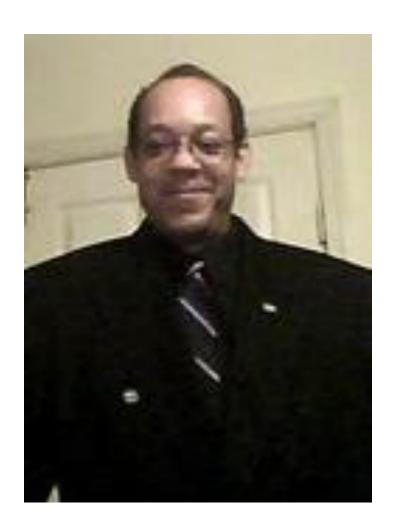
The Hourglass

Each person is an hourglass, Time ticks and with each passing sand Jewels are filtered, leaving authentic ones, We create beautiful memories And at times we reminisce, Times of our lives long passed.

We are our own timekeepers, With each sunrise We greet a brand new chapter, And with each sunset Hope is instilled in our hearts.

Fully awakened we are not, If the hourglass is not yet empty Yet, there is no concept of past, present and future For everything else is happening in the NOW.

Jog Pairg



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

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

My and Mayan

I hold my temples in temples of great wonder What's under this land where culture lays crumbled Discoveries of sentiment lifted from sediment I stand in awe of the beauty of it all Great art in forms of early residents Far removed from the view of dissidents

What happened to its people?
Edged out by scouts who sought a new freedom
Mesoamericans and South American indigenous peoples
Logo syllabic script deciphered by scholars
lost in the translation
Birth of a Nation that already was undiscoverable

I'll take art over war, missing artifacts corrupt my education

It's hard to live in a nation where you don't know who you are

Lands of far tell me; Remnants of golden shapes compel me

to search and study what was me Cities and governments literary accomplishments I'm all these things found in sacred ground A world of art never lost never found

Mercury People

The North can't be South The East can't be West A society develops were it rests Combined culture doesn't define culture Artist love art Foodies Love food God Bless those adrenaline seekers or the eh! There's always tomorrow Tell me all your sorrows Schemers dreamers Like to ride HIGH BEAMERS Beep Beep That's my horn Those early in the morn crack of dawn The lists go on and on And that one pawn that doesn't fit Illegitimated because they don't know what to do with it Ooh! But when they meet and not even to greet Out of necessity everyone gives their best insides Just like the element society combines with it self Mercury People seen in many forms Mercury People live in many norms Artist love art Foodies love food some love it all I know I do Mercury rising

That Time Of Month

Does giving from the heart mean giving up the heart? Is it heartless to be heart less in a time of stress Who feels undeserving? I want to write a love poem Like sunsets or dews crest Awaken by a storm and we both rush to the window I want to send those kinds of rhymes via actual mail I don't want a tit for tat you buy me this I buy you that I should write a love poem Maybe a sonnet and put my spin on it Shed tears upon it with lines of how I miss Overused underrated I love uses, excuses, deuces I want to write about loves beauty Candied shapes are not a waste Commercialism aside See. there I go again casting logic where it should have been Just a love poem with silly lines only we know what they mean A dozen somethings or a single anything It's a blessing to give and a joy to receive Ah sweet February smell of snow smell of rings Don't quid-pro-quo me darling Niki Teddy bear and card me where it won't fit in the car Or just hey, Happy Hearts and roses Happy lingerie poses it's that time of the month I want to write a love poem

hülya n. yılmaz



A retired Liberal Arts professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, and a literary translator. Her poetry has been published in an excess of sixty anthologies of global endeavors. Two of her poems are permanently installed in *TelePoem Booth*, a nation-wide public art exhibition in the U.S. She has shared her work in Kosovo, Canada, Jordan and Tunisia. hülya has been honored with a 2018 WIN Award of British Colombia, Canada. She is presently working on three poetry books and a short-story collection. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com/

Mesoamerica

an area spanning from central Mexico to Honduras and Nicaragua encompassing diverse civilizations of the pre-Columbian era

what did those cultural entities do is what i wonder about when i read generic definitions as the one above what were the landmarks of distinction of this region's "flourished" civilizations?

like we, they too were no doubt divided by language religion, social class, economics and politics how did they cope with those divides is to me the must-be-asked question did they ever quest for peace?

do we, in full reality, quest for peace? if so, why then do we not have it yet? what can i alone, we together, strive to achieve a stronghold on that too slippery road of our differences?

their faith was in multitudes as were their tongues not any different, the rest of their construct

we are looking at ourselves in the same inexorable mirror and do not see what we actually are: bones, joints, flesh, hair and organs inside all of which we all will have left for the other side . . .

indigenous

are we not all? indigenous, that is?

at some point or another
our host country has feasted itself
with our native tongue, customs
traditions – our native everything
but then, our origins' uniqueness began to melt
into our new home's sphere
we were in no despair
we were devoted
and quested
to make it
here

our religion began to change as did our original language our ways of life altered themselves we also had much baggage from our long-gone past we needed to adapt fast

did i say "indigenous"? are we not all?

my ABCs

one morning, as i found out i had learned my ABCs from A to V, that is Venezuela Argentina Colombia Suriname Paraguay Uruguay Ecuador Guyana Bolivia

yes, oh yes!
i now know my ABCs
but only in South America . . .
Asia? Europe? Africa?
Australia? Antarctica? North America?

not as of yet . . .

Brazil Chile Peru

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

Hieroglyphic Writing

I try to imagine you before your history was discovered in the ruins of buildings, sophisticated artforms from wood, jade, ceramics, sculpted stone monuments and finely painted murals imprinted with complex engravings.

The skill and knowledge of your script persisted right up to the arrival of the Europeans who attempted genocide on you, your architectural legacy and your writing. Through the devastation you and some of your text survived.

You a proud and intelligent indigenous people of Mesoamerica with an advanced hieroglyphic writing system from the 3rd century impresses even in the 21st century.

Sidewalk Teaser

She struts down the main drag in her jazzy skirt. His hands, squeaky clean, hide in his oversize khakis,

where they always go when excited. No one could see those sweaty palms turn red.

She takes a side peep, catches those hazel eyes and locks him in her glance.

Water drips from his pockets. Perhaps love will bloom tonight along the naked sidewalks.

Sacred Colony

She is destined for greatness or so they thought watching her lift trees on her shoulders.

It is a routine exercise for her. Simple humans just do not realize her abnormal strength is normal behavior in the colony of the sacred.

Born on the edge of the universe just beyond the earth plane, she was invented in the purple corner, by the jade pony, sitting

on the crystal pool, gathering strength from reflected light that dies moment by moment in praise of her name.

Ashok K. Bhargava



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

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

Remojadas Figurines

Search for simplicity ends when we become familiar with the concept of minimalism.

You and I are ornaments. I create you.
You create me.

When I talk I am God. When you talk you are God. Everyone is God.

God is everything. God is word God is light.

I am a canvas, you are a painting drawn on me.

And so am I.

* Remojadas (Spanish pronunciation 'remo'xaðas' is a name applied to a culture, an archaeological site, as well as an artistic style that flourished on Mexico's Veracruz Gulf Coast from perhaps 100 BCE to 800 CE.

Mother Amazon

The river brought us here it will take us back.

With rainforest we walk we talk we see we live.

Mother Amazon scatters seeds of fertility perpetuates human race.

She loves us.

Like the sun she is everything.

Inca Lover

Inca is a lover locked in sadness. His beloved evaporated like morning dew without a trace.

His heart blazes like fire craving to dance with green waves.

His days in the sun wither like petals fall without seeing the night.

At night flowers cry a river escorting Inca.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno



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).

Peruvian Biography

driven by an eagle's spirit
manuscripts, flown to aesthetic gifts,
there were more than stories ever written
a chance to a wordsmiths' circle.
brothers, in truth, in faith
in anguish, in reverie
in human and divine,
beyond a bohemian forehead,
the book of all voices.
A homage to all sublime hands,
the mirror of many faces
the biography of Peruvian reality.

Southern Wings

You are risen, prodigious sons and daughters Brought honour and fame, You are noted Aztec weavers Who travelled the wall streets Etched a groomed history Light drizzles of wilderness. Between now and then, Like shadows of Maori In a life of a butterfly or dragons, Archangels, devils and planets Your manuscripts talked, shouted and wept Like a revolution of Celestial odes You were the southern wings Flown to years of freedom Your deep songs Awaken the death of the suns Shone to the Hispanic monuments, Your voice remain. In the hearts of men.

in my everything

i am not all knowing.
i need you
to be the intervenor of your world
to my lost world
sneaking, skipping
to find the quantum place
breaking the walls of the light
from the deafening silence and blinding darkness
where i could feel the sun through my heart
it's not that i was born this way
but because i am a gift
sealed with opportunities
in and out.

i like to dream and believe
even the impossible and unbelievable
i am not afraid to show how much i can
i won't refuse to find someone
and learn the language of the blind
but lend me your ears and heart
so i can lend you my life
my freedom outside the box
my spirit to begin from this end
for i am me, with you
in my everything.

Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India .She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017.. She is the recipient of Gold Cross Of Wisdom Award, the medal for The Best Teachers of the World from World Union of Poets in 2018, and The LIfe time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BiHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De .She is the Ambassador of Literature Award 2018 Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati, the administrator of several poetic groups ,the member of the Special Council of Five of World Union of Poets and the Cultural Ambassador of Inner Child Press U.S.

Dissected Forever

Have you seen the drizzling bloods From the quivers At the hillocks of Aconcagua? Laughter crosses every Archipelago Frozen dreams catch fire The wind with rejuvenating resolutions secrets The leaping cascades And wild flowers The Andeans with clapper sticks And water drum and Guiro celebrating the vocables Music that dissects The paradigm The virgin steps march forward With the lover thumb Pressing darkness The time's cobweb is dissected forever

Aconcagua -the mountain in Argentina Andeans- the indigenous people of the Andeans Guiro -the musical instrument that gives a rasping sound originally made from a gourd and used in Latin American music

Are You Waiting?

Are you waiting?
For whom?
On perceptible wall of Time frame
Where is the eternal spring?
When pictures bloom
as mustard flowers of winter
You the trespasser in the trees of tissues
Your calm intensity
And jovial silence

Are you celebrating?
The magical correspondence
Sometimes you stir as a glass blade
Sometimes you are a crystal
Reflecting the entwined votive torch
Your waiting in the connubial metres
Is the radical desire
It is easy to be ordinary
But the tunnel from ordinary to morbid
Is the allotted platform on the precipice
Whether you like it or not
Still you are waiting!!!

Confession

Every Confession leads to a question Every stigma is a confession Every Prima Facie is a stigma

Every controversy is a Prima Facie

Every question is a controversy

Every controversy leads to a creation

Albert 'Infinite' Carassco



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

Infinite poetry @lulu.com
Alcarrasco2 on YouTube
Infinite the poet on reverbnation

Infinite Poetry

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

North America

English, Spanish and French are the the majority of languages spoken amongst the people in these twenty three countries. Hello, hola, bonjour. Although, there are many more. The largest country is Canada and the capital of Mexico is the biggest city. Diverse cultures in North America living in harmony. We eat different types of food, wear different types of clothing and live in different types of shelters, we also have different types of currency. The United States is the wealthiest, it has the biggest national economy. The Arctic, Atlantic, Caribbean Sea, Gulf of Mexico and the pacific border people with different dialects, cultures and skin colors

Pen cry

I've seen homies in critical. I've seen homies through morgue windows. I never gave up hope when i was at beside vigils regardless to the fact docs said there was no brain function, I believed in miracles. Casualties of war, reactions of actions to not be poor anymore. If there was a way for people to see through my eyes at what I saw briefly, there eyes would be sore infinitely, my pain would have the average man reach a level of insanity. I Kissed cold foreheads like I always do while silently sayn... Inf loves you, went to everyone's burial, watched holes get refilled with dirt too, sometimes it's still unbelievable knowing it's true. Through the fire I gained a gift to tap into memories I see ever so clearly, I could think of a point and time close my eyes and relive history. It's a gift and a curse, after the fun and laughter there's going to be murder... I also relive that over and over, but Ill take the good with the bad as long as I can visualize the closest friends I ever had. I didn't live through it all to drop tears screaming out woe is me, I lived through it all to let my pen cry urban poetry.

One last time to see them

Just one last time to see them. That's my wish. If y'all know someone that can make this happen, point me in the direction. I mourn deeply. Every once in a while I get in my feelings and be like... damn so many. The tat on my back with the names of those that died kept expanding like St. Raymond's cemetery. It started with my father, cancer from that liquor thirst, then murder of men that was with me on the block tryn to make the everyday flow feel like the first. Yes, I do have lots of memories and I have a vivid imagination, but I would love to see them with my two physicals like back then, instead of third eye visions. My dad would be the first I'll run to, then I would literally go insane tryn to figure out who'll be the next I run to. the line up is long, that's terrible, I'll put my arm around him, he'll put his arm around him, we'll all hug each other like we did in tuff touch football huddles. They'll be a feast with entire families and friends because I know they all would want to break bread with kin again. It'll be an all out celebration, fun, laughter and joyful conversations. I'll step back and soak it all in, I'll be looking at stars, my angelic constellation. I'll have a photographer to snap pics and short vids of my king and my sand box brothers to last me for the rest of my forever, when the last time to see them is over.

Cliza Sggigt



After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

With specific regard to her creative writings, the author describes herself as being torn in her passion for engaging in two literary genres: Poetry and Drama. A similar dichotomy from within is reflected on Segiet's own words about her true nature: She likes to look at the clouds, but she keeps both of her feet set firmly on the ground.

The author describes her worldview as being in harmony with that of Arthur Schopenhauer: "Ordinary people merely think how they shall 'spend' their time; a man of talent tries to 'use' it".

Adventure

Between the Panamanian Passage, the surrounding water, fragments of ancient civilization, nature stronger than man.

Waterfalls attract the curious, they show their strength and powerlessness of the human towards them.

Emerging from the mists variegated rocks, sometimes in the sun glisten with not one rainbow. A surfy water storm awakens the imagination. How many people saw it, How many more will see?

Gardens floating on the lakes delight.

A lot to write about this part of the world... It's better to experience it.

In the past, El Dorado was sought for today
- hello, adventure
on the ledge behind the great water.

Drops

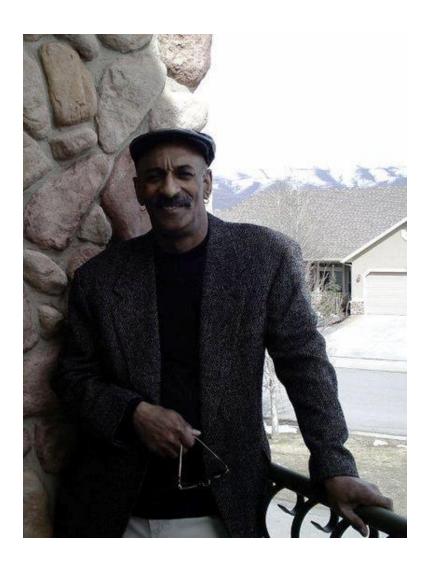
Stroking a rock waterfall drops excite the imagination of the poet, magic of the light animates the painter's hand. A woman — the helmsman of fantasy moors on the canvas stretchers and filled with words pages.

Inclusion

From the orchestra of sensations only moments are stopped in time. They remain, they last like an inclusion hidden in amber. The past veiled by the memory of stone nature.

My mind are the corals of the past, monads of memories immersed in a whirl of madness. The corals of the future crystallize into indeterminacy. Fortune will materialize tomorrow.

William S. Pøtørs Sr.



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

Meso world

You may deem us as barbaric, For we wore loin cloths, Head-dress And a skin of many colors

We made human sacrifices Unto the Gods, That you have yet to come To know

You pray to the heavens We ourselves Have bathed in

We charted time for you . . . But you do not listen

We left signs
Of the coming times
But you take not heed

We charted the galaxies for you, But yet you still do not Comprehend

There is so much more You have yet to learn About the eternal nature Of soul, But you would rather Call us . . . uncivil

We dance in the solstice light
Celebrating the seasons . . .
Those to come, and those past,
And thus you too
Shall be
As they are . . .
A forgotten time
Looked upon by the future inhabitants
As barbaric

The Meso world

Come Dear Aquarius . . . Come

the vessel she bears is earthen and filled with the Water of Truth she has come to quench the thirsts of the Spirit of Man's Wonder about him self

she shall pour out the contents amongst us and Mother and let the rushing whispers bathe us and cleanse us of our misgiven past

we can not help but hear for the message speaks to our very souls you do not need an ear to hear this

Her Grace is from the One which is sufficient as they say and a new understanding of the way shall be revealed as She unseals her offerings

Men will be seeking the light that of the aeons not spoken of by mystics

Space shall expand exponentially and all shall be revealed unto us as we wade through the subterfuge of waste that we once embrace as life

this is the age of "The Coming" when all men may be anointed by their own choice

the fish swam in these Waters that they may come this was foretold

The Ram drank from the Mountain Spring that flowed from that cleaved Rock that quenched the wantings of the Children who roamed the desolate deserts for those 40 years and 40 Generations hence

here we are on bended knees in need of this liquid spirit filled salvation

Come Dear Aquarius we have awaited your arrival the Prophets spoke of this time when the Rivers of Four would be returned into the garden of our realities

let the Revelation be fulfilled that man may be revealed for what He is Come Dear Aquarius . . . Come

Purging

I knew there was something within me That I had to get out

It seems that some slightly sick Malevolent entity Has rooted its self In my core, A place where I thought Only Holy Gardens Should endure

The shadows of its presence Seem quite dark . . . At times, While at other times It creates a false light To blind me And prevent me From seeing The entirety Of my truth

I suspect,
No, I confirm there are many layers
Of truth,
But I know
This can not be true

Call it delusions,
Or illusions
If you must,
But I know the latter

Absolves me
Of any direct responsibilities . . .
I think . . .
I hope

I like most
Seek to assert the blame
For my errancies
On circumstances,
Things,
Timing,
People
And whatever works
At that time

Yet deep within
What I think to be
Coming from my Soul,
I hear that fine faint felicitous voice
Calling in soft azure, tyrian and cinnamon tones
Calling for me to take heed,
Come . . .
Come and bathe,
Lounge in
My liquid laughable languidness

Will I drown And lose myself I asked myself perhaps

Will I, my 'i' be consumed, Or will all that is dysfunctional Within me

Be purged When I regurgitate ALL that I have ingested

Consider this . . .

Am I spending too much coin
Attempting to buy my way
Into the dream factory,
That I may belong?

This is a purely self-examining judgmental poem

Føbruary 2019 Føaturøs

~ * ~

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



Margk Łukaszgwicz



Marek Łukaszewicz was born in Dzierżoniow, Poland in 1958, and trained at the École de Beaux Arts in Paris. He is a writer and inventor of logical games living in Łódź, Poland. He also invented a new sport – Wand Ballet.

A word

Don't say a word, and I will try to add The mislaid sound of consonants To make sadness vibrant in the stillness And transfer to paper the inexpressible sense of silence

The word, the secret of this existence, That transcends human weakness; A tame word, a soulful word Is not in contradiction with the world, So talk to it and listen

Where is the commemorative image, The memory full of color; Enchanted in the word? Can it ever be reincarnated?

Is there wisdom without words?
Can one create life through a symbol that is the word?

Fate-mantis

On the meadow blue cornflowers thread my tender souvenir yesterday we walked together and today I shed a tear

Oh, you fate
Oh, you mantis
dance the waltz with me
eat me for your cruel dinner
I feel lonely you're the winner

I've sent you a tender kiss like a large blue butterfly Now I look at my reflection deprived of your kind protection

Oh, you fate
Oh, you mantis
dance the waltz with me
eat me for your cruel dinner
I feel lonely you're the winner

I will do my dance-macabre even with the witches Oh God, I am a usurper without serious wishes

Oh, you fate
Oh, you mantis
dance the waltz with me
eat me for your cruel dinner
I feel lonely you're the winner

My wings grow wide from my shoulders in the Autumn's windrow I have no more devil's stigmas life is an enigma

Oh, you fate
Oh, you mantis
dance the waltz with me
eat me for your cruel dinner
I feel lonely you're the winner

Elixir of life

When the green leaf rustles timidly the bear creeps from its lair one who remembers the winter dreams finds in the depths his dare

The cheerful thrill swarms all of nature and wakes up from the misty night everyone has the germ of fortune and needs to be born to light

Become the snowdrop of your destiny although your blood runs cold when the floods withdraw all their tides you should feel younger and bold

The cheerful thrill swarms all of nature and wakes up from the misty night everyone has the germ of fortune and needs to be born to light

Rise yourself from the heavy torpor while the world throbs with great power and if you conquer the elixir of life then do the duty to others

The cheerful thrill swarms all of nature and wakes up from the misty night everyone has the germ of fortune and needs to be born to light

Bharati Nayak



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

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

I Speak Not

I speak not As I feel Speaking is not essential.

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

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

Parrot

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

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

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

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

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

Sea and Seashore

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

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

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

Aida G. Rogue



A retired Sped teacher in Maryland Public School and also a private grade school teacher in the University of Santo Tomas in Manila, where she earned her Bachelors degree in Elementary Education in 1973 and worked at Siena College in Quezon City, as well as Grade School Teacher and School Psychometrician in the Guidance Department for 20 years before she moved to USA. She also obtained her Graduate Studies in Master's degree in Special Education and Post Graduate in The University of Queensland in Brisbane, Australia as Teacher Ambassador Scholarship Program.

She loves to read good books in any genre but her most favorite are mystery. She's working on her first mystery novel to be published soon.

Authored and published three children's books and anthology with other group of poets around the world and was invited to Mexico, Romania and Italy, in recognition of her poems. Her other poems was selected and published by renowned publisher in New York, the SPILLWORDS PRESS Publishing Company.

Her loves for photography, painting, writing prose and poetry, sketching, traveling, ballroom dancing, cooking exotic food and gardening are very therapeutic for her chronic pain.

A part time freelance writer on new products. Interviewed Hollywood actors and did pre-movie screening and review.

Married to her long time partner of 40 years to retired Architect Abel S. Roque and they have 3 lovely children Frances, a Bio-Science Graduate and Researcher, Teddy, a computer programmer and Paul, a Movie and television production supervisor at Discovery Channel. She adore her four lovely grandchildren.

Do Love Still Exist...

Never ending love stories, With happy and tearful endings. Written in heaven with God's blessings And some are written on the sand, unluckily washed away by the tides.

Is there a real love left on earth..

I can't count the number of desperate souls, longing for love, uncared and in despair.

From an innocent child of abusive parents and a battered wIfe from abusive relationship.

Lord, save your people from dearth of sin through your almighty power, heal. There's no traces of love left on this earth, as you could see, numbers of distress souls, scream in darkness and longing to be heard.

Victims of modern slavery, unaccounted for and scared of being labeled. Listen to the voices of the marginalized, suffered from the greediness of selfish leader, who malnourished and dilapidated the country of his birth.

.

Where is that piece called, love that we used to have on earth.
Where are the true lovers now..
Impermanent, vanishing from thin air?
Does love still exist..

Love is greater than hate, generously share with no queer. Love can also heals, the only thing we can share to spread peace and no more fear.

A Rape Victim's Appeal

Only for you my beloved, I will do as you please. To open my mouth and swallow you whole. Even my throat will choke, just to take you inside, with every inch you'll be satisfied. But, you're not my beloved.

Every drip of your honey will be sweet to my taste and can swiftly glide smoothly in and out of my sacred walls. The secret paradise for my one and only beloved.

Together we will work it out, with every gentle squeeze, will rhyme and with yearning for you. The glossy gelatinous will drizzle from your strong supreme being on a silky plateau, wide open, letting every fermented seeds to create life inside.

If you're my beloved.

But, you're not.
By force, you rape me
and unwillingly surrender.
My body moaning to escape
the gruesome act because,
you're not my beloved.

Personification

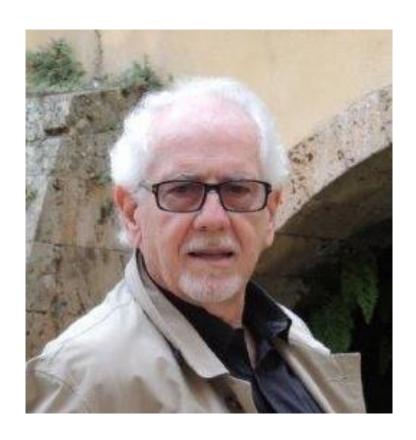
A cry of a troubled soul, Hissing sounds, are words of painful sin. Prayers in thoughts, whisper in silent, are pleading lines, to please listen.

For us, lost and sinful soul, wandering in our own delusion of psychotic belief of one's solution. Digging our own pit, on a grave of our own destruction,

Free will are weak and lost its strength Drowning in deep troubles and of confusion. Stop a wicked soul from rusting And save us from the ravine of destruction.

Don't let your hands slip, hoping to hang on even very steep. Your promise words, the faith we keep. A covenant you gave, to your people, magnifies through heaven and earth, a symbol of a redemption and soul to leap.

Jøan Jacquøs Fourniør



Jean-Jacques Fournier was born in Montreal Canada. Though Francophone, he studied in the English language. At 17 joined the Royal Canadian Navy to continue his education, and discover the Americas. In the sixties, his adventurous life touring Western Europe, would forever change his life. Its cultural shock prompted him to transpose his emotions into writing poetry. After moving to California, poetry became his secret inner life, the while in the business of graphic arts. In 2000, living primarily in France, he started publishing his poems. He now lives in Canada, having compiled to date fifteen books, and a poetry

https://fournierjj.wordpress.com/books

Bells of Warning

- a survival assistance -

I hear the ringing In bells' surround, My mind pleading I'll reach beyond, Its peal of warning In an alert resound, Find be advocating Its presaging sound, Until knell explodes People indifference, To world's overload Of dolour resistance, And its flouted waste Be an end to existence. Tho our planet awaits A survival's assistance, That mankind negates A cry that's meant tell, Mustn't channel too late To spare man made hell, Suggests we do make haste Animating bells of warning, That we're near past due date!

Conjugated People

~ by shade ~

People are played To lend disorder. Sorted by shade Ranked in colour, Thus to persuade Reluctant objectors, Thence to dissuade They who so claim, Black white or other Meant be the same, Yet ignore brothers Made suffer in vain, A hand that fosters Segregationist game, To ostracize druthers While man plays blind, To coloured skin cause Gives marginalized time, And its racists' applause Conjugates them by shade, Fixed in fellowman's mind!

oh to find survive, as a one people

world,

with a rainbow

coloured spine!

"Food For Thought"

~ not quite for life ~

Food for thought In times of yore, Foraged the lot Of core set chore. Each perilous day In transient times, For man to stay Thus so he sought, Tho for but few Not quite for life, He might've thought Meant honest gain, As man progressed Save grow false fame, From genetic seed Be mans new game, Fixed pretend feed Altered for greed, Though fellowman Of deaf partisan ears, Begs substance feed Made cultivate in fear, With uncertainty of needs For life giving nutrition, Thus indisputable he must plead!

inspired by my

daughter Nicole, eco artist

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

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

Alan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Inner Child Press

News

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
Fahredin Shehu
Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno
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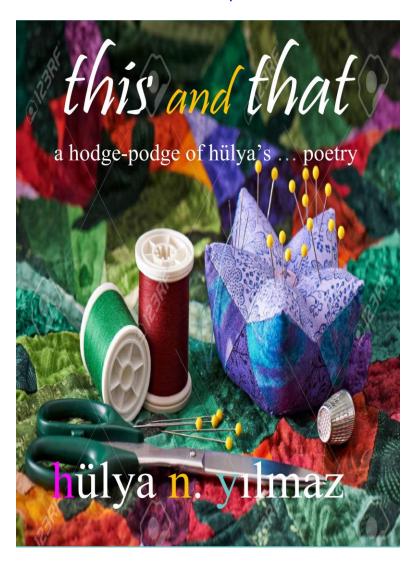
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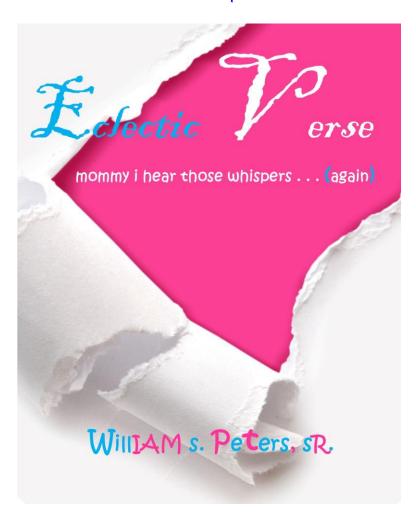
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



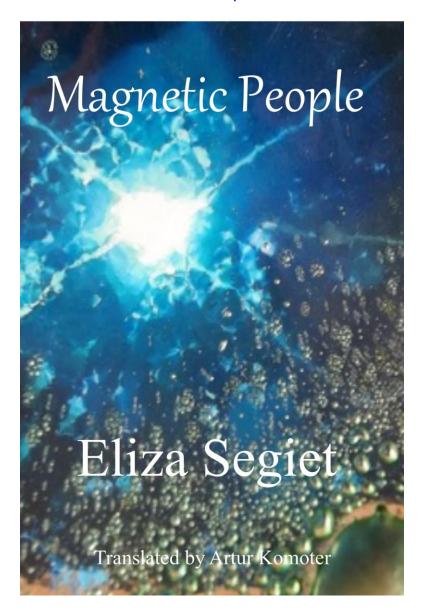


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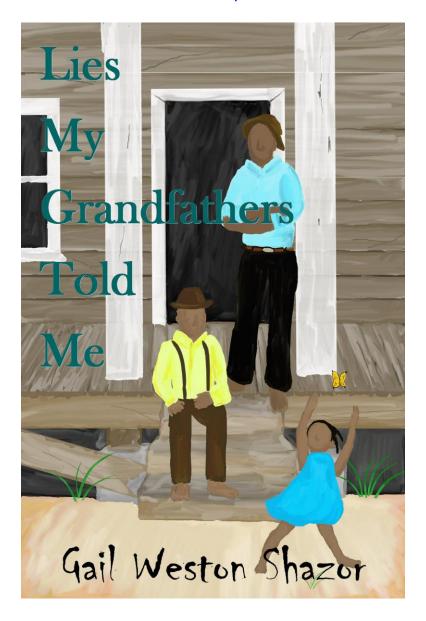
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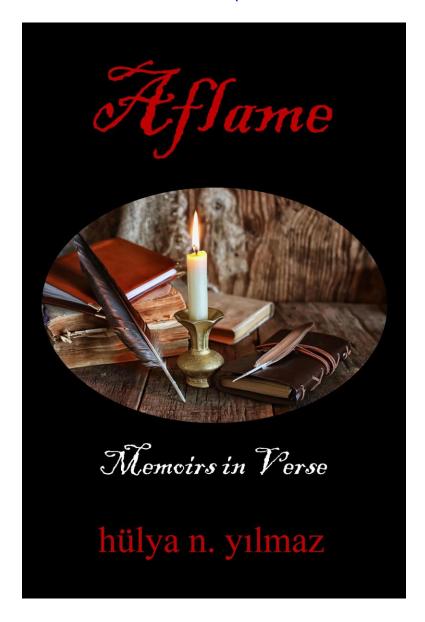


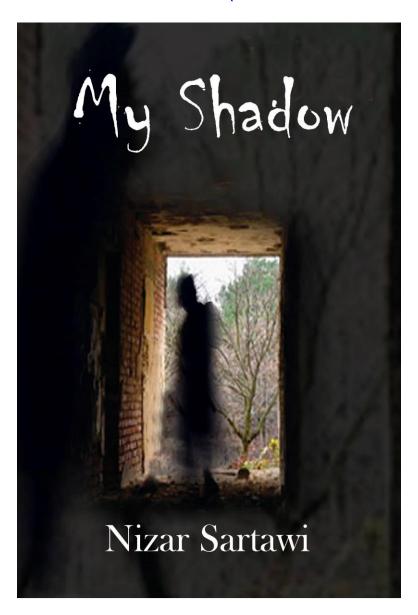
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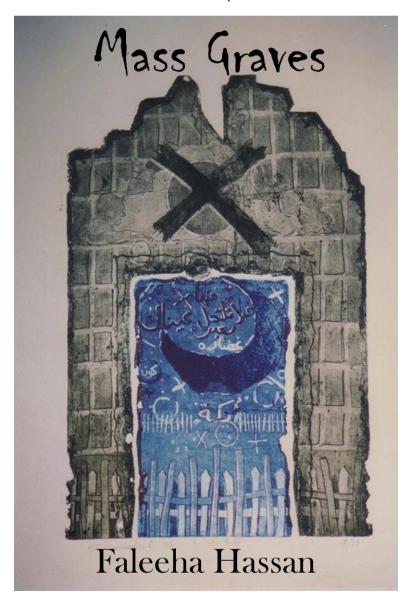












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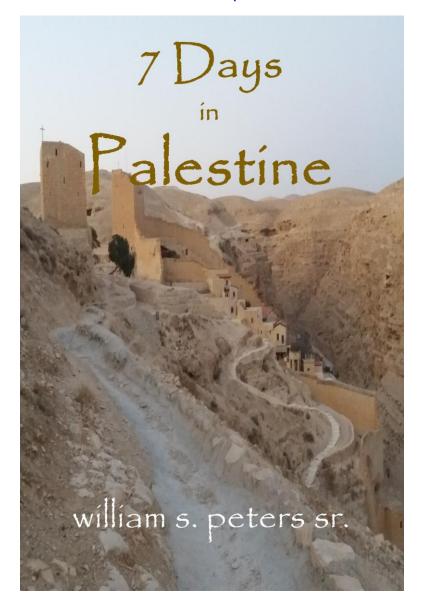
Breakfast

for

Butterflies

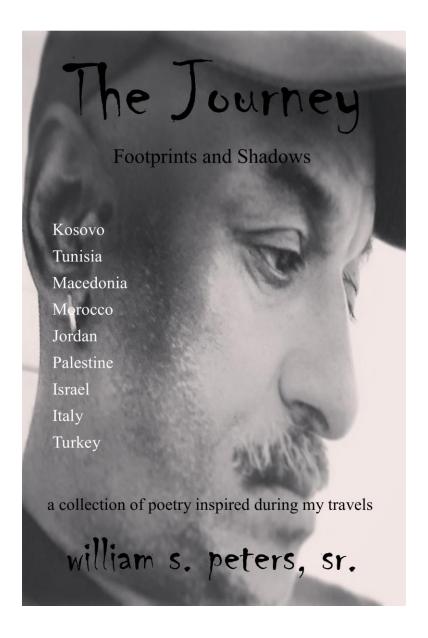


Faleeha Hassan



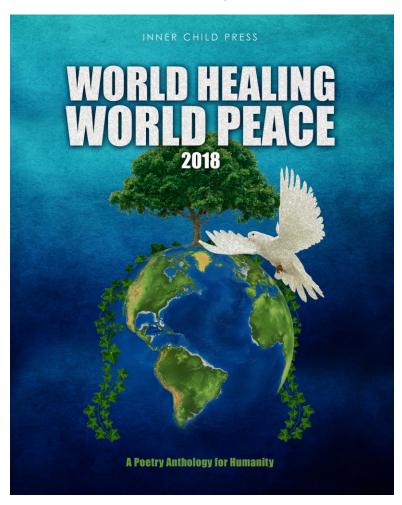


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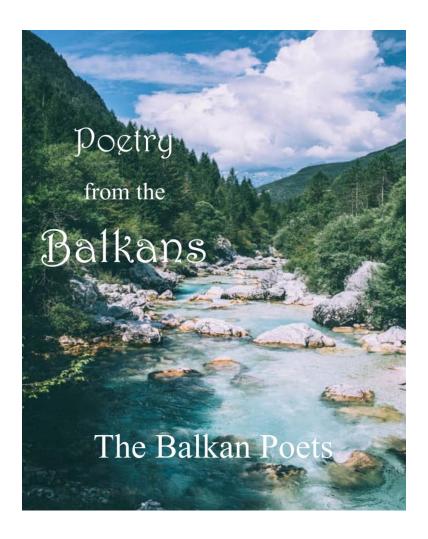
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william s. peters, sr.

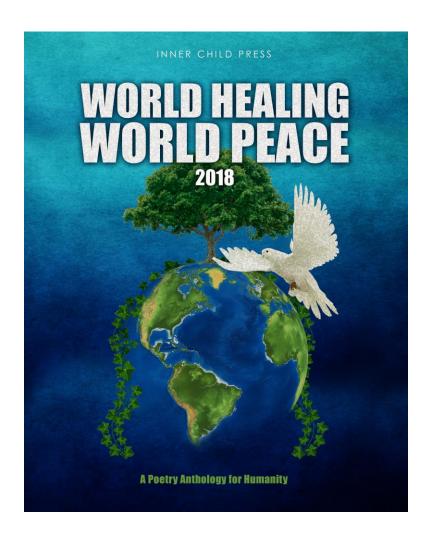
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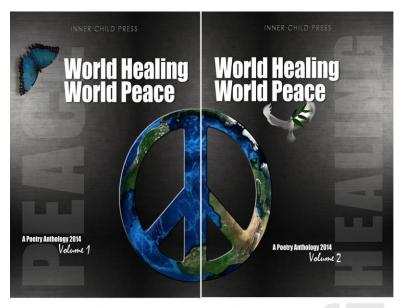
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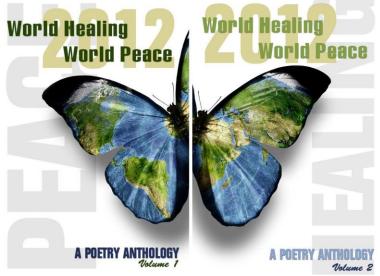
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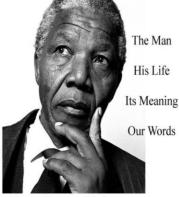


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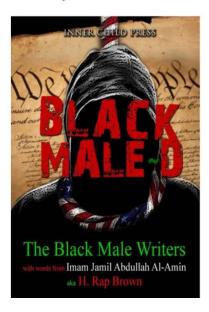
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The Anthological Writers

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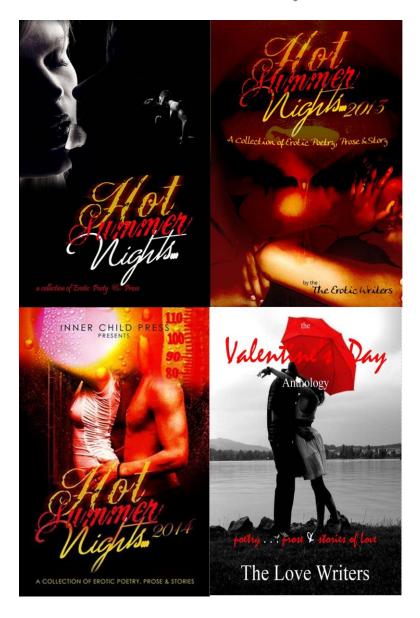
TRAYVON MARTIN





inspired by . . . Monte Smith

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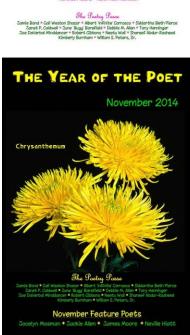






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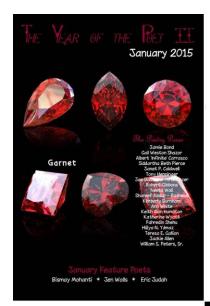
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Samie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Infiniter Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierco Janet P. Caldwell * Jane 'Bugg Barakield * Debble M. Allen * Tony Henninger Joe DoVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Share

October Feature Poets Ceri Naz * Rasendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

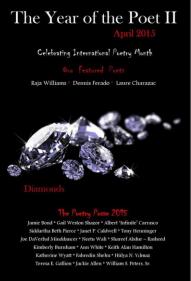


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The Year of the Poet 11

June



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The Year of the Poet II

July 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond* Gail Weston Shazer* Albert Infinite' Carranco Siddarfia Beth Fierce* Jamet F. Caldwell* Tenry Henninger po Davberhal Mindaneer* Nesthe Mait* Sharreef Abart—Rasheed Kimberty Burnham* Ann White* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt* Fahredan Shehu* Hillya N. Yilmaz. Teresta Callinon* Jackie Alm* Williama S. Feters. Sc

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



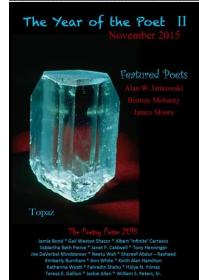
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shuzor * Albert *Infinite' Carrasco Siddarlıa Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Heminger Joe Da'verbal Minddauncer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Albdar * Rasheed Kimberly Burulum * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Feters. Sr

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Festured Poets Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



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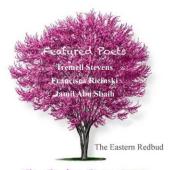


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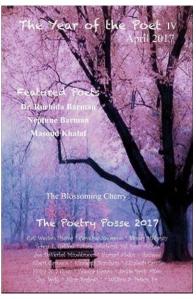
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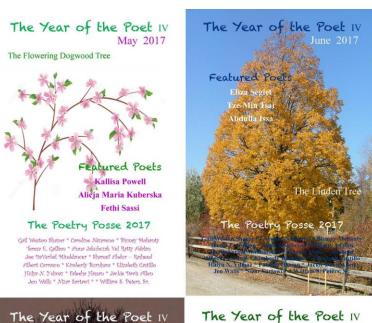


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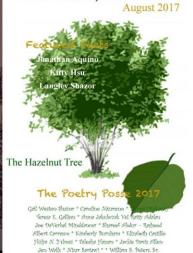
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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets
Kay Peters
Alfreda D. Ghee
Gabriella Garofalo
Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Year of the Poet IV



The Black Walnut Tree

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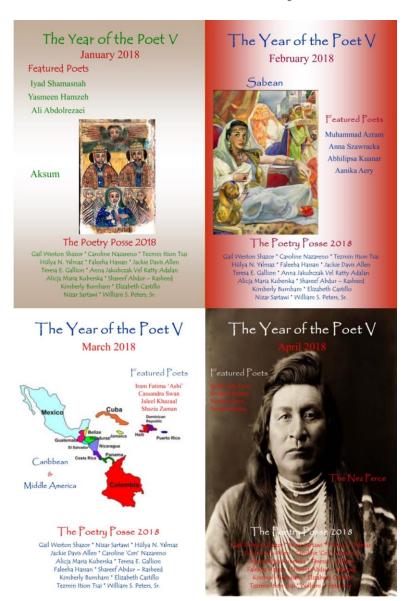
The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



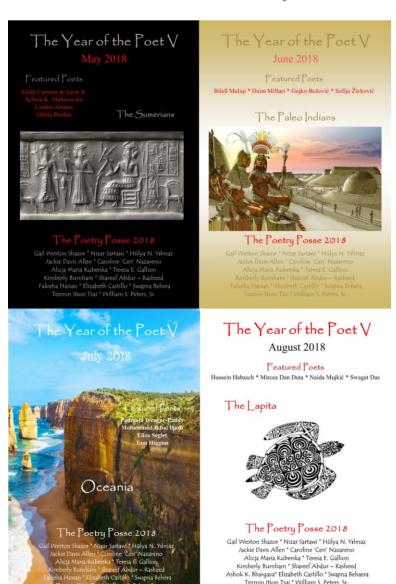
The Poetry Posse 2017

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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



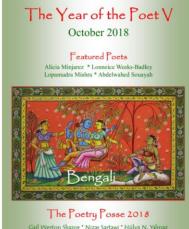
Featured Poets

Eliza Segiet

Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani
Lily Swarn

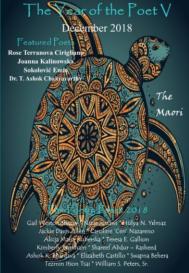
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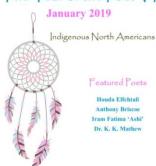
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The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

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



Meso-America

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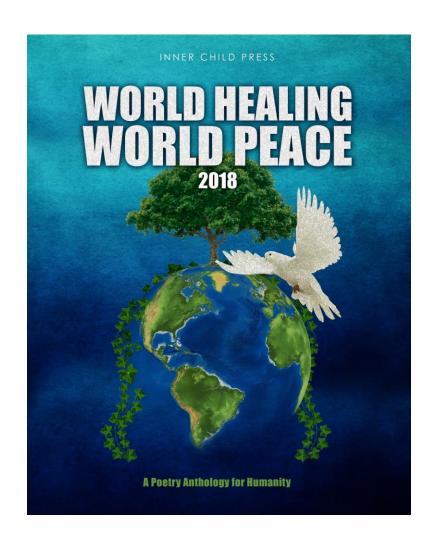
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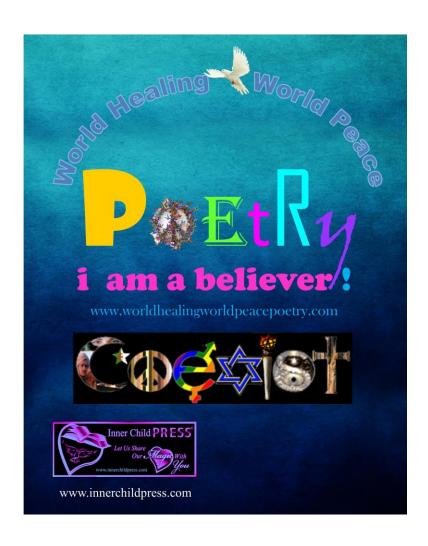
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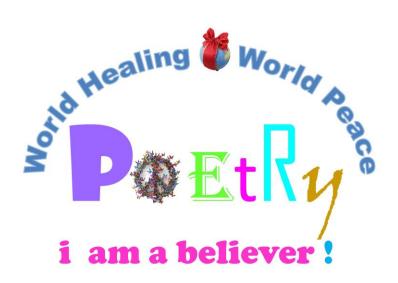
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2019



February 2019 ~ Featured Poets



Marek Łukaszewicz



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