## The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

## Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu \* Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman \* Faleeha Hassan

Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



# Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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

Year

of the

Dogt VIII

February 2021

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

### The Poetry Posse 2021

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



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

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

#### General Information

## The Year of the Poet VIII February 2021 Edition

#### The Poetry Posse

**1**<sup>st</sup> Edition: 2021

This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a "Collection". All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior *WRITTEN CONSENT* of the "Material Owners" or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Laws. Any queries pertaining to this "Collection" should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

#### **Publisher Information**

1st Edition: Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws

Copyright © 2021 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13: 978-1-952081-41-5 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99

# WHAT WOULD IF F BE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

## Dedication

# This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

## Table of Contents

Foreword	ix
Preface	xiii
The Feature	xv
The Poetry Posse	
Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	7
Jackie Davis Allen	13
Tezmin Ition Tsai	19
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	25
Kimberly Burnham	33
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	39
Joe Paire	45
hülya n. yılmaz	51
Teresa F. Gallion	61

Table of Contents continued	
Ashok K. Bhargava	67
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	73
Swapna Behera	79
Albert Carassco	85
Eliza Segiet	91
William S. Peters, Sr.	97
February's Featured Poets	109
T.Ramesh Babu	111
Ruchida Barman	117
Neptune Barman	123
Faleeha Hassan	131
Inner Child News	139
Other Anthological Works	167

## **F**oreword

February is **Black History Month**. It is an annual celebration of achievements by African Americans and a time for recognizing the central role of blacks in U.S. history. The event grew out of "Negro History Week," the brainchild of a noted historian Carter G. Woodson. Also known as the African American History Month, it has received official recognition from governments in the United States and Canada, and more recently has been observed in Ireland, the Netherlands, and the United Kingdom by remembering important people and events in the history of the African diaspora.

For the month of February, Inner Child poets are invited to celebrate Black History month by pondering upon the recreation of a mural of Emory Douglas and Richard Bell's "We Can Be Heroes" in 2014. It depicts a particular moment during the 1968 Mexico Olympic Games when Australian sprinter, Peter Norman stood in solidarity with African American sportsmen Tommie Smith and John Carlos to protest discrimination and inequality. This beautiful mural is located in Brisbane, Australia. Their collaborative project focuses on the Black Power movement of America and the Indigenous rights movements of Australia.

Doetry like contemporary art is to reimagine and embrace new creative forms of activism that responds to social justice issues. 'Artists have a way of instantly communicating essence, almost like a language' says Emory Douglas who was an artist with the Black Panther Party for nearly 20 years starting in 1967. The controversial Richard Bell is one of Australia's most renowned Indigenous artists. With a penchant for sarcasm he explores stereotypes and racism through his self-titled 'Liberation art'. Douglas may be considered in a similar vein as the Minister of Culture in the Black Panther Party who was also the art director, designer and main illustrator for the Black Panther newspaper, creating iconic images that represented the struggles in America during the 1960s and 1970s.

The 2020 has been a very difficult year. The challenges of surviving the pandemic made us aware of the potent interplay of self-isolation, social distancing, systemic oppression and marginalization. It heralded the awakening of a world ready to respond to the social justice issues that had been overlooked for a long time. We realized that truth is not what we want it to be; it is what it is. We need to liberate ourselves by unlearning oppressive social systems, and restoring and repairing our social contract with one another.

clenched fist embodies determination to achieve social Justice with fresh perspectives. In his autobiography, 'Silent Gesture', Tommie Smith writes that the clenched fist is not just a gesture of "Black Power" but also a "human rights" salute because oppression spares no body: oppressor or the oppressed. The questions to ponder for us are: How do we become the change we wish to see and how can we stay grounded and centered and increase our capacity for sustainable change? The aim of literature and art is to represent not the outward appearance of things but their inward significance.

Ashok K. Bhargava

President, Writers International Network Canada

bhargava2000@yahoo.com

# World Healing World Peace 2020



## Poets for Humanity

## Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com/world-healing-

world-peace-poetry

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

www.worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

## Dreface

#### Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, beginning our eighth year of monthly publication of *The Year of the Poet*. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

Last year, 2020 has been challenging for many of us throughout the year. We at Inner Child Press International were busy. We envisioned our role where the arts meet humanity to continue doing what we were good at . . . publishing. We managed to not only produce and publish this series, The Year of the Poet each month, but we were also very proactive in the arena of human and social consciousness. We were able to produce several other anthologies to include: World Healing, World Peace 2020; CORONA . . . social distancing; The Heart of a Poet; W.A.R. . . we are revolution: Poetry, the Best of 2020. Going forward, we are seeking to invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'. We, poets and writers do have something to say about it all, and we intend to do so in any and every way we can. So stay tuned . . .

#### Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

DS

Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry initiative for 2022. Mark your calendars. Submissions will be opening . . . September 1st 2021

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

#### **Emory Douglas Art**

#### February 2021

For Black History Month in the United States, we feature ekphrastic poems focused on the work of Emory Douglas, who was born May 24, 1943. An American artist, Douglas worked with the Black Panther Party for nearly 20 years starting in 1967. An art director, designer, and illustrator, Douglas created images that became symbolic of an earlier era's Black Lives Matter.

#### https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Emory\_Douglas

"Artists have a way of instantly communicating essence. Things are made clear, almost like a language, and so art is a powerful tool to communicate with the community." ~Emory Douglas





Emory Douglas mural painted in Nottingham as part of Jean Genet exhibition at Nottingham Contemporary. Summer 2011

 $\frac{https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Genet-mural-}{2011.jpg}$ 





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.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor navypoet1@gmail.com

#### Power

Electricities crackle in the firmament Motions of creation Shed a blue light across the horizon And in the ebbing of this day Clay moves So I stand mystified

Covering my eyes against
The sharp glare
I wait the brush strokes
To reveal majesty ordained
Luminosity
Of firmed dirt

Baked under a sun Powered by the cloak Of darkness I witnessed the birth Of my mate Of the black man

#### Day 3

Yada defines my roof perch today And all the adjacent stonework None of it covered and I can see The buildings bones, the beginnings Irregularly settled into the form of the day

Saturdays are quiet in unfolding
I know Mother has long been at market
Arranging teas, tisanes and brown jars
Her first fruits for early risers
And I realize I am late for her gifts
Mother's seconds seem so much earlier
Than mine are on such breaking mornings
And maybe on the beginning of all days

You accept my easing into this place Placing it above you and I-first Hermeneutically sealing my needs For I spoke this to you on the first rising

This need to be whole and in place
That morning, with the sea close enough to kiss
Long before ascending ninety-nine
Yada-In the beginning-first knowledge

#### anticipation...sedoka

I have been waiting
On a 'round the way black man
To come and take the edge off

No need to share names
For I will never be yours
My heart has been lost at sea

# Alicja Maria Kubgrska

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ February 2021



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor.

She is a member of the Polish Writers Associations in Warsaw, Poland and IWA Bogdani, Albania. She is also a member of directors' board of Soflay Literature Foundation, Our Poetry Archive (India) and Cultural Ambassador for Poland (Inner Child Press, USA)

Her poems have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in : Poland, Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary,Ukraina, Belgium, Bulgaria, Albania, Spain, the UK, Italy, the USA, Canada, the UK, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Israel, Turkey, India, Uzbekistan, South Korea, Taiwan, China, Australia, South Africa, Zambia, Nigeria

She received two medals - the Nosside UNESCO Competition in Italy (2015) and European Academy of Science Arts and Letters in France (2017). Ahe also received a reward of international literary competition in Italy "Tra le parole e 'elfinito" (2018). She was announced a poet of the 2017 year by Soflay Literature Foundation (2018). She also received: Bolesław Prus Prize Poland (2019), Culture Animator Poland (2019) and first prize Premio Internazionale di Poesia Poseidonia- Paestrum Italy (2019).

#### The Black

Anger and soreness are black and rebellion has black color too. Unspeakable words shout loudly. They make you frown, clench your fists and put your hand up.

Injustice hurts.
Faces freeze in grimace of apparent calm.
People similar to the black panthers are waiting to jump to cry out their pain.

#### Tea Time

Peace and color emerge from the tea bag. Silver leaves unfold in the boiling water, There is a scent of jasmine flowers And sweet fruity notes ring out.

It doesn't take much to invite home
The memory of the Eden and the sun.
While we are sipping some tea we tell stories.
Our time slows down and takes on an aroma.

#### Hidden Gateway

I drink from the cup of your longing. The energy of thoughts gives flavor. I absorb the sadness, bitterness, And sense a little bit of hope That it may not always be the case.

Once the cup is empty
- Pour another type of wine!
Meet the sweetness of grapes
And sun-ripened expectations.

Life has got not only a bitter taste And is not made of duty's signposts. Somewhere in the wall of hopelessness There is a hidden gateway to the Garden of Eden. Remember, it is never closed

# Jackiz Pavis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **Definition's Manifestation**

Emory Douglas, famous As an artist, painted A picture on a wall

Three men standing, proud Powerful athletes, each A winner: first, second, third

With raised hands high, aware In celebratory manner, understanding Demonstrating the definition

Of how these men together, created
An image that depicts more,
Describes more than could a thousand words

#### Motivated, Determined

I have known hunger...
The searching need
A reminder of some emptiness~

Yet I will not be defeated Nor bow down to its claim.

O yes, I have known hunger. With voice most vociferous It identifies me as determined.

It pulls me up by its great need And calls me by my name.

I have known hunger And its penetrating ache... A reminder of a gnawing inside.

Yet my eyes focus on the prize And I ignore thoughts of blame.

O yes, I have known hunger. The immensity tattoos itself~ Identifies me as motivated.

It whispers in my ear that In effort there is no shame.

I have known hunger
And its unrelenting pain~
More than pages of speculation

That would spell defeat, That might be insult to fame.

O, yes. I have known hunger. The deprivation manifests itself, Identifies me as most determined.

> It reminds me to honor my gift, and That hunger can lead to acclaim.

#### Sleeping Sheep

In a world where heads
Are calling for reprograming
As a solution, I ask, why? For what purpose?
For whom? On whose authority?
May the Almighty deliver us from evil.

There are many who are fearful,
Concerned that to speak up
Would single them out.
As free thinking individuals?
What happened to freedom of expression?

Standing on bedrock of principle, Rejecting violence of activists, Some choose not the world Of fiction, where "equality" Means "ideology of sameness".

Of those preferring to think
For themselves, they resist the media's
Cadre of propagandists.
And the ensuing, inevitable
Loss of common sense.

Of the fictional, imagine an intentional novel Yet to be fulfilled, penned metaphorically: Consider the inking possibility of 1984's stamp On all foreheads. Might not that wake up The snoring band of sleeping sheep?

# Tzgmin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

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

#### Black Strips

Under the gaze of two eyes
It's been a while
I remembered after all
That must be draw in a way
An understandable way to attract the widest audience
Without losing the substance or insight of what is
represented

Image inspiration
Very graphically enhanced
A revolution in the black resistance
The art of activists keeps pace with the times
Not to strengthen the cultural dead end of postmodern nostalgia
His inspiration is only to increase the possibility of new revolutionary culture

It's like an existential hope
Induce the truth in depravation
This black outline of trying
Nothing more than
Want to construct a visual mythology of power
For people who felt powerless and victimized
Notorious for voyeuristic and patronizing
Can be seen as respect and affection
Can be outlined in the warnings of the world
Black lines dyed by other colors are never allowed

#### What Spring Told Me

Once the engagement ring went through my ring finger Spring was keen on going back on his word Jumping, like the wine on the lake What a thing originally only cared about being idle and melancholy Finally, must calculated How much happy soul I have left

That night
Deep into the dark tent
Spring smiled hard at me
Carefully only one step away from the kingdom full of spring water
That once glorious midnight
Began to become silent and dim

A happy Chinese New Year, whizzing through the window above my head
Waking up, feels like even in sleeping
Spring was not let go
Surprised by the lonely dormant period
Was passion intertwined in summer immersed in departing spring?

I sat down and waited and walked along the river where I wanted to reach

As walked in, Winding road
Covered in the shade of trees, marveled
Downstream ditch swallows the torture of dreams until
Woke up

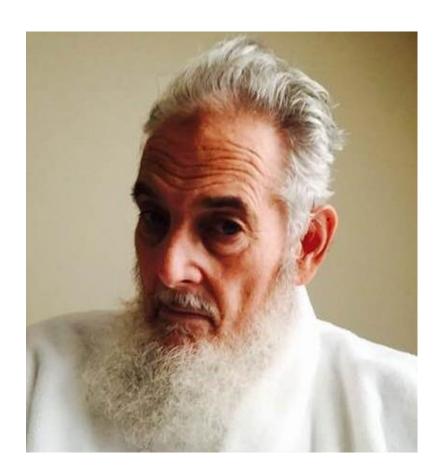
The storm reminds me of swallows and the loneliness in the middle of the night

A lonely person who sheds tears alone Yes, lonely My soul became no longer happy that day

#### The Stone Bridge

Beside the stream, I saw the beating stream brought me back to my childhood at a pace that is too real The memory that still continues The trapeze in dreams never landed The god of wind seems to always forget to stop Reminded me of the hyacinth message flying on the water The petals thrown on the hydrofoil Multiple rhythms Dancing beyond water vapor Sputtered gently on the skirts of visitors on the bridge The sharp beak of a flamingo that never cruises Pecking down the lowest note in the stars of last night Was pleased to jump for joy What else can be more purely hidden in Inboard, a footprint I found the paw I heard sliding sound Buzzing The reflection in the water looked so tiny Reminded me, don't forget to long for the reality of the high surface of this stone bridge

# Sharggf Abdur Rashggd



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

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

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

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

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

#### **Emory Douglas**

gifted graphic artist, revolutionary artist using unique imagery exposing evil measures that devils impose for wealth, power, pleasure that being oppression, degrees of slavery visual stimulation subject: targeted nation brought light to struggle through artful expression expose agenda hidden in dark corners shed light on plight oppressed peoples Africans in AmeriKKKa through power of art truth rendered and ooh ya i remember talking powerful piece " We Can Be Heroes " collaboration with Australian indigenous artist Richard Bell depiction: Australian Peter Norman standing in solidarity with American Black Athletes John Carlos, Tommie Smith on the medal stand not just for winning medals notwithstanding Olympic medals at that in track

at 1968 Olympic Games Mexico City That wasn't their objective glory of victory applause, adulation not at all, instead attention to the cause liberation of oppressed nation i remember like it was yesterday more than 52 years of yesterdays They, Carlos and Smith raised their black gloved fist on medal stand, yes, indeed Black Power salute and oh yes, they got the boot banned from Olympic Village for telling truth to power in middle of medal hour

food4thought = education

#### Afterwards

so, they come back to the snakes under attack John Carlos. Tommie Smith Olympic medalist human rights activists two of the world's best at what they do decided to stand up for truth, justice instead of getting all that's coming to us Douglas reproduced the essence of that moment in time that brought attention to severe oppression sustained for many generations by African peoples treated less then human denied equality by so called white folk who claimed they believed what Christ thought you will be judged individually, collectively as a society how you treated the least of thee in terms of status socially, economically, politically hypocrisy exposed in what Emory Douglas art proposed both Carlos and Smith were condemned as pariah's not like being born black males in United Snakes wasn't enough then stakes became much more tough the difference between hypocrisy and service to all humanity.

food4thought = education

#### time...

squared is where? mankind revels mankind rebels mankind has fell mankind flirts with hell time squared is where? has it brought us far or near? how fast went the years count those no longer here the signs beware the signs beware the signs are everywhere count those no longer here be mindful of " God Fear " the time has rendered mankind unaware life neither here nor there that's not why your here be mindful of "God Fear" time allotted unknown but what sense of urgency shown? way we live you'd think it's something we own no man will escape results of seeds sown did it amount to life blown? this is how we go home? the glitter has no substance like foam like the water you saw in the desert was sand blown an illusion like the things you think you own

take heed the only thing you need in your grave alone Righteous Deeds and mercy food4thought = education

food4thought = education

# Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ February 2021



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada; and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. Her poetry weaves through 80+ volumes of The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, and A Woman's Place in the Dictionary. She is currently working on several ekphrastic writing projects. One is a novel, Art Thief Cracks Healing Code for Parkinson's Disease and the other is non-fiction, Using Ekphrastic Fiction Writing and Poetry to Create Interest and Promote Artists, Writers, and Poets.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

https://healthy-brain.medium.com/bears-at-the-window-of-climate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

#### Fists Raised

In anger fists raised batter the world

In solidarity fists reassure those by my side

Raised in a gesture of Olympic proportion triumph

Fists show power and pride in accomplishments

But the world sees only the gesture movement and expression

Assumes the feelings yet only I know my own intentions

## Black Panther Haiku

Red bricks white canvas
two yellow suns shine on black
men trying to move

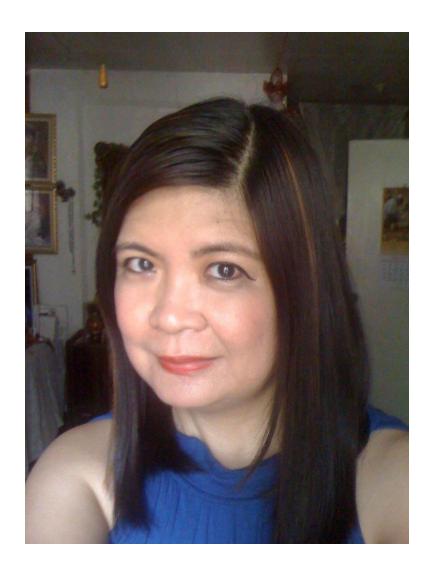
### Right and Left Brain Together

We dance from the left with logic and linear thinking focusing on facts and numbers words and sights driving the sequence of how we act

We leap from the right full of imagination and creativity following intuition it just felt right dream about how it will feel emotions hard to put into words

Different sides struggling for dominance fighting for time to think and feel linear facts or intuitive imagination each will take us far the farthest the best work together

# Clizabeth Castillo



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

#### Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

## My Color is Black

My skin is black And I matter, Allow me to enjoy my rights Don't let me succumb to fright.

My color is universal, I am proud of my race We all have a place in this world, Coming from one Source.

#### When I Can No Longer Breathe You

silence permeates the air.
a chilly-like atmosphere envelopes this dark night
with the stars and the valiant moon's light,
the ones only illuminating
this maze-like path to nowhere...
you were once a strong presence in my life
made sense to a once weary soul
wrap up in the darkness, alone, and bewildered
an echo whispering sweet nothings to my ears.

when I can no longer breathe you,
'tis the time the heart chooses not to feel anymore.
when I can no longer feel the closeness of you
'tis the time the heart chooses to just sleep and wait for eternity.

when there's no more beautiful coincidences binding our hearts and souls together, I will just choose to be in oblivion be a roaming restless spirit waiting for the day we'll be reunited in heaven.

time may heal a bereaved heart but to love again is a question when I choose not to feel.

When I can no longer breathe you I'll ask the angels to send my love And sing the music I made for you For you to know that my love Goes beyond the grave,

A love that will continue in the next lifetime.

#### Journey to the Future

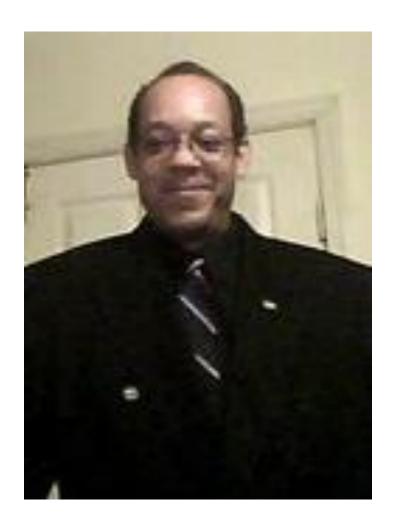
Brave men reaching for the stars, A journey beyond imagination Taking flight to a distant place Making a mark to change the world.

A once unthinkable voyage, Now within man's reach A journey to the future An indisputable feat of human kind.

Let's celebrate this journey to the future, And let it be known by generations to come We can reach the stars, And dare take flight.

# Jog Pairg

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ February 2021



Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . . is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for love. He became the observer, charting life's path. Taking note of the why, people do what they do. His writings oft times strike cord a with 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

#### There's an "H" in Humanity

Silent gestures speak words to the hearing impaired. Body languages speak of want and need. We see what we believe. We heed to what we hear. Experience guides the mind's eye.

Prejudiced eyes like blinders for a racehorse, Cause a little bit of discourse. Of course, I've seen it happen when it happened. But my caption as it were back then. I was captured by the heart back when.

With an SUV parked just below this scene.

Black history or black misery, the thoughts just flood in.

I got a sense of pride when my eyes saw the movement.

I found this image to be intuitive.

A small taste of freedom only to be ruled again.

Some just see hooligans but that's the fool in them.
When I look at this image now,
I see I've been schooled again.
Right fist raised, left fist raised,
two strong arms formed an "H" there's an H in humanity.

#### The Terror Within

My capital is under siege from people who look like me. I never thought I'd live to see the days of Paul Revere. The British weren't coming, but their intent was clear. There was no need for a midnight ride. They weren't throwing tea in offence of taxations. They were throwing their own people out. Based on lies from the leaders of their palpitations Years of calculations, years of misinformation

The years of segregation you were okay with that. Michigan was just a test to fill you in the belly of the Trojan horse, Moscow Mitch had a new voice. It's funny, but it's not.
When you shared the thoughts and plots Rule of law? I think not, Isis was taught by their leader. Off with their heads, Jim Crow laws for us instead Held-up to the hilt on Capitol Hill.

But when it's your blood being spilled
The enemy within is revealed.
Choked out necks, for selling cigarettes.
So, justice has been peaking at the rest of us.
The perceived majority have become the despots.
There was so much turmoil over a stained blue dress.
But the killing of democracy let me take a guess.
The power of the vote proved to be actual power.

To destroy within, in hopes to save those ivory towers. When the twin towers fell, we immediately went sour. Now you're supporting the very thing we feared. It's clear the terror within.

#### Reflections

I need to get to myself but that's the problem. I've become pure thought.
Years of observing one tends to blend.
In the walls of our own making
Hearts breaking over the antics of a TV. Show

Soap opera's and drama's Comedies' come in the form of life's mishaps. Perhaps if I were more than I That would be a lie.

Mirror, mirror on the wall Will you shut up once and for all? I neglect you because you speak truth. You see through me like I see through wires.

I can't deflect of you no matter how I've tried. Peacock power never lasts.

Those devoted to the same never fast.

But I'm the one who's gotta ask my reflection.

hülya n. yılmaz



Professor Emerita (Humanities, Penn State, USA), hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is a published tri-lingual author, literary translator, and Director of Editing Services (Inner Child Press International, USA). Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies of global endeavors and was presented at poetry events in the U.S. and abroad. In 2018, the WIN of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary excellence award. Her two poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* (USA). hülya finds it vital for everyone to understand a deeper sense of self, and writes creatively to attain a comprehensive awareness for and development of our humanity.

Writing Web Site <a href="https://hulyanyilmaz.com/">https://hulyanyilmaz.com/</a>

Editing Web Site <a href="https://hulyasfreelancing.com">https://hulyasfreelancing.com</a>

#### A Simple and Silent Gesture

It is August 26 in the year of 2016 in the good ole US of A.
Colin Rand Kaepernick sits in the bench during the anthem in San Francisco to raise awareness . . . because "the country oppresses black people and people of color."
He was known not to have stood for the anthem before.

That date passes by.

Writers of headlines get busy, when Kaepernick sits down again a day later.

Reactions are two-fold: some condemn him, and others applaud.

The NFL speaks up, citing the lack of any requirement on their behalf for their athletes to stand up for the anthem.

After three days, former NFL player and ex-Green Beret Nate Boyer has a suggestion for this young man of higher consciousness: "kneel rather than sit."

Kaepernick kneels before a game on September 1<sup>st</sup>, 2016 and goes on record with his plan for a donation of \$1 million to organizations that support his intent, as I have noted earlier, "to raise awareness" for the centuries-long systemic racism in the country.

September 11, 2016 marks the first full day of the regular season. Several players kneel during the anthem.

On Sept. 27, 2016, Kaepernick becomes the subject of harsh criticism from the Republican presidential candidate Donald Trump.

The young man responds: "He always says make America great again. Well, America has never been great for people of color. That's something that needs to be addressed. Let's make America great for the first time."

Kaepernick plays his final NFL game on January 1<sup>st</sup>, 2017. The 49ers plan to cut him. He opts out of his contract instead.

The month of September of the same year witnesses players' kneeling before and / or during the anthem without the civil rights activist in the league.

In the following month, Kaepernick files a grievance against NFL team owners. He cites collusion to keep him out of the league.

The powers that be, unfortunately, have a final say. NFL season ends on December 31, 2017, having made certain that this epic role model for equal justice remains unemployed.

Less than a year afterward, NFL owners construct a rule banning kneeling during the anthem.

It is 'president' Trump now . . . as he has made it into the People's House. He applauds the divisive initiative. NFL owners soon retract the rushed rule because of its divisiveness.

As the second straight season begins – sans the name "Kaepernick" on a roster, some players still kneel . . .

The third NFL season enters the world's calendar, and ends eventually. No Kaepernick.

Following the murder of George Floyd, a black man, on May 25, 2020, nationwide protests begin. Numerous other sports organizations join the cause of awareness, to include the NBA, Baseball, and many more. Kaepernick offers support.

A few months later, the NFL apologizes, denounces racism and delivers a promise to further promote social justice.

Thank you for your simple and silent gesture, dear Mr. Kaepernick.
Your gentle voice was and continues to be loud enough to stay at the core of many an equality-for all-seeking soul.
Hopefully, for us all, generations to come will embrace your contribution to humanity, understanding and knowing that social injustice is our common enemy.
Thank you for showing this 'white' woman that which we all-inclusively must fear.
So, in humble solidarity,
I, too, kneel.
Ever so respectfully.

#### **Emory Douglas**

1968 Summer Olympics The medalists' podium for the 200-meter race

America's own two Black athletes, Tommie Smith and John Carlos – One, the recipient of the gold medal; The other, a silver-medalist

Visual history depicts these winners' fists Inside black gloves as they raise them into air

To bring to the attention of the world The centuries-long oppression of Blacks, AKA the good ole American way

As Smith and Carlos make their unspoken voices heard, Their medals are being taken away

Standing against the brutally discriminatory and fear-, hatred- and violence-filled white-domination is enough reason to strip them both of their justly earned honors, you say?

#### Nay!

A white Australian runner, Peter Norman —
A silver-medalist, chooses to stay with his fellow athletes,
Though sans fist, to show solidarity
He thus lends hope to humanity
And reminds us all of the foundation of our existence:
Unity within diversity. Unconditionally. All-inclusively.

Watching unjust actions unfold for even one of us silently Is, after all, complicity. Put simply.

Still . . .
The Black athletes
Get their Olympic medals stripped off
They had, however, earned them justly

Promising careers, ruined . . .
In the hands of the white powers that be
How about the rights to practice Civil Rights advocacy?
Huh, what a laugh!
Such freedom for Blacks does not come for free!

In the year of 2014, A visual art project, "We Can Be Heroes", Makes waves across the borders of many a country The piece is crafted collaboratively Between the Australian artist Richard Bell And the American graphic designer Emory Douglas

Bell and Douglas not only eternalize
For the 1968 Olympic medalists
Their moments of protest on an Olympic-athlete stage,
The stance they took against discrimination and inequality;
But also demonstrate injustices to be witnessed globally

As it is evident throughout the volume in your possession, Our collective efforts geared toward poeticizing Some segments of the once diligently-recorded reality Jointly, we are anon sharing the marvel of a phenomenon; Namely, how Bell's concept of 'Liberation Art', Coupled with Douglas' talent in design and illustration, Grew larger than life and entered the annals of history In the form of a silent yet utterly vocal iconography

### Enough Is Enough!

Medieval times have passed

Try the now that's here:

The 21<sup>st</sup> century!

# Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

#### My Fist for You

My fist is raised to defy oppression. My head is bowed in reverence for those who had the courage to endure.

I stand on this Olympic platform in this moment of victory for those who do not love me.

A win for those who sucked the dust of hate, discrimination and violence that I might live to honor them.

Here is my fist.

#### My Next Lifetime

In my next lifetime,
I want to be gifted
with a voice so powerful
that when I sing
you will bend your knees
and flood the earth with joyful tears.

You will look up at me with those blue-green eyes and watch me melt in the arms of Spirit from the power of your gaze.

I will sing from that place deep in my heart reserved for you over many lifetimes.

Do your thing tiger. I will love you at a distance on this sacred ground.

While my love for you floats in eternity, I will sing praise songs in your name.

#### Season of Death

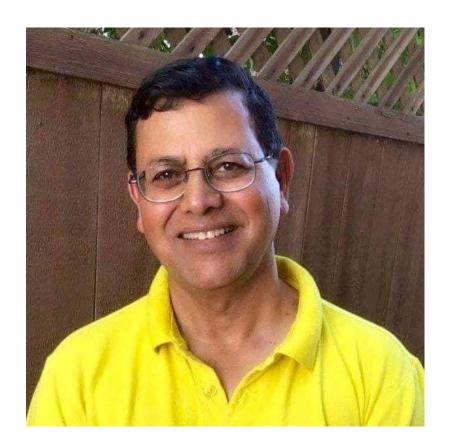
The army of death is all around us lead by sacred souls wearing angel wings. There is a long line at the rainbow bridge. Lately it seems we come too often to honor bonds to those who touched our lives and massaged our hearts.

Death is part of the natural order but comes so fast and takes so many our heads swim in grief. We struggle to process the sorrow squeezing the heart. Many of us try to rub the pain of loss from our foreheads as the whirlwind of grief smacks hard against the planet.

I ask my Spiritual Guide, why are there so many? I hear her in my head say, *this is the cleansing wave*. All the souls leaving the planet completed their cycle this time. They go to rest, renew and prepare for the next wave of rebirth.

The question is asked daily.
When will the season of healing begin?
After many days of contemplation,
I look up and see the healing light
in the distant horizon.

# 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.

#### Fists Up

The silent shadows of self become lightning rods

tender fingers slide together resolute and determined

rise up as clenched fists in the air

when denied dignity and equality

in unity in solidarity

at the same time fully aware that

only with open hands we can receive and give

#### **Gravity of Fists**

How many layers of whiteness has to be peeled

to discover the reality that black lives matter.

We have failed to sync some of us more than others.

Victims of racism, injustice and assault

know the incidents and what had happened to them

but afraid they are to speak and remain silent.

They can feel their heart drumbeats but refuse to hear it

before they become clenched fists of resistance of courage.

#### Heroes

Three men. Luminous. Determined. Firm.

Two men with Clenched fists look down where the earth and sky meet.

Third man looks forward for a horizon where the sky and water meet.

Everyone waiting for life's changing scenes changing expectations.

Sky and water covered for now with clouds of gray from where a rainbow will appear.

Open eyes. See the fists binding the air the earth and the water between us

while pain and pleasure held together open and fold like powerful wings.

# Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ February 2021



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

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19<sup>th</sup>, 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> 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

#### My color and the ocean of everything

I was born free As free as the dark night When silence have been burnt Into mystic hums of emptiness, I raise my hands and sing halleluia And forever embrace my color Black. I am history No matter what others say, I have freed the white To find me In the light, As you close your eyes I am nothing, But lend me some respect For I know no reasons to kill My bloodstream, My life, My will, My song, I am the ocean of everything,

#### I Can't Breathe

I can't breathe I am trapped in your knees, Facing down I can feel your smoldering hands Of bigotry, I owe nothing. Let me go. I can't breathe I am held down like a pauper, Dragged to feel The roughness of Minnesota street, The right to live In the land of the free Is draining down into darkness. I am nothing. Let me go. I can't breathe. I am breaking. I fear that it's not free to shed a tear My suffocated lungs can't sustain justice This life has decayed for century of reasons My fate has been detained Into the abysmal mourning. I am now free To go.

#### A Prayer and Special Intention

Thank you Lord, for the borrowed life, We entrust our lives to you, Let your divine mercy flow in each one of us, You are the greatest cure of all the illnesses in this land, Protect us dear Father from the deadly viruses, Calm our heart, mind and spirit So we may help one another To gather, cooperate and be healed as one, Touch us now, Father, Give us the good health that we need In these trying times, bring us all closer to You, Lord, You are our light, strength and power, We believe, You are with us always and forever. In Mighty Name of Jesus, through the intercession of Mary our Mother

# Swapna Behera



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India. She was a teacher from 1984 to 2015. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different national and International languages. She has penned six books. She is the recipient of the Prestigious International Mother Language UGADI AWARD WINNER 2019. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017. She is the recipient of the Prolific Poetess Award ,The Life time Achievement Award ,The Best Planner Award ,The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE Award, ATAL Award 2018 Global Literature Guardian Award International Life Time Achievement Award and the Master of Creative Impulse Award .She has received the Honoured Poet of India from the Seychelles Government accredited Literary Society Lasher one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 60 languages .She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union ,Kazakhstan2018. Italy, the National President for India by Hispanomundial Union of Writers (UHE), Peru, the administrator of several poetic groups, and the Cultural Ambassador for India and South Asia of Inner Child Press African is the life member of Odisha Environmental Society.

swapna.behera@gmail.com

## a human rights salute that history remembers

a human rights salute
symbol of black power
the trio on the podium of medal ceremony
two black-gloved clenched fists upraised
during the playing of the U.S. national anthem in the
Olympic
Smith and Carlos who won the gold and bronze
in two hundred metres Olympic
they stood on the podium with their human rights badge
turning the face to the national flag
but the silver medallist Peter Norman;
a white athlete of par excellence
wore the Olympic project badge for human rights
in solidarity with them

the most overtly political statement sympathetic was Norman to his competitors protest suffered a lot in his own country Australia Norman died setting a voice Smith and Carlos were the pall bearers at the funerals

after his death, the parliament
begged apology to Norman
stating that was the moment of heroism and humility
an advanced international awareness for racial inequality
a silent gesture speaks so loud
louder is humility
than any voice
today ,tomorrow and forever......

#### the lyrical investor

his lungs breathe
the punctuations, commas and finally the full stops
he is an investor
of his infant steps
perhaps

it is not easy for him to burn and fulfil his libidos his songs echo in every courtyard

and

on the national highways
he is the crowned prince
while he stamps on the ballot paper
he questions the Supreme king
innumerable queries on his existence
that are always dumped in the quarries
his eyes are reflections of the sky

he is the Tathagat but he never leaves his wife
his anger and frustrations are the documents of a
democratic country
lo and behold
he is none other than a common man
a lyrical investor
moving
around his own axis ;weaving his own anthem
sowing his own emblem

you know, he is the common man like you and me ....

Tathagat - Tathagat is a Pali word for Gautam Buddha

#### my father's shawl

a teacher he was on the day of his superannuation with a rose bouquet the shawl was wrapped to him by his boss the enigmatic meeting ended

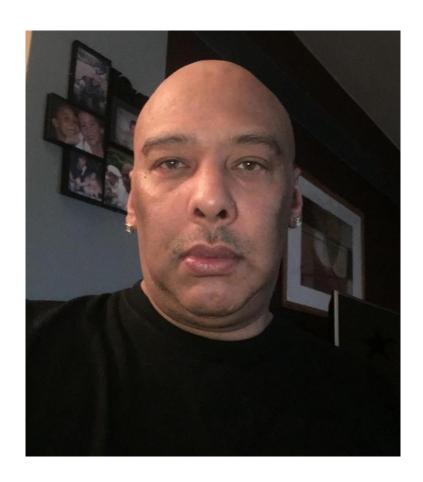
the next day he started shouting at mother "give me my lunch box I will miss my bus" mother was smiling with tears in eyes "dear ,today you have no school"

my father said
"oh, yes you are correct
now for me every day is Sunday "
he sat right on the sofa looked towards the blue sky
folded the shawl and preserved in the almirah
some days I have seen him patting the fibre
may be feeling the aura of his integrity
perhaps feeling the seconds, minutes and years

my father's shawl

today he is lying on the carpet wrapping the same shawl which he saved throughout rather invested his whole beings to rewrite his final scriptures on the fire .......

# Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

#### Infinite Poetry

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

#### **Emory Douglas**

We've been oppressed for many years. Too long. Inequality and racism led to a lot of blood shed and tears. We stayed strong. Stolen land, slavery, famine and poverty. It's all wrong. Children taken from mothers and fathers, Fathers and mothers ripped apart from the grips Of sons and daughters, When life was at its hardest we survived off of, Hope, song and prayers. I know it's hard to digest, we always expected the worst, It was a traditional curse,

But we still while prayed for the best. It has gotten to the point where we were no longer going tolerate hydrant sprays, the acts of divide and conquer, hunger, women and man slaughter. We had to become one, a unit moving together to defeat our oppressors. We had to bring our fight to light, like the Black Panthers show of power while fighting for our rights..

#### Acoustic range

I recite poems with an acoustic range that reaches my guardian angels in heaven. It's a cold cold world, if I go to the cemetery and spit my forte of poetry I'll give shivers to skeletons. What I belt is heard and felt by the people listening to the piece at the present time and those that died in the street or in hospitals fightn flatlines. When it comes to this art form, I'm cross platformed. Hurt and pain fuels my fire but it's murdered sons that give me 24 hour solar power. They are the reasons I see the light and write. See I came up with the smartest and strongest and most are with God or in the yard. These youngens and new hustlers don't have a chance, the problem is that they'll still try, they'll repeat our story, jail and death minus the money. I say minus the money because they're going to jail and dying without seeing lucrative currency. Why? Because what they think is a new spot is an old block that's been hot. They're tryn to eat while inheriting heat. It's just a matter of time before they get some or before they stare at a tip of a slug thru the barrel of gun, get wet up and left for dead in the slums. Nowadays it's a slow flow and dudes are hungry, no dough, so it's blam blam, John Doe, a process of elimination for dead prez accumulation from trees, pills, her-ron and blow. The game never changes, it's just new faces and new drug and gun cases.

#### 24 hours to live

If I had twenty four hours to live it'll be trouble, I'll stick up all traps I know that bubble, I'll call connections and tell em I'll buy two if they give me one on the arm, give it to my right hand man and ask him to flip it for my fam and tell em I left it for tuition when I'm gone. I'll jump in my whip, jet on the west side highway to the diamond district, after a few liks I'll be jettn back on the fdr with a frozen SUV headn to the bricks to make the safe house icy, half for the team and half for wifey to make sure she doesn't need shit from nobody. On the twenty second hour I'll be parlaying with friends and family members, on the twenty third Ill get my lawyer to contact the DA to tell em they have to let my twenty five, forty five and lifer homies go, I'll do a lying confession, I'll tell em "it was me that touched fulano" cause he owed dough, they won't get a day from Bellaco because tomorrow I won't be here, they won't know. Ill plead guilty no need to try me, by the time I get to the island I'll be history... But others will be free, I'll end their stint and drop dead while they're doing my fingerprints.

## Eliza Segiet



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

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

For her volume of *Magnetic People* she won a literary award of a *Golden Rose* named after Jaroslaw Zielinski (Poland 2019 r.). Her poem The *Sea of Mists* was chosen as one of the best one hundred poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada.

In Poet's Yearbook, as the author of *Sea of Mists*, she was awarded with the prestigious Elite Writer's Status Award as one of the best poets of 2019 (July 2019).

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

In September 2019 she was 1<sup>st</sup> Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando È la Vita ad Invitare* for poem *Be Yourself* (Italy).

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

Laureate International Award PARAGON OF HOPE (Canada, 2020).

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

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

#### Backdrop

To Emory Douglas

To win, to still run after freedom and tolerance, fight for freedom in diversity.

Time and space is nothing but a flashy backdrop for people, to whom closer is winning a medal than regards and understanding.

translated Ula de B.

#### Apeiron

Oxygenated by the world she looks for a space of peace, apeiron of happiness, silence in which the sound of the sea and seagulls are a testimony to life. She looks for the sun.

The world around the Eden has already hidden.

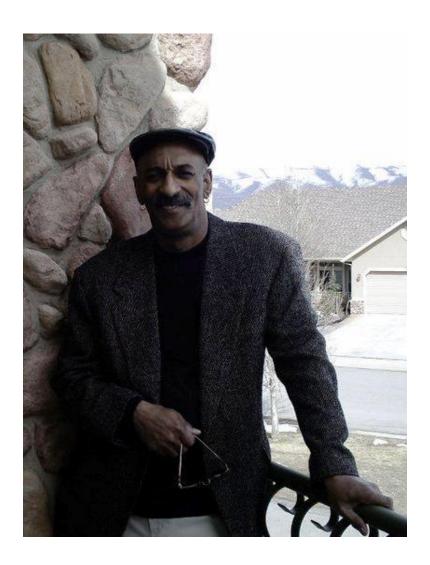
Translated by Artur Komoter

#### Labyrinth

In the vortex of dance, wandering in the labyrinth of time she saw the ephemerality of existence. Today turns into yesterday as in the Heraklite river - fluid, smooth. Although trees live longer than humans, slouching between them one can see the scattered dandelions. And behind a tall wall of boxwood there is everything one cannot go back to. Every ray of the sun is a hope for existence, even though at some point it will not allow for a gust of life.

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

#### 1968 . . . Yes We Can!!!

We earned it,
We won the race,
We placed 1 & 2 . . .
First and Second
In the race of our lives
We won,
But we lost

On the stage of our lives We put it all On the line To let the world know Of our struggle . . . As a people

The powers to be
Did not wish to acknowledge
Such an ugliness,
For denial was the soup
Being served

The media,
The overtly sensationalized media
Condemned us
Just as they condemned any
Efforts and retorts
Of the oppressed
To get that damn boot
Or knee
Off of our necks

Though our efforts Were marginalized Minimalized And vilified,

. . . . .

History will not lie
About what we have been through,
Are still yet going through
In the attempt
For parity,
Justice,
Equality,
And an opportunity
To show that
Yes we can!

#### The Keeper

I am not the keeper of your Castle, I am the Keeper of your Dreams

I just thought I would remind you Of this, For it seems That you have forgotten Our pact

The fact is,
We have committed to love,
One and another,
A love that is destined
To travel across
The endless streams
Of time
And of course
Our Dreams

You are the key
To my fantasies,
My realities
And the ship
That carries me across
All the seas
Of all existence

The consistence is evident, A certifiable providence That fills my soul, Mends all holes That I once had In this heart of mine

The handwriting was on the wall
The call signs were blushingly dancing
Within the spirit
Of all that I am,
All that I thought I was,
And thus
All that I can ever be

And I have to let you know
That . . .
You are the keeper of my Castle,
You are the Keeper of my Dreams.

And the flowers sang . . .

#### Laughter and Sarcasm

I ask you . . .
What would life be
Without a little
Laughter and sarcasm?

My God, that would be horrible, And perhaps painful and gloomy With no room for the assholes To escape . . . including myself ..... Melancholy?

Anger and Anger Management Would be 'off the charts' What a good business To be in . . . huh?

I wonder would there finally be parity In the prison population, Where the sensation of justice Is no longer 'just-us' And a few others Who do not fit in.

. . . . .

And what about economics
And all the other BS that fills our lives
With inequities

I laugh at many things
That otherwise would give cause
For me to react,
Or learn to be indifferent,
Like so many others.

Unfortunately,
Mothers can not escape
The waves of responsibility
For their children
Who happen to be on an errant path,
Or just caught up
In the wrong shit,
At the wrong time . . .
Be it their guilt . . .
Or not

These days
My sense of humor,
Many times,
Makes no sense,
For it vilifies me
By way of my own
'dumb-downed-ness'
Which I have somehow voluntarily
Acquiesced to

. . .

GO Figure

There seems to be
So much to laugh at
These days . . .
From Religion to Politics
To the greed of the elitists
And 'others' who attempt
To emulate
Their demented ways.

We follow the lines of conformance, Right over the cliff,

Like the non-thinking Swine that humanity has become, In certain definable demographics

I guess we all need something
To believe in,
But some of the rhetoric and propaganda
We are willing to embrace,
I can only laugh at,
As I laugh at myself as well

We spend time,
Telling ourselves
That life needs to be fixed,
Without ever asserting any cause
To self
For the fixing

How can I ascertain What is wrong with the world, Or when are we going to change Without first looking at myself . . .

. . . .

Judgement That's a killer, Isn't it?

When I ponder some of the aspects Of what I am capable of noticing, I most times am susceptible To becoming Soulfully convoluted, Polluted, And self-disputing,

And as thus stated

In this humble offering Some may attribute as poetry, I realize There is something rotten In the demise of our humanity Where sanity and integrity becomes an Unsought attribute As we give tribute To the craziness Of conspiracy and complacency

So what is left I ask you Save Laughter and Sarcasm

This has been my perspective Of what is wrong with me . . . How about you?

## Fgbruary 2021 Fgaturgd Pogts

~ \* ~

T.Ramesh Babu Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman Faleeha Hassan

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ February 2021



# T. Ramgsh Babu



Dr.T.Ramesh Babu working as Assistant Professor (Ad-hoc) in the department of Humanities & Social Sciences, JNTUA CEP, Pulivendula, YSR KADAPA Dist. Andhra Pradesh, India. He is a poet, writer, author, professional teacher and soft skills trainer. He was born on 6<sup>th</sup> January 1981 in Guntakal, Anantapur Dist. He received his highest degree Ph.D. from Acharya Nagarjuna University, Guntur, Andhra Pradesh in 2017. He has published 16 International & 2 National papers. He is author of 03 international books 02 published with LAP LAMBERT Publishers and 01 published with HSRA Bangalore with collection of 35 poems. Many poems have been published in international anthologies and magazines too.

#### Moring View in Woods

The blue night sky fades As lighter blue streaks in sky Cacophony sings A dawn chorus as Thrushes, black-birds, robins, goldfinches The morning singers Making resonant Sweet chirping sounds relaxing The mood of nature As pleasant as paradise Slanting sunbeams flickering Through foliage in woods The fresh breath of wind Reverberating in woods With a melody The nature is so Amazing one in pleasure Sharing on the Earth.

#### Waiting for....

The black flat dry lands; Opened their mouths and, Splintered with enormous thirst Your arrival may be quenched.

All the wild beasts and birds; Tracing and exploring for a stream or, A lake in woods, but they runoff, The wild life looks at sky with a ray of hope.

The swollen rivers quieten,
The brimming streams evacuated,
The running brooklets dawdled,
Now they all bide their time to recommence.

Look at all these desperate, Downpour your blessings; As cloudburst to fill cheeriness;

#### My Pure Love

I don't know what it is Called people may call it Love but, to me it is an emotional Feeling and an invisible bonding Between you and me, I won't say that it is Infatuation because, my feelings are not Short-time on you, whether you are with me Or not I admire you forever I always try to Like a wave in the sea to reach seashore Though the wave won't be with seashore but It touches similarly I may not be with you, But your thoughts with me forever the Wonderful moments which we had together Together were ceased and hark back Those moments and respiring Throughout life as Chakor Partridge love for moon, I'll be waiting for you As pied crested Cuckoo waits for Rain I'll be for You until My last Breathe.

### Ruchida Barman

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ February 2021



Dr. Ruchida Barman is a Professor in English. She currently is working in JECRC, Sitapura in the Department of English and Humanities. She has a total experience of 27 years of teaching out of which 17 are at the undergraduate level. Dr. Barman says... I have a variety of facets to my personality. Teaching is not just a profession for me it is my passion. I am a creative writer too who writes poetry, as well as articles. I am also a soft skill trainer.

#### **Nature**

I saw the rain drops falling Sitting on the window sill I thought the nature was crying Just as I was.

I saw the rain drops falling Sitting on the swing I thought the nature was rejoicing Just as I was.

I saw the clouds in the sky Looking from my window I thought the nature was feeling low Just as I was

I saw the clouds in the sky Looking up from my garden I thought the nature was happy Just as I was

I realized then, Nature is our best friend Standing by us always Reflecting our moods and emotions Just as we do

#### Separation

I separated from you-body, mind and soul
I separated from you complete and whole
It was inevitable, It was sure
It had to happen I was sure.
I had to do this to keep my self – respect
Or else there would be scar on my aspect
My inner self was hurt, I was choked.
I had to breathe, if I had to live.
When the point came to choose between living and suffocating,
I chose to live.
My decision was simple and clear,
You and I were never near

#### When she was born

All said she was lucky She would be the loved one always She would be the blessed one always

She was pampered and loved
She was blessed
As she grew she realized she was lucky
To have a loving family

She loved her Parents, She loved her Sibling, She loved her friends, She loved her self,

AND then the beautiful world crashed,
SHE GOT MARRIED
She got estranged from her Parents,
She got estranged from her sibling
She got estranged from her friends
AND got estranged from HERSELF

The only gift that helped her to live
Was her little angel with broken wings
She gave her the reason to live
She gave her the song to sing

AND then God suddenly took pity on her
He gave her another angel
Who understood her silence
Who understood all her silent sufferings
She now wanted to live
LIVE for herself, LIVE to be happy,
LIVE to be loved, Live to be understood

She knew she found her soulmate She knew she found her love She was thankful to God She was thankful to her angel

All the pain of her life vanished
All the trouble vanished
With a little gesture
With a little word
HE GAVE HER LIFE BACK TO HER

# Ngptung Barman



I am Neptune Barman staying in Delhi, India. I am doing graduation in English honors in Delhi University. I love to travel and express my feelings of heart in form of poetry. I have self-published 2 books on poetry and 1 book on my life recently. I have been writing poetry since i was 12 years old. Poetry for me is language of heart that can connect the humanity and make a better tomorrow.

#### Silent Tears

Each day passes like the day before but night is never the same when the world goes silent my heart speaks alone screaming without a sound lie in a corner unknown to the world the heart turns heavy like the clouds in the sky and drops of prayer slides down my cheek making me helpless all the night sometime the strongest in morning are to cry all night this tears in me not my weakness but existence of love and pain in my heart if these tears could build a way to heaven I would walk alone to bring you back though an ocean I cried but am thankful to those tears because our love has never died

#### Behind the Line

To any reader of my poem Look through the window Hidden behind these line Remember to hold these lines Carefully in your heart As it's ageing with time But don't follow my line Because these lines are fake With a fake smile on its face Just to entertain you Until it's time to complete performance Behind these line lies a window Which I never dared to go through There lies the memories That grew as a knife in my life And it hurts me each time I want to fly Rivers of tears that flowed Shall meet ocean so far But this broken heart still beats Like the stars shining in the sky

#### Mother's Letter to her son

Oh my son of my womb am ashamed to call you my son i cried each night in dark when you were in my womb cried for you to meet my poverty escaped you 9 months from rest world but lost you the day saw your face leaving behind barren soul in me your twin brother too young your mother's too poor I tried death but stopped looking your brother cries am sorry my dear son to leave you from my eyes to sell you to feed your brother to let you live a life of my dream a life i could`not give you and let your brother too I dream each night of you your presence beside me even know you could never be mine you got better mother a life of joy, a life of dream that i could never afford my son But have a dream to see you like star Shining in the night sky And live my life with few tears in smile

# Falggha Hassan

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ February 2021



Faleeha Hassan, is a poet, teacher, editor, writer, playwriter from Iraq, who now lives in the USA. She is the first woman to write poetry for children in Iraq. She received master's degree in Arabic literature, and has published 24 books. Her poems have been translated into 15 languages. Her book, *Breakfast for Butterflies* was nominated for the 2018 Pulitzer Prize. Ms. Hassan also serves as an Cultural Ambassador - Iraq, USA for Inner Child Press International.

#### You want me to forget you?

Easy

Force my eyes to look at things without seeing the sparkle of your smile

Wipe from my hair the tenderness of your touch
Remove the warmth of your hugs from my cold arms
Teach your name not to slip from my tongue when I speak
to someone else

Yes,

Find another beat for my heart

And I will disappear like a snowflake when it touches warm ground

#### The art of my transformation

Who is she?

Is this me?

The girl who was so beautiful

Two seconds ago

Like a fact

Coming from the mouth of an innocent child

playful as the warmth of a flame

from a charcoal stove on winter nights

Is this me?

Really?

So, who dug these grooves on my forehead?

Who stole the glimmer of my face

And replaced it with of spots of ash?

Whose puffs those bags under my eyes

And fills them with sadness and worry?

Since when was the softness of my cheeks replaced with two sharp bones?

I need strong fingers to lift sides of my mouth

And very strong reason to smile.

Even if I did this

There is nothing Just an abandoned cave that has no lustre.

Why do these barbed wires grow in my nostrils?

Wow

Now I realize

Time is an incredible cartoonist.

#### No one said London is very cold!

Because I only sailed in the warmth of my city
And I never shook a snowman's hand
I didn't notice the wool socks or leather gloves
And because quoting is forbidden – in my mom's opinion I did not borrow a coat from Gogol \*
Or anyone else
I packed a bundle of my hot memories
And I left

. . . . . . . .

The loving hearts shortened my farewell with fast beats
And reduced all their wishes to one "stay warm"
But before I could blink
Her watch came close to me
Shouted in my ear -: Big Ben\*
I was terrified
When my stories froze.
The watch fell on her back laughing
When I told her:
I was hiding in the pocket of my poem
Warming by the fabric of letters.

.....

<sup>\*</sup>Gogol is the Russian novelist Nikolai Gogol, author of the coat story that novelist Turgenev said, "We all got out of Gogol's coat."

<sup>\*</sup>Big Ben is the famous London clock that started in 1859

## Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

*Glan W. Jankowski* 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

## Now available

World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

## Inner Child Press

News

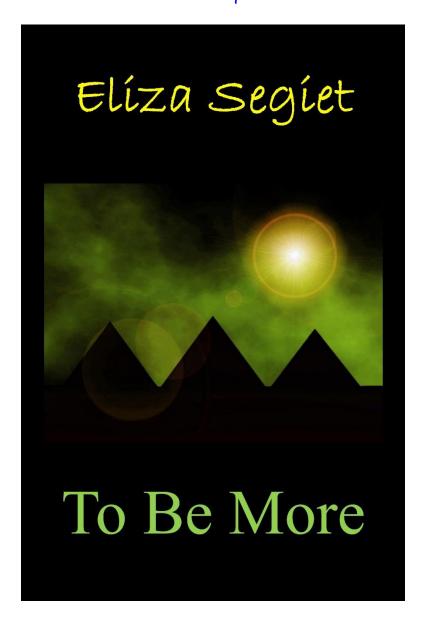
Poetry Posse Members

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.

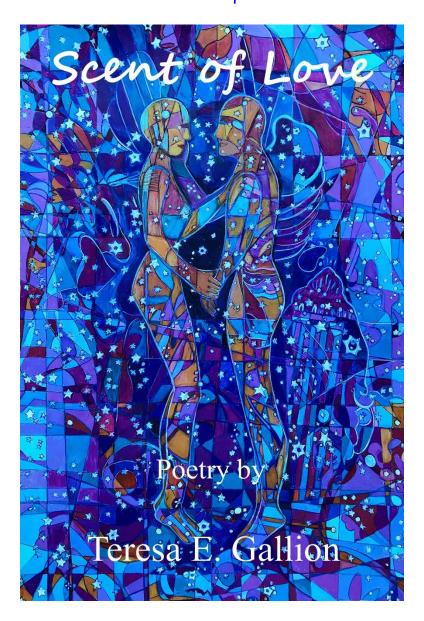
On the following pages we present to you ...

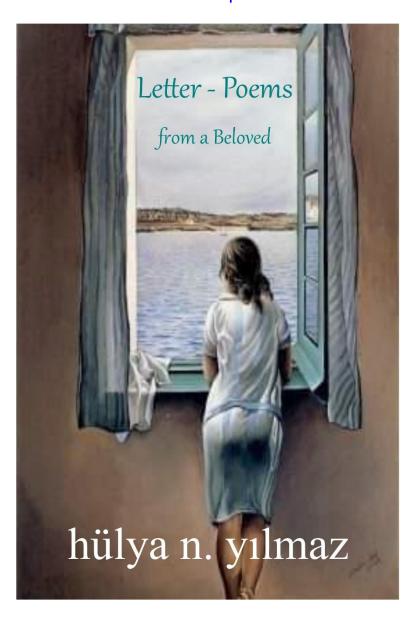
Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.

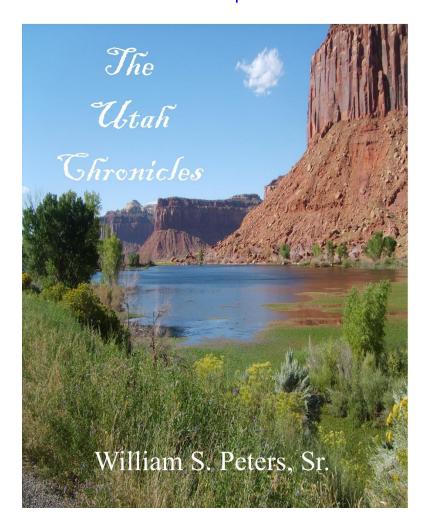
### COM9NG SOON www.innerchildpress.com

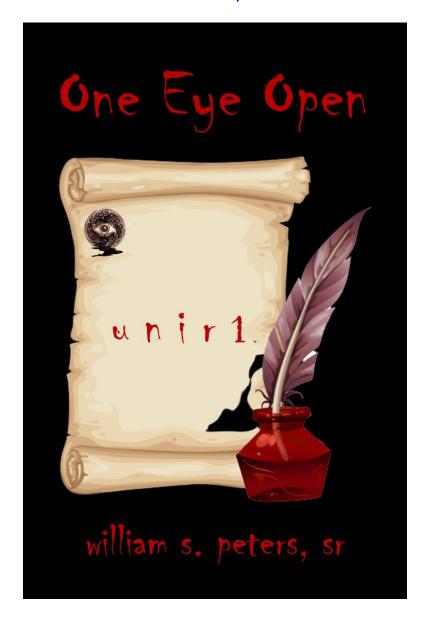


## Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com

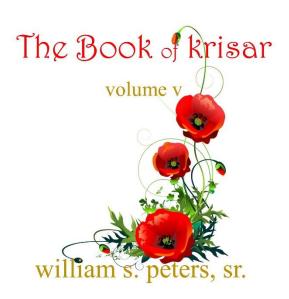






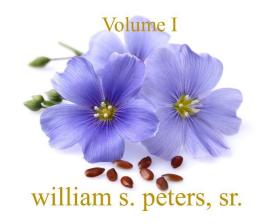


## COM9NG SOON www.innerchildpress.com



## Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

## The Book of Krisar



## The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

## Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

## The Book of krisar

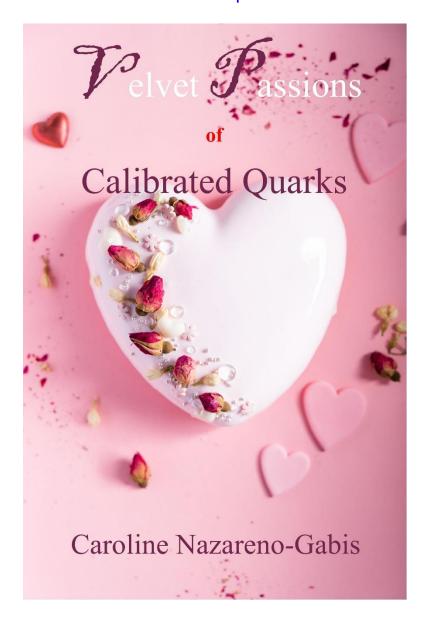


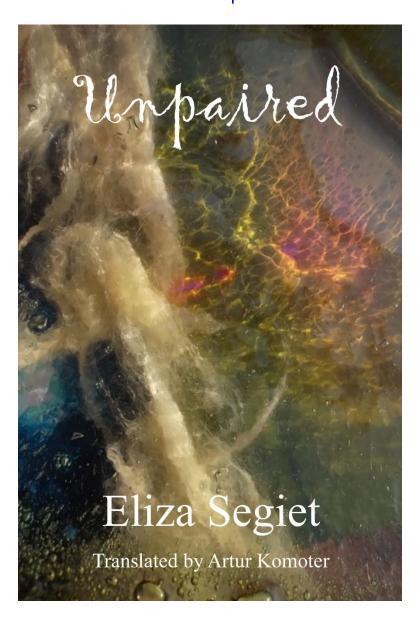
william s. peters, sr.

## The Book of krisar

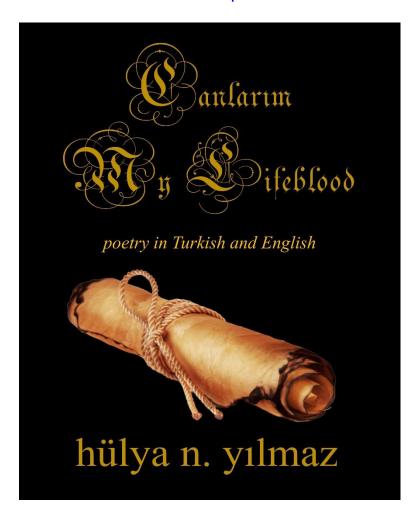


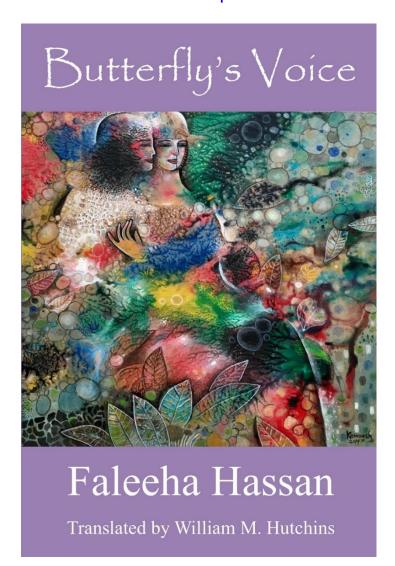
william s. peters, sr.





### Private Issue www.innerchildpress.com





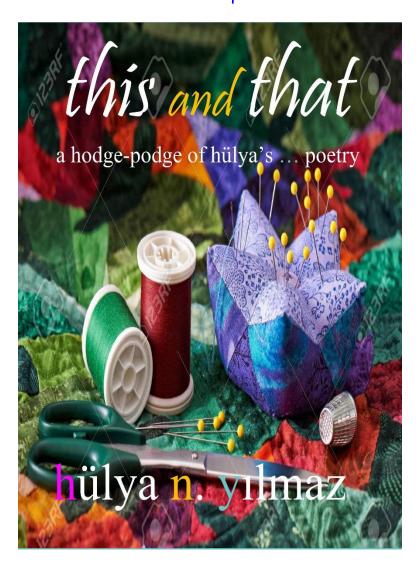
## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

## No Illusions

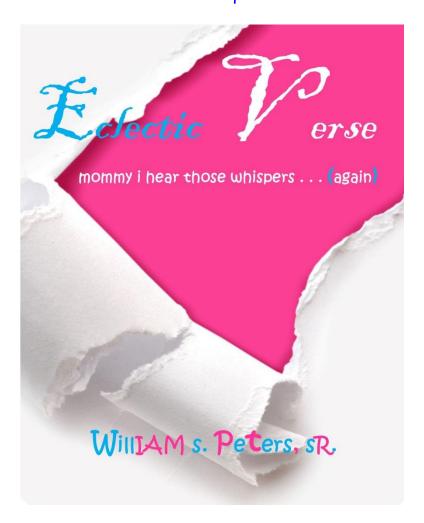
Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



## Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com

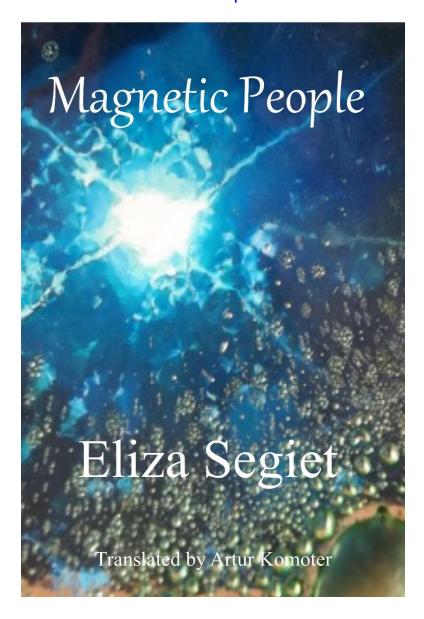


## Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

## HERENOW

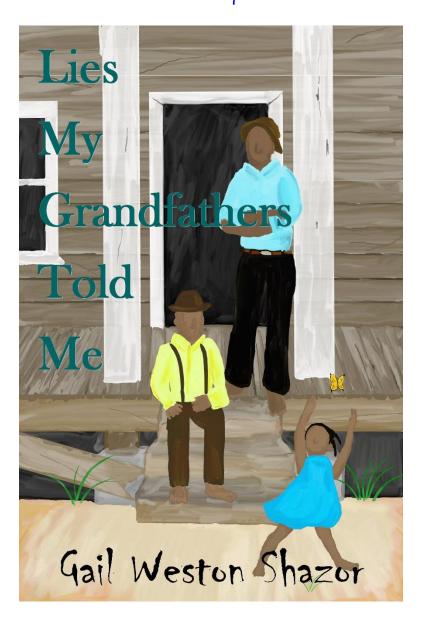


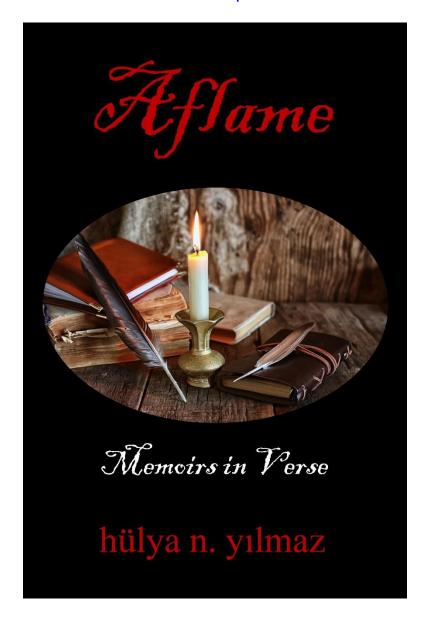
#### **FAHREDIN SHEHU**



## Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com









# Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

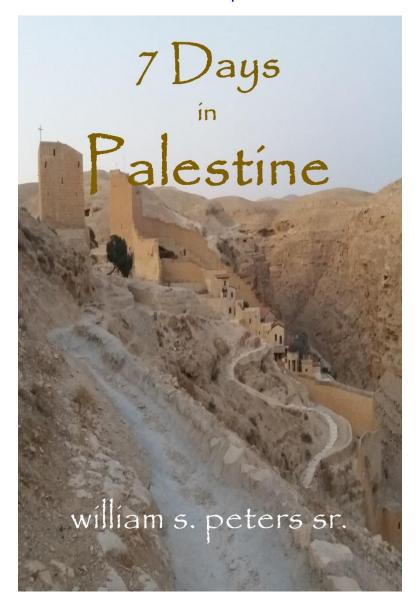
# Breakfast

for

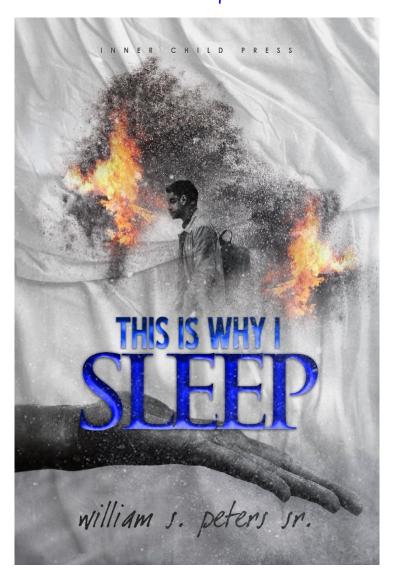
# Butterflies



Faleeha Hassan







# Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com



Book II

william s. peters, sr.

# Other Anthological works from

Inner Child Press International

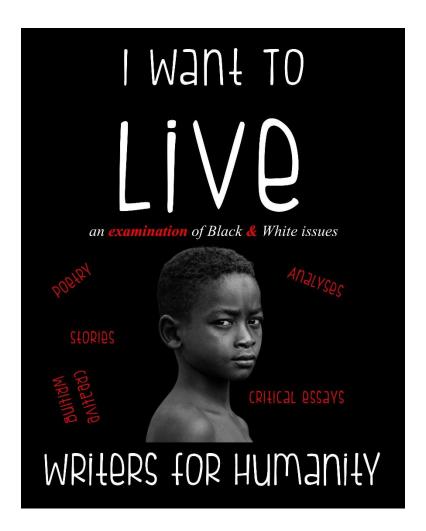
www.innerchildpress.com

World Healing World Peace 2020



# Poets for Humanity

Now Available



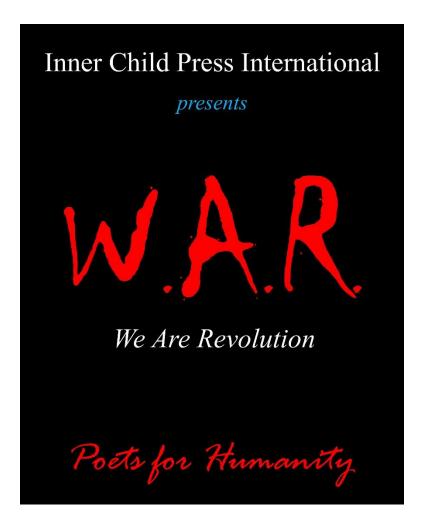
Now Available www.innerchildpress.com Inner Child Press International

The Year of the Poet

present

Poets of the World

Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



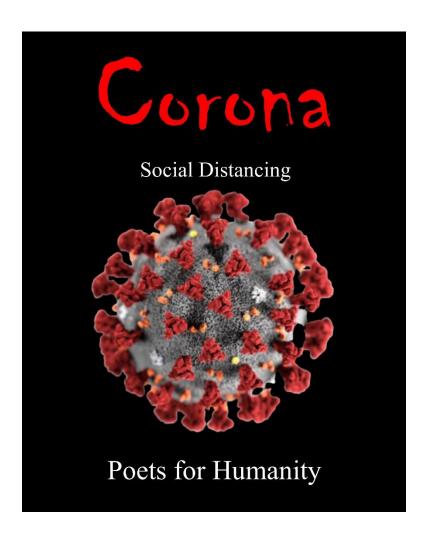




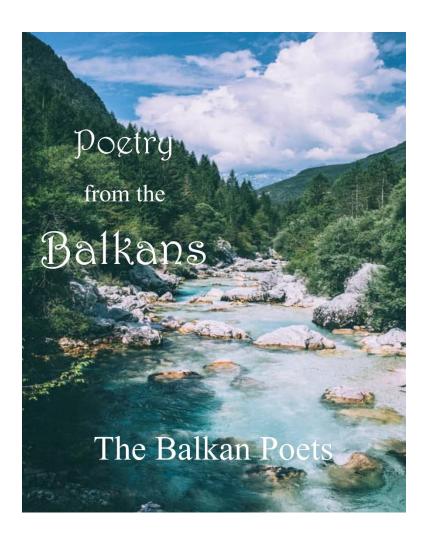
words for a better tomorrow

### The Conscious Poets

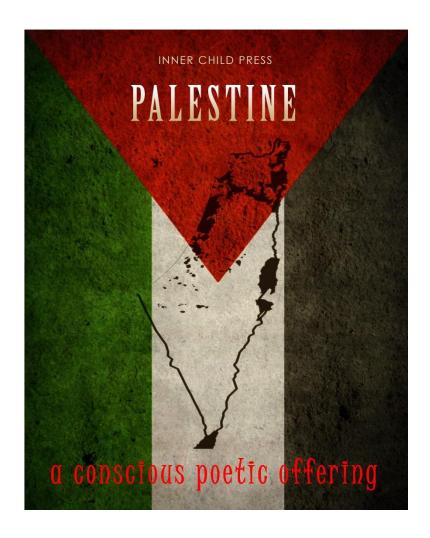
Now Available www.innerchildpress.com

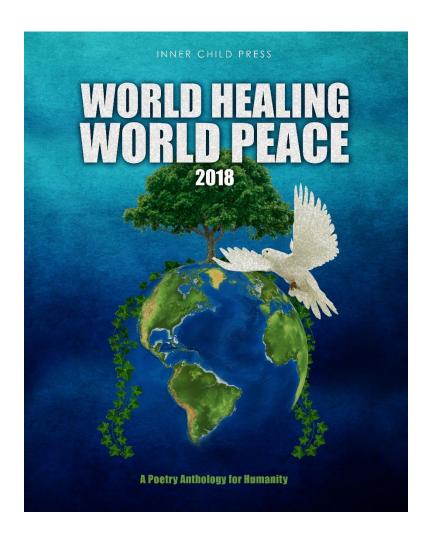


Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



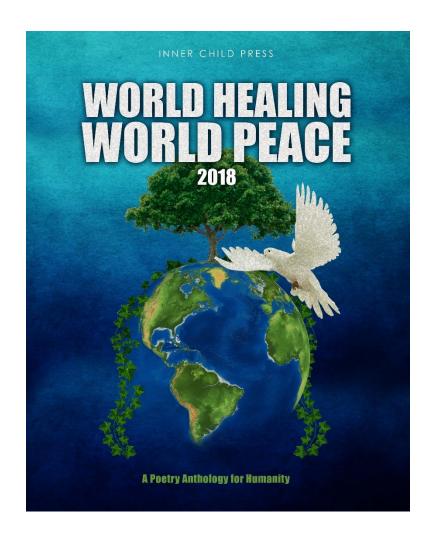


# Inner Child Press International presents

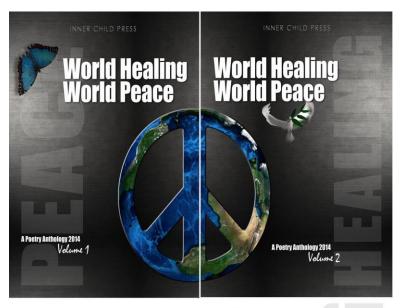


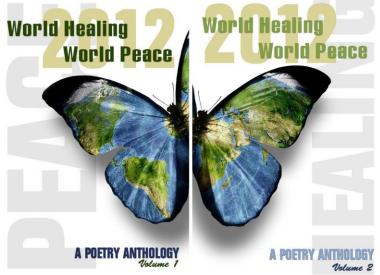
The Love Poets

Now Available



Now Available



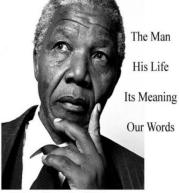


#### Now Available



Now Available

# Mandela



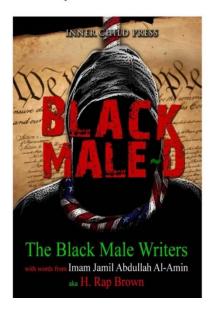
Poetry ... Commentary & Stories
The Anthological Writers

#### A GATHERING OF WORDS



FOR

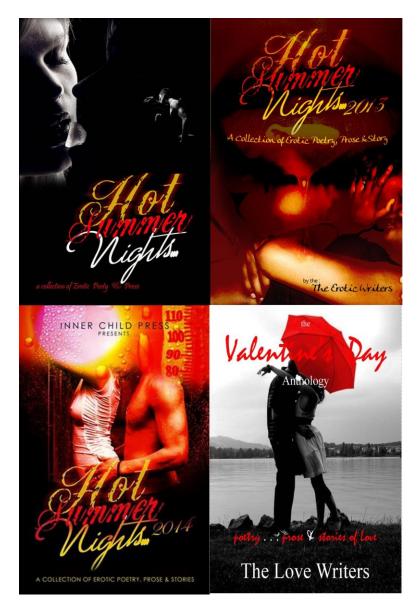
#### TRAYVON MARTIN





the conscious poets inspired by . . . Monte Smith

Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



#### Now Available

Monte Smith





Our february features
Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson



#### the Year of the Poet



celebrating international poetry month

#### Now Available







### Now Available

# The Year of the Poet September 2014 Aster Morning-Glory September Feature Poets

The Packey Fosse
Veston Shazor \* Albert Infinite' Carrosco \* Siddertha Beth Pierce
vell \* Sune 'Bugg Barefilde' \* Debbie M. Allen \* Tony Herninger
ddancer \* Robert Cibbons \* Neetu Well \* Shareel' Abdur-Rosheed
Kimberty Burnham \* William S. Peters, Sr.

#### THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



The Galley Gasae

\* Gall Weston Shazer \* Albert \* Printer Corrosco \* Siddertha Beth Pierce

P. Coldwell \* June Bugg Borefrield \* Debbie M. Allen \* Tony Henninger

ald Minddorcer \* Robert Calbons \* Neetlu Wai \* Shareef Abdur-Rosheed

Kinberty Burtham \* William Feters, Sh.

October Feature Poets Ceri Naz \* Rasendra Padhi \* Elizabeth Castillo

THE YEAR OF THE POET November 2014 Chrysanthemum The Party Pas November Feature Poets

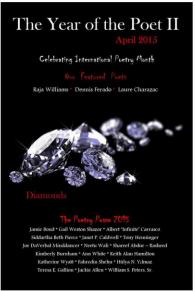


#### Now Available

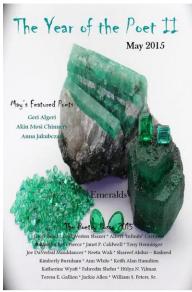








#### Now Available



#### The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015

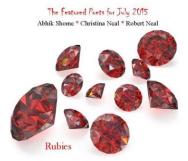


#### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Słuzou \* Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Sikdartha Beth Fierce ' Jamet P. Caldwell 'Tony Henninger De DaVerhal Mindaneer \* Neeth Wali \* Shareef Alabar - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Fahredin Shehu \* Hibya N Yılmaz Teresa Callion \* Jackie Alin \* William S Feter, Sr.

#### The Year of the Poet II

July 2015



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend \* Gail Westen Shazor \* Albert \*Infinite' Carranco
Siddartha Beth Freer \*Jamet P. Caldwell \* Temy Henninger
Joe DaVerhal Minddancer \* Neeth wali: Sharred fabora \* Rashned
Kimberty Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton
Katherine Wyatt \* Fabredin Shehu \* Hulyan \* Yjlmaz
Teresa E. Gallion \* Jackie Alen \* William \* Stelers St.

#### The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

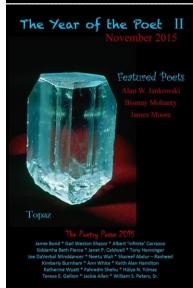


#### The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond \* Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert \*Infinite' Carrasco Siddarha Beth Fierce \* Jame P. Caldwell \* Tony Henninger Joe Da'verbal Mindaneer \* Neeth Wall \* Sharered Adar—Rasheed Kimberly Burnham \* Ann White \* Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt \* Faltredin Shehu \* Hildya N. Yalmaz Teresa E Callion \* Jackie Allen \* William S. Feters. Se

#### Now Available





## The Year of the Poet II December 2015

#### Featured Poets Kerione Bryan \* Michelle Joan Barulich \* Neville Hiatt



#### The Poetry Posse 2015

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

#### Now Available



#### Now Available



#### Now Available



#### Now Available

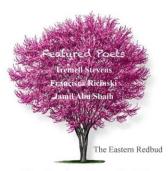


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



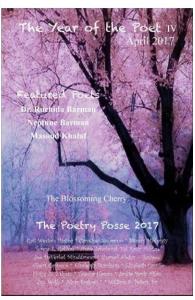
Gell Weston Shuzer \* Caroline Nüzzeron \* Bisnay Mohand Nuzzer Sertawi \* Huno Jekubezek Vel Betty Helsen \* Jen Wells Jon DeVenhell Mindelmer \* Shureek Hisbart - Bytheed Hisbart Carraron \* Kinberly Burnham \* Elizzketh Cestillo Hilly N. Yulmaz \* Eskeleh Hessen \* Hille W. Jankowski \* Geress E. Gelllon \* Jecks Doels Hillen \* William S. Peters, Se.

#### The Year of the Poet IV March 2017

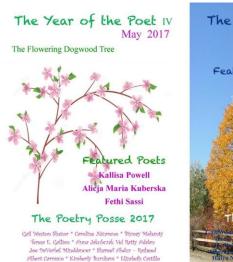


#### The Poetry Posse 2017

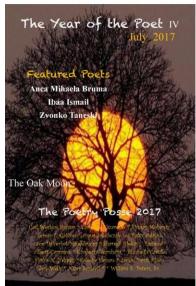
Gell Weston Sluzzer \* Ceroline Nizzeron\* \* Thinny Mohraty
Teress E. Gellion \* Hone Johnbezek Vell Betty Hidden
John DeVerhold Mindelsoner \* Shreened Hider \* Righted
Albert Carresco \* Kimberly Burcheno \* Elizabeth Cestillo
Jinlyn N. Yulmaz \* Fabedry Hisson \* Jackie Ovels Allen
Jen Wells \* Nazze Settonet \* William S. Rebert, Sr.



#### Now Available







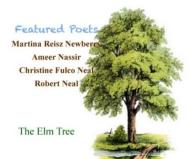
Hillys N. Yılmez " Eslechs Hessen " Jackie Davis Allen Jen Wells " Nizer Sartawi " " William S. Peters, Sr.



#### Now Available

#### The Year of the Poet IV

September 2017



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Terea E. Galilion \* Anna Jakubezak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance \* Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walis \* Nizar Sartaw\* \* Vivilliam S. Peters, Sr.

## The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

#### Featured Poets

Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



#### The Poetry Posse 2017

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

## The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets Ahmed Abu Saleem Nedal Al-Qaeim Sadeddin Shitiru

The Black Walnut Tree

#### The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVehlal Minddancer \* Sharede Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Falecha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizzi Sartaw\* \* Villilam \* P. Peters, Sr.

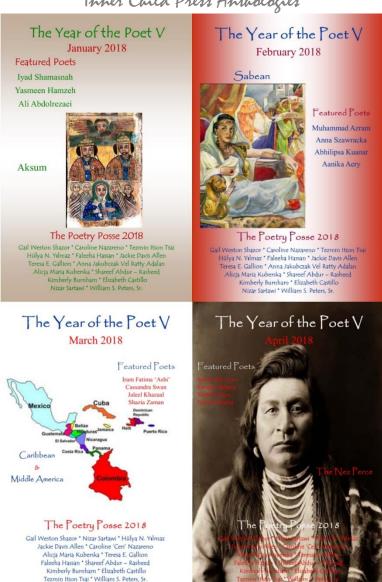
## The Year of the Poet IV



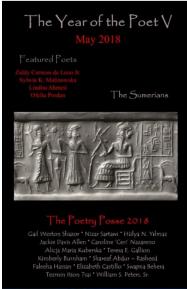
#### The Poetry Posse 2017

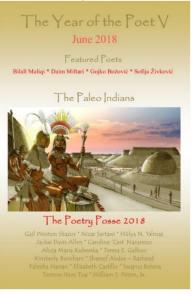
Gail Weston Shazor \* Caroline Nazareno \* Bismay Mohanty Teres E. Gallion \* Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance \* Shared Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco \* Kimberly Burnham \* Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz \* Faleeha Hassan \* Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls \* Nizar Sartawi \*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

#### Now Available



### Now Available







### The Year of the Poet V

August 2018

#### Featured Poets

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

#### The Lapita



#### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline \*Ceri \* Nazareno Alicja Alaria Kuberska, \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bharqawi Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

### Now Available

### The Year of the Poet V September 2018

### The Aztecs & Incas



#### Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

#### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hūlya N, Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Ceri Yazareno Alicja Maria Kubenski \* Teensa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Petens, 2018

# The Year of the Poet V October 2018

#### Featured Poets

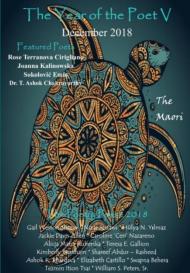
Alicia Minjarez \* Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra \* Abdelwahed Souayah



#### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Cerr Nazareno Alica Maria Kubensia \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera Tezzini Huton Tsai \* William S. Peters. 3





### Now Available



January 2019
Indigenous North Americans
Featured Poets
Houda Elfchtali
Anthony Briscoe
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Dr. K. K. Mathew

Dream Catcher

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor \* Joe Paire \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline \*Cerr Mazareno Alicip Maria Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behaera \* Tezmin Ition Tsal \* William S. Peters, 1

### The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

#### Featured Poets

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



Meso-America

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Bebera Tezmit Ition Tsai \* William S. Petess.

# The Year of the Poet VI March 2019

Featured Poets

Enesa Mahmić \* Sylwia K. Malinowska Shurouk Hammoud \* Anwer Ghani



The Caribbean

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska" Teese E. Gallion "Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham" "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhangaya "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera

### The Year of the Poet VI April 2019

April 2019

DL Davis \* Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri \* Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gall Weston Shazor \* Albert Carrasco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackic Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alica Maria küberski \* Teres E. Gallion \* Joce Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abhur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai \* William S. Peters, \*

### Now Available

# The Year of the Poet VI May 2019

#### Featured Poets

Emad Al-Haydary \* Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff \* Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

#### The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberiska " Teresa E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera

# The Year of the Poet VI June 2019

#### Featured Poets

Kate Gaudi Powiekszone \* Sahaj Sabharwal Iwu Jeff \* Mohamed Abdel Aziz Shmeis



#### Arctic Circumpolar

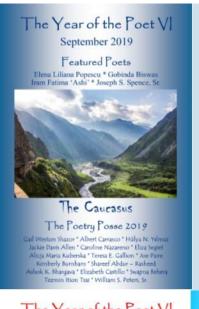
#### The Poetry Posse 2019

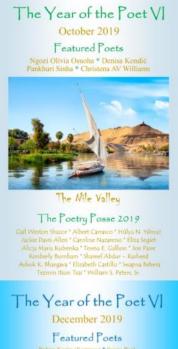
Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carrasco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackde Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K Bhargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmir Liton Tsai \* William S. Peters.





### Now Available







Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz

Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet

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

Teamin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.



### Now Available



### Now Available

### The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

## Featured Poets Alok Kumar Ray \* Eden S. Trinidad Franco Barbato \* Izabela Zubko

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hullya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Bumhan \* Shareef Abdur \* Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tarsheef Hom Tail \* Williams C Datess \* Teresa \* Paire \*

### The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

#### Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk \* Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard \* Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipient

### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gaillon \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur - Basheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Termin tion Tsai \* William \* Petes \* Allen \* Swapna Behera

### The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

#### Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli \* Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch \* Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace trating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackle Davis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberiy Bunhan \* Shaned Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya \* Elzaketh Castillo \* Swapna Behera \* Tereset Mere Tat. Williams S. Davis \* Later Mere Tat. \* Williams S. Davis \* Later Tat. \* Williams S. Da

### The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

#### Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace elebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

#### The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor \* Albert Carassco \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen \* Caroline Nazareno \* Eliza Segiet Alıcja Maris Kubenska \* Teresa E. Gallion \* Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Shargava \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsail \* William S. Peters.

### Now Available



### Now Available

and there is much, much more!

### visit . . .

www.innerchildpress.com/antho logies-sales-special.php

Also check out our Authors and all the wonderful Books

Available at:

www.innerchildpress.com/authors-pages



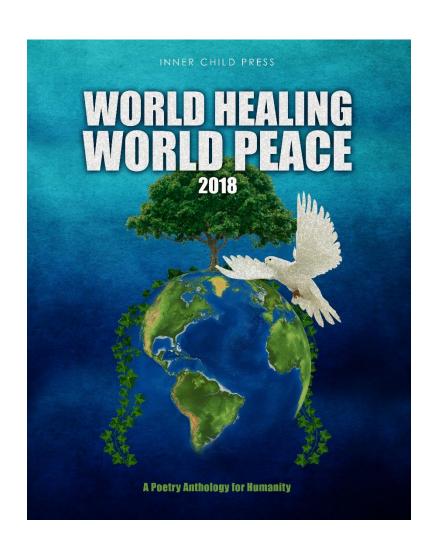




# Poets for Humanity

Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



# World Healing World Peace

2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020

Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

# nner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

### Meet the Board of Directors



William S. Peters, Sr. Chair Person Founder Inner Child Enterprises Inner Child Press



Hülya N Yılmaz Director Editing Services Co-Chair Person



Fahredin B. Shehu Director Cultural Affairs



Elizabeth E. Castillo Director Recording Secretary



De'Andre Hawthorne Director Performance Poetry



Gail Weston Shazor Director Anthologies



Kimberly Burnham Ashok K. Bhargava Director Cultural Ambassador Pacific Northwest USA



Director WINAwards



Deborah Smart Publicity Marketing

www.innerchildpress.com

## Inner Child Press International

'building bridges of cultural understanding'

### Meet our Cultural Ambassadors



Fahredin Shehu



Faleha Hassan  $Iraq \sim US\Lambda$ 



Elizabeth E. Castillo Philippines







Kimberly Burnham



Alicja Kuberska Poland Eastern Europe



Swapna Behera Southeast Asia



Kolade O. Freedom Nigeria West Africa



Monsif Beroual





Tzemin Ition Tsai Republic of China Greater China



Alicia M. Ramírez Central America



Christena AV Williams







Shareef Abdur-Rasheed Laure Charazac Mohammad Ikbal Harb





Lebanon Middle East







Josephus R. Johnson

www.innerchildpress.com

# This Anthological Publication is underwritten solely by

## Inner Child Press International

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative "Written Work".

For more Information

### Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com



- fini -

# The Poetry Posse ~ 2021



# February 2021 ~ Featured Poets



T. Ramesh Babu



Ruchida Barman



Neptune Barman



Faleeha Hassan

