

The Uzar of the Poct V July 2018

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor Shareef Abdur Rasheed Teresa E. Gallion hülya n. yılmaz Kimberly Burnham Tzemin Ition Tsai Elizabeth Castillo Jackie Davis Allen Nizar Sartawi Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Faleeha Hassan Alicja Maria Kuberska Swapna Behera William S. Peters, Sr.

General Information

The Year of the Poet IV July 2018 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

, Janet Perkins Caldwell

Rest In Peace

February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016



Rest In Peace Dear Brother

Han W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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hülya n. yılmaz

Teresa E. Gallion

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Foreword

THE POETRY POSSE'S TRANSOCEANIC WRITINGS: Reconstructing the Humanity's Past

The Poetry Posse-July issue consecrates the huge corpus of the Oceanic past. A reconstruction of Great Barrier Reef of ingenuity and antiquity.

"Oceania is a region made up of thousands of islands throughout the Central and South Pacific Ocean. It includes Australia, the smallest continent in terms of total land area. Most of Australia and Oceania is under the Pacific, a vast body of water that is larger than all the Earth's continental landmasses and islands combined. The name "Oceania" justly establishes the Pacific Ocean as the defining characteristic of the region". https://www.nationalgeographic.org/encyclopedia/oceania-human-geography.

This compendium of poetic inscriptions, is a revelation of discoveries of megalithic cairns, necropolises, ancestral writings, and ''festering sores'' on political, economical and cultural catastrophes.

Lindstrom (1993) probed that the peoples of Oceania possess a vast repository of cultural traditions and ecological adaptations. Papua New Guinea alone is home to one-third of the world's

languages - about 780 distinct vernaculars. Oceania thus has the most to lose, culturally speaking, from the pressures of global political and economic change.

Moreover, the Poetry Posse believes that cognizance on Oceanic land, people, language, culture and literature is rewriting and reconstructing another history for the humanity; from myths to maps, from fictional to symbolic truth, from aboriginal carvings to transcendental monuments, from chants of indigeneity to ramps of modernity.

With a broad array of writing styles, may the poets of this edition, not only successfully draw sun setters and 'rain-makers', but also, creating fireballs to influence: to creatively embody 'cosmic harmony', and to inspire the realms of rebirth.

"Our survival as peoples has come from our knowledge of our contexts, our environment... we had to know to survive. We had to work out ways of knowing, we had to predict, to learn and reflect... we still have to do these things."--Linda Tuhiwai Smith

Caroline Nazareno-Gabis

\mathcal{D}_{reface}

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? Once again, this is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the 7th month of our fifth year of publication . . . I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

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

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

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

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

 E_{njoy} our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

Building Cultural Bridges

Bless Up

From our house to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press

PS

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

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

or

Janet . . . gone too soon.

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

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

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



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 . . .





Oceania



Oceania is a geographic region that comprises of Melanesia, Micronesia, Polynesia and Australasia. This region spans the eastern and western hemispheres, Oceania covers an area of eight and one half million square kilometres, 3,291,903 square miles. Oceania has a current population of some 40 million people. It is situated in the southeast of the Asia-Pacific region. Oceania is the smallest continental grouping in land area.

For more information, visit the below link.

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

The Ygar of the Poet V

July 2018

The Poetry Posse

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

The Stone the builder Refused

It's the black night On black soil The dark blue moon Tenders growth to shiny black things Casings...black powder The flashes of light make easy eyes water And envelop our souls In murkiness The linchpin of the kingpin Is to never let the light in Past the perimeter Stacking rocks upon pebbles Standing on sand And slipping into darkness It is shortsighted to think That the Master didn't create boulders To be in the way of bUilders...

Spaces

I lift my fingers one by one And watch the light prism In the left behind spaces Between swollen knuckles The new bee sting makes My throat itch But I ignore the constant Movement of the swallowing So often accompanied By an uneasy swelling... But back to the light... Kaleidoscopicly I watch The greys and browns of storms Mix with the red hot embers of pain And I wonder how four small letters Can expand to this The muscles no longer Are mine to command Memories fade at the birthing Each time I try to recall What it was like the first time I find that a fist is not possible For that would leave Too many open spaces uncovered So I hold my pain, my life, My love together In open surrender Under the palms of my hand I once read about a man Who took shrapnel To his gut

He held his intestine inside By splaying his hands Across his middle I wonder if he too Could see his grace slipping Through all his cracks

Oceania

There is much to be said for

Looking at water

I never tire

Of the waves buffeting me

Onward to my dreams

Alicja Maria Kubçrska



Alicja Maria Kuberska – awarded Polish poetess, novelist, journalist, editor. She was born in 1960, in Świebodzin, Poland. She now lives in Inowrocław, Poland.

In 2011 she published her first volume of poems entitled: "The Glass Reality". Her second volume "Analysis of Feelings", was published in 2012. The third collection "Moments" was published in English in 2014, both in Poland and in the USA. In 2014, she also published the novel - "Virtual roses" and volume of poems "On the border of dream". Next year her volume entitled "Girl in the Mirror" was published in the UK and "Love me", " (Not)my poem" in the USA. In 2015 she also edited anthology entitled "The Other Side of the Screen".

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

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

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

Oceania

Tam gdzie wiatr ma lekko słony smak I gdzie złoty kryształ słońca topi się w oceanie, Rzucając migoczące plamki na turkusowy błękit wody, Rodzą się perły.

Żółwie jak podwodne stada ptaków wędują Przez krainy koralowców i ogrody pełne ukwiałów Omijają ławice kolorowych rybek By dotrzeć do ciepłych piasków nadmorskich plaży

Palmy tańczą na powitanie gości W rytmie lekkich podmuchów wiatru Rysują na jedwabnym lazurze nieba subtelne kontury jak wzory na batiku

Bogactwo i piękno przyrody przywołują w myślach Obraz biblijnego raju i wywołują tęsknotę Marzę by być tu przez chwilę, dotknąć cudu stworzenia Poczuć oddech Boga

Oceania

There, where the wind has a slightly salty taste
And the golden crystal of the Sun melts in the ocean,
Throwing shimmering spots on the turquoise - blue water,
Pearls are born.

Turtles, like underwater flocks of birds, wander Through the reefs of coral and gardens full of sea anemones.

They avoid the shoals of colorful fish
To reach the warm sands of the coastal beaches.

Slender palms trees welcome guests. They dance in the rhythm of light gusts of wind and draw the subtle contours of leaves on the silk azure of the sky – like batik patterns.

The richness and the beauty of nature evoke in my mind An image of the biblical paradise and cause longing. I dream to be here for a moment, touch the miracle of creation,

Feel the breath of God.

Indifference

Indifference has
Eyes of stone and an
Unaffectionate heart,
Which beats rhythmically...
I only I - I only I.

It is better not to see And not to sympathize. Poverty is ugly, Foul and fetid, And sometimes drunk.

The easiest thing is to pass it by And think

- It is not my business
- I have no time

The Beggar

I looked deeply into the eyes of a beggar And they told me his story.

The book of life is not closed. It describes mistakes and failures at the beginning, Then the monotonous days, Struggling to survive in a hostile world.

The streets are like a swamp They draw in and do not let go. They promise nothing. They provide only rarely.

He must drift on the surface of existence On a raft built from old cartons.

Rushing cars honk loudly.
Passers-by mutter disapprovingly.
Only sometimes, someone
Throws a few coins into the tin box.
Compassionately

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.

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

Dreaming of the Outback

Curious, searching the web, the clouds Dreaming of a vacation Of visiting Oceania A land of many islands The travel guide lists "thousands"

I'll have to save my money
Depending upon where, in Australia, I'll go
I'll check the forecast for the time
And date when it'll be neither hot or cold
What fun it will be, all the sights to see

The Pacific Ocean waves a welcome As below me I look down From the sky, I'm a tourist traveling Seeking whatever it is I'll find Leaving my worries behind

The food! Oh, it's so delicious Even better than the "Outback" restaurant At home. The Australian people embrace Various languages, their faith mostly Christian Or so I've been told; their history, culture is old

Expressive dance steps, poetic expressions From the primitive to the cosmopolitan Vocally and off times strange, some ritualistic Foreign to any who witness for the first time And in my dream, I'm living life out loud

trajectory

Let not the overwhelming profusion of dark shadows or the vociferous voices presiding over the present day's headlines befuddle the calm of your mental faculties.

Abandon not your heart's command.

Remain steadfast as you make your way around and over tribulations; for even without your consent, the darkness will attempt to appropriate its control.

Blink not for a millisecond.

Nor lend attention to detractors' clamor and rhetoric lest their buffoonery infiltrate your thoughts and poison your well thought-out plans.

A laudable soldier marches on.

Armed with truth, cling to your intentions; stay alert and heed the warning that the gloom and doom of skeptics is sometimes scented with perfume.

Hesitate not my child.

Make of your heart's personal path the resolutions that burn brightest. Remember, your journey may be fraught with danger, with obstacles.

Remain on guard.

Having reflected over your declarations, follow your own light. Be bold and know unless you grant consent the insults hurled by nefarious naysayers shall be negated.

Rendered inconsequential, impotent.

An Episode Recurring

We are citizens. And, as such, we freely choose to remain steadfast as we stand on the rock of truth.

The morass of disinformation and its swirling waves entreats us with self-entitlement's promise to join its propagandist forces as wily, willing, activist members.

We shall not play blame's old game, nor follow the path formed by various disruptive parties. For sanity's sake

We resist their ploy and pray to heed the small voice whispering within, the one that counsels with love, praying, entreating God that His wisdom guide us always.

The clamor of the world is deafening. It seeks revenge. It shames. It blames. It maims with propaganda. We reject its traitorous ways.

Pity those who trample on our revered nation's flag. May they mend their ways and beg forgiveness. May love and peace become the path of those who have lost their way.

Tzemin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

Love of coral reefs

Night falls completely silent
And the sea is so close
The waves are like dumb crickets
Impact on the sand around me
More quietly roll away
Fragments of my heart
I can fine nothing more quiet than this
Even among the coral reefs
Seaweed swaying
Teasing charming dance
Do not want to let go of
Those flustering of my heart

The moon rises without any hints
Clouds tacitly drift aside
Would rather let the light fall on the waves
But have no intention of counting the chaos that occupy my heart
To explore the icy sea in barefoot
The persistence of coral reefs reminded
My painful touch
But no sound to warn me
The blue of the sea water will surely dye my heart
Forced dyeing
My heart which was originally bloody red

The Transparent Pearl

The eyes are so clear, like sea water
Tears can not contain any slight pollution
In addition to the mournful cold, where to find any reason
Obscure my bare soul. The longest learning is not
How to cut loose the buttons gracefully? Instead it is
How to see through where the innocence does live in the heart?

When I was in childhood I was often riding on my father's solid shoulder Breeze blowing again and again My mother's smile always accompanying my side Dandelion drifted away from the front one by one Recalled that happiness, never turn back

On the way that was blocked by Russian Caragana
A few Tringa Ochropus us playing in the water
Those sounds are natural and sharp
That naivety looked slightly overshadowed the blush
The cold water penetrates my feet
My dad's gun which was always slanting on back was no
longer smoking
Blue blood pattern full of the backs of his hands
Warriors are all frightened in the eyes of everything

I desperately grab the crowded boat The sea of the Mediterranean is so blue and vast Under the pungent smell of rust is the raging sea Beyond the pale ankle

Distant gunfire did not know when to stop Nobody knows if we can come back again Mom who is no longer young did not keep up When climbed on the tall raised deck Let me saw so clearly Her last tear, like a transparent pearl, falling straight into the sea

The Memories under The Starry Night

Lying down with a lazy delight Combing the grass under the back I select an easy-to-dream posture Close eyes and prepare to be carried by the stars Enter that space An infinite number of times larger than any memories Memories rushing side by side Imperceptibly and regular Not fast but not slow either No time to catch the families has passed away They have drifted away all Can only blame how merciless my memories are Even to be detached as tears brim over In the trance, do not know who woke me up Memories were all recovered, none left a bit Next time, as the stars call me again Have been determined to Prepare a dark airtight bag Like a night wandering thief

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

Oceania

Melanesia, Micronesia, Polynesia, Australasia southeast Asia pacific Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Indonesia, Tonga, U.S.A and the list goes on region diverse rich in a multi-cultural Polynesian, aborigines who journeyed from Africa all the way to Australia thousands of years ago. Europeans who came saw and invaded, divided, conquered, that's what they did then that's what they do now Oceania... connects countries, islands, country islands indigenous expelled missionaries they sent gun ships this is the way the shoe fits no matter how long the clock tics there's human misfits playing poli-tricks so, they took the children aborigine those settlers that crossed the sea to change their identity mission, erase cultural ancestry repeated throughout including Oceania down under southeast Asia way.

Filppin..,

so much why folk be trippin so much? does a liar have the magic touch or is it he/she in touch with the devil and his bunch. do you even have a hunch making haram* halal**, halal, haram does unjust massive harm when truth is rebuked and lies called " the honest truth " and the sleeping sheeple reaction's feeble not enjoining right, condemning evil we become the meal of the hour wild dogs steal, devour man's systems maintain symptoms always without exception lies, deceit, double dealing under the table is not only a aberration but the staple of mankind's tribes 'n 'nations that's why divine law is not up for grabs relevant to the people's newest fad it must be non-negotiable not taken to a vote by ignorant misguided folk

this creates a massive yoke not a genius stroke law was created by thee one (1) creator to govern and guide with nothing to hide transparent, free of deceit and lies not something taken to a vote whether or not to abide that's why man's isms die, cause dem schisms that's why

if Allah(swt) didn't give the shariah^
to guide the people
mankind wouldn't even conceive
of law as something mankind needs
to adhere to
if Allah(swt)*^ didn't create law to
govern me 'n 'you
as far as law is concerned mankind
wouldn't have a glue
so ignore this, you will pay more
then a little
as Rome burns once again
while todays Neros play the fiddle

food4thought = education

- * haram = unlawful
- **halal = lawful
- ^ shariah = divine law
- $*^{(swt)}$ = All glory to Allah

Grandad Jalal..,

to the memory: Jalaluddin Mansur Nurriddin(ra)

thinking of my brother makes me smile even though we had kicked it before his return it had been awhile this 'word warrior 'known as the grandfather of Rap don't venture much further beyond this word molder dropping science from the *haq make a human stop, rewind, start back up, take it from the top digest the message before there ain't no mo vestige left to digest because the king returned back from where he came but his art remains to visit, listen digest the word skill to intergrate issues true, signs of the times if you will food4thought on wax or digital the effect is never minimal not when Jalal blew no not when Jalal blew truth compiled in a studio sound proof booth or a venue somewhere up on the roof or in the square, places diverse reherse verse after verse recite lyrical insight ignite 'n 'put concious in flight in the constant fight to condemn wrong, enjoin right in a song the message was strong, the skill was long established a gift from the creator you can never vanquish Jalal returned back but left us a banquet of love to discover signs of the time in rhyme help you learn to remember to surrender to thee creator, originator before it's your turn every soul shall taste of death from Allah**(swt) we come and to him is our return may Allah's mercy be bestowed to our dear brother Jalaluddin free of worry 'n 'strife granted ^Jannah tul firdous in the next life. Ameen.

food4thought = education

*haq = truth

^{**(}swt) = All glory to Allah

[^]Jannah tul firdous = paradise

Kimberly Burnham



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

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

Malino Peace Sailing The Seas in a Dictionary Poem

Calm in Proto-Oceanic "malino" giving rise to peace and softness "mullil" in Atui spoken in Northern New Guinea

calm "maino" in Balawaia spoken on the Papuan Tip describing the ocean waves and weather where peace sails

"Malin" peace and calm in Bam becomes soft "malua" in Gela spoken in the Southeast Solomon Islands where soft breezes blow

While soft is "marum" in Bariai but not only soft, not hard "ilolo marum" is light-hearted kind "marum" oddly also thirsty as a sailor with an ocean of water

And "maravu" calm in Bauan Fijian

as is "maino" in Gabadi
"maliwa-li" is to be easy or slow or gentle
as the sound of waves breaking on the beach
in the Micronesian language of Puluwatese

While across the ocean in Hawaiian "malino" also means calm and tranquil and "melino" in Tongan is at peace

"marino" calm in Tuamotuan Polynesian

Languages and words flowing with travelers from one island to another sailing on calm seas paddling through peaceful waves bringing words of peace

Marra-djulni, A Dictionary Poem

Trying to find peace a place that is peaceful and happy "marra-djulŋi" in the Yolngu dialect of Gupapuyŋu vocalizing dreams in native Australian communities Milingimbi Ramingining Gapuwiyak and Galiwin'ku

This happy place is found in the dictionary between a leaf or hair "marra" or "marra bunhamirri" combed hair and "marra-gulyunamirri" birthplace and "marrabal" a large kangaroo

Imagine the place where care can be taken with the self and birthright bounties of the earth shared "marra-djulŋi" a place of peace and happiness found naturally between the body and the land

My Goodness, A Malay Dictionary Poem

"Damay" in Papuan Malay peace and an expression "my goodness" perhaps because peace arises from goodness when we focus on ourselves is there goodness there is peace

In Balanese "damé"
the peace we seek
"guminé madabdaban"
the country is at peace
community quiet
full of "rahayu"
well-being peace and health

"Dame" is also peace in Kedang spoken while "soba sayang" sounds like a delicious dish but is a peace offering given as a token of friendship in the remote Eastern Indonesian' island of Lembata a region on the boundary between Austronesian and Papuan languages

"Dame" is also peace and tranquility in Kupang Malay spoken in West Timor Austronesia where we spy sun "matahari" and the causative "bekin dame" make peace or resolve in this Malay mix of Dutch Portuguese and local languages only slightly different from "damai" in the Malay spoken in Malaysia Brunei and Singapore

.

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 co-author to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India. She is a Contributing Editor of Inner Child Magazine, USA and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA) and PEN International.

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

The Islanders

From the dreamy Pacific Ocean there they roamed,
Braving the waters, dancing with the gigantic waves
Ma'ui known for his heroic deeds protected Oceania
Driving off pirates to bring violence to the inhabitants.
Ferdinand Magellan of Spain discovered many islands in
the 1500s

Inhabitants of the Arnhem Land welcomed visitors from Asia,

Lapita people and descendants first colonized the Remote Oceania

While the great Abel Janszoon Tasman discovered Van Diemen's Land.

Storm

Heaven, thy tears cleanse the earth, Rainshowers sprinkling dry grounds of yore Then slowly flow o'er lofty rivers, Melancholia some may feel Raging storms originating from turbulent seas.

Once upon a dark night, while I reminisce days gone by, Memories from the forgotten lore of distant past Immersed in my revelry, heavy rains started to pour, Leaving a deafening rhythm to my ears As I travel on my own personal abyss.

Take this sorrow and let it melt through the storm!
As the sun and the moon parts behind the veil of my dream I have a vision of a blissful tomorrow,
And to this I hold on for I know that I am not wrong
Like a surfer, I will brave these giant tidal waves,
Will stand amid the roar of the strong wind!

"The sea is my Kingdom," says the mysterious lady, She vowed to love one boy she knew in childhood The storm is their refuge, the witness to an eternal promise, As the seraphs and cherubims in heaven cheered And not even death can take away something that is true.

Detour

There's a path that leads to nowhere But shall I go henceforth? The tiny route that lovers roam into A sacred silence muted by music, The shadow that greets me mornings.

The crow heads to a dead end, Prey clasped in his paws Greeting the sun as he passes by Below he can see the lonely river flowing, His chest pounds as he nears the asylum.

He saw his wrinkled countenance in the mirror And thought of his noble life and yet he has not seen, The light of day but instead danger hath held him While the moon wanes, the angels bids adieu, And yet death he welcomes unlike a detour one fears.

Thy young lass from heaven's yore Beyond the doting seas at the ends of the earth, The eager witness of a magic spell cast by thee With eyes captivated by the enchanting lair, Caught up and trapped at the last frontier.

Mizar Sartawi



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

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

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

Hymnody

The hidden rhythm
of their plainchant
– singing the tales
of ancient times
of glorious triumphs
of their majestic Micronesian chiefs –
was echoed by
the island soaring trees
that watched the nimble moves
of their half nude dance
and fluttered their branches in delight

Meanwhile
the thick and mighty arms
and adroit hands
rotated swiftly in the air
forward and backward
as though to revive
their maritime ventures
across the friendly Pacific waters
of Oceania
that stretched endlessly
before their eyes

Holding their paddles

— long and light —
carved by adept artisans
out of hibiscus wood
they made as if to tickle
the bottomless waters of the ocean
as when in olden days

their light swift canoes went sailing near the wind racing with spirits through the open expanse towards domains unknown

Children of the World

What is the difference?

whether you snatch their lips away from their mother's tits and lock them up in tender age shelters or pack them into a cage — a new Guantanamo inaugurated for babies and for toddlers

or shoot their mama papa sisters brothers and then allow them to go free

or send your tanks and jets and drones to blow their houses – and bodies too – to smithereens

or drop barrels of poison gas or white phosphorous upon their homes

or burn them alive inside a gas chamber

What is the difference whether they are from Mexico or from Yemen Iraq Somalia Afghanistan Syria Gaza or Myanmar

whether Buddhists Christians Hindus Muslims or Jews yellow white or black Rohingya Kurdish Or Latino

It all catapults to the center of the human heart if there be left a human heart

Below the Glass Ceiling

Walk someday into a man's workplace and say hello! What do you want? he snaps at you and back again to his PC or pen and paper a scowl hanging upon his face

Take a look at his large desk scraps of paper piles of files and envelopes a dozen paper coffee cups a mound of stumps in his ashtray

~ ~ ~ ~

Walk into a female's office she welcomes you with a gracious smile extends her hand and gently softly she shakes yours

Look at her face beatific blissful healthy divine teeming with grace

Peep at her clothes chic yet simple

Peek at her desk
the spotless glass
the elegant notebook,
the tidy tray
the colored notepads
pins
map tacks and clamps
and you may spot a pot or two
of shining green leaves
a teddy bear or
a cute little toy

~ ~ ~ ~

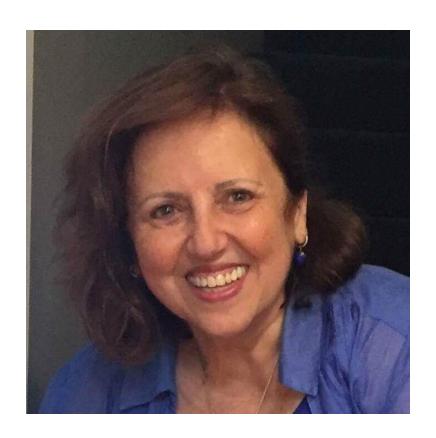
Woman hey woman! where are your daydreams taking you? what are you real intentions — your machinations?

A coup détente to reverse the clock? to regain that long-gone crown you wore as Goddess of the Earth and Heaven?

Little thing
don't get carried away
for we men do have plans for you
to keep you in your little cell
below the crystal clear glass
ceiling
where you can see
but never will be

down with your id, muliebrity! Long Live Your Ego, Virility!

hülya n. yılmaz



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

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Links

Personal Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

Personal Blog Site https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/

entitled, 1

does the name "Cook" James Cook as in Captain James Cook that is sound familiar to you no, you say? how can that be! he has a monument in his name you see for the monumental service he has done in 1774 he proudly did vandalize torture butcher and colonize the natives of Vanuatu Islands of 500 BCE whitened them ever so graciously with a new name The New Hebrides . . . you get it of course there was nothing "new" about the host-land up until that year ambushed it mercilessly then . . . there were no more the same as they were before

the white legacy isn't it just grand?

entitled, 2

Kudos to the British! they worked also 19th century to their advantage they took home the bounty yet once again the poor unknowing Spanish! a rushed glimpse of the islands did not suffice to make them stay Alas! they thus failed to discover the land's richness in phosphate

mined by the islanders profits fed-exed to the Commonwealth

entitled, 3

there once was an island called "Nauru" 1,400 people lived on it in peace they spoke their native tongue they had their native culture phosphate was in abundance . . . the year was 1843 then 45 years later only 900 survived together with their phosphate

their language and culture? out the window they went . . .

Tørøsa E. 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

Fire gods

Islands in the Pacific Ocean sit majestically on a tectonic plate with an attitude that shifts over time.

There is no predicting when plates may break and lava screams to the surface, violently terrorizes humans,

destroys and reshapes the landscape. It is hard to imagine so much heat thriving beneath the water surface.

The fires of Oceania remind us the ocean is a hot head that throws tantrums whenever it pleases the gods of fire.

Rapture

The Adirondack chair braces my back, a breeze cools my cheeks and cottonwood leaves sing above my head. Kitchen Mesa draws my eyes to

red, yellow, beige and bone layers with sparse bouquets of green.
My eyes climb upward to puffy clouds with dripping blue kissing the Mesa.

A peaceful landscape washes my soul clean. This space is a healing balm that rubs you from head to toe. Nothing can be better in this moment.

I could spend days here in the rapture of sacred ground.
Just now a meditative walker passes.
Our smiles meet in mutual accord.

Radiology Waiting Room

Paintings on the wall lift the spirit as you scan the work of unknown artists.

A road way walks you into the trees, an old red barn surrounded by green food, a sunset over waves coming in from the sea, a flora bundle of white flowers next to a classic desert sand colored house, a feast of tall pines covering a trail entrance.

The mind wanders while waiting. What was each artist feeling and remembering as brush strokes colored a white canvas?

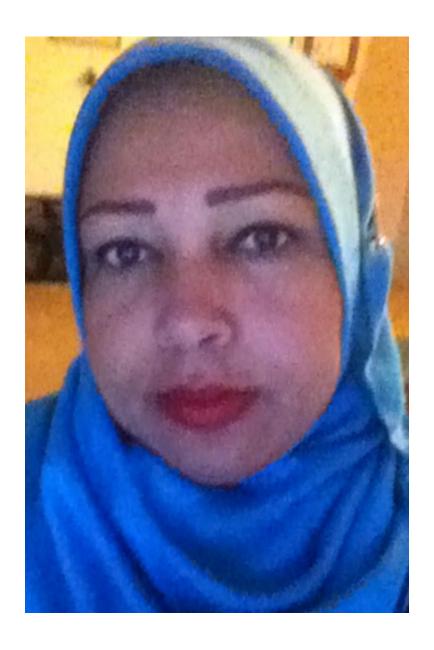
Then you peruse the side of an old adobe house with a white framed window, horizontal and vertical slice of white wood divides it into four sections.

A white curtain inside drapes each section with uneven stains.

The charming simplicity of this piece stands out among a tide of nature paintings.

I wonder, what is on the other side of that window?

Falggha Hassan



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

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

Faleeha Hassan has also had her poems and short stories published in a variety of American magazines such as: Philadelphia poets 22, Harbinger Asylum, Brooklyn Rail April2016, Screaming mamas, The Galway Review, Words Without Borders, TXTOBJX, Intranslation, SJ Magazine, Nondoc, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Courier-Post, I am not a Silent Poet, Taos Journal, Inner Child Press, Atlantic City Press, SJ Magazine, Intranslation Magazine, The Guardian, Words Without Borders, Courier-Post, Life and Legends, Wordgathering, SCARLET LEAF REVIEW, Indiana Voice Journal, The Bees Are Dead, IWA, Poetry Soup, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, Philly, The Fountain Magazine, DRYLAND, The Blue Mountain Review, Otoliths, Taos Journal of Poetry and Art, TXTOBJX, DODGING THE RAIN, Poetry Adelaide Literary Magazine, NonDoc Philly, DRYLAND, American Poetry Review, The Fountain Magazine, Uljana Wolf, Arcs, Tiferet and Ice Cream Poetry Anthology, Dryland Los Angeles underground art &writing Magazine, Opa Anthology of contemporary, BACOPA Literary Review, Better than Starbucks Magazine, Tweymatikh ZQH Magazine ,TUCK Magazine and Street Light Press

Email: d.fh88@yahoo.com

The Word Love

Let me not explain it to you
In order to stay as we are now
You are standing on the hill of your dreams
And I sit on the edge of the sea of my reality
Smiling
And you hear the echo of my smile
Let's pretend it is just a word
And the pen does not burn
like our hearts
When we are trying to write the word love to each other,
Even if we write it in unclear handwriting
Did you know
That since you sent it to me
I accidently placed it under my pillow
And all my life has been stuck on the letter "O"

Unreachable

Oh, my god This poem!

Whenever I try to make her stand on the reality line

She flutters like Marilyn Monroe's dress in the

imaginations of men

I tell her to keep herself on one meaning

But she defies me

While wearing the interpretation mask

And when she tries to describe the battlefield

She is looking for the effects of kisses

On the collars of the soldiers who are tied down in their trenches

With fear and hopelessness

But if they were to be blown up

And their bodies were every where

Her words would be meaningless

For she hiding behind symbolism

She can't sense the children's horror from the bombs

And their attempts to huddle against the remnants of destroyed walls

Her cheeks do not hurt

Like mothers' cheeks dried of their hot tears poured while waiting for deferred letters from their absent sons

She does not take the risk of thinking

So, she can't believe any truth

She does not pay attention to my damaged life

Which has been crushed by the harsh machine of days

She is trying to make her words beautiful

So, she sprinkles rose water on an erupting volcano

She is too comfortable with death and even praises him She is summarizing all this loss, darkness, combustion,

destruction, chemical weapons. black banners, coffins,

skinning, deprivation, orphanages, curfews, warning, sirens, barbed wire, tanks, thrumming of planes, explosions. Murder. blood shed on the side walk, death, ashes, displacement, emptiness, charred bodies, mass graves, coffins, body traps, yelling, sadness, anger, hunger, thirst, vigilance, slapping. Etc..

She summarizes all of this in one ward War

While I am, the poet stand in the middle

Watching my body jump from death to death

For nothing

Just to let the poem come

But after all this trouble

She only comes imperfectly

My new sun

The small sun that

I saw it sticking to the wall like a small spot

It is the same big sun that now covers the fields

The difference is......

I was looking at it from the peephole fearfully

Now I stare at it with open eyes and smiling

Caroling Nazargno



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

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

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

Hundred Promenades

Hundreds of dreams, showcase of multi-beamed treks from islands of Island, a world of biodiversity, captured lomographs of the microflora, as my mind traversed the unseen breeze, held my breath, smelt saltwater beds somehow, I married hundreds of paradise on a high tide, as speedy as the light.

I recall the Pacific invites into the magnificent aquatic reservoir—ring of wonders, have met the Queen Coral's entourage with the colorful fishes, while chasing blends of time, my authentic marine marriage.

It is an ageless love, underwater, like the pandora of fire, set beyond the depths of Great Barrier Reef.
I can tell, it is a spectacular gift honed from the hundred steps to a zillion riches—Here, I found names of endless, nameless bliss.

Oceanic Ripples

Up down up down up down

wavy splashes of mercy

Curls of sacrifices up down,

Ripples of tides beyond waters

In the vast ocean of life.

s.t.i.t.c.h.e.s. in the ocean

i am f r a g m e n t s of imperfections, blemishes, frustrations, rejections,

my being
is a division
of emotions,
happiness
victories
surprises
sometimes losses
and tensions.

i am a breakdown of evolving waterworlds, i am beauty from all the stitches of my wholeness.

Swapna Behera



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

A Mat To Weave.....

In the Narran Lake of Oceania
A fish sings the last anthem
of the Dream Time
Bahloo, the moon showers
The pearls in the horizon
The rainbow serpent vies with the Sun
Reminding the frontier wars of years
Bruised frame and blurred amber
Screeches for water

In the Sun burnt countries
Pelicans .Emu, Wild animals
Sitting under the oak tree
Over fishing and over grazing
Dilapidate the dreams of all
An eerie silence echoes
in the Pacific islands

Even today The Sky King prays "Dear each soul on the Earth; teach me the art of weaving as you weave the mat with coconut leaves"

The man swims like a tortoise with the Google ,prays "Sure my Lord, but teach us to weave peace". A mat is a blissful heart; a skill of grandma Where tears and love entwine to sprinkle the eternal smile:

Weave, and weave peace forever and ever....

The Insignia: Oceania

We are the oceans
The chunk of sublimity
Poetry of periphery
Pause of the paradise
We are the oceans
From the depths of brines
Expansion of rippling water

O! Ocean

Thou art as vast as life As brave as death The nostalgia of the sand house The zephyr void The sacred destination Animation of creation The reflection of kinetic sky The prophet ,the generator The progeny and prodigy The series and the virtual The powerful and the vivid dreams The ultimate alma mater :the monument The rejuvenation A document in the dockage Thou art the doctrines In the concave lens of time I bow!

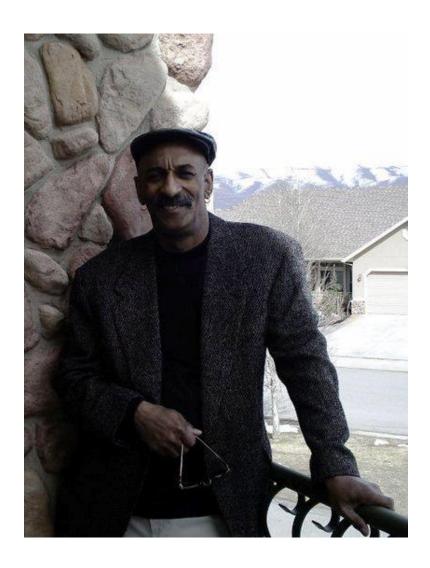
The Lucent Memory

Do you remember?
Those moments on the chariot of time?
Our mystic eye pupils
wandering from place to place
Decoding the grammar of life

Do you remember?
The slanting rain falls on the cedar tree
The ravishing spectrum of all sweet languages
in the terrace and terrains
The fragrance of jasmine in the ardent spring
The doldrums of light and sound

Do you remember?
The encounter of your love in the traffic square
The flash of light beam on the car window
Once upon a time we were the equestrians
Now in a deep slumber only questions!!!
Do you remember?

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 40 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Oceania

The waters had their lure They whispered to us Of undiscovered horizons

Perhaps if we meet the Sun
Either where it rises
Or sets
We will see the glory
Of its womb . . .
Or perhaps we will fall off of the edge
Of existence

Let us build us a vessel
That we may travel
Beyond our meagerness
And just perhaps
Perhaps
We will discover
Something grand
In the looming Oceania

Which ones do you feed?

I peeked under the skirts
Of our construct
And I saw the unabashed nakedness
Of 'Reality'
Dancing in circles
Frolicking in the grass
With Truth, Deceit, Light and Darkness,
Love and Hate
Indifference and Compassion
Charity and Greed

I was a bit confused.
I asked my self
"How could this be"?

Is this what 'Reality' is, Or is it as convoluted As i?

I being challenged By this disturbing sight, Had to sit down And ponder, Inspect, Examine, Think about This denial

Was this an 'Epiphany', Or just an illusion Challenging me To think outside Of the box

What is going on, I mused

As I sat in an
Agitated repose
Evaluating,
Deciphering,
Weighing,
And Discerning
This glimpse,
This peek,
A small voice
Began to speak,
Whisper
Ever so softly
Into the ears
Of my disturbed consciousness

The voice was soothing And gentle, Warm and embracing, Yet firmly assured In its evocations

I sensed something,
A presence,
An authoratative One,
That was greater
Than what
I have ever
Witnessed or experienced before,
According to my now faint
Memories

This voice,
This presence
Commanded my attention,
And I could not divert myself

From it

Was this the voice of reality Or something greater And beyond The context of My perception

Yes, I must admit
That I am but a
Grain of sand
Upon the beach
Of existence,
For in my past,
Everywhere I looked
Creation
Seemed to expand.

Where ever I saw
The offering of knowledge
Upon the tables
That adorned my 'Life Path'
I voraciously ate
As if it was my
'Last Supper'

Well this Voice that spoke Superceeded My feeble and finite Faulty understanding.

I ... my 'I AM'
Realized from a spiritual sense
That I was already consumed
As i submitted my essence
To the mesmerizing moment
Where I was swaying

Due to a unquantifiable Inebriation.... Yes I was drunken Beyond the beyond

There was a distant light Sitting daintily In my horizon, And i could hear it Calling my name Needless to say, I began to walk towards its Lore

The whispering in the mist Became more prolific And spoke to me, Through me Of certain things Of my evasive familiarity Such as Duality, Dichotomy, Diversity, And Deference

'IT' said to me That 'Coexistence' Was an inevitable Law That was the very foundation Of all of Creation

This made sense!

This Voice went further in To explain to me And my yet fully un-opened

Door of understanding That one could not be Without the other

I ask,
"Is this like the two wolves story?"
And I felt a smile
Envelope my countenance ...
The Voice said yes,
Which ones do you feed?

Catalyst

In my coming Will you wait for me?

I have words
That are laced with thoughts
Borne of the spirit
I was instructed
To share with you

Some may be a tad bitter, But I also have a flask Filled with the inebriating Toxins That will liberate your consciousness From things

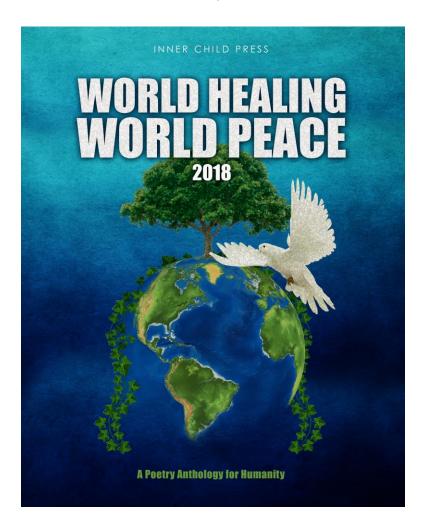
This elixir Is sweeter than honey

We as ones
Who are connected to the whole
Will realize the common thread
That binds us
To the whole of all

Ssssssshhhhhhhh . . .
Listen . . .
There is but 1 word . . .
Love . . .
That is the Catalyst!

Don't think about it, be it. Let my words be a catalyst, As is your very presence One for me.

World Healing, World Peace 2018



Now Available

July 2018 Features

~ * ~

Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy
Tom Higgins
Mohammad Ikbal Harb
Eliza Segiet



Padmaja Iyangar-Paddy



Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy having served the banking and urban governance sectors in senior positions, Padmaja Iyengar-Paddy, is currently curating and transforming the words of poets into international multilingual poetry anthologies – 4 in all. The latest *Amaravati Poetic Prism 2017* showcasing 948 poems in 85 languages contributed by about 500 poets from 67 countries, has been recognized as a Record by the India Book of Records and the previous 2016-edition by the prestigious Limca Book of Records. Her maiden poetry collection 'P-En-Chants' has also been recognized as a Unique Record of Excellence by the India Book of Records. A nominated Member of the World Nation Writers' Union in Kazakhstan, Paddy is the Honorary Literary Advisor, The Cultural Centre of Vijayawada and Amaravati, Vijayawada, India.

Link:

www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=779635075

E-mail:

padmaja iyengar@yahoo.co.in, poeticprismccv@gmail.com

EYES ...

Behold

Scold

Speak

Shriek

Dare

Bare

Stare

Glare

Express

Impress

Process

Possess

Implore

Deplore

Explore

Devour

Cry

Sigh

Adore

Abhor

Laugh

Scoff

Reproach

Approach

Survey Convey Betray Dismay Dart Smart Glance Dance

Command

Demand

Lead

Plead

Protest

Contest

Detest

Attest

Thrill

Chill

Charm

Disarm

Arouse

Browse

Expose

Dispose

Seethe

Breathe

Blame

Tame

Wink Blink Smile Beguile

Love Move

Assess

Caress

DAMNED!

Damned if I do, damned if I don't! Damned if I will, damned if I won't!

Damned if I try, damned if I vie! Damned if I cry, damned if I sigh!

Damned if I baulk, damned if I talk, Damned if I walk, damned if I knock!

Damned if I work, damned if I shirk! Damned if I perk, damned if I irk!

Damned if I call, damned if I trawl! Damned if I fall, damned if I stall!

Damned if I time, damned if I chime! Damned if I climb, damned if I rhyme!

Damned if I am original, damned if I copy! Damned if I'm alert, damned if I'm sloppy!

Whether I do or don't, I am likely to be slammed! So, I'd rather do my best and the rest be damned!

PAIN...

Irritates

Debilitates

Mutilates

Humiliates

Excruciates

Emaciates

Accentuates

Perpetuates

Expresses

Oppresses

Depresses

Suppresses

Demands

Commands

Reprimands

Countermands

Strains

Drains

Constrains

Restrains

Rules

Fools

Dulls

Lulls

Drills Grills Stills Kills

Pain can be mean Pan can be seen Pain can be felt Pain can be dealt

Pain – always painful! But some pains – gainful!

Tom Higgins



I am a sixty four year old man, who has lived in West Cumbria since I was born here in Egremont in 1954. I am married with two daughters and I am also a proud grandfather. I started to write at the age of fifty six, having previously never written much more than business reports, and the odd postcard. I also started to try and draw and paint when I was sixty one, and I am still learning.

https://www.reverbnation.com/q/79rcxo

Blessed are the Meek

He awoke under the rubble the weight pressed down his breathing laboured, he tried to move but he had trouble feeling his legs or his arms or hands, only his mind was not numb he could hear the screams, and he could see the flickering flames and he could taste the dust, and smell the blood. and the bitterness of burnt meat rising from below him within the smoke and the heat. He tried to shout he raised a squeak he was six years old, "blessed are the meek."

A Cumbrian's Last Request

Just once more
Let me see that Cumberland shore
With the backdrop of mountains high,
And before me floating
Above the mist on the Irish sea
The Viking Isle with her twin peaks
Piercing a cloudless sky.

It's not much to ask before I go, To see for one last time Her natural beauty That I came to know and love, And to feel her rhythms, And hear her rhymes.

Let me breathe deeply this land
Of my ancestors birth,
The secret green jewel
Of our Mother Earth.
The starkness of her great grey battlements,
Commanding lush valleys of emerald green
With her sparkling clusters of diamonds,
Scattered in between.

This is the last desire
I have, and need to fulfil
To set me free,
And if you, like me were born here,
Then you'll understand this
Just like me.

Your Country Needs You

Once upon a time I saw a poster Of a general pointing straight at me And the words below shouted out That a soldier I should be.

Yes, a soldier now that was a thought I'd never had before I didn't fight, I'd never fought And I'd never been to war.

But myself, and millions of others Decided to heed the call And despite the tears of wives and mothers We trooped off all proud and tall

Together as mates from the villages and towns All over these sceptred isles We marched away laughing, but wizened frowns Soon replaced our naïve smiles.

In the trenches, the filth, the blood, The stench of death all around Half of my mates already gone for good disappeared into the ground.

This was not how we expected it to be When we all joined up to fight the Hun We thought we would all soon see Home again after having a bit of fun.

But fun, we soon learned has no place On these killing fields of France, The games played here are all based On death's macabre dance.

And in the morning at the rising sun Once more we go over the top To face bullets from the machine gun Which are relentless and never stop.

The bullets that cut down men
Like the scythes that cut the corn
But they keep sending us again and again
I now wish I'd never been born.

I wish I'd never been born to see The terrible things I've seen and done I wish I'd never been born to be Sent here to have some fun.

"You'll all be home for Christmas," The recruiting sergeant said. And here we still are months later With most of us already dead.

Victims of the bullet, the gas, The bayonet, shell, and bomb And at dawn we once again go en masse, To attack the enemy on the Somme.

Once upon a time I saw a poster Of a general pointing straight at me And the words below shouted out That a soldier I should be.

Mohammad Ikbal Harb

The Year of the Poet $\,V\,$ $^{\sim}$ July 2018



Mohammad Ikbal Harb is a Lebanese poet, novelist, essayist, and short story writer born in 1954. He holds a bachelor's degree in health care management from the University of Atlanta. His published works in Arabic include three novels: *The truth* (2010), *Here Lies The Seductress* (2013) and *The Black Peaked Sibyl* (2018); three short story collections: *Death of a Poetess* (2012), *Long Live the Regime* (2016), and *The New Blind Ones* (2018); and one poetry collection: *Lover of Amnesia* (2013). He has also published one poetry collection, *The Birth of a Poet* (2016), translated into both English and Italian.

Mohammad's articles, short stories, and poems have been published in Arab newspapers, literary magazines, and online literary websites. His poems have also been anthologized in the U.S. and Ireland. He has participated in numerous literary festivals, conferences, and forums in Lebanon, Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco, and Kosovo and has been frequently interviewed by Arab media.

He is a founder and member of many cultural, literary, and social organizations in Lebanon and other Arab countries. In 2017 he received Naji Naaman's Award For Creativity.

Links:

https://www.facebook.com/harbmh

https://mudawinaty.net/author/mudawinaty/

Email: <u>icucool@yahoo.com</u>

Who Wants My Kiss?

Who wants my kiss?
Who wants to dance with my heart?

A frozen kiss
A lifeless dance
My kiss is without a hug
My dance is the dance of parting

My lips are dry
scarlet, bleeding
from the cruelty of years
and lack of longing
They bleed again and again
on a sick body
a cordless soul
Who would take pity on me?
wipe my lips?
Who would be my walking stick
in an Eastern dance
Its log is hollow
Its drum is hypocrisy
Its melodies are crows
black, pale

He who dances with me the dance of a homeland will die without grief out of trees they made crosses out of his flowers they made sorrows

Who wants to dance with my heart? Who wants my kiss? a dance without sorrow a dance for a homeland.

Tedium wrangles with me

over the space I occupy which narrows down, diminishes snatching the remains of an old fragrance from my loneliness Emptiness sneers at me Loss dances with me The walls let me down and swallow the echo the echo of voices and memories On the wall I paint a cup of coffee that I share with nobody I light a cigarette... its bitterness kills me A fly flies around me I do not hear its buzzing Attentively I listen... deafness deprives me of sleep I smiled at her. painted another cup for her and told her about my beloved She rubbed her hands together... and slept on my hand I kissed her... and slept peacefully.

translated by Nizar Sartawi

By God

I do not hate you
I hold no grudge against you
nor do I wish you to die
I want you to taste
the flavor of crying
I hear your groans in the evening
and the sizzling of your ears
when utterances popple like rain
I want you to feel bitter
to desire annihilation

This is how I feel
This is what the generous have given me
This is your overflowing generosity
This is Adam's sword
and Eve's scalpel

You are killing me burning me with the filthiest of words the lowliest of things You call me stupid and lash me on the back I cry, you laugh I grieve, you rejoice adding plight to my plight

I am not stupid O father
No, I am not O mother
I love you O brothers
I am slow to understand
I walk clumsily
It is not my fault that I was born disabled

I cannot rival you in understanding things
There I go spuming
and shaking without hope
but a human being who has feelings
My longing bursts within my ribs
I have feelings of love
that chirp in the space
and rivers of kindness
looking for a sea with storms

Take away my feelings take all my life without exception leave in the wilderness but do not call me stupid... by God

translated by Nizar Sartawi

Cliza Søgiøt



Eliza Segiet graduated with a Master's Degree in Philosophy.

Her works can be found in anthologies and literary magazines worldwide.

Aqueduct

The aqueduct between To Be and Not To Be has no marked length.

What we leave at the end depends on us, but it may belong to the world.

After coming off the aqueduct of life - it is worth living.

translated by Artur Komoter

It Was the Same

There will no longer be home, smoke from the chimney.
There will be no tomorrow.
Rotten beams
cannot withstand the pressure of time.
In the crooked house
a hunched woman
— waits.

It's like it used to be, out there behind the house flows a river. Only now the children do not have time to look at old age.

Time took away youth

— like the night takes away the evening.

There is no longer smoke from the chimney, no chimney, and there behind the house still flows a river.

translated by Artur Komoter

Moss

At dawn she visited a neighbour – the one on the second floor, and she only sighed: not just yet, I don't want to, I have to... She did not finish.

On the sinuous, unstable—like life—stairs they went together to where the earth can give birth—only to moss.

translated by Artur Komoter

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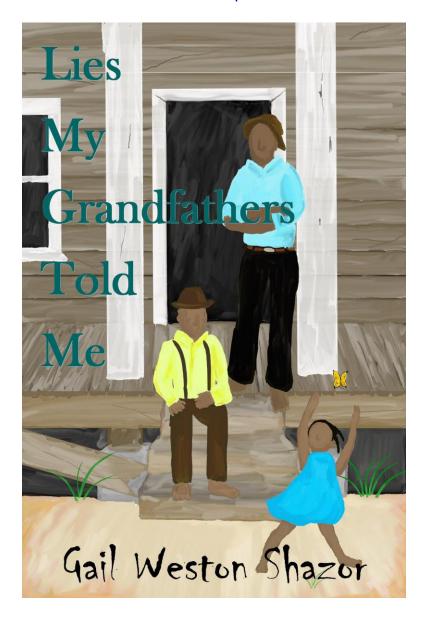
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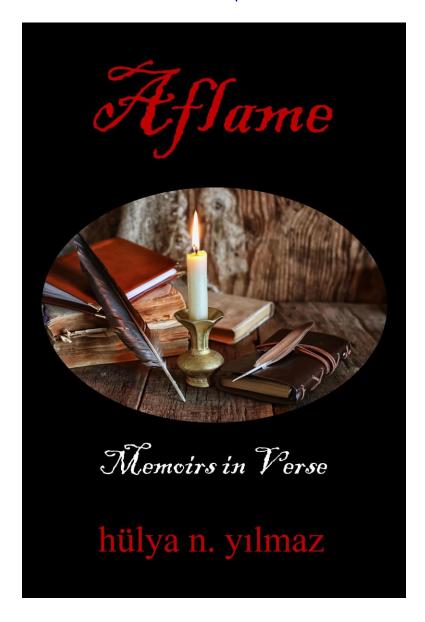
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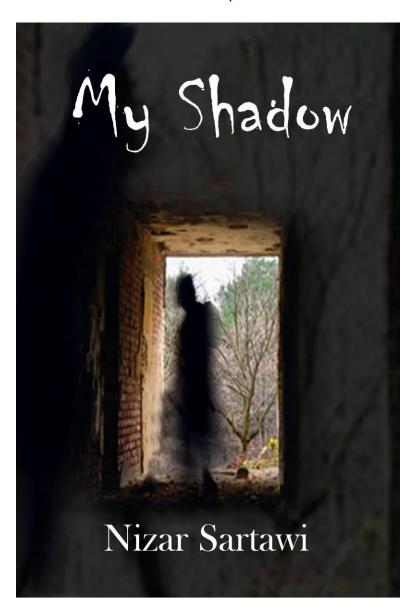
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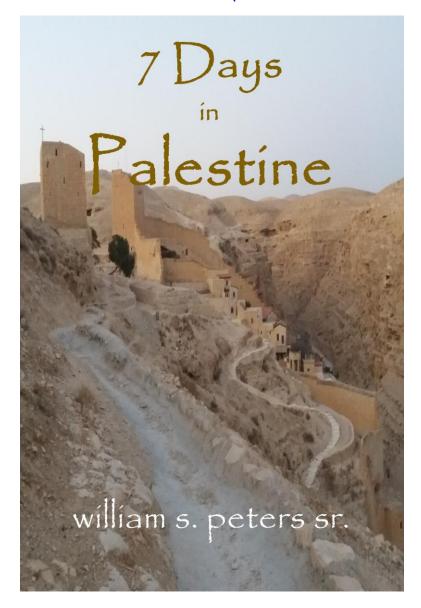
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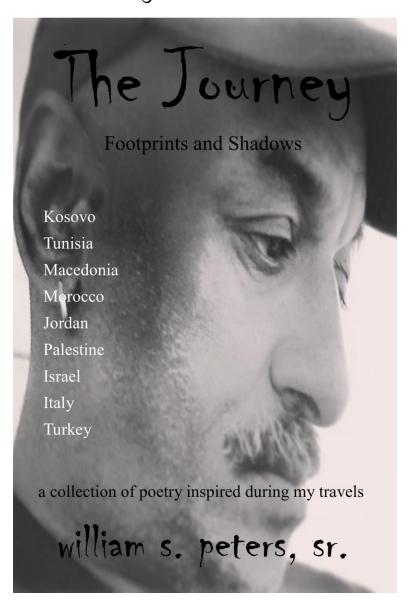
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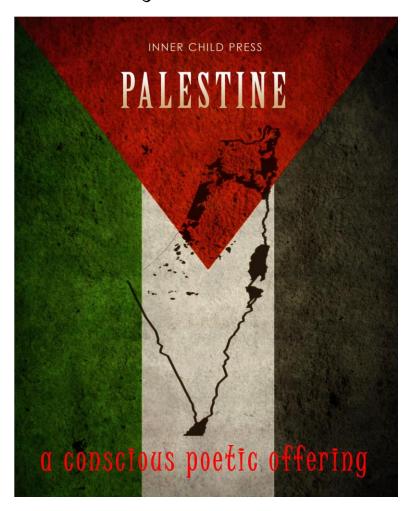
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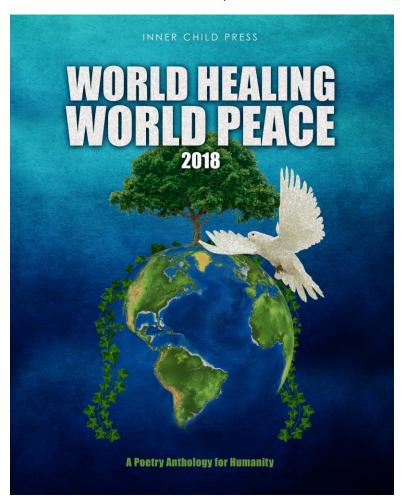


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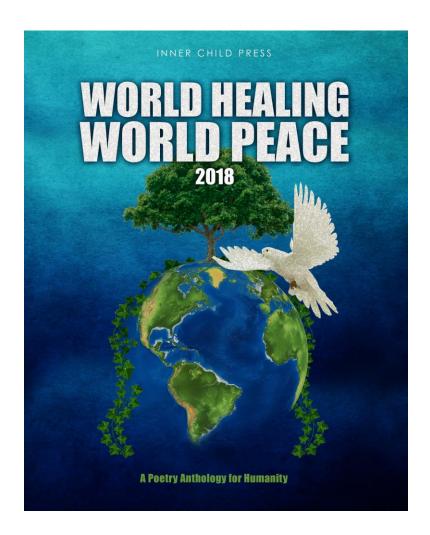
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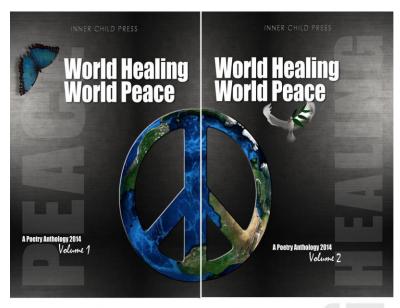


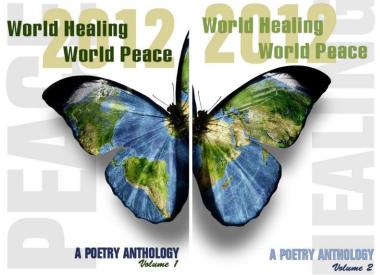
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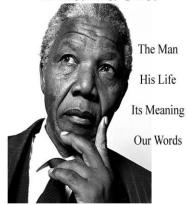


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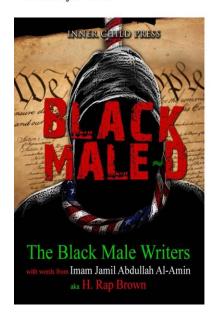
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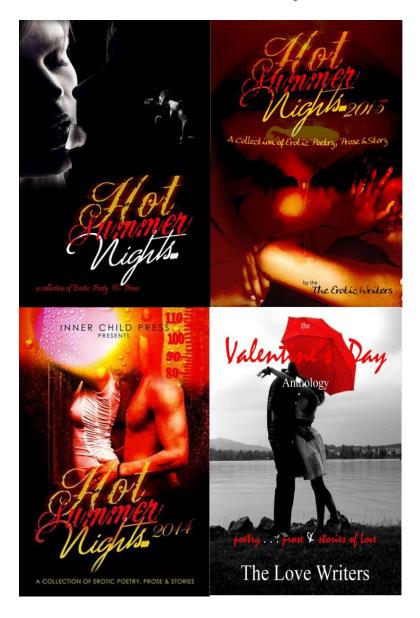


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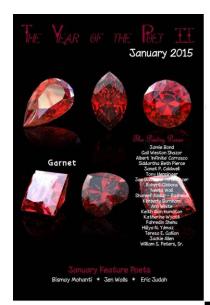
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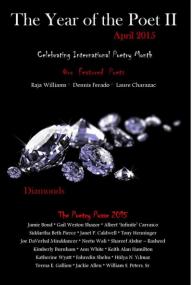
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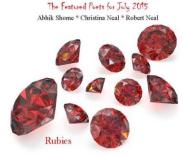


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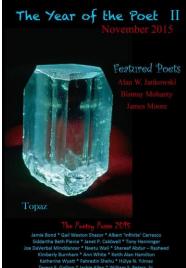
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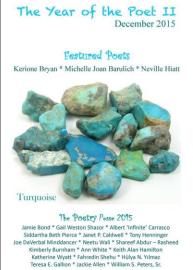
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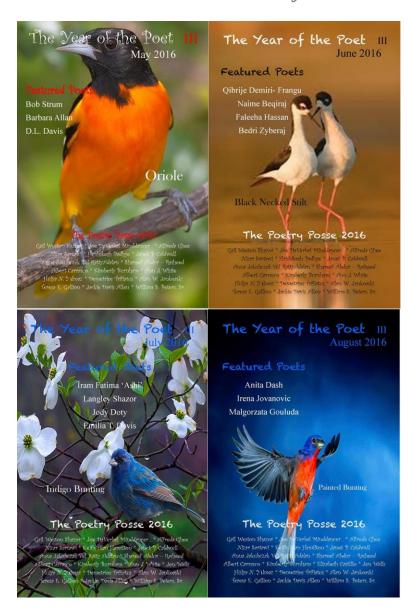




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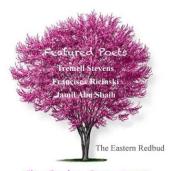


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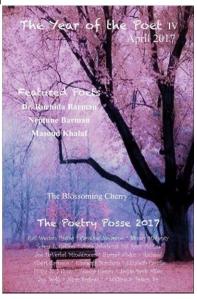
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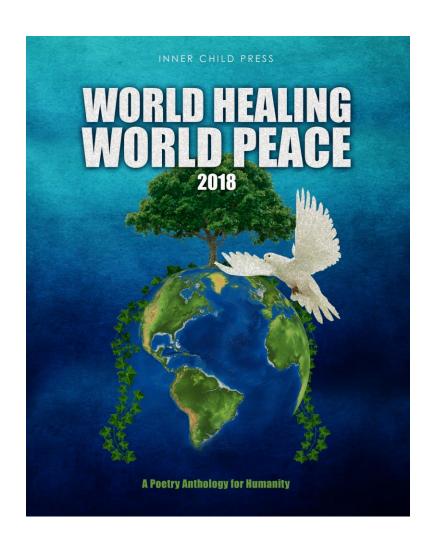
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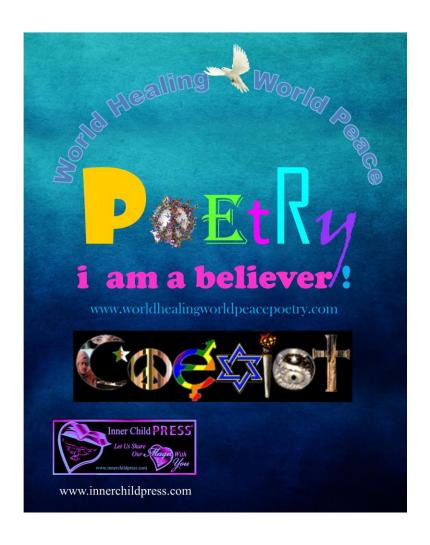
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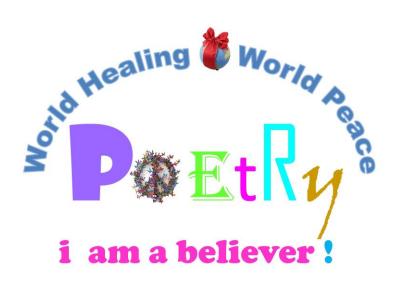
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