# The Year of the Poet VII

### February 2020

## Featured Poets

Jennifer Ades \* Martina Reisz Newberry Ibrahim Honjo \* Claudia Piccinno

Henri La Fontaine ~ 1913





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

### The Poetry Posse 2020

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



**The Poetry Posse** 

inner child press, ltd.

### The Poetry Posse 2020

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

~ \* ~

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

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

#### **General Information**

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#### The Poetry Posse

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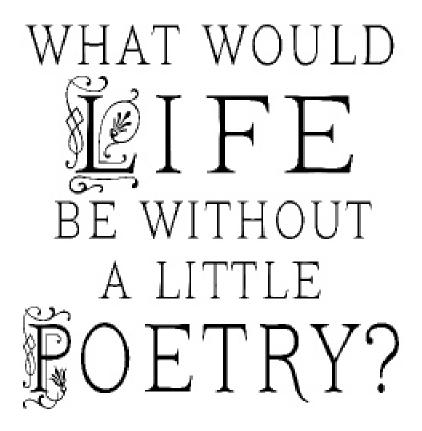
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#### This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

#### æ

## The Poetry Posse past, present & future our Patrons and Readers the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



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

Janet P. Caldwell

# Table of Contents

Foreword	ix	
Preface	xiii	
Henri La Fontaine	xvii	

## The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	17
Tezmin Ition Tsai	25
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	33
Kimberly Burnham	41
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	47
Joe Paire	55
hülya n. yılmaz	61
Teresa E. Gallion	67

Table of Contents . . . continued

Ashok K. Bhargava	73
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	81
Swapna Behera	87
Albert Carassco	95
Eliza Segiet	101
William S. Peters, Sr.	109

February's Featured Poets	119
Claudia Piccinno	121
Jennifer Ades	127

Johnner / Rees	127
Martina Reisz Newberry	135
Ibrahim Honjo	147

Inner Child News 157

Other Anthological	Works	183
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## Foreword

Dear Reader:

You are holding in your hand the second collection of *The Year of the Poet*, *Volume VII*. The 2020series is titled: "The Year of Peace. Celebrating Past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients". The 1913-recipient of the said prize, Henri La Fontaine is the focus of this anthology's February issue. Maybe you have never heard about him. You may be asking: Who was he? What did he do in the field of peace? Why was he rewarded the Nobel Peace Prize?

would like to introduce him to you. Read his short biography, please, and later, some poems dedicated to him in this publication. Discover his personality, dreams and emotions in the verses, which were written about him from all over the world. Poets from different countries tried to resurrect the past. His personality and ideas will revive again. I hope we all can learn much from him.

Let us start our introduction ...

Henri La Fontaine was born in Brussels on the  $22^{nd}$  of April in 1854 and died in the city of his birth on May 14, 1943. He was a professor of international law, a senator in the Belgian

legislature, a renowned bibliographer, a man of wide-ranging cultural achievements. Henri La Fontaine was a freemason, and a member of *Les Amis Philanthropes* in Brussels.

The studied law at the Free University of Brussels. In 1877, at the age of twenty-three, La Fontaine registered as counsel with the Brussels Court of Appeal. Later, he received a doctorate in law from his alma mater. He practiced law, becoming one of Belgium's leading jurists. In 1888, he began his long work for the cause of peace; and participated in liberal reform initiatives.

The and his sister Léonie La Fontaine were early advocates for women's rights and suffrage. In 1890, they founded the Belgian League for the Rights of Women.

In 1893, he became professor of international law at the Free University of Brussels, and two years later, was elected to the Belgian Senate as a member of the Socialist Party. He served as vice chairman of the Senate from 1919 to 1932.

He also served as the president of the International Peace Bureau from 1907 until his death in 1943. La Fontaine promoted the idea of unification of the world's pacifist organizations. He was a member of the Belgian delegation to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 and to the League of Nations Assembly between 1920 and 1921.

Henri La Fontaine was the first socialist, who won the Nobel Peace Prize. La Fontaine's greatest work was as an activist in the international peace movement. He was a strong champion of internationalism. He set up an institute which collected documentation from all over the world on international matters. In 1910, he organized a world conference for international organizations. Its purpose was to create "an intellectual parliament" for humanity.

Henri La Fontaine held high positions of trust in the peace movement. When he was awarded the Peace Prize in 1913, he was the effective leader of the peace movement in Europe.

Now, let us read some poems ....

Alicja Maria Kuberska Poland

# Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited and feel accomplished as we enter our seventh year of publishing what I and many others deem to be a worthy enterprise, *The Year of the Poet*.

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

To reiterate, our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful poets, word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global audience. In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

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

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

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

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

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

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

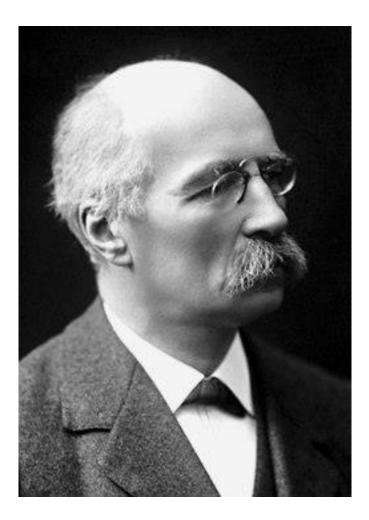
www.innerchildpress.com/the-year-of-the-poet

#### World Healing, World Peace Foundation human beings for humanity



#### worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

## Henri La Fontaine



Each month for the year of 2020, which we have deemed as *The Year of Peace*, we at Inner Child Press International will be celebrating through our poetry a few Nobel Peace Prize Recipients who have contributed greatly to humanity via their particular avocations. This month of February 2020 you will find select poems from each Poetry Posse member on this month's celebrants. In 1913, The Belgian Lawyer and peace activist Henri La Fontaine, was the named recipient of this prestigious award for his work.

#### For more information about visit :

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henri La Fontaine

https://www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/1913/font aine/biographical/





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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



# Gail Weston Shazor



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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#### Peace

A fountain moves quietly Suffering not the ideals That suffocate minds Donning a mantle of ~Peace~ The lion protects the pride The lioness nurtures The next generation Of freedom

#### В

We B all the time In synch Saving daylight and watching the moon set Cuz we В Seeing life In unison Different and yet the same air breathing I cannot help but watch you Cuz you B And sometimes that is all you are B Everything in small movements Eyes be blinking slowly And I cannot tell Which В You are When I B looking hard For a sign of my being cuz I В Diggin you In my solitude of friendship And you В My best consciousness of that moment And no matter what I say I can find accomplice-ness in your nod Cuz you В Understandin

Just how I feel after having experienced So much pain and hurt and loss In your past And we В Like, just forget dem fools Where yo shovel at, buried and done And yet I can still see a haunting in your eyes And I want to cry for you Cuz I can't cry for me And you B like Holding my hand in my sleep B Wrapping your arms around me B Silent В Breathing slowly jes so I can catch up В Slipped up В Resting it all out No one else B getting us Our laughter and private jokes and heads together Saying things that are only meant for me and you In the quickening of the day Thev Be Like Where dey do dat at Unmarried folks closer than those that are And its no sense in the arguing Cuz we B like You ready

B Like, you ok B Like, of course B Like, not really but keep talking Til we both feel better with all the air Between us clear and as blue As the water that B Fulled up in the sea

Press your fingers Under my skin

And find the treasures i have hidden My secrets are not safe Until i share them with you The burden is lightened Of wanting so much And needing so much Simultaneously Aging ungraciously In many attempts To find purpose In a single life And while i would have Focused on my aloneness i was never without a comforter Every tear that i released Increased the volume Of the ocean and sea Every mist and every vapor That spreads seeds across the earth My sorrow became stillness And the chorus came to sing Homeless and restless ones Ministering through their pain Asking much and taking little Until my cups were filled To overflowing again and again All the things thought lost Were merely waiting quietly More greatfilled than ever i want to share this with you This Angel's Share

# 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.

#### Builder

Poem dedicated to Henri la Fountain

A man, under the sign of a triangle and a compass, built a palace of justice He gave it the shape of the temple of Solomon, with three columns from the east side.

In the light of stars and the Sun under the watchful eye of the Grand Architect he arranged paragraphs of the new law He created it like a wall made of the hewn stones.

Similar to a lonely knight from medieval songs he defended the ladies and built a mighty stronghold - Belgian League for the Rights of Women

He planted many acacias and erected bridges over divisions and hostility, that humanity could reach to the intellectual parliament and sow peace on the Earth

#### Our love

We can swim far-away, Somewhere over the white clouds To the ocean of dreams. Nobody will find us there.

We will disappear in The fog of silent sighs, Sweet promises and Tender words about love.

We will see The blue sky, green earth And all colors of the sea Reflected in our eyes.

We should live today And forget about bitter Yesterday's worries. Let's go nestle close To our future.

Do not be afraid. Come with me

#### The Meeting Place

Our favorite bar exists in time and space. Nothing changes there. The floor like a mirror reflects lights In shades of sky- blue and navy.

Bartender, Trustee of love's mysteries, With the face of a Sphinx, Concocts love potions Or collects tears in chalices.

I heard only your voice. I held you by the hand. The fingers trembled eagerly. I saw only your eyes. We were alone in the crowd. We found the silence among sounds.

We can return to here, where all began. Let's write another episode of life. Our barstools like giraffes will reach the sky. The bartender will smile And give us another magic elixir

#### Homeless love

Streetlights awake at dusk And keep guard with their yellow eyes. Night closes the turmoil of time A gentle murmur flows In the hourglass of thoughts Intimate cafes invite With the delicate aroma of coffee. Parks wide open gates and lead to alleys, Where rustling leaves play a concert in the trees. Love is free like a Gypsy, Who reads only cards with red hearts And bring happiness for a thousand. It does not matter, it has no home

# Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

in 2019, No Illusions. Through the Looking Glass, which was nominated to be considered for a Pulitzer Prize by the publisher and editor of InnerChild Press, ltd.

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

#### Peace

Elusive, everlasting, year after year The longing, the search for peace

For his efforts, in 1913, Henri La Fontaine Won the esteemed Nobel Peace Prize

Would he not be surprised That the search continues

More than a century later Humanity is still searching for peace

Even as she hides her face Peace is ever the elusive lady

In the corners of the world Where mankind covets the prize

The light of peace shines brightest When one finds it within

### Interlude

sing to me gentle poet soothe my aching heart

lift my somber spirits high

for ominous and darkening skies and wildest winds, rushing by, would as I on sorrow's bed lie

awaken despairing visions

that would seek to hide from me the morrow

#### Flickering Lights

When the New Year arrives We gather together Figuratively or not. Attired, perhaps In our best.

> We raise our respective thoughts And jovially toast, Literally Or figuratively The festive occasion.

Promising to love more To be more, we thought We hoped to forgive Both ourselves And others.

> We greeted the New Year With great expectation. Pray we seek More than the flickering lights Of the self-serving kind.

Despite moment of joy, Despite moment of sadness, sorrow. Despite moment of celebration. May love's promise lead us To heed the peace-maker's call.

> Of love and kindness May we strive to become The bold light that shines With peace and forbearance. The peace that passeth understanding.

And, with God willing Let us resolutely resolve To live in harmony, in heartsease. Let us encourage one another. Let us do no harm.

> In God, our abiding trust We pray that others see Something more in us Than a flickering light. Let us shine where we are.

Deliver us from visitation Of health's enemy. And with heart's hope May we seek reconciliation Forgoing recriminations.

> Let us neither cry Nor weep over the passing Of the year. Nor over that which came. Or never came to pass.

Let peace begin with us. Pray that we seek the ability To become more than we are. More than a flickering light. May we be the light of tranquility.

# Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

#### **Intellectual Peace**

Spring like a dream Still raining Bring everything to the message

A flying flower outweighs all regrets Cut off the hairspring over a thousand feet

The fragrance of the butterfly doesn't smell The singing of the birds goes away The clutter of ignorance

Frequently peeking at the shadows of the sun I'm afraid today is a dim day

Desperately want to hold The night that can't be kept Request for spring Leave a little remnant of peace

The scramble made the flowers and leaves thin However, the green clothing of the tree newly woven the earth.

When the balm is suitable, the aroma naturally overflows The color does not fade when the bottle is tightly covered No trace of knowledge

Not as weeds With the whole body green and looking up at the white clouds floating in the sky

#### Silence

Waves billow How many human sins are swallowed up Forgot to take away From me The pool of foam The pool of stillness

The wind howls Ridiculed the world of mortals let red dust flying around Can't interfere My Suspicion nowhere to hide Panic nowhere to hide

In my mind Did not lose a needle Not a single thought have not been disturbed Ask The fish It just stood in front of me Besides the big eyes Forgot to give me a shallow Smile

Reef rocks stand grimly Wait and see The floating sea The sea water turned between green and blue Tell The past and the future When does the elegant seagrass will come

Secretly told to me Bitterness of growth Shouldn't be so quiet

Why not let The bottom of my heart Waiting for the youth Slowly Show up

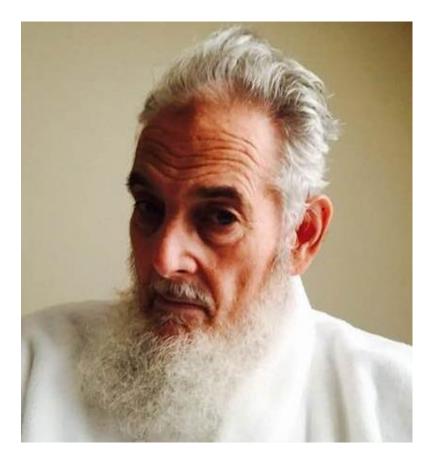
# The Slightest Trace Of Concern In My Heart

That night Millions of stars squeezed into the sky again Haven't given up an inch of space Not long ago Romantic Accompanied by this same coast Bit by bit turned into a passion in the chest So surging So shy again It's hard to fight even the bad waves that slap on the shore

I can't find the armor that should have protected me Ask spring breeze It answered lazily Ask Haiyan Only got muttered again and again Panic out of the confusion Looking at the unfathomable sea I am helpless It's been long enough to leave in the dark Let me stand up

Follow the original form that came here Cannot be recalled Colorful clothes floating in the clouds The sea Ambiguous lure me To jump down Besides you I can't find a trace of care in my heart s flying freely?

# Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

### blessed be the peace maker

Henri La Fontaine was blessed for he was a peace maker action taker B. 22 April, 1854 Brussels, Belgium as young student studied law **Brussels Free University** admitted to the bar 1877 earned reputation authority international law active as advocate for women's rights founded Belgian League for Rights of Women taught international law elected to Belgian Senate concentrated on international peace efforts joined International Peace Bureau influential in bringing about the Hague peace conferences 1899 and 1907 founded, headed up many other peace initiatives, journals. legal handbooks, documentary history international arbitration awarded Nobel Peace Prize 1913 called " effective leader of peace

movement in Europe" blessed be the peace maker Henri La Fontaine d. May 14, 1943 peace is not achieved by wishing it takes intense commitment, effort, real dedication as a primary goal to bring about peace and harmony throughout the planet

food4thought = education

#### remember..,

innocent babies. mommies, daddies, remember Marley? called dem wicked, evil babylonians they will find you on that day, consequence you will pay a price that day the way you walked earth arrogant thought you magnificent said look me benevolent but you are excrement vermin personified, disease certified you lied, and lied dem died and died vou said i'm leader instead you bottom feeder causing death, destruction when ever you come in life is diminished, finished you are selfish, you are excrement you die the earth will spit you out reject you will not let you rest serpents will crush your ribs because you were evil

devil-heads oozing puss your eternal meal fit for a king of vile things they will remember you and vomit

food4thought = education

#### I had ideas..,

they disappeared sitting on the potty, lol dam where's my pen? thoughts of a poet always traveling never know when they made a landing can't plan them mind tuned in to a spiritual frequency man, how i want to rise up above the fray fly away destination judgement day on the way to \*jannah this here is drama this here is deception from the jump take you off the count jam your signal so, you can't connect stay frozen in place in this ^dunya space dam sure need to escape do you know why your alive? what's your location? (((over)))

#### food4thought = education

\*jannah = paradise ^dunya = world

# Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, *Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program* includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Kim's poetry weaves through 70 volumes of *The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, A Woman's Place in the Dictionary*, Tiferet Journal, Human/Kind Journal and more.

https://www.nervewhisperer.solutions/ https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham/

### Woke Peace

Lover of peace part agitator part senator for the people Henri La Fontaine 1913 Nobel Peace prize winner saw his beloved Belgium invade in 1914 again in World War II but not the return of peace and liberation for he died in 1943

Between the wars La Fontaine wrote the people are not awake dangers render a world organization impossible secret bargaining behind closed doors peoples will be as before sheep sent to the slaughterhouses or to the meadows as it pleases the shepherds international institutions ought to be by the peoples and for the peoples

And I wonder what have we learned in La Fontaine's future wars of our now past about how to create a world at peace

### Belgium's Peace Movement

I never knew when I was twelve after World War I and II the Korean war over as fire fights raged in Vietnam that I lived in a country where Henri La Fontaine a socialist tried to bring the world to peace he died long before I was born but I walked where he walked not yet woke to ways of bringing peace to the world around me today I write poetry as he once did and work towards greater harmony for my heart and for all perhaps fifty years ago as I walked in Brussels' Grand Place I absorbed some of his energy a spirit of unity compelled to carry on his legacy walk and woke the world towards peace

#### Belgian Paix Vrede Peace

When we speak with one heart one world speaks of peace

Peace takes just two letters "Pa" in the Morvandiau language of France and Belgium

Three letters of "Poi" means peace in Bourguignon

In Belgium the French say "Paix" for the "Peace" we all desire

Also "Paix" in Bruxellois a dialect spoken in the city of Brussels

"Påye" is peace in Németalföldi a Flemish dialect

Also "Påye" in Walloon or Walon known also as Valão, Valón, Betchfessîs, Liégeois, Namurois, Wallo-Picard and Wallo-Lorrain

Taking five letters, the Flemish say "Vrede" in this language like Dutch

Limburgish peace is "Vreij" in yet another language of many in this small bilingual country

# elizabeth e. Castillo



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

#### Web links:

#### Facebook Fan Page

#### https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

#### Google Plus

#### https://plus.google.com/u/0/+ElizabethCastillo

## La Fontaine, Peace Advocate

Born in a foreign land This great man, La Fontaine, Advocating for women's rights His earliest task at hand World War I convinced him That we need an international court When peace began dawning again.

Here was a free mason, A peaceful world was his mission, The Les Amis Philanthropist Lead the Hague Peace Conference, A witness of a once destructive war The Peace Movement in Europe he founded.

# The Wind Whisperings

the cool breeze felt by the ocean sends shivers through her being while her mind is drifting to a far away place where her love is sweet whisperings come floating in the air a voice from a far, mellow enough to calm her senses.

as she walks barefooted on the white, warm, crystalline sand echoes of the tides dancing become a melodious rhythm caressing her perturbed soul as her longing for her love becomes unbearable

the days pass her by so slow...

the woman found a soft spot by the shoreline her hair being swayed by the wind bringing those romantic whisperings again at a distance, the majestic, golden setting sun said "Hello" and she wished it could send sweet nothings for her Prince at the other side somehow.

one fine day their eyes would finally meet and the loneliness they feel will be put to an end as that day will cast upon their souls a brand new dawn they still will continue to build castles and paint pictures of tomorrow

weave dreams only their intertwined hearts could comprehend.

their love is likened to a ship that is still in its endless journey

with stubborn waves and the sky casting troublesome storms along the way

but these have made the cruise mighty strong and in each other's loving arms they continue to belong.

the journey of a thousand stories

is still bound to reach its awaiting Kingdom

with the Almighty's guidance

the Prince and Princess love for each other will prevail as the wind sends sweet whisperings to the royal's ears though an ocean apart,

a promise of being together soon is embedded in their hearts!

## The Artist By the Shore

In the still of the night All I hear is the slight drizzle by the window Tiny droplets of rain making sounds as they fall on the ground.

On this cool July evening Alone in my room Still can't bring myself to slumber, My mind starts to wander How I long to be in a far away island.

Far away from this hustle and hurried life Let time stop for a while as I dream on, Walk bare footed on the white sand and watch the tiny waves playing like kids As the cold wind sweeps and caresses my warm cheeks.

I dream of sitting by the seashore

Where I can sketch the setting sun in all its glory and beauty

Colorful hues of orange, yellow, red in my palette,

Gentle strokes of the paintbrush as I get hypnotized by its aura

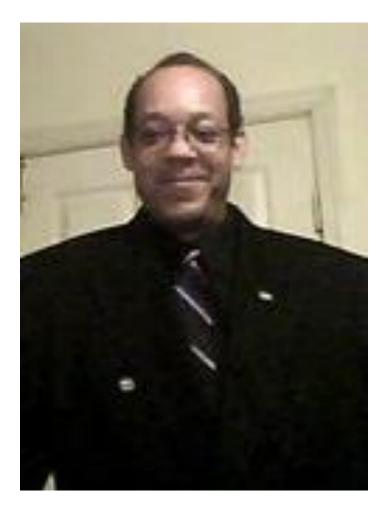
Distant mountains at the far horizon caught my eye Wondering how could I cross to the other side and be in another world.

I'm gonna play my music, too By the shore where the sound of the tides goes in rhythm with my heart

Appreciate the beautiful and astounding nature

Created by God, His gift to mankind, By the shore is all I wanna be Spending time as I wait For the sun to finally set in and bid it goodbye as I close my eyes and sleep.





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 strike oft times a cord with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

#### 100 Years Between Us

Age wise he'd be around 165 or 166 The only relevance of that is peace Henri La Fontaine, the 1913 Nobel Peace Prize had a strong interest in peace and Women's rights Seer's of peace never seek a prize they seek the eyes and ears, and the ayes have it

Henri La Fontaine This man was a politician in support of pacifism rational men are mighty with the pen as is a preacher at the pulpit, we sculpt the way with as many followers who may note this It's hard not to just quote his history The power of research is at hand The power to teach our fellow human being Being that I've changed my view and way of thinking

Henri La Fontaine so easy to relate by a date referenced by a date 1854 One hundred years before me will it take another century for peace, not a prize, but don't be surprised in times of war Peace writers defeat more.

## In A Timely Manor

These walls hold so many mementos like pimentos soaked in Vodka I'm a collector of time

From childhood memories to times at sea they're all stacked against my walls Things, trivial things, a broken lock box a broken chain, missing rings, missing things I can't find a picture of my mother But I have porcelain animals from my father

These walls hold the smell of smoke and kitchen grease I'm not saving those odors, yet it holds the chef in place An empty bottle holds it shape, maybe I'll make a candle holder Do I really need an old matchstick holder from the 50's? It's quickly approaching Tax Time with stressed minds Writing poems for a deadline, with a dead mine until the last day I live in a timely manor Now if I can deliver in a timely manner, yeah! that's on me.

# Cruize Control

what is contentment?

Is it the knowledge that all bases are covered even the newly discovered won't be a chore You know that sudden bill, from a spill, trip or fall or all three, so pardon me for asking but what is content? Let go and let God? Jesus take the wheel, Karma, if you will Yo, momma, if you still; live at home Now that's some content to lament I remember being sent to my room, all the amenities can't count the inches TV, keys to the car access to the bar, wee hours of the morning some access point left ajar But what is contentment? When some relish the struggle It keeps them alive, is that contentment in their eyes?

Who am I to judge or assume I know I know I call it cruise control WHATEVER, whatever happens, happens I shouting and clapping for the folks who aren't napping But if that makes you happy, are you not content Can we ever be free of worry if our worry is not the same? Are we cheating experience, for a little more to be content with You ever laugh at a funeral? No! I mean like during, I don't know, I lost track of where I was, I'm on cruise control. hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz is a published author, literary translator, and Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International. Her poetic work appeared in an excess of eighty-five anthologies of global endeavors and has been presented at numerous national and international poetry events. 2018, In the Writer's International Network of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary award. As of 2017, two of her poems remain permanently installed in Telepoem Booth - a U.S.wide poetic art exhibition. hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

> Writing Web Site https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

#### Internationalism

What a concept for our times!

After all, not perilous are all -isms.

Internationalism . . . a passionate dedication to world peace . . . hence, the key to the betterment of humanity.

I dream of the day when, across the board, our curricula dons finally a sweeping devotion to humanism, an unconditional inclusion-ism.

A dream, not impossible to make true . . .

If only each of us were to aspire to inhale and exhale as the likes of Henry La Fontaine!

# peace-HAIKU

#### inclusion of all

breathing on our shared planet

humanism rules

### prize-seekers need not apply

many of us may be eternally seeking a worldwide recognition in some form or shape

bring in the uniting sources and forces internationalism will open wide the drapes that cover our callous-ified eyes at the present, unwilling to see what is going down in reality disguised as humanity

prize-seekers need not apply





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

## Peace Through Education

A socialist, a pacifist, an activist is attributed to Henri la Fontaine. He believed an obstacle to peace was the peoples' ignorance of each other.

La Fontaine was actively involved in the international peace movement. He set up institutes and conferences to bring people together.

President of the International Peace Bureau for 35 plus years, trusted in the peace movement. Peace, equality and democracy were underlying themes of his activism.

He defended the emancipation of women, expansion of democracy and access to knowledge for all. He believed that peace could only be achieved in a democratic, egalitarian society.

# Gratefulness

The gentle touch of a loving thought makes the stars raise eyebrows. The moon pokes her head in the shadows.

The stillness of night blossoms burn my eyes in the darkness. Rainbow showers come with daybreak.

Colors accentuate the morning with dew drops across the yard. Happy bubbles take ownership of the grass.

Gratitude sings in my heart. My thank you ritual begins with water to nourish the body,

coffee to gaze at the blue sky and fluffy clouds outside. Food on the table provides energy.

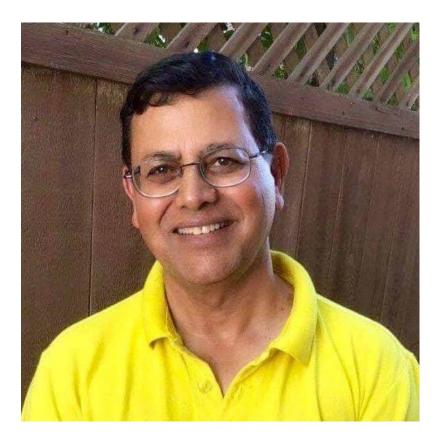
A vehicle waits in the driveway to take me to the trailhead for my daily walk.

# Desert Chill

An abnormal winter holds the desert hostage on moist muddy trails. Sand weeps for dryness. A wet chill is not soft like sunrise sharing blue kisses.

Familiar signs peek at sanity. A roadrunner struts on the path. Ducks chill in the pond. Crows have a conference in spite of the gray sky.

The winter desert and I long for sunshine, a soothing cobalt sky, a day of warm echoes and an end to chilly solitude. 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.

#### **International Peace**

You asked me what is peace I said it's the lighting of the sun and moon, fresh air that orbits around us.

the quiver of a flute, the rhythmic beat of a drum, that infuses energy and make us dance.

Sadly it is the humming drones, rumbling sounds of fury and target killings that stiffen minds making possibility of peace disappear.

#### End of the End

*Re-examine what has been buried inside, dismiss whatever has offended the feelings.* 

I call your name gently And waited for a response

With a faint blip on the monitor jumbled and confused memories Sulking on Old pain buried inside the heart Resurface.

I call your name again And no response You are breathing With life-support-system.

I don't even know If you are there in deep sleep or any of this is real.

We never reconciled. Cold wind blows in my heart Why? Did I do anything wrong?

Why and what you did to me There would be no answer to that.

The pain is still fresh The insult inflicted still hurtful.

Today you are struggling To break all chains To liberate yourself.

Your time coming to an end. My heart Unwilling to cure.

I'm sorry for not forgiving you Or forgetting the past.

But I pray for you And see you dying.

## Enigma

Invaders plunder glorify victories write history

and you the vanquished wrote nothing about how bravely you fought held up the enemy and shed blood you got just left out from history books

Not a word about you Never a mention Not in the Hindu Sanskrit script Not in Gujrati Not in Urdu Not in the folk stories

You left behind shame And a gigantic wound Which won't cure Which won't fill A collective pain Buried silently In the psyche Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, World Poetry Canada International Director to Philippines is known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', a multi-awarded poet, editor, journalist, speaker, linguist, educator, peace and women's advocate. She believes that learning other's language and culture is a doorway to wisdom.

Among her poetic belts include 7 th Prize Winner in the 19 th and 20 th Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT ), Axlepino and Anacbanua.

Her poetry and children's stories have been featured in different anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis apwriters.org/author/ceri\_naz www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

#### l'avocat (Homage to Henri La Fontaine)

you were an influencer pacifist and philanthropist who once made the world a better place, your advocacy to foster peace, remain in our shattered worlds.

You embraced The Hague Peace A socialist who believed women's rights You were the fountain of truth, education and noble purpose O! La Fontaine You lived and have moved mountains!

# my other wing

i am not so far away, i'm always here, "more often than always" my lifesaver, my heart bearer my time keeper, my other wing. from day to day, i'll fly with you in a brisk wind with our match speed, go the distance 'closer you and i'.

#### ultramarine ink and chai

there is what we used to call acquaintance loop, where we meet with our favourite vista verde or veranda, oftentimes we talk about the rhyming of a fleeting cloud to a midsummer's swaying cogon grasses, as we hold the quill to etch the dissidence, while memories dripping like the schoolboy's icecream.

there was a time we just giggle while solstice makes the brewing chai attuned in the crisp of *baklava* just like our laughs in a moviehouse; then our seats creak. we were sojourners of hope, someday, somewhere in time, forgetting is just a blank paper -forget the place, the *dernier cri* the menu we used to order; and the pain to let go as i watch you leave... because we were friends but strangers when the evening comes.

# Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha. India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of Gold Cross of Wisdom Award, the Prolific Poetess Award, The Life time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018, Global Literature Guardian Award, International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award. She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Sevchelles Government accredited Literary Society LLSF. Her one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 50 languages. She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan 2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and south Asia of Inner Child Press U.S.

### Cuttack ; a city that never sleeps .....

on the bank of four rivers a century old city Mahanadi ,Kuakhai,Birupa and Kathajodi run through it

Cuttack hyper active in all seasons ; where the coconuts of temples and dates of Kazi Bazaar caters brotherhood cakes and Halwa multiple cuisins on plates universal brotherhood celebrates the Christmas carol or the Azan sing the background chorus

Cuttack is a register of the chronology foot marks of Jayanta Mohapatra and Madhu Babu the Balliyatra and the Barabati Fort Dussehra or Holi Water of Mahanadi ;mirror of Cuttack testimony on the silver filigree gipsy grass here and there the city sings the melody of Akshaya Mohanty

here swirls the ring road values reflect and transmit the celebration of noisy dreams Sankirtans or Dadu's copious smiles

Ahh,my city the one and only Cuttack.... !!

N.B.-Cuttack is a city and the old state capital of Odisha, India

Akshaya Mohanty is a very popular singer, writer, short story writer, composer, music Director of Cuttack Bali yatra; - the trading festival

Jayanta Mohapatra; - the famous Indian English poet who received Sahitya Akademie award

Madhu Babu; - Madhusudan Das, the Utkal Gouraba was the founder of Utkal Sammilani

Halwa; - Halwa is a sweet dish

#### When people are not awake ....

the hero of Brussels the president of International Peace Bureau a true socialist he was thought of hunger ,liberty ' child labour free primary education for all empowerment of women technical schools for them a visionary who dreamt for economic union legislation support to the League of nations a senator thought for labourers and mine inspection only eight hour a day and forty hours a week his slogan no secret bargaining behind the closed door

"People will be as before They are not awake The sheep sent to the slaughter houses or to the meadows as it pleases the shepherd " Disarmament Mandatory after the first world war in Paris conference or in the Peace movements

> A Nobel Peace Prize Recipient he is Professor Henri La Fontaine who dreamt for the people ..... stood for them ....

#### Last night she was singing .....

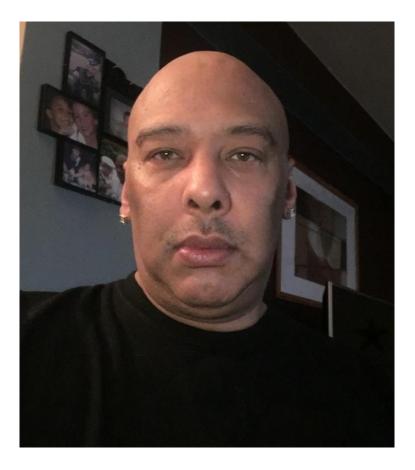
Last year she was singing perhaps she was extra creative to paint her horizon with blue melody after all she is the sky herself

Last month she was dancing with the tune of Rumi perhaps she was coding love to paint Nature with greenery after all she is the Earth herself

Last night everything was superb but today someone some where is missing ......

,

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



Albert "Infinite The Poet" Carrasco is an urban poet, mentor and public speaker.

Albert believes his experience of growing up in poverty, dealing with drugs and witnessing murder over and over were lessons learnt, in order to gain knowledge to teach. Albert's harsh reality and honesty is a powerfully packed punch delivered through rhyme. Infinite grew up in the east part of the Bronx and still resides there, so he knows many young men will follow the same dark path he followed looking for change. The life of crime should never be an option to being poor but it is, very often.

Infinite poetry @lulu.com

Alcarrasco2 on YouTube

Infinite the poet on reverbnation

#### Infinite Poetry

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

## Henri Marie La Fontaine

Henri Marie La Fontaine was born in 1854, He went to the free university of Brussels, By 1877 he was admitted to the bar and built a reputation in international law. He was elected as a member of the socialists party, In the senate, from 1919 to 1932 he was vice chairman. He and his sister Leonie both were advocates for women's rights. They founded the Belgian league for the rights of women. Mr. La Fontaine wasn't just an excellent speaker, He was also an excellent writer. Les droits eat des obligations des entrepreneurs de travivaux publics, Traité de la contrefacon. Pasicrisie internationale and bibliographie de la paix eat de l'Arbitrage are a couple of books in which he is the author. Not only did Henri practice peace with law, He was also boisterous about peace without war.

# A dark place

I'm from a dark place where, I'm struggling, I'm depressed, my back is against the wall and I need a shoulder to lean on is written on everyday peoples face. Where I'm from It can be summer, bright outside and hot like a oven, but the sun doesn't shine often. Poverty had parents shopping on credit at the corner store, they weren't lazy people they just needed the opportunity to work, save money and build up credit scores. Hustlers are made where I'm from, settling for less wasn't everyone's decision. I've seen people work on engines and transmissions on main streets. I know people that'll fix your washing machine and dryer for a few dollars. I know an old man that walked the hood looking for old or broken shopping carts, he'll use four to make one then sell it, walking the hood yelling "last call, I wouldn't wait one minute". When there's will there's a way, us children of circumstance running the streets in search of fun will become the ones who run the streets in search of funds with guns and hard ya. We was in a dark place living at a fast pace, we'd rather ride in the back of hearses instead of living under traditional curses. That's exactly what happened, a lot of men lost vitals trying to break the cycle. Hustling was opportunity to my generation, we went hard for dead prez accumulation, when you do accumulate money, it instantly becomes an addiction. I was addicted and so was my homies, we didn't want rehab, we were cash junkies, we o.d'd daily trying to get high enough to never go back to poverty.

## 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 eves 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.





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

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

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

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

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

#### New face

In Memory of Henri La Fontaine -President of the International Peace Office, Nobel Peace Prize laureate in 1913.

With help of his knowledge and desires he pursued aims: improving education foreign affairs and most importantly: international peace.

Although at times, fate does not let realize.

That was back then.

World War I prevented the establishment *of multinational cities* Took dreams away and reality uncovered free of delusions face.

translated by Ula de B

#### Free Will

You allow suffering because one has to be strong?

Not everyone can withstand this pain.

Nobody adds strength.

You gave eyes that see this world. You gave hearing that slowly stops responding to shots.

You gave legs, not everyone has them anymore.

You created a man who has free will.

Did you give it to everyone?

Is it possible that some have only evil in themselves?

What are people allowed to do?

Eat?

The problem is that we will not die from overeating.

Hunger is the everyday reality of most people who are stuck among the creators of death.

translated by Artur Komoter

## Way of Peace

These times do not honor the wisdom of the elderly. There are no longer the sapient ones who can remedy the wrong decisions.

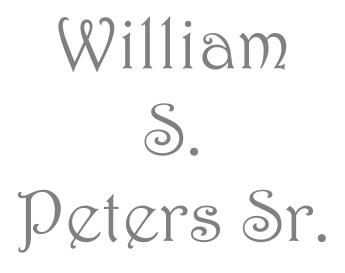
In the dark it is hard to find a way of peace.

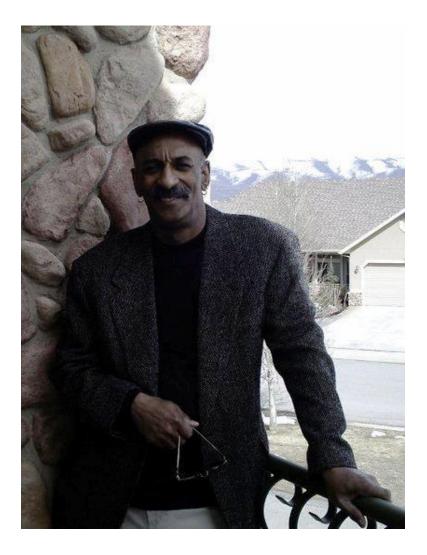
We're still in a place where we should not be.

Can people be punished for innocence?

Nobody will answer anymore. Even silence is a bad adviser.

translated by Artur Komoter





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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

#### Fontaine

There was Henri La Fontaine Who was not from Spain Who won the Nobel Peace Prize

The year was 19 and 13 Yet peace we've not seen But he did manage to open a few eyes

A Lawyer, a man A Barrister they say Who argued the wisdom of peace

Yet unto this day The world's in a fray And the wars have yet to cease

He begged and he pleaded But few nations heeded That war is as ludicrous as they

But keep hope alive And strive O human strive And we will have peace someday

So it is not always the prize That opens ones eyes You have to feel it in your heart

Tolerance and compassion Is a much-needed action And from our ways we will part

So I thank you Mr. Fontaine For addressing the inane For insanity must not rule our way

And I as well keep saying We must stop the little boys playing And soon world peace will be TODAY

Fontaine

### Live

The 'Gateway' is open, But the blind Are the only ones Who can see, For if your eyes behold This world You can view nor envision The 'Light Illumined Portal' (L.I.P.) That leads us to The 'Rainbow Bridge'

How many years, Millennium, Eons, Have the Saints, Mystics and Foretellers Prophesied errantly About that which is to come, When it has been here All along ?

Tell me O child of creation, Are not you The Creator Of the path you walk, The dreams you conjure And the longings of your heart ?

Tell me O Child of the Universe, Can not you loose Your consciousness And walk upon the Galaxies, Nebulas, The Stars Systems,

The Moons And Illusions You behold ? . . .

Yes, behold the wondrous magnanimity Of who you truly are . . . Live not thy expression Cloaked in a self-woven cloth Of Ill-deceits Of your own making, And that of others Who wish you to but follow them Into their chosen paths Of perdition

You alone Are the condition Of your resurrection, Your erection, Your coronation That places you on the 'Throne' That gives you sovereignty Over your life

Life is about Your selections . . . Choose wisely, And authentically true !

Live my child, Live As you were meant to be, Live !!!!

This is the year 2020... Time for you to see clearly!!!!

#### The Forecast

As minds across the globe Are being lost Tossed into the Mercurial, Tumultuous, 'Winds of Change', The children suffer That of which Is to come

Hopefully, That which is present Will not last Beyond these times, The 'now' times Of our consuming anguish

Death dances about us, In the streets, The Churches and Synagogues And the Mosques and Temples Singing unholy praises Of a false cleansing That panders to the Demonic, deluded, demented souls Who walk amongst us Pretending That they are normal And that their agendas Are spirited upon them By some conjured image imagined They call God

Shalom, Said the Rabbi

To the Imam, And the Priest Made a sign Signifying A crucifixion Which is due to shortly come

Wait for it . . .

They say, We know not the time, . . . Of what I ask . . . For the task at hand Is already upon us

I can no longer trust With any particular ease To be appeased alone By waiting and praying . . . IJS (I'm just saying)

Because, The cause Is at hand, And if we pause 2 long The song, the show The performance Will come to an end As will all the Thespians Who pretend that It, this, all was/is real

Forecast . . . Wait not for the answers, You already know!

You are the solution !!!!!



~ \* ~

Claudia Piccinno Jennifer Ades Martina Reisz Newberry Ibrahim Honjo



# Claudia Piccinno



Claudia Piccinno was born in southern Italy in 1970, but moved very young to northern Italy where she currently lives

and teaches in a primary school. Her poems are in more than one hundred anthologies, she is a member of the jury in numerous national and international literary awards. She is the Director of the Poetry Word Festival for Europe. She is board director for Galaktika Atunis Magazine. She is cofounder for Ngo literary confederation in Istanbul. She has received awards in important national and international poetry competitions. Her poem "In blu" is reproduced on a majolica stele on the seafront of Santa Caterina di Nardo (Le). She has also written numerous critical essays or prefaces to the books of other poets. She has published

#### Love?

Love is the sunflower Which turns in my direction As I was the only light of the day, Love is the man who waits for me At the slopes of the mountain, Love rests in the shadow of my freshness And improves my way so hard. Love knows what I miss And it does not punish me with his absence, Love listens to all my silence, Love fills the black hole of a distance It does not dig up with its omissions. Love doesn't live as a fault its distractions. he replaced them with laughters or conscious privations. Love has no logic or prohibitions, Love has restless beats... Love rustles in memories He hesitates behind a display And dies as surrogate of a false addiction Which misunderstands the sense of belonging.

The silent scream

Burns this atavic, undeserved evil, the soul of a mother is suffering in the silent scream, her patience wavers, her strength rises from the ashes. We are together once again, an obvious fact for the majority, not for us we, who after the dark dreamed of light. And we are here In the shadow cone of my fears, in the bright wake of a new aurora .. waiting the day to develop.

Orange flowers

It was a fake stratagem The transparency of the white wedding veil En pendant with the immaculate corset Adorned with trine and lace On which a drop of old wine bounced. Ersilia seventeenth-century's bride She could choose a dress That it was red or black Pear and apricot Pineapple and coffee. The twenty-first siecle stopped in achromatic feeling But it appreciates The cyclamen's resurrection Camouflaged in orange flowers bouquet To neutralize pitfalls Entangled in the grosgrain.

## Jønnifør Adøs



Jennifer Ades started writing at the young age of seven. Her first poem entitled "Autumn, Autumn" was published in a poetry magazine launching her interest in writing and poetry. Jen's hobbies include writing, reading, movies, music, literature, art, history, computers, and video games. She is also multilingual and loves exploring foreign languages and different cultures. The Richland, Washington native speaks fluent French, Spanish, Hebrew, and English as well as basic Japanese. In her spare time, she enjoys writing and hanging out with her gorgeous and amazing daughter, Karen Shellie, to whom Jen dedicates her poem "Periwinkle Wave."

#### The Vault

Embedded in the depths of the soul Intertwined with the chambers of the heart Lies the vault; a guard, a keeper A protector, a sealer.

Immune to holdups, to robbers Sending them away quivering in the wings of their onyx masks Melting down their pistols at infernal temperatures The vault reigns supreme.

The vault is host To miniscule, metallic safety deposit boxes Locked away in their miniature compartments Key destroyed, combination erased, eternally.

Anchor? There is none. No staff to enter or approach No access granted to anyone or anything Save the vault's caretaker ... its owner none other than.

Solely the owner can make deposits Can approach the vicinity of the vault, However, from the vault, only deposits exist Never withdrawals; nothing ever exits the vault.

The vault has the highest security Round the clock patrol by the senses and the mind Stressed with scrutiny and surveillance, the owner dwells His days on care and on guard to let nothing leak out of the vault.

There will come a time When a thief slips through those soldierly steel bars Or the owner erroneously stumbles in speech O', but recovery is rapid, order is restored; the vault is resecured.

The owner is forever the Sole proprietor, the account holder To do as he pleases, deposit what he wishes Into the vault, any hour, any day, never to be released.

Who or what, one may ponder, doth reside in this vault? 'Tis simply concoctions of various sorts, of various flavors Metamorphosizing, manifesting themselves into the apparitions of secrets, thoughts, feelings Frantically preparing for their airtight sealed, vacuumed, locked permanent new life In the vault

#### Hispanic Splendor A-Z

Aragón, Andalucia, Argentina, arroz Bandas, bailes, Bolero, Barcelona Cadíz, camarones, churros, Colima Dalí, Domingo, Don Quixote, Daddy Yankee

España, enchiladas, Enrique, Español Flamenco, flores, flan, flautas Gazpacho, Guernica, Guadalupe, Granada Hacienda, Hidalgo, Huelva, Hayon

Iglesias, Ibiza, Itatí, Iturraspe Julio, Jalisco, Juan. Jaén Kalimba, Kepa, Kirikoketa, Kalpancalá Lima, Lucena, Laura, Luís

Maradonna, México, Madrid, Málaga Neuquén, Necochea, Nuevo León, Navidad Oaxaca, Ortigueira, Obleas, Olazábal Pamplona, Prado, Puebla, Picasso

Quesadilla, Querétaro, Quilmes, Quito Recodo, Real, Rafael Calzada, rosca Sangría, Sevilla, salsa, Sonora Tapas, tamales, tango, toreadors

Uruguay, Utrera, Unquillo, Univisión Verónica, Veracruz, Valencia, Valderrama Waterpolista, Wampursirpi, Wönken, Wallapampa Xalapa, Xico, Xóchitl, Xola

Yucatán, Yerba Buena, Yeguas, Yahuecas Zaragoza, Zorro, Zamora, Záncara.

#### Periwinkle Wave

Heavied with the burdens of the day Dull, dismal, more than I can say Her pearl smile, her calming gaze A periwinkle wave my spirit doth raise.

Perturbed, panicked, pressed about the future The mouth laughs, the soul pensive far away Her soothing hug, her serene cure A periwinkle wave births a new day.

Ill, infirmed, whatever may ail me I fear, overly at times, what will be Her angelic voice, her peaceful sight A periwinkle wave of power and might.

Insecure, intimidated, a feeling of daze Whether or not I accomplished enough; anxiety, dismay Her resuscitating jokes, her pristine gaze A periwinkle wave of faith.

More than treasure, more than riches More than crystal waters full of color fishes She is my rock, my all, more than any girl and boy A periwinkle wave of joy.

## Martina Reisz Newberry



Martina Reisz Newberry's most recent book is WHERE IT GOES. She is also the author of LEARNING BY ROTE, WHAT WE CAN'T FORGIVE, LATE NIGHT RADIO, PERHAPS YOU COULD BREATHE FOR ME. HUNGER, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: POEMS 1996-2006, NOT UNTRUE & NOT UNKIND, RUNNING LIKE A WOMAN WITH HER HAIR ON FIRE: Collected Poems and 100 SELECT POEMS plus ONE.

Ms. Newberry is the winner of i.e. magazine's Editor's Choice Poetry Chapbook Prize for 1998: AN APPARENT, APPROACHABLE LIGHT. She is also the author of LIMA BEANS AND CITY CHICKEN: MEMORIES OF THE OPEN HEARTH—a memoir of her father, (one of the first men ever to be hired at Kaiser Steel in Fontana, CA in 1943)—published by E.P. Dutton and Co. in 1989. Newberry has been included in Ascent Aspirations first two hard-copy Anthologies, as well as othernumerable notable anthologies.

She has been awarded residencies at Yaddo Colony for the Arts, Djerassi Colony for the Arts, and Anderson Center for Disciplinary Arts. Poet Andrew Hudgins nominated her for a Pushcart Prize in Poetry in 1989.

A passionate lover of Los Angeles, Martina currently lives there with her husband Brian and their fur baby, Charlie T. Cat.

#### Yvonne, I Still Have Your Bowl

"Who will answer when Jesus calls?" asked my neighbor, Yvonne (she said Whyvonne.) "Ain't worried so much about myself, but all the others..." She, newly uprooted from Wild Cherry, Arkansas to live in the Inland Empire. Her husband's wife, my new neighbor... She told me she couldn't read or write "but just the little'st bit," that her mother hated her now because of her husband had got her "with child." If he hadn't," and she giggled here, "I never would of got a husband homely as I am-She giggled again. "...face like a fry pan." My daddy said "'Marry quick as you can.' So we did. I'm due in a month." The formal phrase with child seemed grim. "I can cook, though," she said. "I cook real good. You don't have to look good to cook good." She was frying chicken and okra for their evening meal. I had not tasted okra, told her so. "Never?" she asked.

Later, she left a bowl of it near the clothesline where we'd stood.

A note pinned on my drying tee shirt said,

FORM YVONN. HAVE SOM GO'S GOOD WITH GRITTS. They moved the next month. Her husband was leaving her, she said. She had to figure out what to do. I was no help. Maybe she went back to Wild Cherry.

I can't eat okra to this day,

but I've kept the note and her cracked yellow bowl.

#### Field Exercises

That's what the military calls themthe blue armbands vs. the red armbands, everyone shouting, sweating, practicing the most efficient way to flex extreme prejudice. I call it something else. I call it Caffley High School Class of '61. What told the friends from the enemies were the labels on the backs of sweaters and skirts and jeans. In place of rifles there were words and glances. In place of bullets, there were pushes to knock your books out of your arms or your glasses off your face, jibes, pacts and threats spoken just loud enough.

All this to remind you who was blue (friends) and who was red (enemies).

Inland Empire, CA, 1968: the first time he slapped the shit out of me, I remembered. "Ah yes" I told myself, "field exercises." I went to the bedroom, lay on the bed

and watched the moon make shadow monsters on the ceiling.

My glasses were on the living room floor where my son would find them and put them on top of our portable dishwasher.

The side of my head hurt and I huddled with all the reds of the class of '61 sweating, afraid. Class of '61... me and Connie Wignal,

arms around each other

in a bathroom stall, waiting for the cheerleader team to leave. Two scared reds, armpits soaked. I thought about it being my senior year. "One more semester," I told Connie W. "and this will never happen again."

#### Office Party

Everyone was slapping everyone. The reason was it was supposed to be a party but that bitch, Careen, ordered vegetarian food for everybody because she was one and most people were expecting Hot Wings and Mac & Cheese so Dr. Fostor's secretary went up to her, said something rude and slapped her face then that bitch Careen slapped her back and then Dr. George's intern slapped Dr. Lillon's secretary. Someone was pushed into a buffet table and got cole slaw all over his sleeve-I don't even know who that guy wasand Louise from Accounting starting throwing pennies-PENNIES for godssakesat everyone and, when she hit Rory in the eye with one, he grabbed her by the front of her blouse and snapped all the buttons off it in one purely violent gesture. She screamed and the next thing I knew,

food and plastic forks were flying and the yelling and cussing was fierce. I left, went out the loading dock exit.

When I got home, I poured a Diet Coke and turned on the TV to watch video coverage of the war in Afghanistan.

#### Festoon

Beach architect Sand castles He digs deep to find damp sand, sees blue and pulls out a scarf. He pulls and there is the hand of a child. He cries out, digs deeper and there is more blue scarf and another hand and he digs and again a small hand... Oh! Why are they here? Who cut them off? Tiny arms, where are those? Do the children still live? He looks around, cries. shouts to the empty beach, "Is anyone there?" But, no one answers as he knew they would not.

#### ... Said The Spider

The new pen makes a fine line which calls me to write something. I want it to be something I like, something worthwhile which, I might add, has not happened for some months. It came in the mail—a gift, said the card, for my unselfish donation to St. Michael's School for Girls. I'm not unselfish and their unprepossessing "gifts" to honor my contributions disgrace me. I should give more. I would give more if I could, but times are hard. My books don't sell. I've arranged life the best I can. Touched it up. Made some improvements. I write poems in my dreams. I try to hold on to them by keeping my eyes closed so they don't drift out and away before I can reach for a pen. Sadly, only the last few words stay with me. But now, St. Michael's School for Girls has sent me this black-andsilver pen. Now, things will be different. I will write with a fine, delicate line-spider webs across the page, so fine, so strong they will trap poems on the page and the world will buy my books to eat what is kept inside.

# Ibrahim Honjo



Ibrahim Honjo was born on April 16, 1948 in the former Yugoslavia (Bosnia and Herzegovina). Since January 1995, he has lived in Canada.

Honjo is a poet-writer, sculptor, painter, photographer who writing in his native language and in English. He worked as an economist, journalist, books and newspapers editor, marketing director and property manager. Now, he is retired. He organized many poetry events and festivals in former Yugoslavia and attended to many poetry events and some poetry festivals in Canada, Ghana, India and Morocco. He has participated in two literary conferences.

His poetry introduced in many magazines, newspapers, portals and radio stations in Yugoslavia, Canada, USA, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbia and Montenegro.

Honjo is author 20 published books in Serbo-Croatian Language, (6 books in English, 3 books bilingually (in English and Serbo-Croatian language). In addition, two joints books of poems published with Serbian poets Vesna Kerecki and Tatjana Debeljacki. His poems represented in more than 30 anthologies.

Some Honjo's poems translated in Korean, Slovenian, Italian, Spanish, Bahasa (Malesia), Mongolian and German language.

Honjo received several prizes for his poetry.

#### You Are Everything

You are the queen in a non-existent land with no subjects and offspring you are a thorn in youthful eyes and iron on youthful lips

you are a stone on their soft hearts and a block of ice in their bare souls you are someone people can get by without and someone they cannot get by without

you're a prostitute in all lives and rain from wild clouds and an overflowing river and joy and a cry and echo you undress to bare skin in bare times on the podium of curiosity of wild boys

you were born naked in an even more naked country more naked you rule boiling hearts you dissipate nudity throughout the universe not knowing anything about your nonexistent kingdom

you are the queen of all queens who shamefully float above amorous looks of beardless boys who live with one single thought masturbating secretly and sighing in a non-existent country for the non-existent queen dreaming of her in her voluptuous nudity

you are the queen of love superior to all queens you are all that a male imagination can conceive

you are a stumbling block for wanton young men you are their suffering and their inexhaustible pain you are someone people cannot and can get by without

now when you know how young men scatter their virginity and destroy unborn generations submit yourself to them in blue dusk at the end of a cul-de-sac and salvage everything you can taking care not to lose any of your beautiful nudity

#### The Stone

They never asked me For my name They wanted my identity card Or its number

I did not have one

I said Stone

They laughed Asked me where I was from

From the stone - I said

They asked for my age

Twenty pebbles – I answered And showed them gray spotted pebbles

They are opening their hearts to me I am closing the doorway on the invisible wall Which divides us And I am going away

#### Magnolia

You are a Magnolia from rainy clouds With half of the head in pink And half in yellow

You are a fishhook for open eyes Your legs are in torn shoes And hands on your back

I said – I saw you somewhere You turned into despair

I offered you my heart on a platter And my soul at the knees I offered you my rough hands Cheese and ham sandwich Blueberry tea And a red apple You refused Your green frozen eyes We are killing this day with greenery It was horrible Could we be friends -I asked You turned your head and went away And went away And went away

### Remembering

#### our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

## *Coming* 1 April 2020

### World Healing World Peace 2020



### Poets for Humanity

## Inner Child Press NZWS

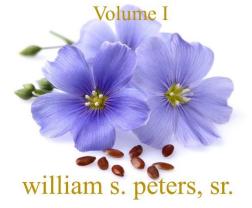
Poetry Posse Members

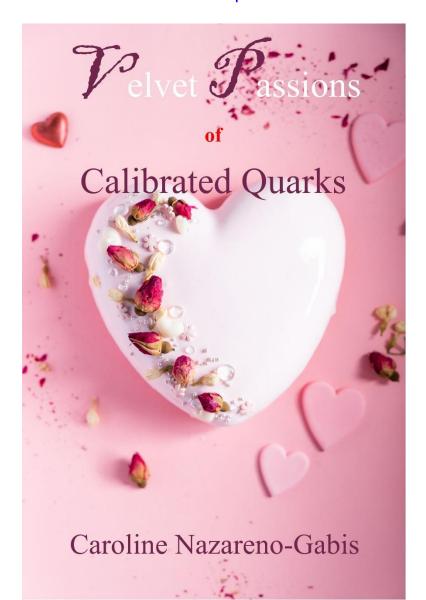
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

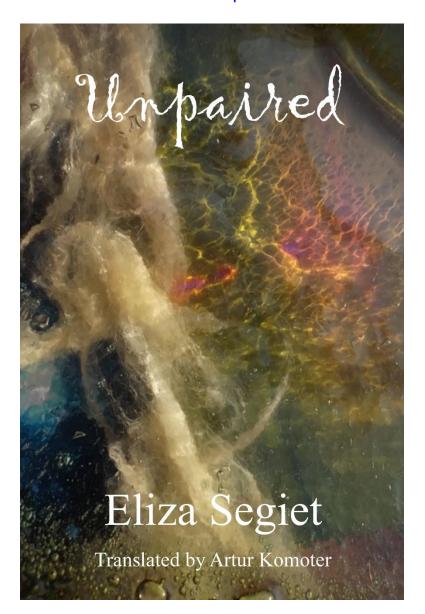
On the following pages we present to you ...

Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet William S. Peters, Sr. Coming 1 February 2020 www.innerchildpress.com

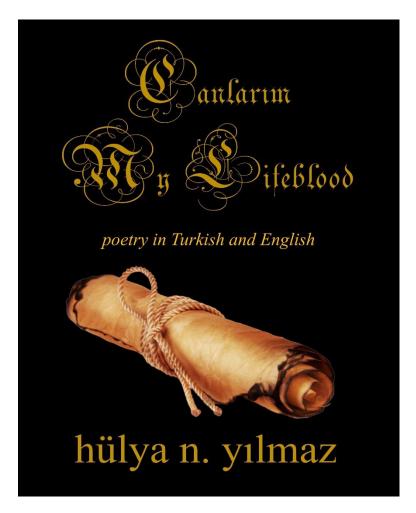
### The Book of Krisar







### Private Issue <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



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### Faleeha Hassan

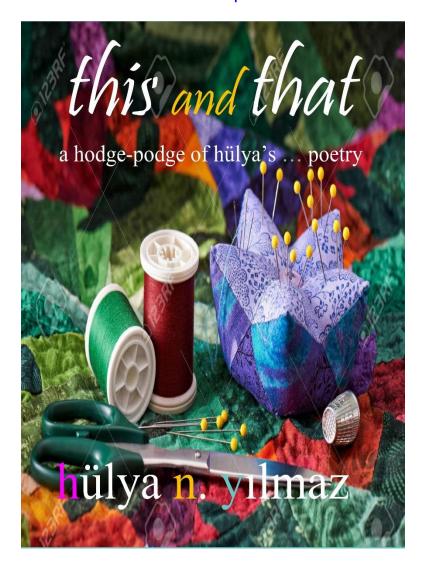
Translated by William M. Hutchins

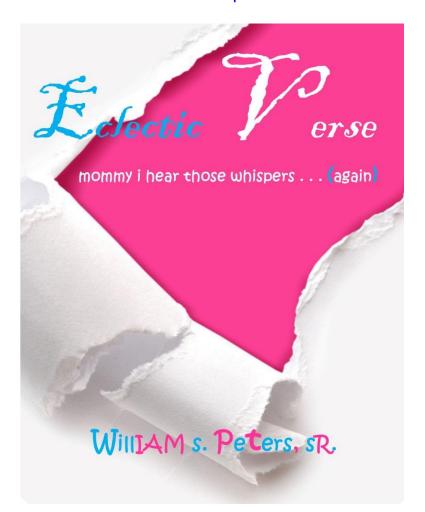
# No Illusions

#### Through the Looking Glass



## Jackie Davis Allen

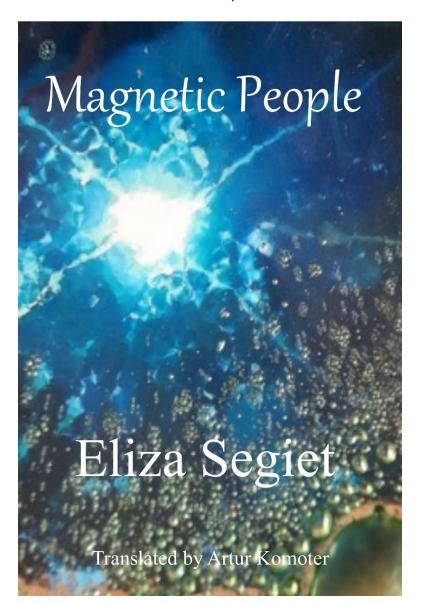




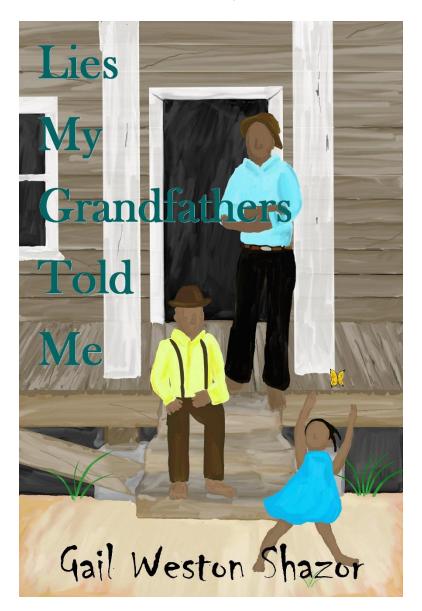
# HERENOW

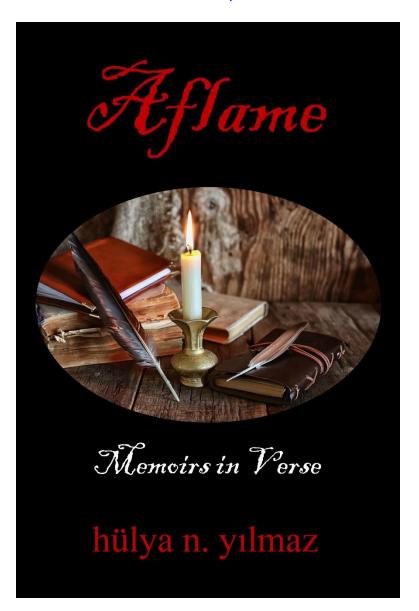


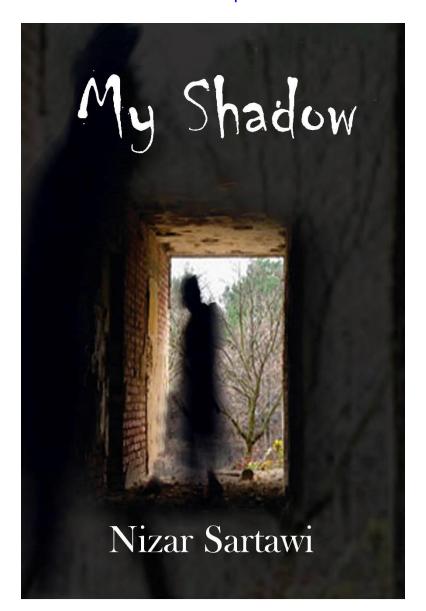
### FAHREDIN SHEHU













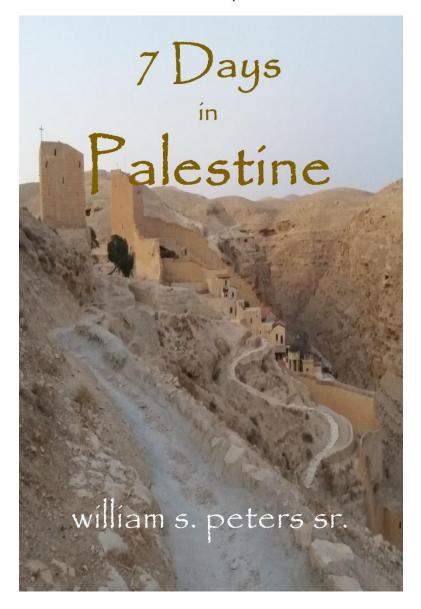
# Breakfast

for

# Butterflies

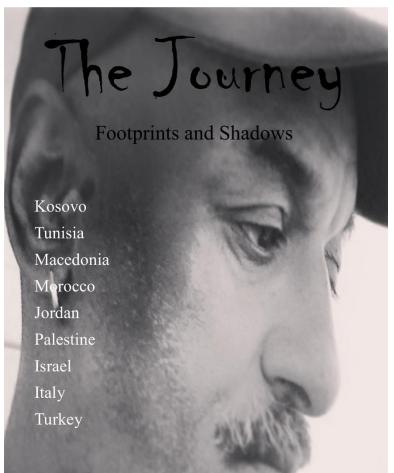


174





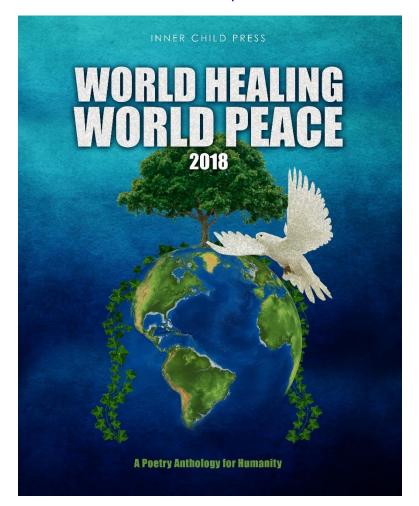
### Coming in the Summer of 2020

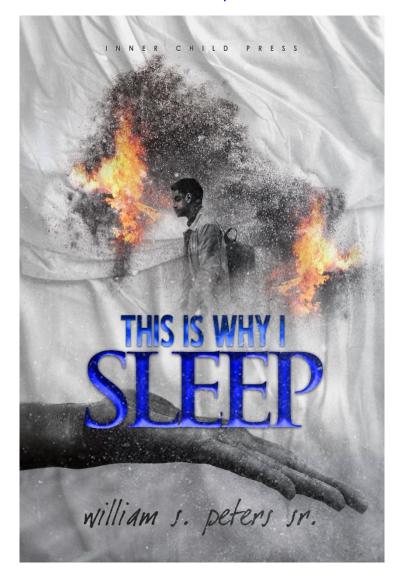


a collection of poetry inspired during my travels

william s. peters, sr.

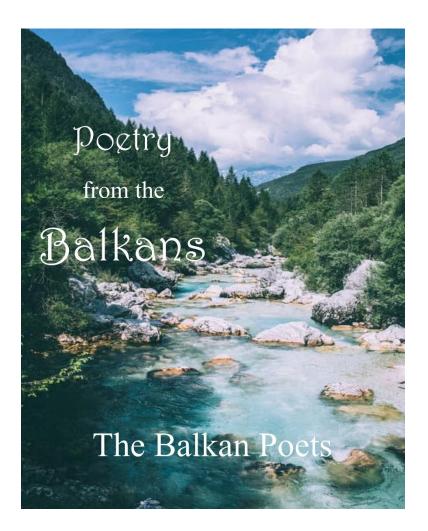








### william s. peters, sr.



Other

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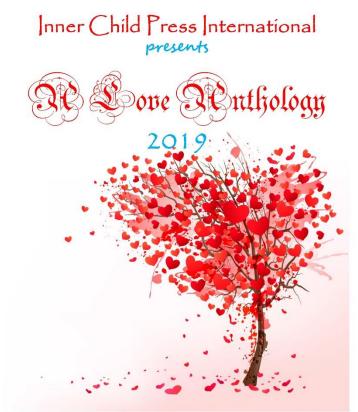
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# World Healing World Peace 2020



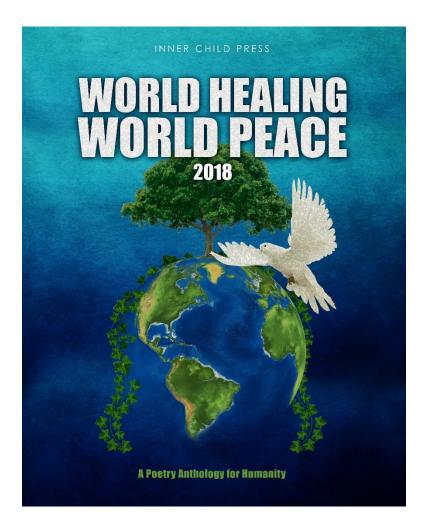
### Poets for Humanity

Coming April 2020



# The Love Poets

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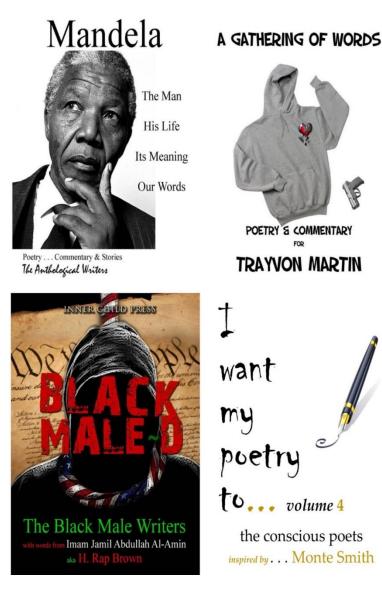
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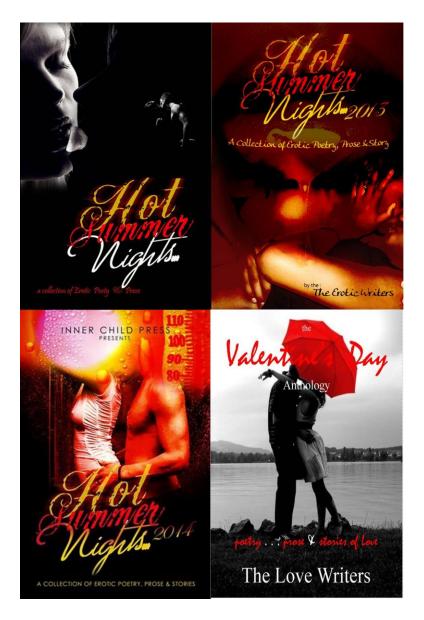
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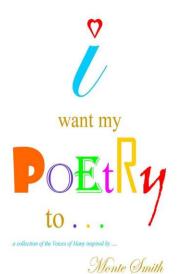
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a collection of the Voices of Many inspired by ...

Monte Smith
want my
Want Ry

volume II



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

Monte Smith

11 Words

(9 lines . . . )

for those who are challenged

an anthology of Poetry inspired by ...

Poetry Dancer

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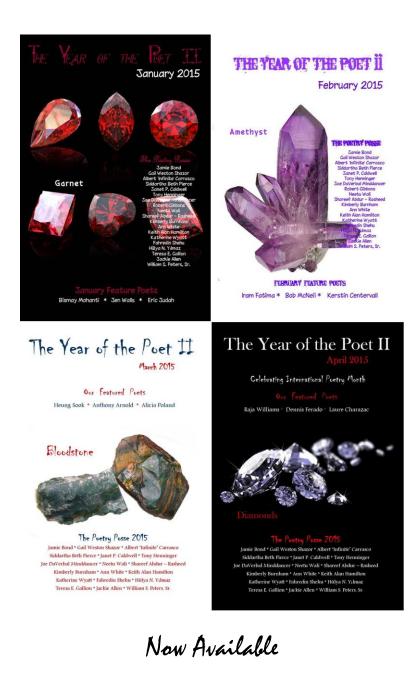
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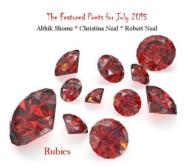
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# The Year of the Poet II

July 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015 Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha 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. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015

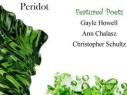


### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015



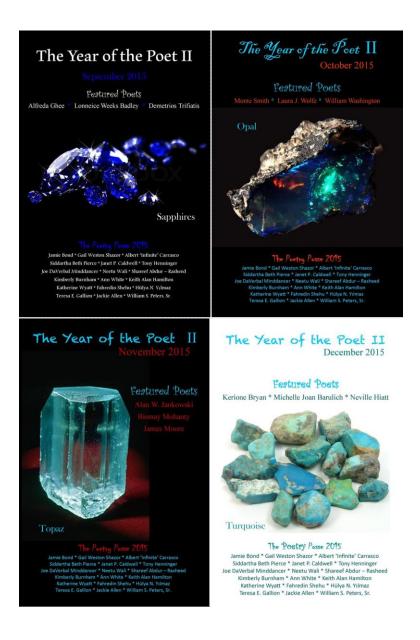


The Poetry Posse 2015 Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce \* Janet P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Neetu Wali \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \*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

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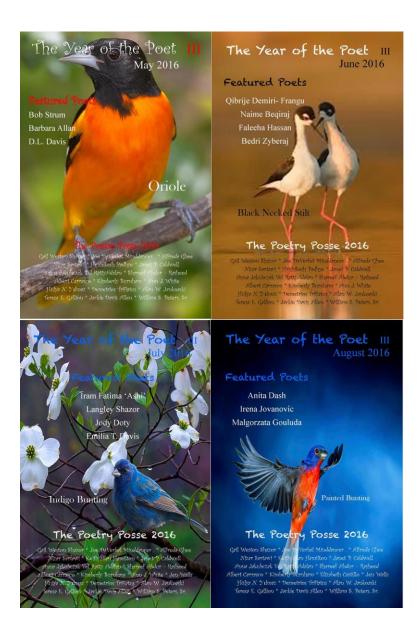
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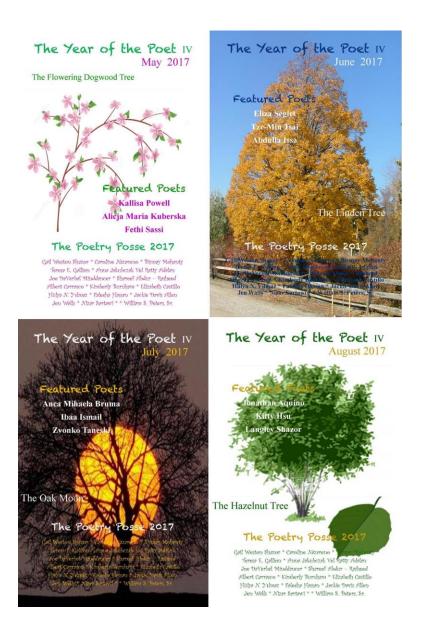
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## The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Adaue – Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Bumham \* Elizabeth Castillo Húlya N. Yilmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* \* Villiam S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



### The Tree of Life

## The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shareef Advun – Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Bumham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hillya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizz stratuw \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV October 2017



The Black Walnut Tree

## The Poetry Posse 2017

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

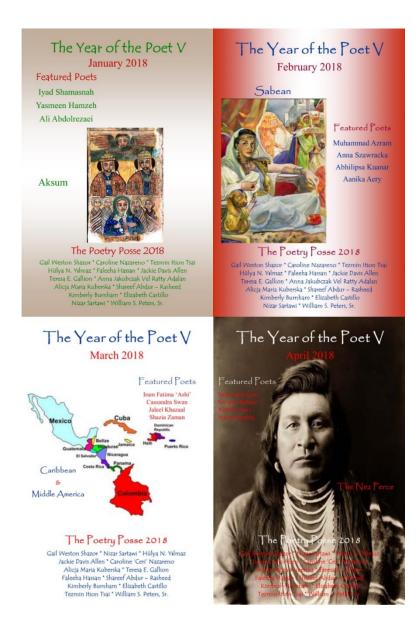
## The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer \* Shared Advue - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hulya N. Yilmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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## The Year of the Poet VI The Year of the Poet VI January 2019 February 2019 Featured Poets Indigenous North Americans Marek Łukaszewicz \* Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque \* Jean-Jacques Fournier Featured Poets Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew Meso-America Dream Catcher The Poetry Posse 2019 The Poetry Posse 2019 Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe Paire \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Éliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William 5. Peters, Sr. Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William 5. Peters, Sr. March 2019 April 2019 DL Davis \* Michelle Joan Barulich Enesa Mahmić \* Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud \* Anwer Ghani Lulëzim Haziri \* Faleeha Hassan



The Caribbean

### he Poetra Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carrasco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Aliça Maria Kubeska \* Terese E. Gallon \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Bebera Tezmin Hiom Tai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

## Central & West Africa

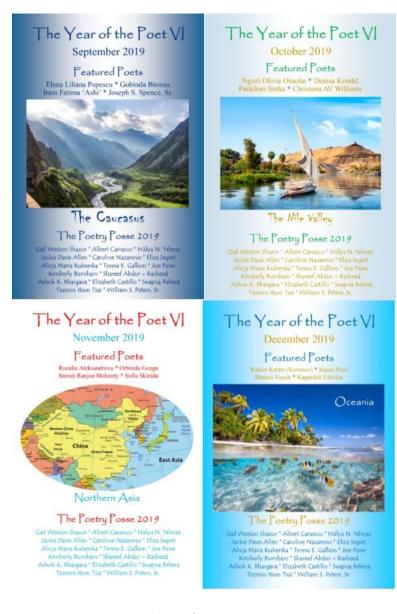
## The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazon \* Albert Carasco \* Hulba N. Yulmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teres E. Gailion \* Joe Pare Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Bhera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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# The Year of the Poet VII

## January 2020

# Featured Poets

B S Tyagi \* Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana Andy Scott \* Anwer Ghani

1901 Jean Henry Dunant and Frédéric Passy





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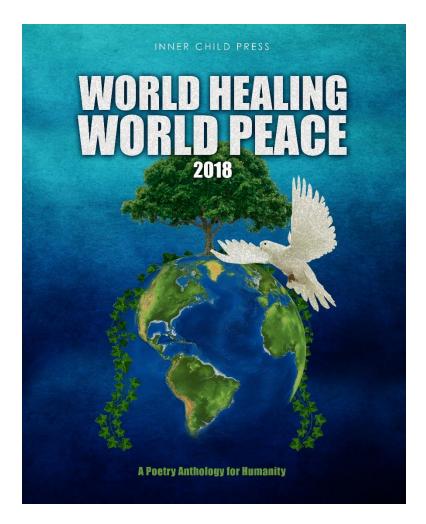
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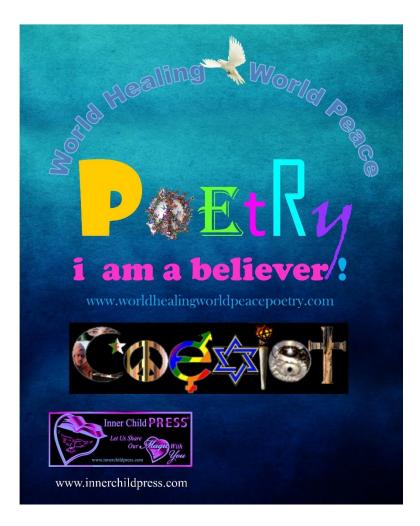
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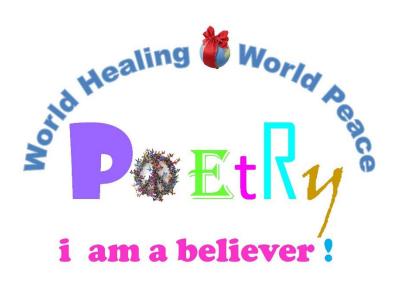


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