Featured Global Poets Roza Boyanova * Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval Mammad Ismayil * Tarana Turan Rahimli

Climate Change and Mountains



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.



February 2022

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2022

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.

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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 2022 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2022

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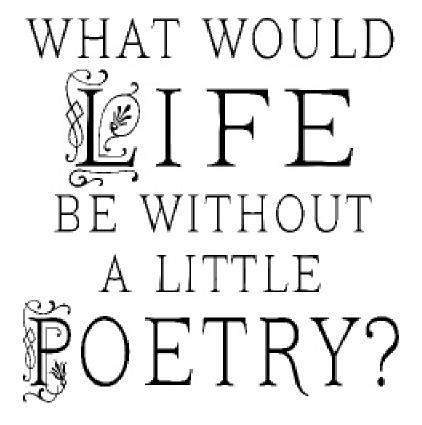
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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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

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Foreword

The mountains have always held a soft place in my heart and mind, having grown up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia.

This month, the theme of The Year of the Poet is Climate Change and the Mountains. The members of the Poetry Posse have composed at least one poem with the theme, inspired by either a hot air balloon flying high above majestic mountain peaks, or from the rocky mountains where sure footed goats make themselves at home. Or maybe, from the mountains that are nearest their own residences.

It behooves each of us to do what we can to preserve our environment, even the smallest effort can be magnified by everyone doing their best.

And, yes, climate change has become a political subject of debate. But there can be no debate in the need to do whatever we can to protect the beauty of the mountains that reside within the United States.

Ind, yet, some may say, that other countries are the biggest polluters. And, that may be true. And, there may be other countries who may not be doing their best.

But the challenge is for everyone. And, it is for those of us who have heart and mind and the appreciation of what Mother Nature has endowed our beautiful world with to take up the challenge and do what we can, one step at a time, day by day.

Jackie Davis Allen Artist, Author

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are once again, embarking on the 'New Year' of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#98) represents our 2^{nd} month of our ninth year of monthly publication. 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.

Loast year, 2021 and and the previous year of 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. In 2020, 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 for 2022, we are seeking to invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'.

We are now in the stages of completing another epic volume of *World Healing, World Peace 2022* which will be published April 1st of this year. Additionally, there is yet another call for submission for "*Climate Change . . . do or die*". Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetric voices to the cause(s) of a better world, a better 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 \ldots

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

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

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

Climate Change and Mountains

February 2022



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Photo Credit: Wikimedia

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Mount_Timpano gos_%2B_balloon.jpg

"Keep close to Nature's heart... and break clear away, once in a while, and climb a mountain or spend a week in the woods. Wash your spirit clean." – **John Muir**





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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$



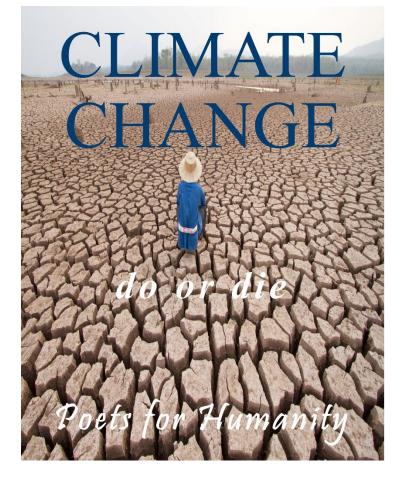


Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$

Now Open for Submissions

Closing 15 February 2022



1 Poem Picture of Poet Bio of 50 words or less

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

xviii

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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Spirits

breeze blows gently breath responding to remaining giants cool of evening for waiting are we peaks crowd up unleashed and unrequited and unquenched towering glory mountains high Heaven, He did that Did we undo 135:6 Psalms Pleasing Spirit Pleasing Psalms 135:6 Undo we did That did He heaven High mountains Glory towering unquenched and unrequited and unleashed up crowd peaks we are waiting for evening of cool giants remaining to responding breath gently blows breeze

Becoming a Stranger

"God will send a stranger to do for you what your family won't"

When did we become strangers? You, who have peopled my memories With stories of your vestervears Woman to woman stories Of your first love And even of your last Mother to dawtah stories Of working too hard And caring for other's babies When you worked too hard to care for your own Ancestor to child stories With graceful warnings about common people And how to build walls around your heart To lessen the pain to come I watched you lean back in your chair Eves closed against today Feeling the strength ebb Speaking your truths While I cut your nails kneeling at your feet You allowed me to be much more More of what I had not been to you And I cared for comfort And fullness for your days But the secret was ours And we lived it to the end My service to you Can never be a disservice to me No matter the unkind words given Or the insistent absence from open grief On this plane

We have both spoken our leaving words And I mourn you in the manner Given to me God prepared this path and Though it may be a broken road I reluctantly travel it In the solitude of a stranger

The Behind Your Back Boogie Blues

the lights are blaring the glass prisms in my face i place my hands in front of the next happening the next electric song on the radio the screech of tires replay over and over in my mind and i wish i could say to every doctor and nurse i am sorry for your service there is nothing i can do in return for what you rightfully given me for all the wrong reasons i rinse the tears from my face or maybe you did that and all the glass fragments that paint my face in icicle lights i can't stop the memories of your friendship that bleed through our life in shrouded ghosts of childhood it is in this moment i should regret my tarnished greed at wanting what you have not giving anything up to have it save this my whole life when the machines have been disconnected, don't grieve for me although i once thought i was your friend i think the price was too high for moments of pleasure stolen i did love you til i couldn't stand not being you

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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).

Abyss

Mountain peaks lost their white beauty and plunged into gray.

The known landscape is melting and sharp rock edges emerged. The glaciers have retreated and cold water flowed down into the valleys

Changes are gaining momentum and we drift like an ice cube in a drink. We pretend that nothing happened and we go deeper and deeper in the depths of our ignorance

Longing

Dad, it's not time for a meeting yet. In between cups of coffee drunk alone a black sea spilled out. Memories like the wind destroy its surface. They go up and down to crash on the shore.

Do not worry about me - I know where to go. Look - a night is similar to death. Stars that went out long ago are still shining in the firmament

A silver ball illuminates the path. I'm going towards the light and I will get to the other side.

Engineer

Papa, you built solid bridges that joined the banks of the rivers and shaky Inca footbridges - high above the precipice, between the peaks of human hearts.

Steel structures are still in service. They bear the burden of fighting against time, rust and passing away.

Brittle bridges hang on the ropes in our recollections - they swing on the memories and the laughing at old anecdotes. You are gone, those people too, but they are suspended in the eternity. Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mountain Majesty

High above, almost touching the sky mountain peaks, so majestic that their beauty excites my blood pressure.

Heart pumping erratically, I attempt to express my appreciation, my awe.

And yet I will not deny my breath is nearly taken away as I either look up or down from on top of the world

As from a mountain goat's perspective or as from a seat on a hot air balloon, all that which I see is changing drastically.

> It behooves me to inquire, confidentiality, are you concerned? Concerned enough to do even the smallest thing, to effect a change

> > in the viability, the protection of that which is still within your power?

Darker than Night

Brakes shift, suddenly speeding, the night reveals more than the essence of truth: that she was inside a cage, and another held the key.

And within, she must continue to struggle to break down the barriers leading to freedom.

The dark night, filled with pleading screams, was now echoing in her ears. And bouncing off the mountains, the springs of eternal conquest...On a mattress, male against the weaker sex, and the blindness of night.

Like an ostrich who hides his head In the sand, four hid theirs, beneath the covers. And, like peas in a pod, the maid and the little ones, with inquiring eyes, and troubled ears, needed protection, kindness. Safety and attention.

The maid, the innocents, requiring a kind of light that shines not like the darkness of that incessantly long night. It was her duty to dig herself out of that cave, but how, and with what means?

Was the maid to abandon the little ones In favor of saving herself, her sanity? Though that is exactly what she decided to do. Despite the price, whatever that might prove to be.

Whispers of prayers, stories and supplication superimposed against the sexual scene. Reality, served in lieu of a physical screen. Fatigue entertained the maid and the little ones. Until sleep stole the night, which brought forth the morning light.

Dawn arose. Daytime and nighttime attire the same. Remaining was determination's intent. Wrestling, too, with the cold hard truth: life, turned inside out, longing to get back off of nightmare's track.

As often a woman does, so too the maid found the morning's silence, with no hot or running water. Only stacks of dirty dishes. Similarly, beyond comprehension, were the circumstances of the young schoolgirl's hired-hands.

Increased by growing hunger, the maid's heart, mind, and intellect searched the physical scene for kindling. For the stove to breathe nourishment. Hands attempting to make breakfast preparations. Out of pretty much nothing.

She, the maid, God willing, would find a way to escape. Reminding herself, praying, realizing, that for those left behind, powerless, and tied up by the restraints of ignorance and poverty, their circumstances were not of her making.

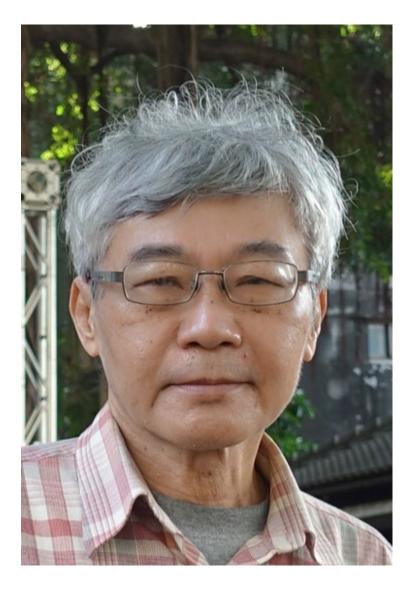
Before the morning stirred, she opened courage's door, inhaled a breath of fresh air. Told herself she could do it. And, never looking back, she ran down the road. between the twin mountains.

As fast as she could.

Fancy the Concept

Crumbling shale, slate, in colors Like pastels in a box They slide down landing on the ground Me wondering from how they came To project out from the hill Where no grass or blossoms grow A puzzling mystery that invokes creativity As I select first one and then another Discovering that they serve as chalk For marks I make upon other rocks Nearby, see the dirt, the soil upturned To make the site upon which a house With sticks, was built; beneath, a little pot Uncovered; one made by the hands Of an ancient child, who with clay made The tiny object, its lid, upon which I saw But for a second, it crumbling like dry silk The dust and only the memory to be shared I cared so much for words, the ones I read The ones I with-held, the ones that waited Until the adults were finished With their conversation which by that time I'd forgotten whatever it was that I'd wanted to say So I suppose I saved them up for a special day Where now I regurgitate them from some Overflowing well into poems or pieces of prose The past filters through the screen Of the present and I see more clearly The film in slow motion is morphing Into the future into who it is that I have become No regrets, tears or second guessing My life has become the book

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

That Heroic Postures of the Mountains

I watch

The mountains are faintly in the clouds, and the hills are high and low stacked on top of each other Worry about you Your heart of conquering the wilderness is hard to administer tired horse, west wind, and snowdrift White clouds do not sweep the green hills, light smoke covers the rugged valleys Facing this endless loneliness There were many flowers on the edge of the steps, but the peach stamens in front of the forest have turned red Don't go wrong to the elegant fairy house stand in front of you Between the crooked water and the cold spring, a little turn will direct to another path A wood gate and a bamboo fence Yellow birds are separated from the forest, only see the winter plums say goodbye to the night Then keep quiet I can't see the cloud sticking to the peak when raising my head, the mountain is open and the sky is clear

Return to the world without rushing, like hearing the sound of spring in the dream forest

With a cane, there is the setting sun on the way home No, I don't feel the journey is far away

Facing The Cold To Explore The Bold Cliffs

That big temple in the south of that town The pavilion is half open, and the cliff is arched against the back of the jade peak Relying on the fence, I was shocked to realize that the mountains are so dark and green But more than half of them are immersed in the clouds The sky is misty as water Looking out the window opposite, still owe a line of over the sky Like it most A very full moon, a little bright star The snow and frost that cannot be eliminated, creating This novelty I regret not bringing a wine bottle here Sit on this little step stone, drink up all the null of rest Looking back at the frightened evening wind, free the light of peace On the top of the forest, the star-like fluorescent light connects mountains and mountains But hope that my residual intoxication will not be stained with dust Flying sand gathers and disperses Force you to stay tonight Don't let the future acacia become a strangeness among passersby

Walked Into The Late Autumn Alone

Autumn, is here Hurriedly went deeper, taking advantage of the lake to sing the song of the water chestnut Laughing at the shaking of the fishing boat, laughing at the fishing rods were raised but fall in vain Never rested, let the wind extinguish the falling flowers Shaking every willow branch that support the bank, the noise was like a group of shadows The noise was like a group of shadows, was like a group of dust, was like a group of fantasies Go with it To scramble, the heroic dream of youth Don't leave empty sighs, just like the sky in the past Not to mention the shadows that have been churned by the sea waves, a small piece of dust Respond to the regret for parting easily, enough to Autumn, are you not leaving? In that deeper cool place, the autumn changes a drizzle to drown out the night The port followed the moon bridge, and the night birds sang in panic Half-drunk stepping on flowers, falling flowers still contain the most bitter sorrow The stars were supporting one million drunk red-lotus, reflections drifting Reflection drifting, Looking backward drifting, Green drifting by water That pavilion was fragrant and warm Don't Stop, your young ambitions

Silent shyness, you were not a withered lotus should not hide your green leaves

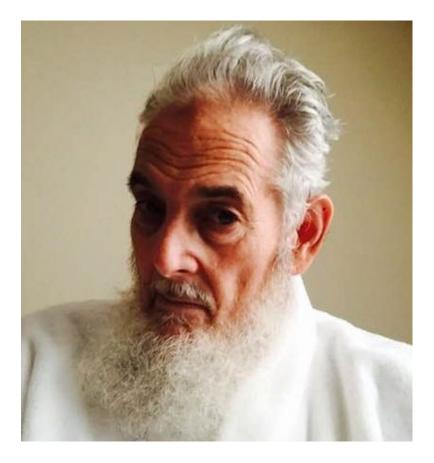
Broke away the wine, threw the verse, picked up the piccolo and blew the west wind,

A small syllable

Would not be afraid of the haze indulged in the depths

30

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

abandon

such indifference not much reverence beauty bestowed beauty stole undeserved kindness ignored as though the magnificence of snow capped mountains earths amazing pillars their majesty abhorred so over time especially recent abused gifts, mutilated it because it didn't fit in their greedy script to strip, rip, spit on it now the living things that roamed no longer have a home their sustenance gone greedy humans violated sacred loan as though it all meant nothing at all not only disgusting acts by those who carried them out shoe fits but the silent onlookers who never uttered a word all complicit

Dust

settles and life's squashed demons ravished through human hearts instilling hate removing humanity lives ripped apart

fuses lit, carnage starts by men with missing body parts

dem got no hearts

how do you explain blowing babies apart?

what religion, affiliation are you apart?

where in your mind did you think it's smart

men with missing body parts

who got no hearts

are dead

driven by demons(Jinn) to bring innocent lives to an end

whoever bled but the blood of martyrs better then the best as though pure mist spilled upon the ground bless the earth

rewarded rebirth in bliss awaits the shuhada (Martyrs) forever

blood of men without hearts missing body-parts

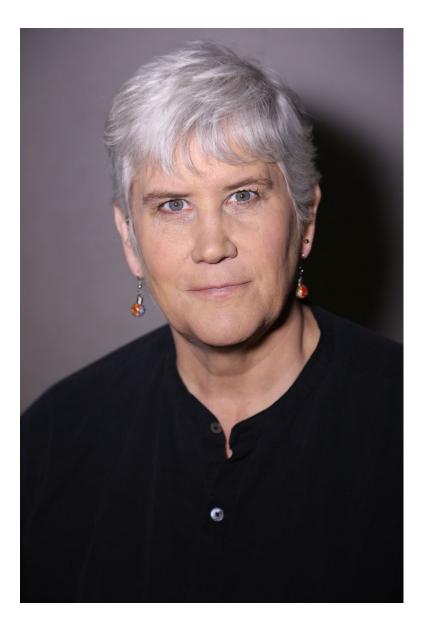
they will forever be ripped apart these fools become fuel to stoke the flames of hell their names are kept reservations made price they pay for being the devil's slave

Remind

me to remember only he who exists forever thee only real friend only he who has no beginning no end only he who created me gave me all i need to succeed including knowledge of good and bad deeds like the hungry you feed rejecting lure of greed remind me to remember all i have is only by his decree cun fia cun be and it is given by the only one who owns all there is including all life that ever lived breath, to function, to thrive all you need to stay alive remind me to remember the only one who gives and gives to everyone

undeserving from what he owns hand out loans like life and when things run low only he (Allah) can replenish without any of his supply diminished remind me to remember

Kimberly Burnham



A brain health expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly Burnham has lived in tropical Colombia; in Belgium during the Vietnam War; in Japan teaching businessmen English; in diverse international Toronto, Canada; and several places in the US. Now, she's in Spokane, WA with her wife, Elizabeth, two sets of twins (age 11 & 14) and three dogs. Her recent book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program includes the word for peace in hundreds of languages. 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-ofclimate-change-d1fb403eeaf3

Exuberant Life

Floating above the world I see peaks jabbing up through the clouds where mountain goats leap eating organic clean air fill robust lungs leaving behind only small hoof prints and fertilizer grows their next meal

Plastic

Break away from the relentless stream pounding towards stores full of plastic

Break away from the waves of people creating more and more waste where we eat and sleep and live

Break away from the hate and intolerance growing inside a few hearts cleanse your heart with me in the wild

Love of Land

Together we love the land near clear rivers and rippling lakes mountains tower above bicycle trails still with the sight of moose blue herons at dawn hand in hand we love this land together

elizabeth e. Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

Over the Top

As I see you covered, snow-capped mountain, Mixed emotions bewilder me Much as I love to see snow Over the top, Wildlife and rivers disrupted See how climate change destroys nature. Oh, mountain high, See how they alter the creation God made Over the top, I see things will never be the same.

The Hourglass

Each person is an hourglass, Time ticks and with each passing sand Jewels are filtered, leaving authentic ones, We create beautiful memories And at times we reminisce, Times of our lives long passed. We are our own timekeepers, With each sunrise We greet a brand new chapter, And with each sunset Hope is instilled in our hearts. Fully awakened we are not, If the hourglass is not yet empty Yet, there is no concept of past, present and future For everything else is happening in the NOW.

Change

Look around you and see What enormous change it has been, This pandemic has brought to you and me The world's changed in the blink of an eye. Change is the only thing that is constant The next day you wake up in a different realm, Asking yourself was it just a dream For it was only yesterday That life was so simple then.





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

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Old Goat

I remember stumbling in my youth Learning the pathways are not often clear Tradition is not always proof As I look down from my heaven I see the world change on the daily discerning nothing and rejecting fear

Does this planet not evolve with the rest of us? Depending on ones resolve, we pick and choose the best of us as for the rest of us old goats I'm speaking for myself of course I reminisce about my heyday and balance on this perch

Where are the rows of snow filled Decembers? The kids don't have that thick fur we did They're faster and stronger, but the harm here It's too warm here, there is no norm here We're all deformed here, the storms near

I'm thinking Sherry Lewis & Lambchop We all go back the good old days Especially when our times up The game has been changed to project the innocents Mountain Men are going to ruin this environment They're spouting things that make no sense And we follow it.

Greatest of all time! What status is all mine? Does anyone want to buy a fur coat? Snowcaps never were that good at the movies Juju fruit never moved me Does any body care about an old goat?

Up, Up and Away

All through the peaks and valleys I wonder Where is that higher ground Is there a germ-free level of atmosphere? Explorer, adventurer, colonizer, finders-keepers? Seekers of the truth or another place to pollute Study the world and do nothing Cost effective objectives never cleared the air

A picture of a hot air balloon, festooned with color the world is a beautiful sight what lies beneath the erosion, the crumbling? Coastal waters are rising, where is that higher ground There's gold in them there hills So much un-exploited resources, break-out the tools So many jumbled thoughts I can't see the beauty of it

Silent serenity as I soar with fowl wings Icarus overthought the process Man, never understood what flying means Tychicus "Dear Brother" and the profits Misspelled dispels what prophets mean It's beautiful up here, along with thoughts, maybe a crew

is the last grasp or the last gasp of a choking earth make it better? It's not as cold as it used to be Microscopic enemy's and there's an issue with tissue Paper or flesh, who blows their nose on a sleeve? I float pass mountains on a breeze.

Open Packages

Collections of past smiles and tension I struggle with what color to choose Pink, red, yellow, about three shades of blue Black and gold combinations a few variations of white I dig the metallics, I'm working on shading, blending Mottling I think they call it?

I want to capture nature at its finest Before it ends up in a lion's nest I've dreamt of wood paneled dens Bar stools made by men Wrought iron frames sparkle at the grinder Notebook binders covered in rivet detail

Rattle can me a tune of loose marbles brush strokes can become tongue-tied mosaic's created by accidents I love the sound of breaking glass Boxes from my past and I had to laugh I'm not alone with packages where clothing should be

I am alone when it comes to old photograph albums Recollection comes from a detail brush I'm learning to paint rust, and E-bay my sins away Three sets of duplicate quests and I've conquered none Giving away is not a waste because you can take it with U. Man, I dislike doing that, using letters instead of spelling

Wasting treasures instead of selling What's inside the box? I've looked through it several times My door is locked in fear of broken visions I had my art from the hands of unruly children Sell three, buy four, it's a vicious cycle And cardboard flames ignite the fireplace 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 <u>https://hulyanyilmaz.com/</u>

Editing Web Site <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>

what, if anything . . .

would we see through the eyes of a mountain goat?

do we have the capacity to take in the gravity of the high lands' sorrow?

we think that we do furthermore, we arrogantly claim so

at or above 13,000 feet, those large mammals secure their protection from their predators quite effectively

what, if any, are our odds of survival when it comes to our self-generated predicaments which are not at all short of being aplenty?

let's say, we choose to heed John Muir's advice . . . to which destroyed nature do we "keep close"; in what ruined part of it do we cleanse our spirit?

in the naked woods

they called me in dreams the silence was eerie there each tree shed a tear

do you hear their howling?

forced entrants to death life expectancies cut short

forests seek solace





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

Receding Glaciers

Most of the planet is asleep, does not hear the cry of the good Stewarts of Mother Earth sounding the alarms of change to deaf ears and stiff bodies.

The day of reckoning is coming to kiss the next generation that sleeps long and hard just like their ancestors.

Homo Sapiens are greedy, destructive and selfish. They walk with closed eyes as the fur babies lose glacier ground and wander loss on the hard earth of the arctic winter.

Opening Morning

Morning breaks across her face. Joyfulness rolls from her eyes in soft bubbles.

No words necessary. Her eyes tell the whole story of love blazing in the sunrise.

She breaks bread with the morning light massaging the shadows.

Words cannot convey the rapture running up her legs as she trembles in her chair.

Gripping her faithful companion filled with black liquid. No sugar, no cream.

So You See

So the body is our temporary home to serve us on our journey. We must treat it well.

So too each pump of the heart. Our faithful assistant is a boost toward the light that will enfold us.

So too each element of the soul bathing in the fluid of everlasting life. Broken and regenerated over and over until its purpose is fully realized.

So the Beloved speaks to us in harmonic rhythms that rub joy on the face on the road back home to God. 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.

Mountains

There is more unseen than the seen

here time stretches for eons the dazzling heights scary.

Snow veils retrieving rapidly the limestone barrens will be everywhere before too long.

Goats lurch on the rutted tracks like haloed promises of hollow words.

The unfamiliar voids hurtling everywhere against the global warming.

Melting glaciers reveal uncertainty of survival.

It's not about the goats but their desire for a better future that matters.

Hot Air Balloon

I am green, in the rainbow of colors. I am swaying in the sky I am mate of snow-covered peaks.

I am the soul of sky I am heart of mother earth I am the flow of winds.

I'm the hot air that makes balloon rise to skies.

I am an image of God I am heaven on earth. I am multicolored.

I see and I show what humans have done to destroy themselves.

Remember

you and me on a long and winding road of a hilly city.

Quietly, uttering no words naïve and carefree hand in hand we walk counting electricity poles.

When tired to move even a single step you would say just one more pole.

Today all alone I have returned to our past the road.

The poles look at me inquisitively as if asking about your whereabouts.

Dead tired from walking I exert to the next pole Thinking You were a fast walker.

Perhaps you are waiting for me at the next pole. Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



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 19th, 20th and 21st 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

The Planter's Prayer

Dear Mother Earth give us a heart to plant trees Soon, these trees will give us food, shade and shelter That we may protect them from typhoons, When the climate change seem to bother, May we plant more and give the seeds hope to yield, From all natural and man-made disasters. When we fail to remember, how wonderful your gifts are Give us rain to soak the roots that thirst, Give us sunlight to give food to their leaves, Give us dewdrops to remind us We should care all things that live Let us be movers to the young and old, That when the harvest is all ready We'll bend down knees to pray May we share the banquet of nature.

Abundance

Fly freely behind the mountains The summit seeks courageous caretakers The passion to last, like the misty kisses Over the green leaves and branches,

Build dreams over the mountains The biodiversity graces the earth, The treks we wish to conquer, In your breast, I loved to ponder.

Live in abundance in the heart of the mountains Fresh greens, and all that fills the being, The bounty we put on our tables We share forward the grains of kindness.

Immanence

i am a breakdown of filaments from the coast of continuity, i am a vestige of glimmers from the impulses of creation in the multiverse,

I am the void, the space, the time in the cosmological expansion, I am the vacuum of infinity. I am nothing in the massive hole Of eclipses and murky galaxies, I, myself, me is an elusive Dot in universe's womb, Reminds me the tinge of ankh, I become Love, the most impeccable locution The sacred oomph in the vastness, I become Light, in synchronicity like diamond eyes.

I wander in the firth As I transcend from the pulsating waves, the raging storms, the howling winds To the ocean of ethos, Because I live in the waters, In the rocks, in the roots and in Monera's trap

Look at me here-now, reflection says I can be yesterday in your future, Your future's now and all time's word

You will find me everywhere, A neutrino travelling in a planck time Will come back again, to be with you In ageless name.

i am the emptiness from the breathing earth, water, air, fire, of life.

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

here a fire there a fire

have you seen the tears of a mountain? dear all listen to its sobbing before it dies

once upon a time there was a mountain here animals, birds, flowers, deer singing the melody glaciers knock on; melt tree species change the range migrate because of severe droughts

once upon a time there was a village here the colours of all seasons here missing now no basket makers, no drum beaters all have migrated

trees are stressed for global warming species become vulnerable warmer temperature killed the trees increased forest fire, carbon emission make every species vulnerable insects, fungi, bacteria, viruses heat waves, rising sea level disturb bio diversity, ecosystem

once upon a time the Mother Nature was smiling but now here a fire there a fire!!!

motion vs revolution

who is painting that sunset? a scalpel, an uncoiled breathing; a God who is an invisible parable time is a great puppeteer how does a celebration matter? the epiphanic delight who writes the incantatory texts? the naked grass surrenders to the horizon to write an eternal script in the vital language

beyond every mountain there is a poem the stream sings the love birds sing the youth share the ecstasy does the paradise ever speak? only the inners self speaks because it is the paramount king of the intonations, the connotations and the metaphor you sit with the television on your vision tallies with your personal stress the kid waits on the sofa to listen to you a new song is a revolution create your own evolution the tea pot is empty assemble your own immunisation system detoxify your slate; your derogatory

either you choose a motion or a revolution for your stoppage is just ahead a station speak a new language with densities to reach desolate children where are you ...?

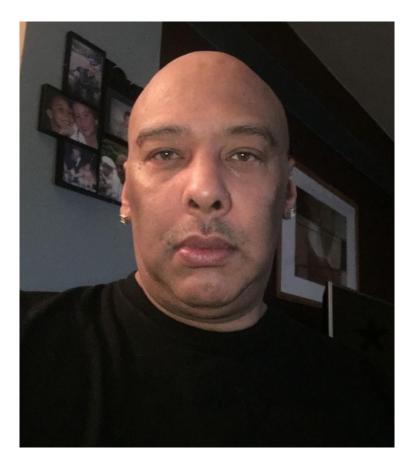
a dustbin reflects

a dustbin reflects there may be a torn shirt, use and throw puppet or a toy may be the faded gown of the granny an unused mat a plastic chair smallest of its kind thrown away salads of the last night as the couple had a heavy argument a dustbin reflects how much you waste

the moaning, groaning of plastics, wood, bamboo, cloth speak volumes if at all you can hear their domicile voice recycle, reuse and regenerate dear

don't ever disturb the strata of the planet

live and let others live someone cries inside the dustbin reflects your lust!! Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Mountains

I'm natural beauty. trees, bushes, and rivers accent my foundation, so many mammals live off its water and vegetation. My peek freezes because its so high, with the proper equipment and endurance, you can climb me, look down and see flight patterns of hawks and eagles as they fly by. Or you can look down at clouds as if you're on top of the sky. Both visions will leave you two times breathless. One is due to the beautiful view of nature, and the other is because the higher you go the air gets thinner. When storms come my caves work as shelter, when night falls and the wind howls, it also works as a nocturnal speaker. I have pointy tops,

cliffs with hundreds of feet drops,

and plateaus to look down yonder to where visions stops.

I am a wonder... made of rock

Aqua

Take a trip to the deepest ocean, look down, that's the depth of my intellect, not even with sonar will you ping the never explored floor, subs with divers clothes on will get crushed by the force of my wisdom before they understand. The abyss I spit will drown the mentally counterfeit. I got that sub mariner flow, I'm the black hole in the Bermuda triangle, leaving human vessels wrecked. some just don't understand the psi of my third eye. My mind is the light that conquers the leviathan, that's why at rest two eyes closed, I can still scan the horizon, I got the prose of Poseidon to quench the thirsty minds of 85% of Homo sapiens , instead of killing my lyrical tsunamis awaken dead bodies.

Word Play

When I write its the roar from a leo. I'm a lion in this wilderness of wilder beast. I am king of this land, I'm a lyrical tarzan, ill constrict a boa, death spiral with ali's and crocks to own a pair of gators, teach chimpanzee's to speak, like "me amy", my mind is symbolic and brolic like an elephant and its memory, my vocal is colossal like woolly mammoth fossils, I dig deep like an archaeologist, to bury antagonist with my word play, supercalofragilistecexpilidocious linguistics tap people on the head like newtons law of physics, things in motion tend to stay in motion, so after I spit ten minutes later there's still a commotion, dude on the right ask dude on the left " did u hear what he said? Dude says yeah I'm blind not deaf, he paints pictures in my head, conjuctionfunctionwhatsyourdisfunction, mines is that I'm so hot, I burn myself, spontaneous combustion, I need a fire extinguisher cause I flame on often





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^{st} Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando* \dot{E} *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.

Gondola

To circle in place, where you can't stand up next to, to absorb can *now* be celebrated. It's beauty for the lazy.

Waters wrinkled with wind, peaks halfway covered with snow viewed from up above, lure haunting impressions in. When the expected delight becomes factualized, understanding comes in. From up above, from a gondola, over which a balloon towers. can't be seen the traces of thoughtlessness. With each meter of the way back, arriving closer becomes the realization of the defeat. Fields of plastic spread out – nourishment for dying nature. Only an awoken human, with endearment and care - can stop the earth's demise.

Translated by Ula de B.

Taint

White collar emboldens who carries it humbles a gray man.

Unfortunately, whiteness won't reverse filth of reality.

When a word slithers out, which one should be ashamed of, it'd be proper to say: *I'm sorry*.

Perhaps maybe then the gruff will recover – albeit scarred already – but the old face.

Cannot be measured out, weight of blunders, separated from self be covered by silence!

Even those stiffening, one day will be reborn with stigma from the past

they can wreck the tomorrow.

Translated by Ula de B.

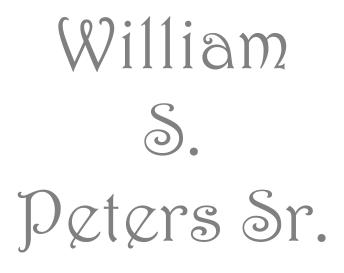
Delusion

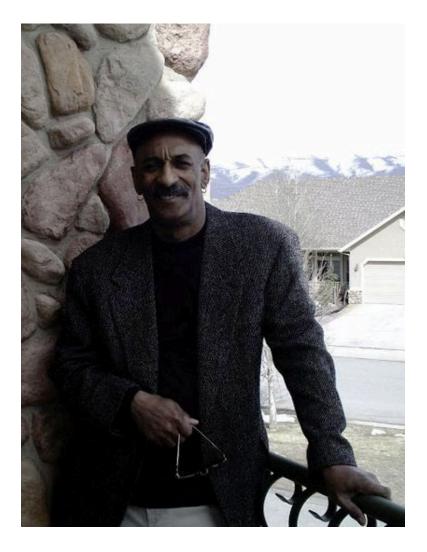
With force out of reach to birds the biting force of violence dimmed the birth of brightness, to once again lead into murk of the day.

Saddened with such a moment, with unknown power, at times they rise up from the fall, which did not evince their smallness, but those, who humiliated them mentally.

Woken from delusions of kindness, without sneer, with a playful glance they build the nests of reason, so, like the winged, they could hide from being devoured.

Translated by Ula de B.





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

For those to come

Upon the mountain top There I stood Looking over the realm Of my belonging

I needed no hope . . . Everything I need Was before me

Clean air, Majestic vistas And the embrace of life Unadulterated

Leave this for me For my soul is of need To know that there is a place For those to come

Footpaths

As I travel through the wilderness Traverse the mountains And the valleys I contemplate my footsteps . . . Past . . . present and future, And . . . I realize that naught Is pristine, untouched Nor innocent

My naivete led me to believe That i have and am doing Something unique, But I dear save That the authenticity Is that of mine own . . . alone In but thought

Many have gone this way before, And many shall yet do so, But the pathways Are overgrown With little sign Of previous presence For the dull-witted And sleeping ones

Who knows the destination? I know that the time will come Where this vessel will tire, Then retire To become a watcher Along the footpaths

Reaching

Enigmas dancing in the shadows, Ghosts haunting my consciousness Threatening to manifest Into my everyday reality

Where is the courage i need To confront my weaker self That acquiesces To the dust of substance

I stand erect Looking over my shoulder Fearing a repeat performance Of past failures ... I have yet to understand The embrace That tells me they Are but lessons, One of integral meaning That will add significance And latent fortitude To the pathway before me

Yes, like you, Like we, I too fear My greater self

.

All my life I have been reaching, Reaching for that golden ring That anchors dreams to rainbows, Rainbows to chests of treasure.

Am I but just another Myopic wannabe?

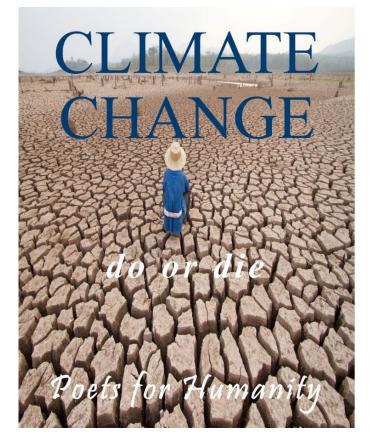
To know thyself I do not know But I do strive ... Perhaps vainly To observe and learn Of my ways, habits And proclivities, However my propensity To stumble reveals My two left persuaded feet Why can I not at least Get it 1/2 right?

Some would say I Should focus on balance And clarity But I am blinded by The inebriating concoction of Delusion and hope ... Oh the fool I am, As I have always been, For I believe So look in the window of my soul, Steal or sneak a peak, And hopefully you will see Your own reflection Standing alongside of me ...

Reaching

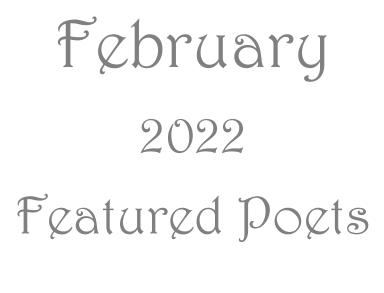


Closing 15 February 2022



1 Poem Picture of Poet Bio of 50 words or less

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com



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Roza Boyanova Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval Mammad Ismayil Tarana Turan Rahimli



Roza Boyanova



Roza Boyanova, Bulgaria is the author of 20 books – poetry, essays, literary reviews, four of which published in Skopje, Bucharest, St. Petersburg. Decorated with national and international awards. Member of the International Academy ORIENT – OSSIDENT. Founder of "Sacred Language" International Festival and the International Literature Competition "Art against Drugs" – Burgas, Bulgaria. A citizen of Honor of the City of Burgas.

If it comes to temptations Everything has already been said, read and learned, Repeated and memorized...

I'd rather meet a stranger – And allow him to flick through my pages One by one. I can foresee The wide-open eyes of excitement, The lips of surprise...

I'd also like to meet My mirrored self somewhere – And talk to it, rediscover each other.

This time I won't ask the children Who the woman opposite me is. They had answered "mummy" then, still holding my hands tightly. This time we will reveal truths Which we simply cannot hide any longer. We will untie both fishes, held together in a zodiac type And let them go – Let them grow up like destinies -One of them real The other one -just possible. ... While the enormous catfish hunt pigeons, Which bathe in the river. How could I have foreseen That the catfish's luck would have grown so big As to turn it into a monster.

My fishes are Rather salmons, hurrying to the spring, Where they would spawn And die beautifully (if one could die beautifully): First – the destiny which has come true, Then the one which could have made me rich If only I had chosen it – But it was so incomprehensible and threatening How could I be sure it wouldn't attack the pigeons...?

You pass by an angel And unnoticeably everything changes. You change the way you read mythology The same way Uranus changes its axis of revolving – From Gaea's son and husband he turns into Father of gods, titans and Hundred-handers.

The hands of the clock turn both clockwise and anticlockwise...

Deciphering the universe Is connected neither to that particular reality Nor to human rituals...

You open the depths of Heaven And dive into the spirit.

You realize you've already been there...

Revision of the Magic

I revise The fairy tales Which have made my life bearable, They have pulled me out of despair as if out of a well Drank farom me Ouenched their thirst with advice: If you read fairy tales, you dream fairy tales, If you dream fairy tales, you live in a fairy tale. Young children Wrote wisdoms to frighten me, They soothed me with scary lullabies They didn't touch me if I wasn't afraid, They waited for me to take out some goodness from my pockets In a thief-like manner, Caress their cups of talents, And wipe any drops of justice From the tips of their lips. I have been an animal tamer for a long time, While the beast inside me snoozed, grew up and snarled. One day it ate me, Because it felt neglected. It found out I was obsessed with other abysses of anger, Bent under other lives not edited. I am doing poetic crosswords now, Rearranging, correcting, illustrating alien feelings, Presenting titles – memorable and significant ones. However, they just cross me out Hurrying upwards, not even turning back. They rob me just because I like it.

If I am endless, there is still what to take from me.

If I believe that is the way it is – I'll be safe.

I am counting down And descending the other slope now Back to the same. Anticipating is always greater than arrival. Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval



Ramón de Jesús Núñez Duval

Nacido en Neyba, Provincia Bahoruco, República Dominicana, Escritor, Actor, Articulista, Investigador, Cronista y Poeta, investido con: Doctorado Honoris Causa en Creatividad, Humanidad y Cultura Internacional, Doctorado Honoris Causa en Artes y Letras y Doctorado Honoris Causa en Literatura, sus publicaciones han sido traducidas a los idiomas inglés, francés e italiano, forma parte de cuarenta y dos (42) antologías nacionales e internacionales, autor de los libros: Piel Desnuda, Breve Reseña Histórica de la Provincia Bahoruco, Huellas de Versos y Co-autor de tesis enfocada en plan de negocios, presentada ante la Universidad de Cádiz, España.

Cambio Climático

Al borde de desastres está la tierra, maltratada por manos con violencia, se nos cae a pedazos la biósfera y firmamos con muerte la sentencia.

Masacramos con crueldad nuestro planeta y vienen terremotos de intensas escalas, matando sin piedad a seres vivos, corriendo ríos de angustias en el alma.

Tornados que destruyen todo a su paso, dejan sin hogares familias indigentes, arrasando con ira fuertemente se apodera el espanto al mirar lo que viene.

El calentamiento global afecta de todos modos, nuestra capa de ozono cambia de forma irreversible, provocando cambios en el clima que son terribles, asesinando a un mundo que es para todos.

Los tsunamis se llevan naciones enteras, sembrando el dolor con derrumbes costeros, generando catástrofes en poblados y sierras, el cambio climático extinguirá nuestra tierra.

¡TODO PASARÁ!

Camina por el Gólgota a paso lento la humanidad llevando pesares que ya no puede cargar, mujeres llorando, clamando el perdón, de un mundo que muere por falta de amor.

Desastres ocurren extinguiendo seres vivos, el sentir por el prójimo tomó otro destino, hemos sido crueles al no hacer lo debido, por desobediencia el dolor nos ha vencido.

No todo está perdido, aún puedes cambiar y entregarte en los brazos de la paz, darle la mano a la eterna misericordia, que a vuelo de águila resurgirá.

El universo renacerá con su grandeza, la naturaleza purificará su aureola y voces de esperanza se levantarán, gritando fuertemente: ¡Todo pasará!

VOLVAMOS A RENACER

Somos el aliento de la paz tatuado en las alas del ruiseñor jugueteando en la melodía del aire, que con aroma despierta la humanidad.

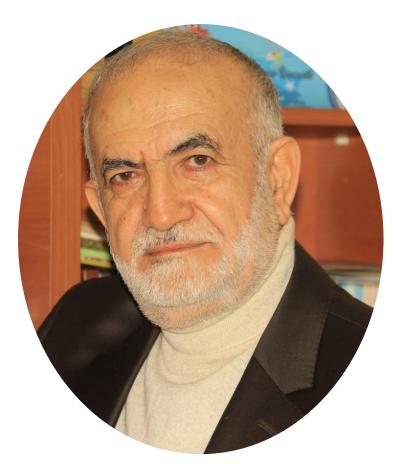
Hagamos de la vida, manantial de luz, dibujemos en pentagrama de colores el alma sublime de esencia y virtud donde la grandeza es de corazones.

Moléculas de lluvia, esparciendo amor en bellos trigales que besan el sol, no entiendo porqué no es posible que luchemos todos por un mundo mejor.

Nos abriga el alba porque existe Dios, las palomas vuelan presagiando fe en que un día el planeta protegido esté y el género humano vuelva a renacer.

Mammad Ismayil

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Mammad Ismavil is a member of the Union of Writers and Journalists of Azerbaijan and Eurasia. His works have been translated into more than 50 languages of the world. More than 40 books have been published in Azerbaijan, Russia, Japan, France, Turkey, Kazakhstan, Hungary, Moldova and Kosovo. He is an active member of the European Academy of Sciences, Literature and Art and the Ukrainian Academy. He received the title of honorary doctor of the Academy of Higher Education of Ukraine. He was not awarded the Golden Pen in Azerbaijan and the All-Union Ostrovsky Prize in Moscow. He was awarded the "For Services to the Turkic World" award from the Foundation of Writers and Artists of Turkey. He won the first prize in the "Love for Freedom" poetry competition organized by the European Academicirusumurup, organized by the European Academicusup, nasupei akademurusup, organized by the academurusurupi nasusurei akademurusurupi Ropean nasukuropean academy nasup, at the Voloshin Poetry Festival and was awarded a medal Taras Shevchenko (Ukraine) Diploma "Golden Autumn" in memory of Sergei Yesenin (Russia). The newspaper "Khudozhestvennaya literatura", published in Moldova, awarded him the poetic première of the year. Laureate of the Kosovo Prize Azem Shkreli (2018), the Writers' Union of Russia I. F. Annensky (2018) and the Mahmut Kaskari International Prize (2019). He took part in poetry festivals in Hungary, Germany, Russia, Romania, Italy and other countries. In the anthology of world poetry, published in Romanian, Azerbaijani poetry is presented in his The Writers 'Union of Turkey The Writers' Union of the Academy of Family Poetry established the Mamed Ismail Literary Prize, which is awarded annually to the poet.

God Knows

(Tanrı biler)

Where does it get its sweetness how can the honey know? If you can, go and ask, The bee knows. Where did you sleep in the night you know Where will you wake up in the morning The God knows.

Sacred Destiny

For the memory of my mother Gülzar (Biz dörd nefer idik)

We were four A spotted sheep A wild apple My mother and me In the memory of future life They were sent to the Earth My mother was the bridal dress of the beauty The apple was the sprout of the forests I was the babyhood of the humanity When you have a time, just squeeze me And see who I am?! I am a mother pie,

Apple juice, sheep milk.

Owl (Bayguş)

The bird of spirit The bird of dream It has voice but can't be seen Where can we see it then? How can I explain astonishment of its eyes? An owl –the bird of night, the king of birds, My life in the strange land was exhausted long ago, owl.

In the middle of the night one bird is moaning here, It is moaning as an owl without rest whole year.

It can't be climbed up, it can't be walked along ...The slop tires down wayfarers, that's all. This bird is moaning from morning till night Where has this bird pain? Is everything right? Without batting eyes I was like a bird of night I had been worn out by the slop of life... My heart does not stop, my eyes do not sleep My life had passed in owlish weep

O bird, that has Joseph's cut off-rope in voice The bird that has curtain from Sun on eyes... I know, unhappiness causes you to weep; Let your misfortune come to me, bird in grief...

Either it is unlucky or has forebodings... The owl is the goggled-eye of the fate The ruin of time, the ruin of place The world itself is the owl-it is evident...

Tarana Turan Rahimli



Assosiate Prof. Dr. Tarana Turan Rahimli is an Azerbaijani poet, writer, journalist, translator, literary critic, teacher, academic, is an active member of the International Literary Agency in Turkey, Azerbaijan, Philippine, Kazakhstan, İtaly, Oman, Belgium, USA. She is a Doctor of Philological sciences, Associate Professor of Azerbaijan and World Literature Chair of Azerbaijan State Pedagogical University, author of 7 books and more than 500 articles. The work has been published in more than 35 Western and Eastern countries. Poems and articles have been published in many international sites around the world, on periodicals and in anthologies.

The Picture of the Silence

The birds remained hanging in the water And the fishes in the water, Early in the morning Horizon passed away here. The trees have become dry Bending their top In the place Where the wind drove them out. An autumn flower blossomed. The slopes have become touched. The clouds are hanging heavily Towards the earth. The color of the silent water in the sea Has become turbid. The surface of the sun is gloomy The shoulders of the soil are tired. The life is in its eternal silence With its dumb scenes. I wonder how the world seems oddly In its coffin made of glass.

To be a Child in the Arms of God

It would be better if one turns to a bee, And settle on the flowers of the world. When your lips tremble because of happiness, You won't be able to find a word.

Let your breath become dry Because of the excitement. When you forget the earth and the sky, Let the great God protect you.

It would be better if you are splashed like stars, Then to be gathered together for to be the sun. It would be better only for a day To be a child in the arms of God.

Life is a Fast Train

My God, who is driving me out? Who is making me breathless? Who is hurrying the life? Who is hurrying inside of me?

The years are fast train, The month is over as it begins. The weeks shove each other, The days are lost in hurry.

The nights and daytime As if fights against me. I am competing with a second, The hours escape out of my hands.

The moments soak into the memory. Everything turns and become past. The days break in a hurry, The days are over in a hurry.

I don't know when time passes Because of number of works. The time that I didn't dear to spend myself Is pulled off me by the time.

Today turns to yesterday all of a sudden I am going embracing the next day. I don't live my own life, I only fly above it.

Translator: Sevil Gulten

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



. Janet Perkins Caldwell

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

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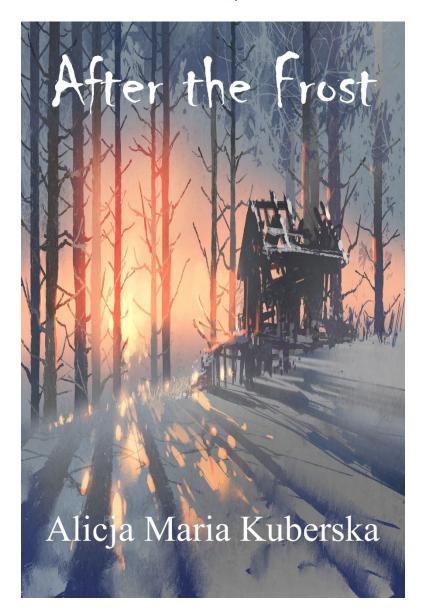
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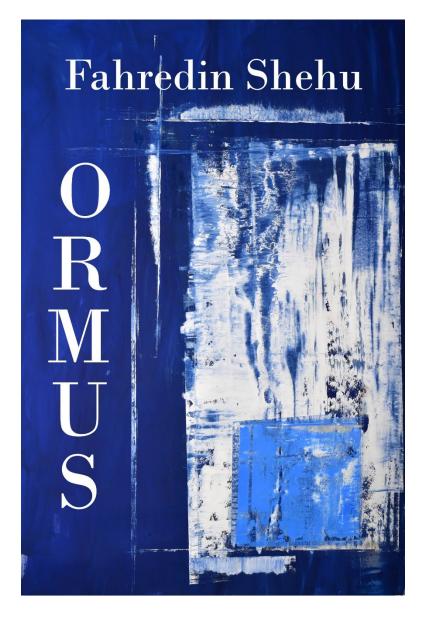
Poetry Posse Members

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 ...

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





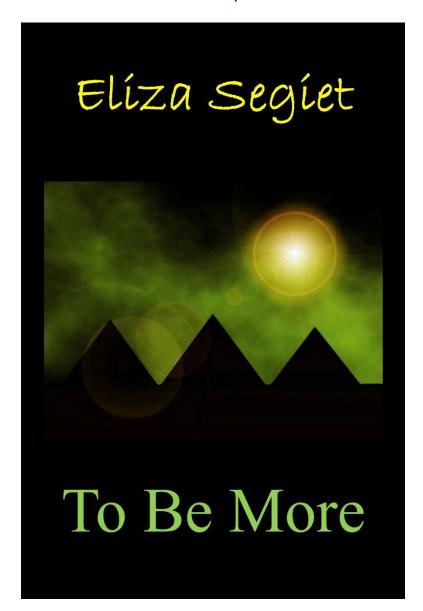
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... from the Streets to the Stages

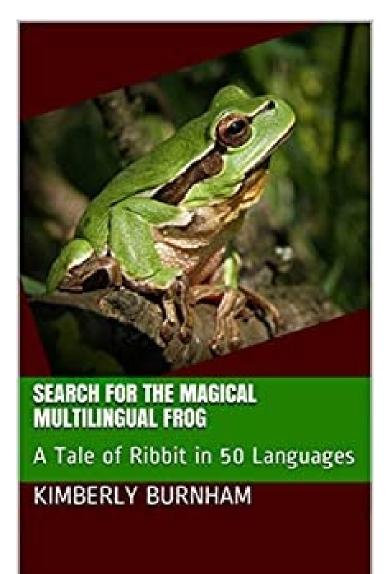


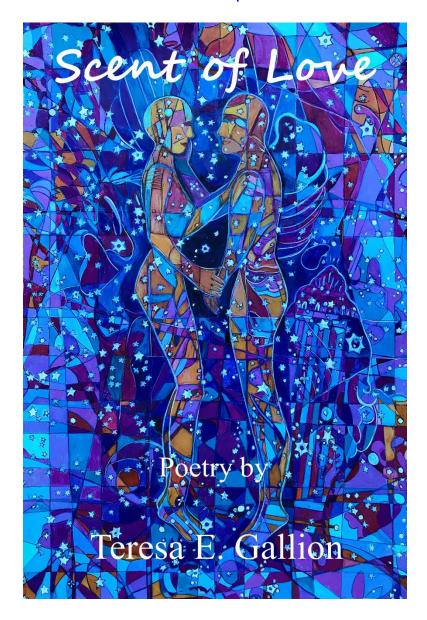
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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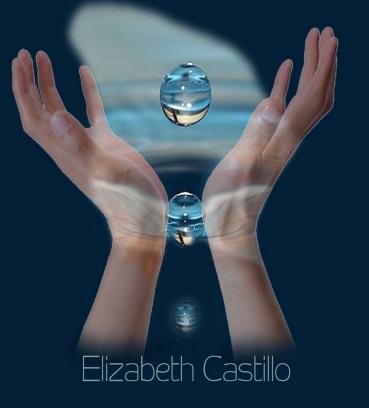
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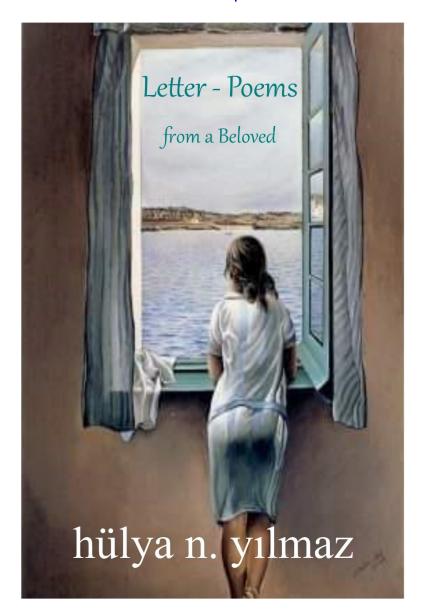


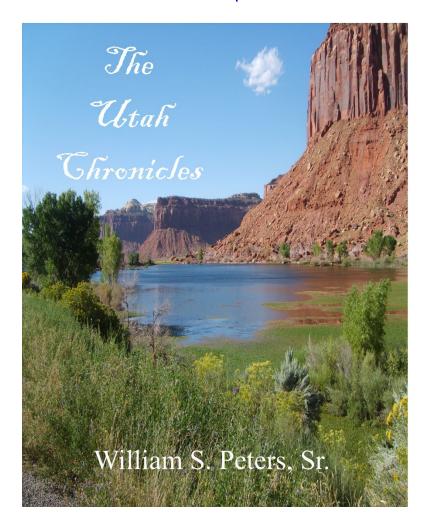


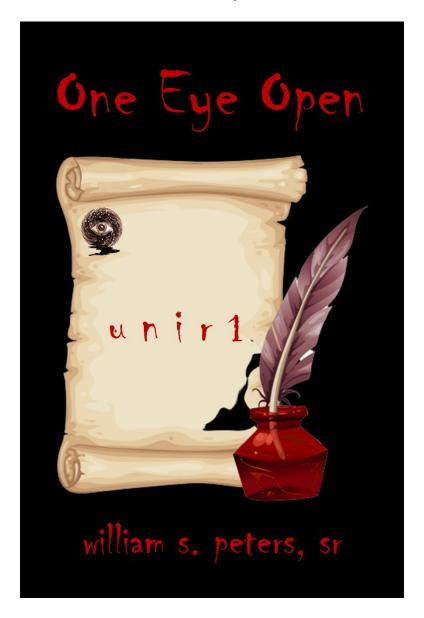
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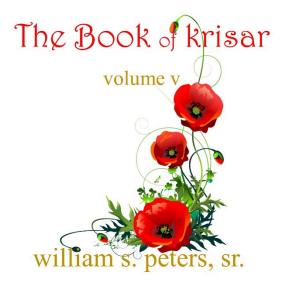








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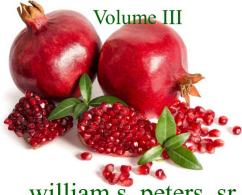
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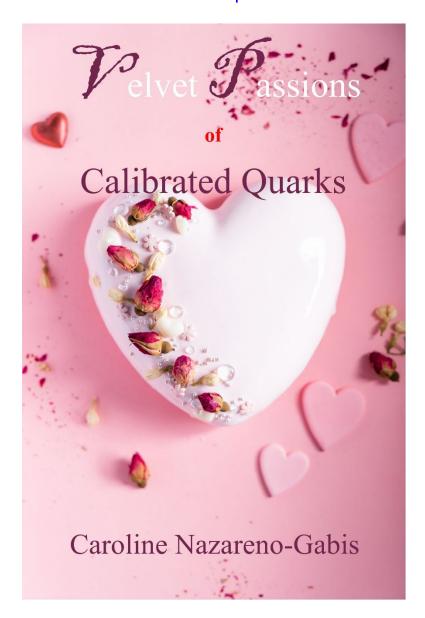
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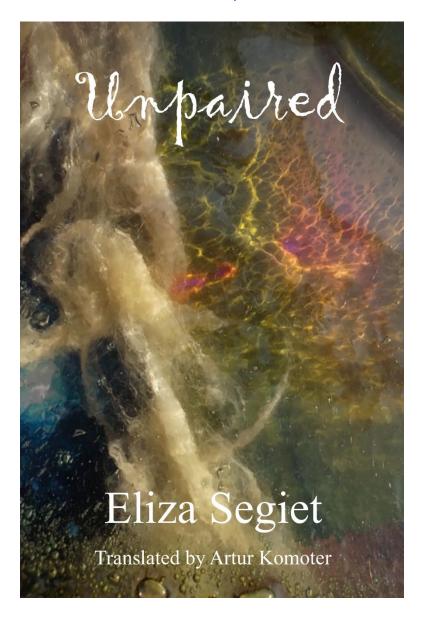
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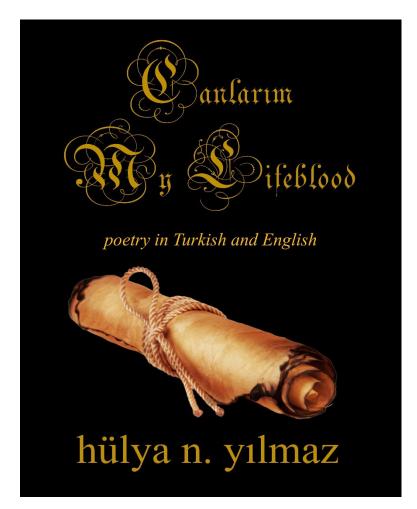
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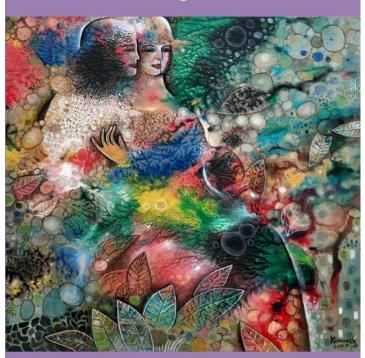


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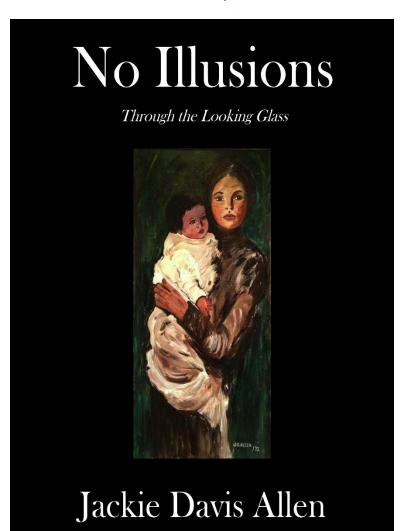
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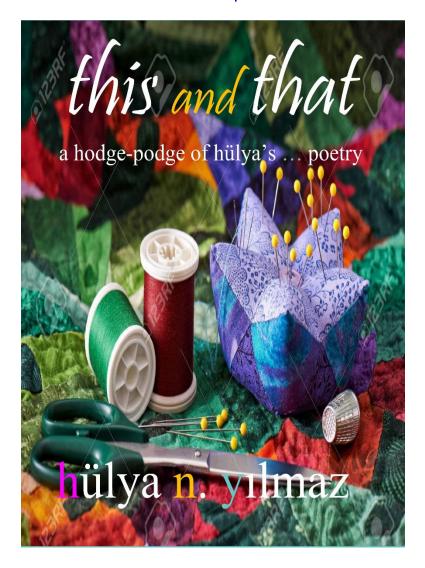


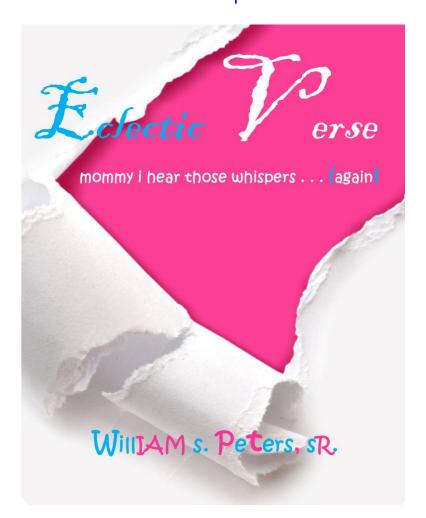


Faleeha Hassan

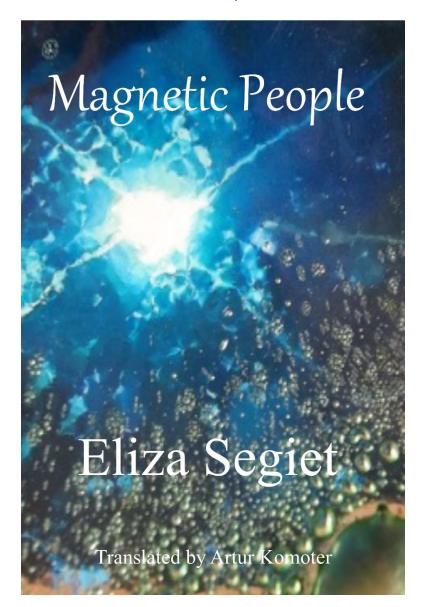
Translated by William M. Hutchins



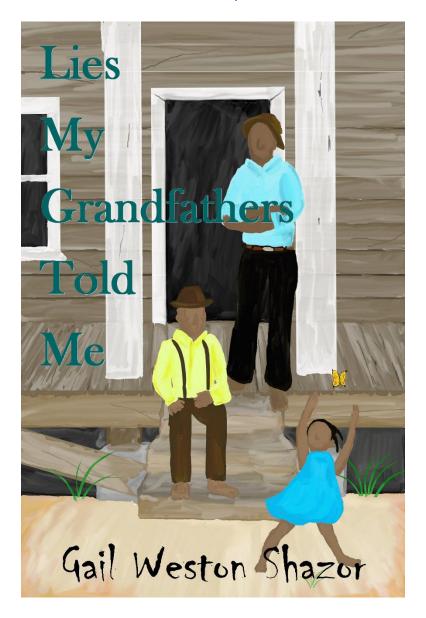


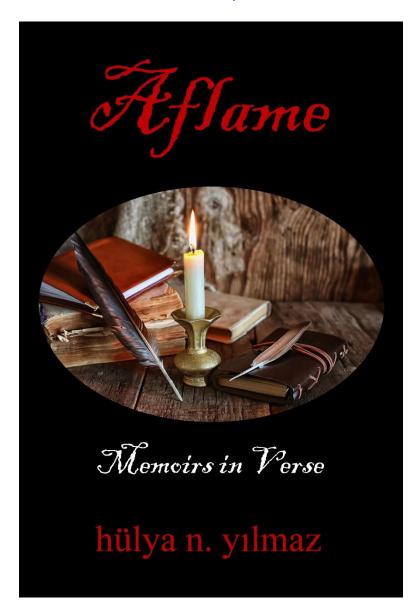




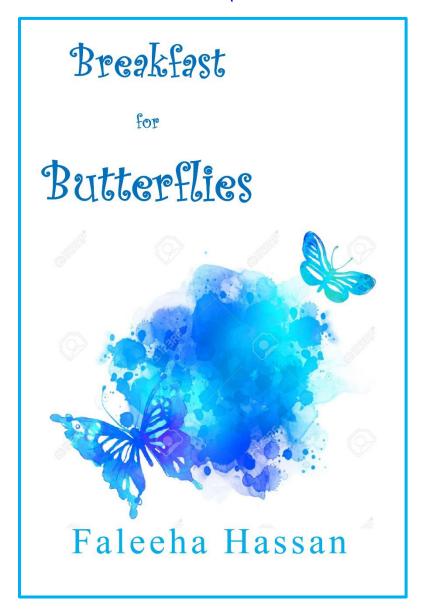


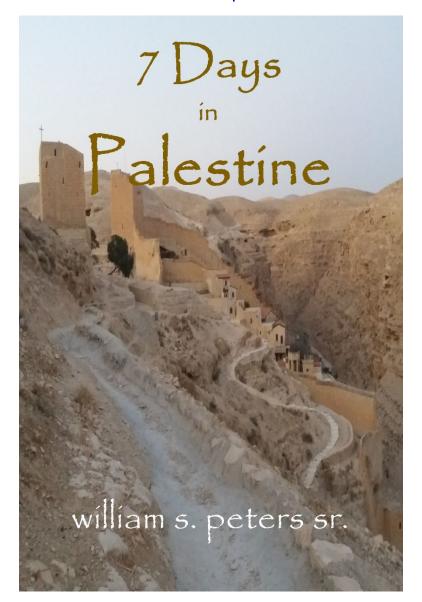










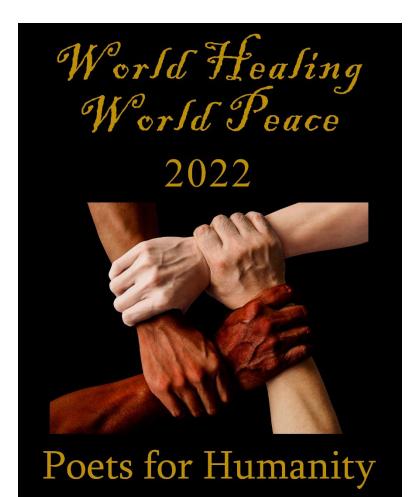








Coming April 2022



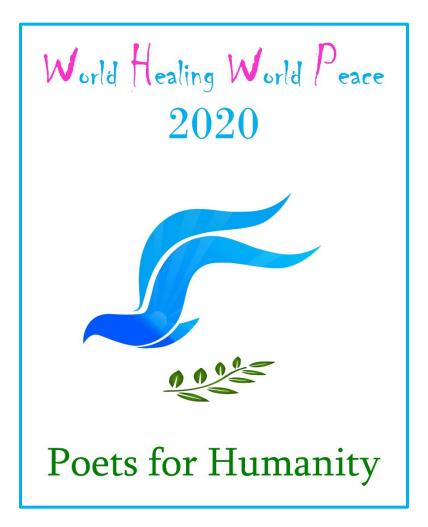
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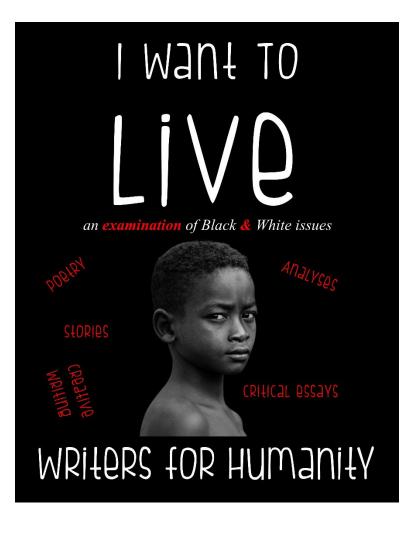
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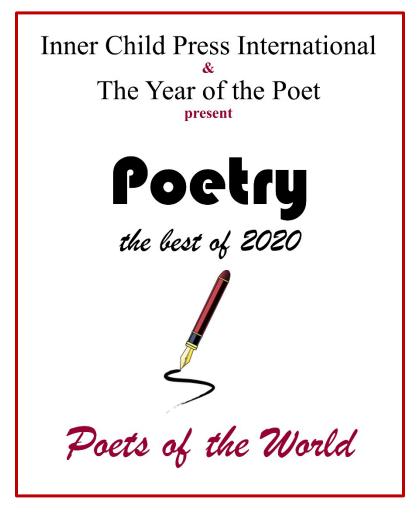
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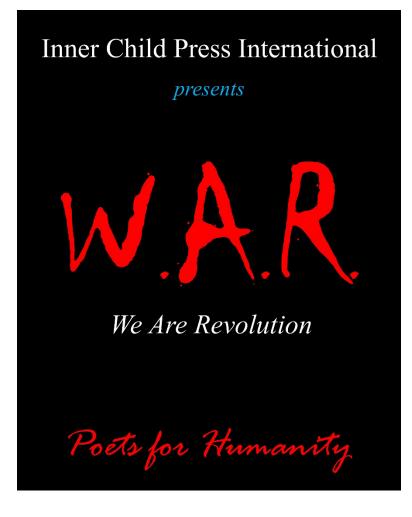
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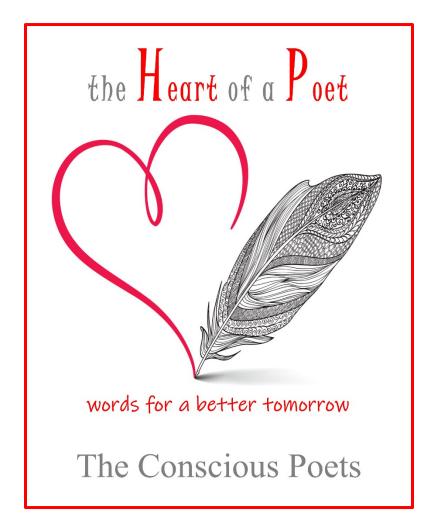


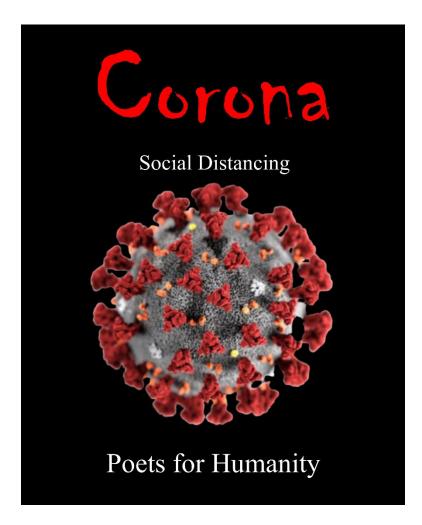
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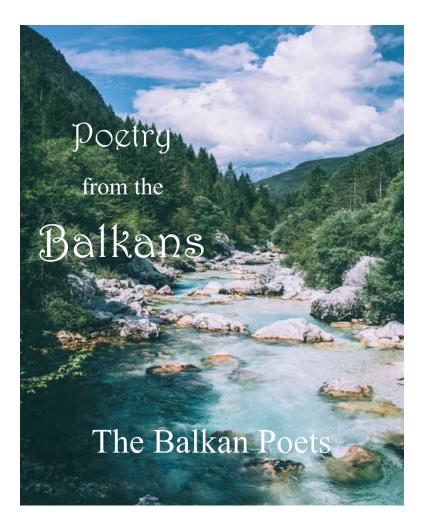


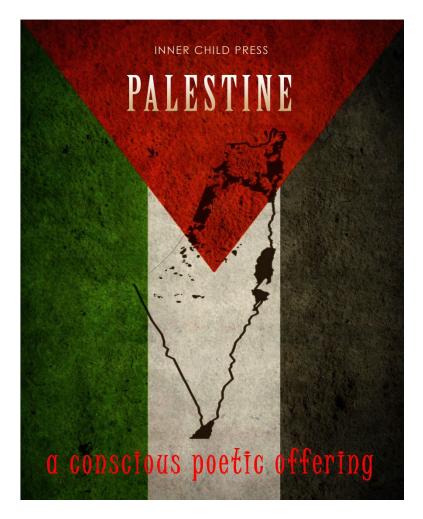


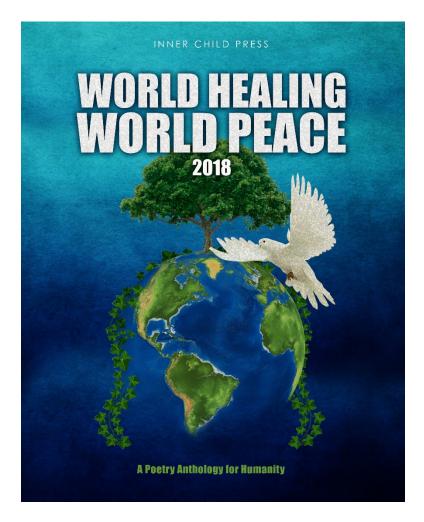


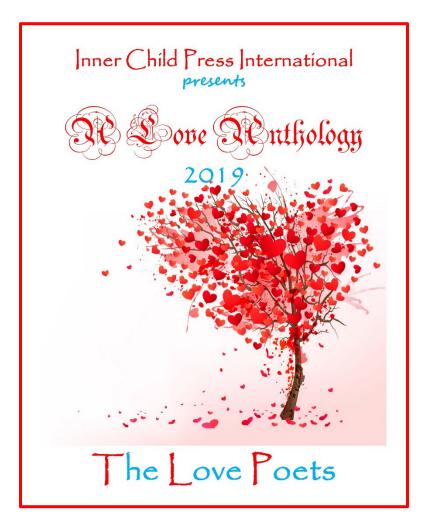




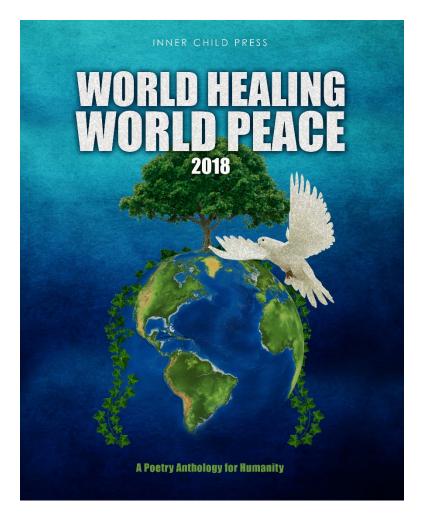




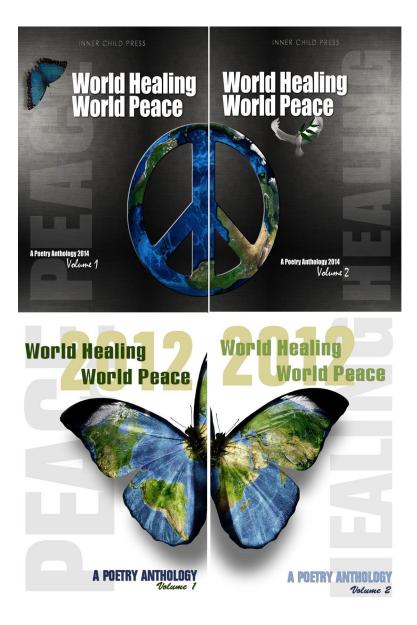




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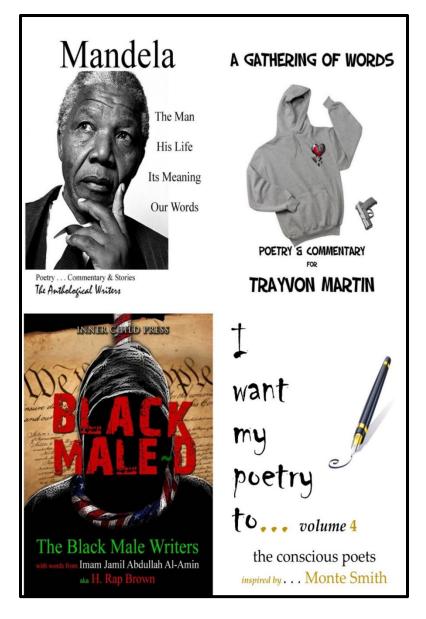
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The Year of the Poet II July 2015

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The Poetry Posse 2015 Janie Bend * Gail Weston Shazer * Albert Yufmite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Ferce * Janet P. Caldwell * Yony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetin Walt * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burcham * Ann While * Keith Alan Hamilten Katherine Wyatt * Falinedin Shehu * Hilya N. Yihaz Teresa E. Callion * Jackie Aber * William S Peters. Sr.

The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carraco Siddartha Beth Fierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Go Da'erbal Minduncer * Neeth Wali * Shareet Abdur – Rasheed Kimberty Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faluredin Sheliu * Halya N. Yilmaz Terens E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S Feters Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

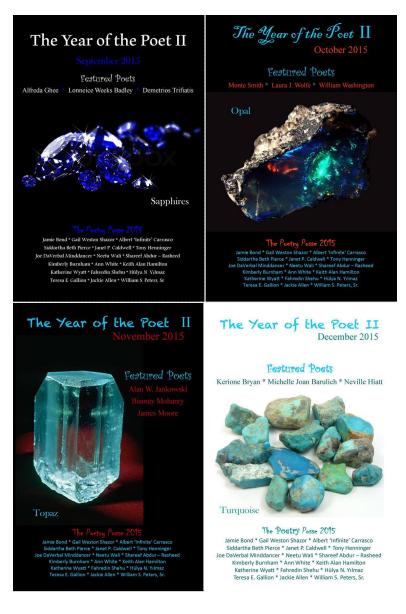
August 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bend * Gail Wetton Shazer * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe Daverhal Minddaucer * Neutu Mail * Shareet Aldwt – Kasheed Kimberly Burtham * Ann White * Keith Alam Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Faluredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yihmaz Tereas E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * Williams P Keters Sr.

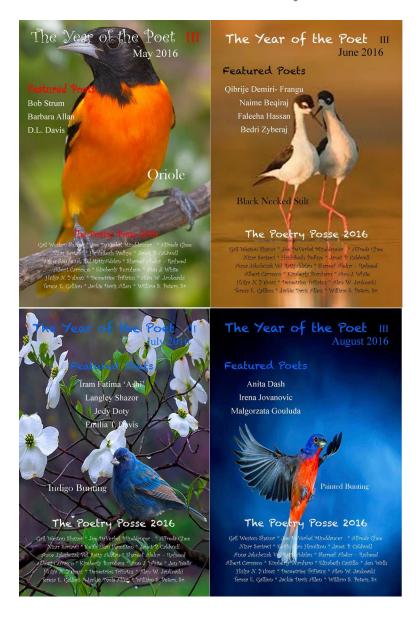
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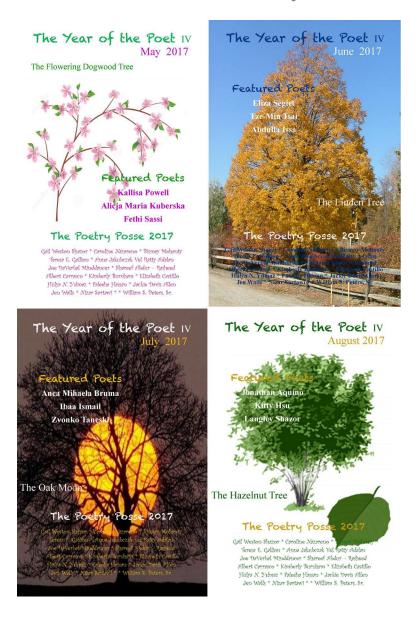
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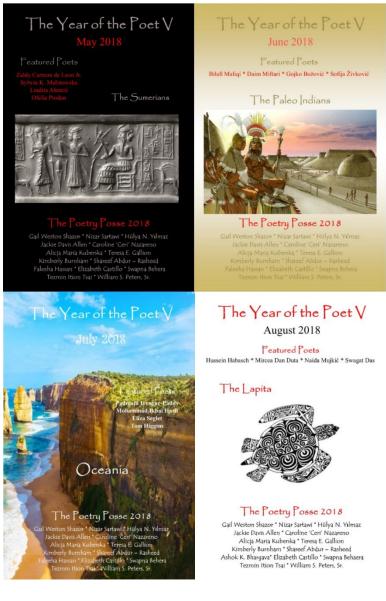
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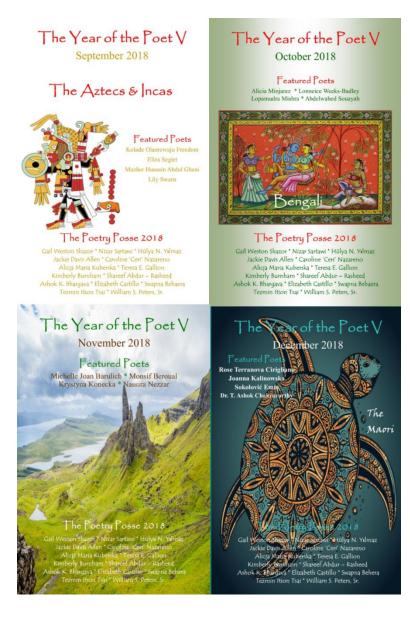
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Featured Poets

Houda Elfchtali Anthony Briscoe Iram Fatima 'Ashi' Dr. K. K. Mathew

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 * Hülva 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 5. Peters, Sr.

March 2019

The Poetry Posse 2019 Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

Dream Catcher

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



The Caribbean

Gail Weston Shapor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alıcıa Maria Kuberska * Tenesa E. Gallon * Joe Parte Kimberly Burnham * Shareet Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Svapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsat * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the April 2019

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



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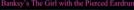


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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan





Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jab Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman Neptune Barman * Falceha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII April 2021

Featured Global Poets

Katarzyna Brus- Sawczuk * Anwesha Paul Rozalia Aleksandrova * Shahid Abbas

Pablo O'Higgins



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May 2021

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Diego Rivera



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The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets Iram Jaan * Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska Ngozi Olivia Osuoha * Lan Qyqalla

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets Alonzo "zO" Gross * Lali Tsipi Michaeli Tareq al Karmy * Tirthendu Ganguly

Rayen Kang



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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November 2021

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Andy Goldsworthy



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December 2021

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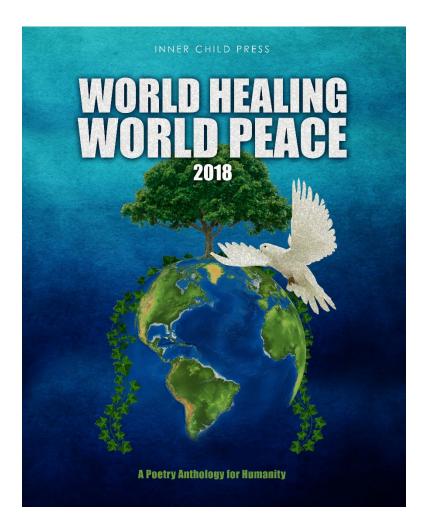


World Healing World Peace 2020



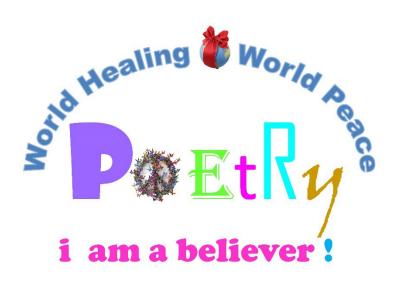
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February 2022 ~ Featured Poets



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