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

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.

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The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VIII July 2021 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD IF F BE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Midlife of the year, midlife crises, life can't be measured.

Has life truly found a new leaf? I wonder when the leaves turn, will mask, or not to mask, be the question.

Mid-summer maybe just a start.

Tensions tend to rise during warmer times.

The art of war never seems to run out of ideas.

War as a medium, now that's different.

Goncalao Mabunda had that vision.

Imaginings of what one could do,
with monies spent on death, spent on life.

College educated men who can't define
infrastructure.

Will destroy the enemy's infrastructure. we as artist truly must do better to explain the madness.

From sculptor to script, to pigments only found in nature.

We must persist by any means available.

Sticks and stones to guns and drones.
is war relative to sales?
does peace truly effect the bottom line?
Some of us are just trying to keep others from dying.

We blend of poets, much like the ekphrasis derived from war. We share our thoughts in this balance of The Year of the Poet.

Joe 'DaVerbal Mindancer' Paire Poet, Activist

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, now over ½ way through our eighth year of monthly publication of *The Year of the Poet*. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

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

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

DS

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

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

Goncalao Mabunda

July 2021

A sculptor in Mozambique, Goncalao Mabunda transforms weapons into sculptures based on traditional thrones, masks, and other motifs to combat violence and instability. Mabunda tells us: Do not destroy but transform. Do not erase but use weapons to redesign a new world of peace, so as to forget the atrocities of war.

https://openbuffalo.org/files/documents/Social-Justice-and-the-Arts.pdf

"Ex Africa semper aliquid novi", which, translated from Latin, means: "There is always something new out of Africa." ~Pliny the Elder





Art from weapons by Goncalao Mabunda www.flickr.com/photos/han350d/38128044836





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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of ...

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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Thrones

Ι

Upon

Very new

Thrones of non grace

Am prickled and stung

By the weapons of war

At my feet and at my back

But I shall build a new kingdom

And the forges of humanity

Will keep at bay the darker side of men

Bones

The songsmith says

The knee is connected to the leg

Bone

Straight and long

Center and core of strength

Bone

Dense yet porous

Carrying the weight of life

Bones

Easily broken by sticks and stones

Words can bend them

Bones

Little ones, big ones

Curved and hollow

Bones

Lots of them

Piled high in the shallow earth

Bones

Uncovered and unclothed

Unskinned and unmuscled

Bones

Unraced and unethniced

Untall and unshort

Bones

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust

Bones

When I am no longer connected

Who will tend my

Bones?

Hydration

Water hydrants shoot skyward
And we run headfirst into the spray
Screaming and shouting
So the neighbors can hear
None of us own bathing suits
So we pull the legs of our shorts
As high as we can
For this brief cleansing
Young mothers carry babies into
Our own river Jordan

And it is not for the babies
But for themselves
So that they can remember the feel
Of before responsibility
Far too young for such a burden
And yet here they are
On the same street they grew up on
Breasts barely full
Waiting on angel to touch them
Seal their lips with salvation

Nothing this good ever lasts
And we can hear the sirens of
The water and power trucks coming
So we all dance harder
And twirl faster
So not one inch of us is dry
Mothers begin to come out
To gather their own
Back onto hard, dry, hot stoops
Carrying whatever raggedy toweling
They can muster up on such short notice

It's Saturday
And the fire hydrant has been breached
So now we must return to walk ups
And hope the fan is on in the windows
One by one we are cleaned
Greased and in pajamas
We are sat between knees with
Combs and hair grease
Tomorrow we will hear about
Crossing the river
But for today we already been in Jordan.

Alicja Maria Kubgrska

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ July 2021



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

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

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

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

Wish

Let's turn swords into plows. Iron can hurt the ground or bring hope for a good harvest.

Let's convert the time of war, full of hate and destruction, to ages of abundance and happiness

Let there be only a gun as a museum exhibit in our new world of peace.

Good lies

Good lies smile despite the sadness in their eyes They bring words of encouragement and consolation to the sick and the doubters.

They create a world of rainbow mirages about a beautiful and distant future

The truth will always come
- it is waiting patiently outside the door

Then good lies splash like a fragile soap bubble They are remembered as an illusory hope

This moment

At a time like this, you can shut up in the middle of a soap bubble and soar high to a place in which the wind writes white hieroglyphs on the blue of the sky and arranges images from clouds. There, silence plays like music and the power of the cosmos can be felt

And then you have to see a rainbow in a drop of water and fall with the rain on a tree branch, rustle with a chorus of leaves and rest on a soft spider web.

In this moment, the joy of life is hidden - the greatest mystery of the universe

all bird crossed the calm surface of the lake. The water rippled and wrinkled.

The charm of this moment was reflected in the mirror of water. The blue and white feathers appeared in the green

This minute enchanted in postage stamps still goes on and reminds of that time as Mother Nature smiled and sent colorful letters around the world

Jackiz Pavis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

None-Offensive Response

Struggling

Within, and

Without.

Seeking, finding ways

To respond

To chaos.

Choosing

To create, to discover Opportunities.

Responsibly

Confronting, lovingly

Without violence.

Transforming

Improving attitudes,

Lives, the world.

Easier Said than Done

When she sat down, she took pen to pad, Yet had little idea What would transpire.

Even still, she searched her imagination, Searched for the inherent key That releases the poetic gift Coming from voices begging relief.

She wrote, erased, deleted. Wrote. Discovered that, potential blossoms From fertile seeds sown.

With attention, care, today She diligently tends her garden, The fruits of which produce Poetry, prose, and song.

Appreciation's indulgent smile Continues to provide, generously Answers to prayers.

For that which she'd dreamed, desired, Today she takes pride that from effort And doing due diligence, inspiration Might also arrive to motivate others.

The Body Politic

When, in the course of a nation's declaration, a team would have you believe that their way is the only way, one paved with self-serving songs. And, to them only all glory and honor belong:

Do not let them lead you or your principles astray. They are but a band of feckless fomenters.

In the swirling aftermath of a competitor's ascension, some by their weeping and red eyes would flush common sense into the muck of muddled waters so as to poison the minds of their cultish recruits.

Do not let them anywhere near your soul. They are experienced and determined agitators.

Disregarding the people's stated choice, when the trophy of success is finally awarded, the nose of thumbsuckers would have you tearing down, burning bridges anciently old Or newly built, so resist their spurious, fatuous, invitations.

They are but an undisguised clique of misfits, A mis-mash of malcontents.

Upon the disbursement, the distribution of safe rooms and not a few pacifiers, the cult stands at attention or kneels in the party's disgraced but loyal receiving line. Turn your head if you will. as their scent permeates.

Tickets are not needed to applaud their demise: The nakedly ambitious faction of activists.

Soon, with the new day and its coming age, a people shall unwind the communistic ball of propaganda, a wall of approval shall then rise up.
So, ignore the theatrics of the misanthrope's sour disrespect and despair.

Pray, instead, that peace shall reign over our land; Pray, too, relief from the carping-clan of hot-heads.

Assault not your nation or its good name with tongues flaming rhetoric's shame and greed. Belittle nor dishonor its flag or song. Celebrate Instead the expiration of hate, the gadfly's eventual departure. Even still, we must hold him accountable.

Beware the various branches of activist agents. Beware the media's provocateurs of revenge..

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



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

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

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

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

A Throne Song

The Bamboo trees follows the sun, diagonal shadows with the winds

The teacups drank to each other, but the moon woke up while drunk

On the candlestick, randomly fetch a volume of the desk book

A new picture of the iron bridge circling by the river in front of me

Bunch of chains of irons across the ages

Good rare ah? this screen is so silent and picturesque

They didn't agree that the sea in the angry waves was a form of brutality

People today are easy to follow the crowd

The bells in the morning and the drums in the evening that tell the time, the fine iron bars shuttle in the gaps

The red cast iron looks like a mountain with emerald green from a distance

Twists and turns along the edge

Yesterday, failed to board the bridge to look far

Today, try to see everything this seat can

I am meditating in the meantime

The tips of clouds are so high and the bird's back feathers are beyond reach

Even surpassing the dancing of thoughts in a high place

Real man does not fear nothing achievements
Don't be entangled with the thin iron bars in the gap
Let the ambition appear so arrogant
Look at the throne that has been built
Since ancient times, heroes rarely have of high principle
Support me so not to be trapped by the drooping iron fibers
Which depressed like a wave and flew out swiftly like a
mountain stream

When The North Swallows Have Flown South

This couldn't keep far from the hustle and bustle castle With the warmth of spring

Group after group of sprouting willows

Hidden in the empty garden hidden under the clouds Pairs of petrels

Holding their wings and flying over the window outside the curtain

A pair of fair ladies accompanied each other around the forest path

The cherry's blooming flowers provoked them to break the branches and dyed to red their hair buns

Last night it rained slightly till dawn
Along the west bank of the lake
New blooms were all over the old bushes
Traffic and crowds triggered breezes full of sleeves
In that forest
I leaf at will to pick a pairs of branches
Send a message to the person in the dream
Hope when the hibiscus bloom next time
Still leave a green shadow for me

Peppermints and golden lotus fell red half full of river Allowed light rain to wash my little courtyard Leaning on the railing to ask the bright moon high up speechlessly

Empty beams, told me when will swallows flied away to return?

The dream of remembrance has always been difficult to come true

The faint light by the window behind me was bright and dark

Was it possible

Had the remaining flying shadows of swallows hinted that spring is coming to an end?

The Moonset Accompanied By The Sky Full Of Stars

The glow of the sea by the sea red over the emerald green of the smoke in the mountains

Moonlight reflects the Yangtze River covering the autumn water

Cold galaxy

Try to defend itself

About the remnant snow on shallow sand with white waves The master laughed mockingly

Sword up in the sky

The east wind is still blowing freely to the end of the world

A few clumps of reeds

Several reflections of the flat boat

The frost fell heavily towards the orange grove let the red became more red

Peach Mountain

The road spirals and connects

I don't know where the flute sounds

The fisherman's song sounded deep

The dust and fog conceal the morning noise

The tower on the peak looks at the world with squinting eyes

Previous years

Climb alone to the highest level at the top of the lonely cloud

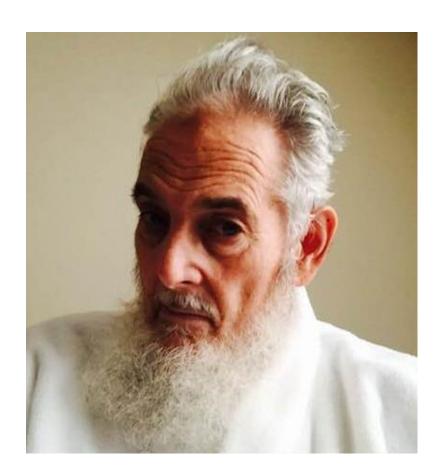
Aloof difficult to tame

Those stars are clearly standing beside me

I can only sigh helplessly, it is hard to fly without wings Never tell me that

The real world in my hometown belongs only to gods

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

Swords into Ploughshares

Goncalo Mabunda did Mabunda did his land on fire Mozambique blazing in civil war this artist found a way to express his love of peace out of the ashes he transformed dismay to hope of better days through swords into ploughshares spears into pruning hooks his art a voice of peace a force of rebirth this an example of the power of art and a creator of loving heart that is Goncalo Mabunda artist of life enhancing creativity

degree

to guide, admonish thee from the wahi revealed obligations imposed status of mother, father more solid than gold first mother in Allah(swt) favor then father, amir by Allah(swt) degree directs family to walk on path of righteousness leads by example loving, caring, ample manifestation of obligation to be there to care, kindness, dedication made clear through consistency, stability, dependability in nurturing family so it's solid, healthy instilling quality, fulfilling sacred duty to teach, reach out, embrace, maintain from that what Al-Rizaq ordained sustained commitment laced with love, kindness, patience, all embodied in the degree to commission men to lead with tagwa their families loaned to test sincere devotion owed to thee bestower of all that life consist so that mercy will not cease to shower down and blessings abound to achieve the best in this life and the next for those who believe.

Double down..,

put haq (truth) on top, make the batal (falsehood) stop tell the people the glad tidings, give it up! remember guidance comes only from Allah(swt)^ that can make batal stop, put hag on top all we can do is all you can but the bottom line is Allah's plan only he can guide humans, be it women, man those who got give it up while there's time before your heart stops give it here, there everywhere get it on with the god fear take the instructions clear, then give, give defeat the fear of not having enough here Allah's Rizaq bestower of the portions tawakeel, tawakeel, trust in him be his slave and the chains that make you cling to the earth will break away Nur (light) from jannah will fill your grave

everything you give will reappear but multiplied, here and in the grave and beyond when we die look at Allah(swt) supply, he gives, gives, gives and the supply

never dies or shrink

will your supply go dry when you give from the bounties Allah(swt)?

bestowed, what you think?

Answer: No, no, never in fact it will Grow, Grow, Grow forever

you got to give to get it, see? The only thing you can take

your grave is your deeds.

give it up, plant the seeds for the time that draws near when you

really will be in need, Taqwa* my dear, get down with the god fear you believe in Jannah tul Niam?** only Allah's mercy will put you there but one thing for sure other than your deeds you can't take it with ya and you sure as hell can't stay here we got to die my dear, we got to die! but die on eman la e laha ill lil lah you passed the test your life here and the next a success

^(swt) = All glory to Allah *Taqwa = Fear of Allah(swt), hear & obey **Jannah Tul Niam = Garden of Bliss

Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ July 2021



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Transform

Do not destroy rather transform an artist tells us use words weaponized with hate reclaim alter turn the words around peacefully send them on their way

Weapons Recycling Haiku

Guns transformed, beauty
a world where they have served, now
recycled in peace

Bringing Peace Near

In Swahili, a language of Mozambique peace is said, "amani" and a way to bring peace closer in a Swahili proverb "understanding attracts peace it brings near that which is far" what is far that you wish near look around understand another Swahili expression "amani ya juu" means "peace from above" as if peace can be near above and all around us with recognition

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

Art and Peace

Art transforms
An ailing society
Into something new
Breaking the bonds
That tie
Inhuman deeds and lies,
Art heals
A catharsis for change
When humanity becomes blind,
To the atrocities of violence.

Paradox

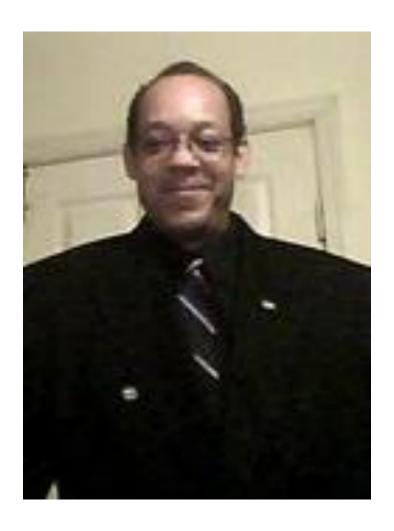
I am a paradox
The more I listen,
The more I learn.
The more I learn,
The more I evolve
The Universe
Conspires for me
To achieve my dreams
If I set my heart into it.
I dare not follow the crowd
For I was born to stand out
A paradox
Complex yet deep,
Beautifully fragile.

Enigma

You are an enigma,
Unfathomable
Yet seekers you attract
Armed with mystery and charm
Enamoring hard hearts
Saving wretched souls.
An enigma,
Unforgettable soul
With such endless suffering
Now, redeeming yourself
From eternal damnation.

Jog Pairg

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ July 2021



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

Gunstalks and **Boots**

I was shell-shocked when I first saw it. A wrought iron mess of wrought iron. Like so many sculptures I've seen on country roads This one stood out like never before.

A handmade chair from leftover farm equipment I could almost see the ornery owner in suspendered jeans. Y'all ain't from around here are you, come on in and have drink.

Every piece of memory stuck to his chair was explained. He redirected his focus not on the loss of life. It was more like the efforts of Goncalao Mabunda. to repurpose war into beauty.

I sipped the homemade lemonade, in what was the hottest day of July. I was thinking where this chair, would fit in my home?

I never asked if it was for sale, Knowing me I'd embellish a bit of the story. "Do not destroy but transform." "Do not erase but use weapons to redesign a new world peace, so as to forget the atrocities of war."

The sun's rays cast unusual shadows through twisted metal. What costs more, a tank or a harvester? For those who only see a pile of junk. Warcraft costs billions, and obsolete before the first drop.

Red Eyed Creatures

It was seventeen years ago to the day. Their cries were so loud, it was like a tale of the banshees.

They came like a mechanized army. their uniforms were grotesquely grotesque. These red eyed creatures didn't come for war.

They came to make love, like a man unjustly incarcerated The women the faithful women had waited Who wouldn't want a piece after that hibernation?

I'm just saying don't land on me. I stayed inside most of the time, I don't mind. I'm just saying don't land on me this time.

I haven't killed any of them yet, I don't want to. I had to check my approach, I'm still suffering from "Black Wall Street Blues"

We were often considered no better than roaches How can I kill what doesn't appeal to my focus? Notice the non-existing analogy?

I don't want those red eyed creatures landing on me. I can't get into entomology, or dude what's wrong with me. Deuteronomy, Yahweh, y'all wait a minute.

It's raining today, that alien sound gave way to the clouds. I see dead red eyed creatures all over the ground. I haven't killed not one, I still don't like them, but sometimes I feel like one.

Twelve Books To Go

Better meet that quota Better make that order We can smell the odor, you're dead inside.

Crisis at the border No executive slaughter You don't even bother if it cost your lives.

You lied about who voted You wish it were verboten So, you implement a policy that will deny our rights.

Let's cut to the chase There's been enough waste I see you're thinking making decisions like the Third Reich

Tell me I'm wrong with what I see going on No one will believe that it's a fair fight.

For the love of slaves
For the money graves
You've been trying to bury us since our first rights

For the love of peace
For the love of the read
I give these words in hopes you'll breathe a new light

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 https://hulyanyilmaz.com/

Editing Web Site https://hulyasfreelancing.com

to transform war

i imagine raising children right now i imagine there is some clout left in me i so imagine

the K-12 curricula in the U.S.A. will then allow plenty of room for Goncalao Mabunda, a Mozambican sculptor to study at home and in schools across the board

this unique artist etches his message of peace in the heart of the globe

imagine! he redesigns weapons, turning them into sculptures

born in 1975 in Mozambique's Maputo, Mabunda eternalizes actual weapons through a rare form of metamorphosis in his skilled and able hands, the cruelties of war become visual images and thus, beacons of world peace recycled bullets, AK47s and many other war supplies emerge, in the words of Pliny the Elder, as "something new out of Africa"

Goncalao Mabunda's art, of course, only reaches those members of humanity who choose to keep their eyes as well as their minds awake, wide-awake at all times

Are We Not All Hypocrites?

I often marvel at our hypocrisy; how we came to sympathize with those who faced in the past or still face the ferocity and the explosive nature of war.

How can we possibly know what the war-mongers do to the helpless bystanders, if we ourselves have not been subjected to such an existence, that is?

Too bad! So sad!

What can we ever do, what do we ever do other than muttering useless words of momentary sympathy, empathy, pity?

Too bad! So sad!

The Collective Memory of One's Country

Goncalao Mabunda is his name. His country of birth enjoys his fame, though it is not at all only for Mozambique to claim ownership over his ingenious capability.

Find first Mabunda's Mozambique on the world map. Think back to that country's brutal conflict of the past; namely, The Mozambican Civil War from 1977 to 1992. Imagine, if you can, a long, horrifying civil war in 2021. Picture, if you can, more than 700,000 people being displaced, to say the least.

This renowned sculptor survives and chronicles his country's collective memory. He melds arms, left behind by the year of 1992 for the divided territory. AK47s, rocket launchers, pistols and other annihilating objects metamorphose into anthropomorphic forms in his hands. The masks he assembles exhibit a local history of traditional African art.

Deactivated weapons of war as political connotations? Yes, of course!

Once taken in as the beautiful objects that they are; however, his work reflects the transformative power of art while it showcases the resilience and creativity of African civilian societies. Each of the tribal symbols and traditional pieces of ethnic African art takes its permanent and prominent space in the globally diverse viewers' hearts.

The collective memory of his country is, therefore, engraved for generations of different cultures to come.

Tgrgsa C. Gallion

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ July 2021



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

Heavy Metal

He channels the violence in creative chaos. Causes a pause to reflect on transformation of negatives to positives.

Look closely and see peace emerge from rough resistance that massages the hands of those who bleed from the weight of heavy metal.

Weapons converted to sculpture give us an invitation to thoughtfully pursue harmony and not war.

Breaking Fear Barriers

I don't know why I have this burning to travel and push my boundaries. Perhaps learning a new breed of freedom will break the fear barriers.

Sitting here by the river watching it timelessly flow, I feel like the river today with a strong urge to move.

I do not know where that will take me. My soul is enjoying the ride as my broken body struggles to keep up.

It must be the peacefulness that draws me to a river that continues to run without a care in the world.

Chocolate Resistance

When I think of you, I think of chocolate. Your smooth black velvet skin tenderly teases the senses. I cannot resist the urge to reach for you in my dreams.

Even the doors are drunk tonight with your sacred dust moving locks. Where did you come from?

I was certain you were removed from my thoughts, words and deeds. Here you are invading my space with the scent of chocolate.

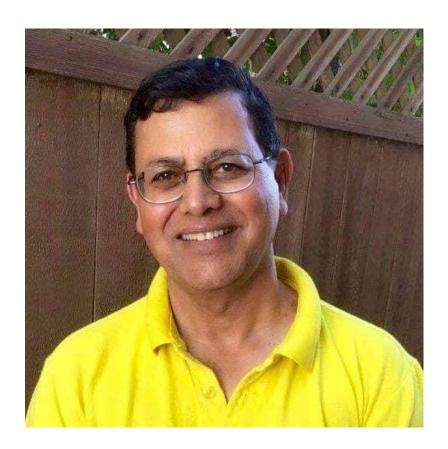
Such a mean, selfish stroke.

Look at my newsreel across the sky.

I gave up your chocolate years ago,
buried it deep in the caves of detachment.

I am pleased to be able
to resist you with grace and kindness.

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.

There is Always Something New

Hindu gods and angels wear weapons to shield and protect the believers.
They mount on birds, beasts and sea mammals for speed and efficiency.
They have more than two arms or numerous heads to multitask and discharge many weapons simultaneously.

That's new when bullets bloom from bended arches of rifles. In the temples of art tanks become idols for faithful to worship.

That's new when humanity rides on broken wings of fighter planes. A scene to behold when guns smoke like incense in refugee camps.

I wonder no more there is always something new.

Half A Face

Sky is alive with bright hues of orange, yellow and gray beneath the dark green cedar tree. It is quiet on the bench where we sit thinking darkness is just another shade of light.

Inhaling deep, you clear your throat wipe tears and begin to sing lyrics in a broken voice. Telling stories of unfulfilled dreams you ripple with pain but regain composure soon.

You shine like a half moon thin like a sheet of paper sliced directly down the center with a razor-sharp precision.

A Sign

The afternoon sun is a fireball skimming the horizon. Inside the church hymns being sung filling the air with aphorism about finding the way home.

The fence separating priest's podium from the parishioners illuminated with the light filtering through the stained-glass windows, created an image of Jesus fallen off the cross, stuck in the fence.

Awaken the gods mop up the ichor make room for the homeless, aliens and destitute because it's a sign!

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ July 2021



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

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 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 clothesline art gallery

unmask sunny Saturday
hampers are full,
left and right bubbly business
each one seeks social justice
flirting with the whites first,
then colored next,
great arithmetic collision
on the multichromatic props,
hang it up there, clip it that way
that makes your role-valet
come what may,
create spaces and art your way!

ten thousand more

you bring smiles to the princess who eagerly waits for you to start the Cocomelon's ABCs and melodious one-two-three even at times, we fall down and have sleepy heads, when you strum the guitar you lighten up gloomy days, as we exchange vawns and stretches most of the time, we do crisscross and L-shape room for the little one, your guessing games about butterflies dream catchers, panda and everything inside the room, seemingly made routines over our daily rainbows even colors do not match those grand written wishes you are the heart you are the love whom we adore ten thousand more and beyond.

Celebrate YEG

Get inside the Y-E-G spaceship As we celebrate your ONEderful exploration! You're a perfect gift to the family's constellation, For now, Daddy and Mommy are your galactic homes, For now grannies are your universe Of love and wisdom, For now, godparents are your cosmic paths for caring and sharing, For now, the senior and junior crews are your aunts and uncles, and adorable cousins, For now, enjoy giving everyone starry smiles, moonlit kisses, heavenly charm sunshiny hugs, meteor showers of giggles While your planetary milestones As you learn to walk and talk Bring us blast of happiness... One day soon, be a rocket Of faith, hope, love, and respect As you grow, our precious child Kneel and pray to our divine Master of Masters, Be blessed, through all the years!

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

singing the song of metamorphosis

melody of hope local for global death into life no more guns never to destroy but to create never to erase but to use a candid journey from instability to stability violence to nonviolence deactivating weapons redesign a new world of peace the anti war activist who converted spears into hooks swords into ploughs weapons to sculptures based on thrones, masks and other motifs to march forward towards heavenly creation an open challenge to the absurdity of war a big NO to rockets ,pistols ,shells they can be converted to anthropomorphic figures death into life weapons, shells of the civil war recycled and reused; redesigned in an aesthetic and artistic way peace is a hymn the construction is in the mindset he is a peace activist

Goncalao Mabunda
speaking the silent language through sculpture
an eye opener
a butterfly on the mast of the submarine
singing the song of metamorphosis
celebrating peace; the eternal language

autobiography of an ambulance driver

dear my love your body wrapped in a white loin cloth was dumped by them I have seen only your right palm a palm, so beautiful as if a wax hand with radiant colours of mehendi how I wish till date to see your face each night you descend from the sky as multiple moons and kiss lips mine I am in love with you dear they brought you from the city hospital on a stretcher police behind holding files I saw your mother screaming as if she wanted to tear the sky

they said you were pregnant so your lover killed you. your character assassination was going on in the crematorium but I love you dear girl you had the rights to sing, smile, dance and love live a life an ordinary life if not an extraordinary

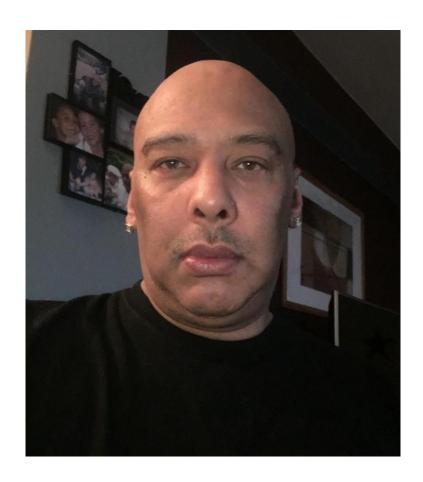
I am an ambulance driver ... how long shall I carry the buds of unknown garden? Is death so dark? has love a dark face too? is life a tough business?

mehendi;-mehendi is a form of body art using the paste of henna plant.

deciphering a prelude

under the lamp post two shadows a parting path between two green alphabets nano smiles an ounce of rhapsody exotic ebb and flow in terms of the oeuvre a single door opens pristine journey starts

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



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

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

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

Infinite Poetry

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

Goncalo Mabunda

make peace not war,

make art out of weapons for gore.

Goncalo Mabunda would make art out of guns and clips and other man made tools for made for murder,

boots from a fallen soldier that'll leave footprints on the heart of an aching mother forever,

Bullets, bombs, mortors, all type of ammunition that would've been used and was used for mass murder.

Mabunda turned death into life, he understood that brother killing brother is trife,

he didn't want to see or hear about people being shot, speared or pierced by a jagged edged knife.

There was nothing but peace on his mind, his structures of art can be seen displayed at museums

all over the world, from africa, to New York's Art and design.

Goncalo Mabunda received hundreds of thousands of items off the battle field and molded them

into beautifully ugly art with hopes to help battles yield. the thought provoked from his pieces create visions of a hatred sheild.

make peace not war,

make art out of weapons for gore.

Assassination of character

The agony, the pain, after they pulled the trigger this is what the bullet rang after the

bang, as It twirls like little ballerina girls, its searching for death, or the best thing next,

like being a veggy or paraplegic, a wheelchair is detrimental, when feet have no use for

walking on cement, or after being bullet riddled we become bed ridden, with a tube

leading to a bag, for us to piss and shit in.

If we do walk again after the hot spirally object impacts, we may walk with limps, or with

a set of crutches for amputated limbs, or a walker with tennis balls on the ends so we

don't slip. burn marks mark our body from every bullet that left a clip. I tried to tattoo

over what guns do, if you look you can't tell, but if you touch your feel rugged epidermis

where the bullets went through, they protrude.

When its foggy or it rains, I got a slug by my lung, on these days I feel the most pain,

they say they spray with no names, not this day I was the indented target to this lame,

he called a queen out her name, so I came with the knuckle game like mosley, next

thing you know he pulled the trigger, the bullet rang after the bang, that sucker left me

with 4 holes staggering into emergency, they started flushing me, lead poison testing

me, it was a 50 50 chance to live if they operated me, I was only 16, moms chose to

opt out of surgery on me, to the street world I am now an outsider, inside me ill forever

have a street life reminder,

Why

Why did he do it

From where I am, I can rewind time and see his every action

I'm studying him to understand why

He wakes up in the morning, kisses his wife and three baby's, just as I did

I'm watching him get dressed for work just as i am It's crazy how two unfamiliar faces are doing the same thing I Different places

I put on my work clothes

He puts on his ensemble

I walk downstairs to check my mail box

He carefully walks downstairs, holding his waistline, making sure what he's holding don't drop

My car is parked two blocks away, it's at a spot on the corner, so I'm walking

There he goes walking my direction stalking

I can sense the danger

Today we will no longer be strangers

I ruffle through my pockets for the keys

My window shatters

What he had in his waistline is now pointed at me

I'm watching myself plead

I'm begging him not to shoot

He's persistently screaming give me the loot

I give it to him, but he still shoots to kill

He runs off with what I just got out the mailbox,

Which was payroll for my guys

He runs back upstairs, with the look of greed in his eyes

His wife looks and ask what's wrong

He says I just killed to pay our bills

Turns out he was recently fired from his nine to five

So now I know but still don't understand

Why "I" had to die

Eliza Segiet



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nominated for the Pushcart Prize 2019.

Nominated for the iWoman Global Awards (2019).

Laureate Naji Naaman Literary Prize 2020.

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

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

Ambassador of Literature granted by Motivational Strips.

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

Humility

To Goncal Mabund

Time has come for understanding – rifles bullets or other annihilating blasters, might become sculptures.

The attributes of war changed into a dialogue between them

– the mindless and the understanding it's not art for its own sake, but time of humility towards others' existence.

Their target is

– to stop death,
as to awake the life.

Translated by Ula de B.

Not Found

What should I mourn?

A lost house? It is not worth it.

I have yet a place to last.

To last for life? I do not know.

Until someone reports that underground, with the rats lives a wanted not yet found, needed by children, ordinary human.

What should I mourn? War?

I do not have in me so many tears.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Heart's Silence

Swooned love can only wait for its time. So many years of heart's silence does not give hope for returns.

Yet unbelief in what seemed impossible was a mistake.

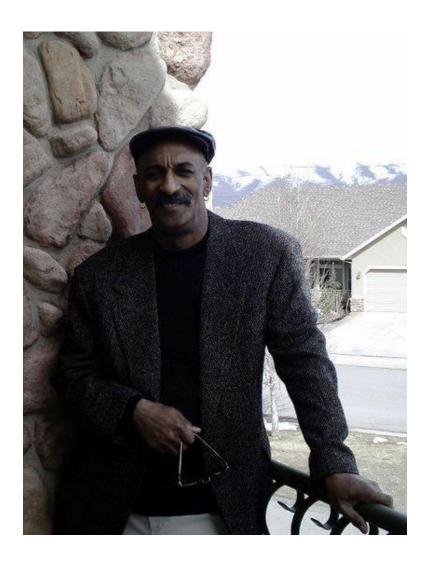
After all, it is worth loving people again.

Evil is not in everyone, people still learn it.

One just has to stop them – show them the Human beauty.

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Tinker Art

A tinkerer does what a tinkerer does A tinkerer does what a tinkerer loves

Do what you love Tinker at it Tinker with it Tinker at it Like you love it

Make your love art And your art love

Make love not war

Disabled and Labeled

They tried to categorize me as Developmentally Disabled, For....
I refused to walk their line Which they claimed to be Simple, straight and correct

I could not understand then, And to this day, I have failed

What has Einstein, Shakespeare, Browning or Keats Done for me lately, Or ever at all?

Instead of Calculus,
I was trying to learn
How to calculate
So that i could navigate
Through this maze
Without raising
Too much notice
To the ...
Color of my skin.

But again and again
That alone became
The determining factor
Of the state of my
'Well Being'
Without due consideration for
My ability and my potential.

So therefore,
My possibilities were limited,
So they thought!
But because i was
'Developmentally Disabled'
In their eyes,
They never saw me coming!

When I was

I wish that I had met you When I was a young man, Strong and anxious With dreams bursting At the seams Ready to explore The world

Now all I have to offer Is memories and exaggerations Of how things used to be

What have I become?
What am I becoming?
Has the path through life's garden
Become any easier,
Or have I finally learned
The lessons of
Tolerance,
Patience and
IDGAF?

July 2021 Featured Poets



Iram Jaan

Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha

Lan Qyqalla



Iram Jaan



Iram Jaan

Myself Ronaq. I'm 16 years old. I live in Kashmir. My interest in poetry rose when i was 10 years old. During my 8th standard, i eventually started liking poetry and somehow tried to write something. And eventually i got so much connected to poetry, that whenever i feel blue, i start writing. It makes me feel calm and provides me a peaceful day. I'm not a born writer but i wanna become world's,"One of the most popular writer's". That's all i want. Thanks

One day

The problems will fly away
As if they never existed
The tears will get dry
With the warmth of trust
The pain will fade away
By the alleviation of love
The exuding wound will heal
While walking through the path of truth
The feelings will reach the stars
Where they'll attain the peace of heart
The faith will get stronger
When the heart espies the Creator
The lies of life will end
At the beautiful door of death.
Ronaq...

Forlorn

In the darkness of night, she descries moon. In the revengeful world, she amours to forgive. In the defunct situation, she finds vivacity. In the quandary, she remains optimistic. In the race of giving up, she keeps fighting for her. In the path of disrespect, she urges for respect. In the hour, when the people think of their own, she gets worried about the humanity. But in the flock of sheep, she is forlorn. Ronaq...

"O my dear luck" please, show some trust

I am an unlucky fellow and "my luck" you never made me mellow. I did a mistake by trusting you. You always made me bow before the situation .I never got, what i wanted but i always got, what you wanted me to have .

Why! tell me why! would I, trust you when you never thought of me.I wanted to conquer the world but you made me a big loser. You betreyed me "luck" like the way you did to .You are greedy; you always run after wealth. Do you remember how you made the rich, richer and a poor, poorer. You are coward luck, try to recall what you did to Bert Sutcliffe. Once try to trust a person who is poor but hardworking, who is ready to do everything to achieve his goal. Please, please once be with him. Now, when everything is going against me, so I'm begging"O my dear luck please, show some trust". Ronaq...

Væsna Mundishævska Væljanovska



Vesna Mundishevska-Veljanovska (b.1973) is a member of the Macedonian Writers' Association, Macedonian Science Society – Bitola and Bitola's Literary Circle. She has published 13 books of poetry, 2 books of critical essays, 1 poetry book for children and has co-authored 6 vocational books for teachers. Her poetry has been translated and represented in anthologies. She has won numerous poetry awards.

She is editor of the Journal of Culture "Sovremeni dijalozi/ Contemporary Dialogues" and has edited several literary journals and over 30 poetry books and collections. She was president of the Literature Association "Razvitok" and of Literary Youth of Macedonia – Bitola.

Embers Of Life

In the fireplace of the everyday
we rub like embers —
burned out and fired up again,
silenced than inflamed,
wilded or spoiled,
like water and shore,
like stone and footprints,
like a walk and jump,
like flight and reach...

With a handle of sparkled winds we hang out in the chambers of the stellar bundle of the heart, and then with a wax seal from the Sun we melt the dusty veil of grayness pulsating contractions in red vividness.

On The Balcony

The balcony unfolds new view: an underlined sky with two electric wires, swollen clouds and black birds in a couple that aspires.

Their beaks are full of the insatiability. The day breathes in fear from the destruction.

In the zenith sparkles the reduction.

I've put glasses on to tame the Almighty construction.

PUNCTUATION HUNT

I'm throwing a hook to get out of the mud all questions and exclamations of the everyday.

The distance between the words opposes the settlement of the saying, and the open quotation marks of the revival put in brackets the self-withdrawing and draw a line in the palm of the existence typing a dash for the reproduction of the upcoming.

The suspicions of the bait at the end of the thread are cut by a hyphen that divides them into two rows of hesitation. Inverted question mark dries on the hook of the surprise, and one persistent comma pushes itself among the points of reality and lengthens them

. . .

The infinity tightens in three dots

••

On its back lies down the colon

.

The ending is in dilemma

;

The story goes on

Translation from Macedonian to English: Jasmina Vasilevska

Ngozi Olivia Osuoha



Ngozi Olivia Osuoha is a Nigerian poet / writer / thinker / author. She's a graduate of Estate Management with experience in Banking and Broadcasting. She has featured in over sixty international anthologies and has equally published over two hundred and sixty poems in over twenty five countries. She has authored twenty three poetry books and some of them are archived in the United States' Library of Congress. She is also a tailor.

Some of her poems have been nominated for both the Best Of The Net Awards and Pushcart Prize.

Some of her works have also been translated into and published in some languages, including Spanish, Arabic, Farsi, Macedonian, Russian, Romanian, Khloe, Polish, among others.

My Alma Mater

Dear Alma Mater
I write you in tears,
As I am filled with fears
I am hopeless
And equally helpless,
I cry regularly
And weep constantly,
Nothing seems to comfort me
Because you are in ruins.

The future is blurred And the night scary, The past is 'hurtful' The present is harmful, The night is scary The future is blurred.

Built for the future
To nurture the unborn,
Built for the unborn
To nurture the future,
I weep my Alma mater
For the future is blurred
For the unborn maybe uncultured.

Your buildings dilapidate Your quarters go obsolete, Your fields turn bushes Your courts become plain, I weep for my Alma mater.

You made queens and angels Giants and heroines, You produced great women Wonders of the world, Dear Alma mater My heart bleeds.

Return, return O Shulammite
For your beauty wooed the king,
Return for your scent adorned the prince
Your ornament decorated the chosen
Return my purple gold
Return O my St Catharine's,
For my heart bleeds!

In the Midst of Plenty

Hungry and thirsty Lonely and bored Poor and blind In the midst of plenty.

Idleness and joblessness Wishes and dreams, In the midst of plenty.

Handicapped and constrained Helpless and hopeless, Struggles and wars Ups and downs Tosses and rebounds In the midst of plenty.

Rejections and defections
Depressions and retrogressions
Stress and strain
Pain and rain
Anger and rage,
Bitterness and uneasiness
Yet in the midst of plenty.

Uneasiness, unsteadiness Unhappiness, unforgivenness In the midst of plenty.

The Game of Silence

Close your eyes
Let them remain closed
For you must be blind,
Close your mind
Keep them behind
That is the game.

Make no move
Do not disturb
Here to make you absurd
Look down, not above
Remain silent,
This is our game.

Raise no eyebrow Otherwise before cockcrow You would be gone And we will be done, Keep calm, it is the game Make no move.

We are hunger
We are starvation
We are hate
We are terrorism,
We are war
We are tsunami
We are crime
Move no inch
You cannot bear our pinch.

We are the game
The silencer
On the game of silence
To silence even the wind,
We quench the fire
We cease the rain
And we cause draught.

Dear Democracy

The more agendas you unleash The more I feel finished, The more your orders proceed The more I see greed, The more your troops advance The more frightened I become, Dear democracy I hope you are not a tyrant.

Severally, you have failed me
Times without number, you tricked me
Countlessly, you pranked me
Numerous moments, you blew me
Dear democracy
I hope you are not a sadist.

No oneness, no orderliness
No clarity, no unity
No equity nor equality
No justice but malice
Prejudice even to the novice
No integration, but migration
No solution, but segregation
No harmonization, but discrimination
Only cabal too fatal
Dear democracy
I hope you are not a killer
I pray you are not a terrorist
I believe you are not a racist
And may you not be a tribalist.

Lan Qyqalla

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ July 2021



Lan Qyqalla, the Albanian poet from Kosovo, is an Albanian Language and Literature professor, editor of dozens of literary works and books on science, economics, medicine, justice and so on. He is a lecturer and editor for many literary and cinematographic works. Member of Mirdita and Albanian magazines. He is translated into Romanian and German. Laureate of the First Prize at the International Tore Melisa Contest (Italy). Participant in numerous Anthologies of World "Open korsi 2" poets and Anthologies of Albanian poetry in Kosovo, Albania and Romania. He prepared for print the volumes of poems and stories Poetic Longings of Kosovo (2013-2017). He is secretary and president of several writers' associations in Kosovo. Member of the American-Albanian Academy of Sciences in New York. He lives and creates in Prishtina.

Blackbird Plain and the Great Bard. Published works:

- "The White from Bardh", monographie, 1995;
- "Nymph of a broken heart", stories, 2013;
- "Tear great sea of pain", poetry, 2016;
- The Tear of the Word, 2016;
- "Lora", poetry, 2017;
- "Passport of love", bilingual volume in Albanian and Romanian, Romania, 2018;
- "Passport of love", bilingual poems in English and Albanian, 2018, Bukurest.
- "Lora- Mon Amour" bilingual poems in Francish and Albanian jul 2018, Bukurest and Kosova.

When the Poet Loves

When the poet loves the moon becomes pregnant with the autumn pollen the stars laugh with Pitagora's theorem the sun receives rays of love tsunami become the poet's words Lora is immersed in the block of salt. When the poet sings adorns the world with the smell of love he gives the mountains Beethoven's symphony the rivers are enjoying Mtika's work the sea of poet's feelings and Lora falls asleep on the wedding stone a living metaphor in infinite verses.

The Sorrow of the Poem

the poetry got mad at me left me this evening I quarreled with a few tyrants slipped into the red landscape I'm waiting for the muse...

The poet did not enter
the flames
sharpened
in the corner of Bermuda
torturing himself
through the magical sounds
in the barefoot walk
of poetic drops
the poetry got mad
and could not find tonight
the "Path of Letters"!

Lora from Prishtina

The Goddess descends into memories Lora took into her arms the blessed silence an eye she gave to love a song to the sun to evil she gave the smile her lips enchanted me embracing the dream of the poet...

Again with Lora of Prishtina we often meet on the boulevard looking at the shadows of the rocks beauty walks courageous in love as the meteor of words rain with arrows in sight her lips put ash on my tongue where the unspoken word slopes the missing halt during the white sleep Lora of Prishtina - gives a song to the sun.

Blindness

blind yourself
I do not want you
having a look at the sea
I do not want you
to see the color
in the ocean of your eyes
I want to drown
in your grace
to have you
my love.

This wish in light of birth to perish to infinity!



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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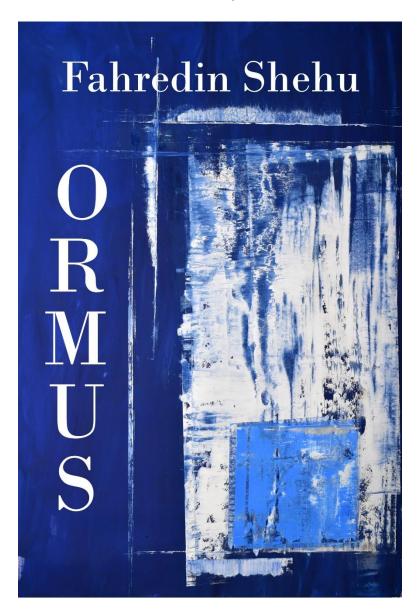
Poetry Posse Members

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

On the following pages we present to you ...

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

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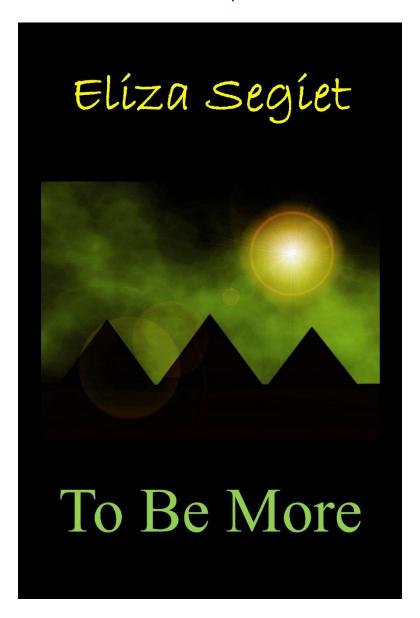
Thead of My Time

... from the Streets to the Stages



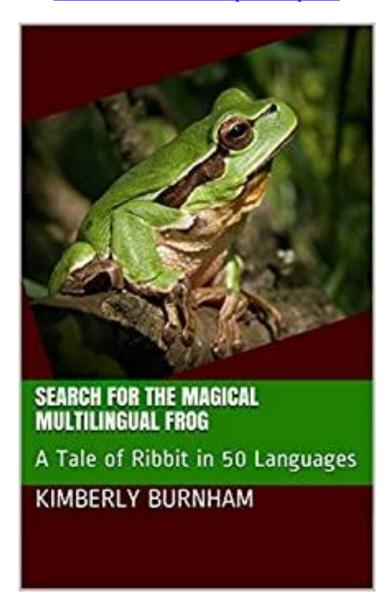
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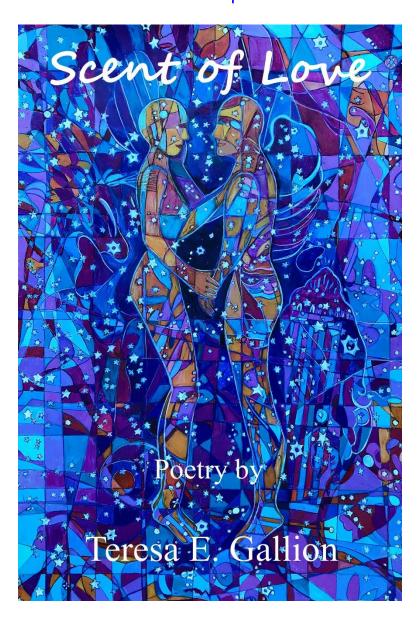


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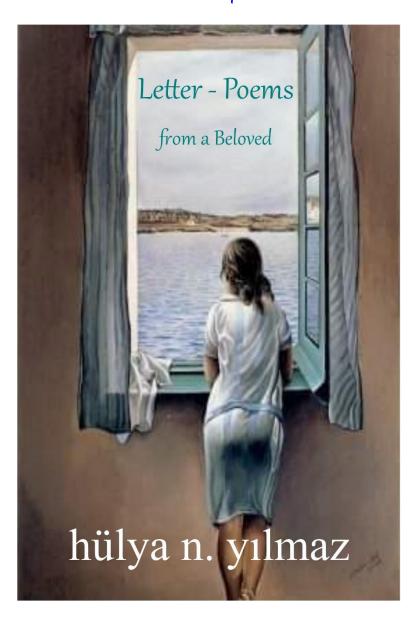
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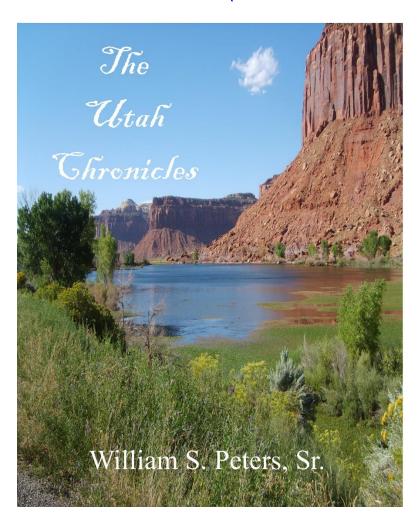
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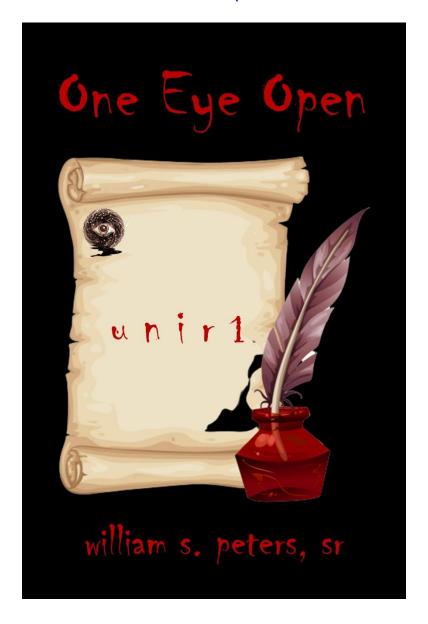
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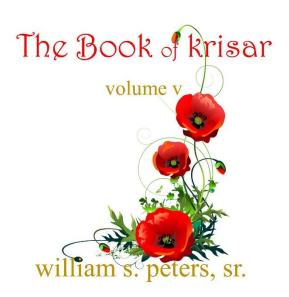
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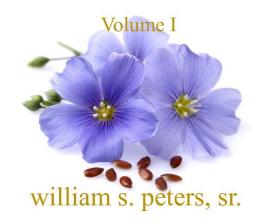


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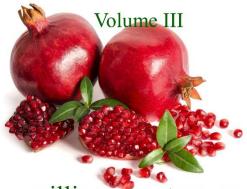
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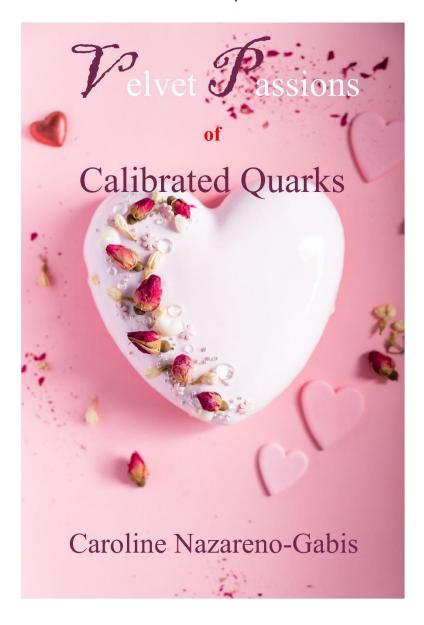
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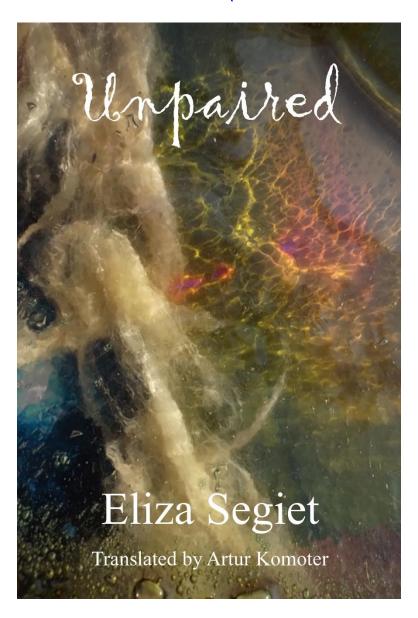


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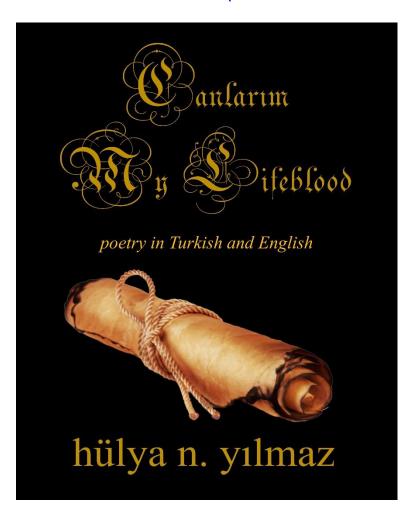
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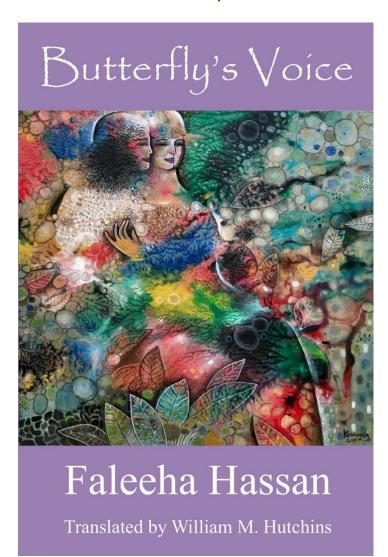


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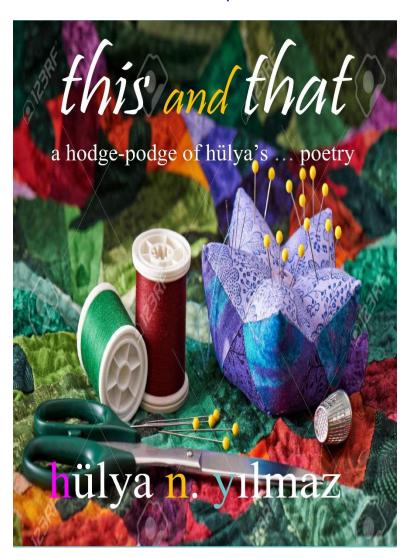
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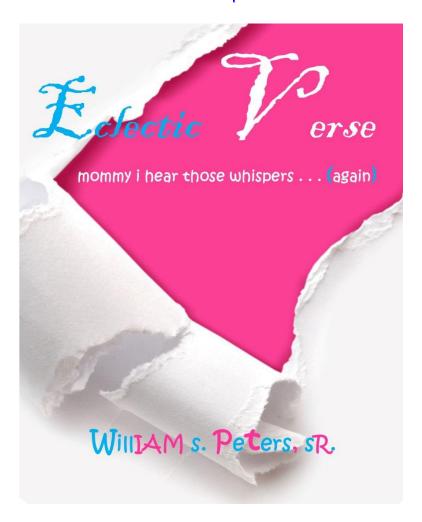
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Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



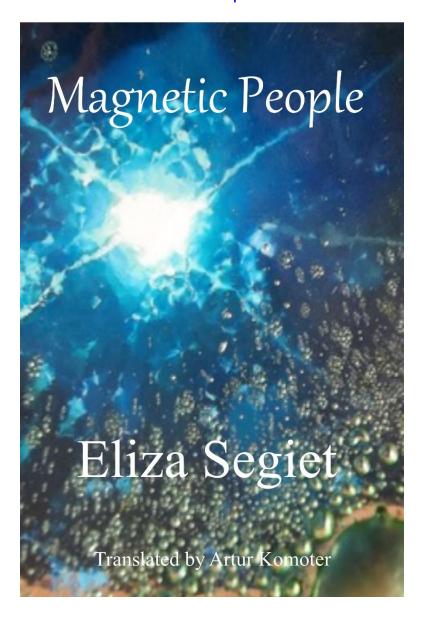


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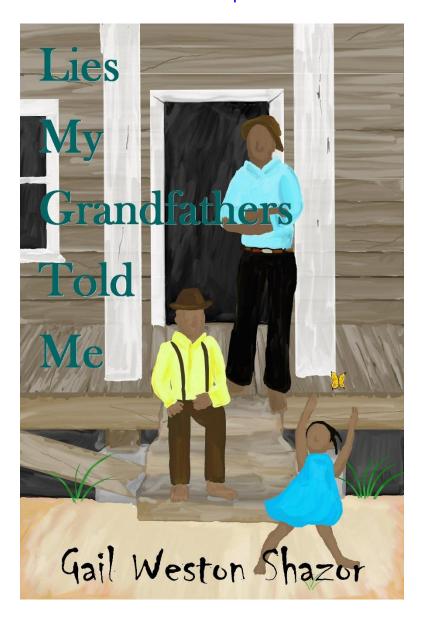
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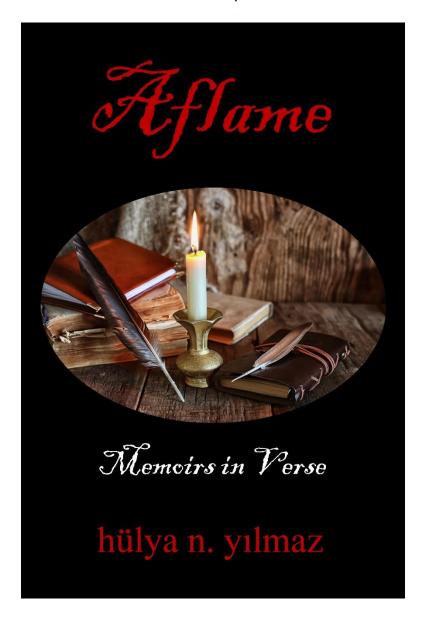


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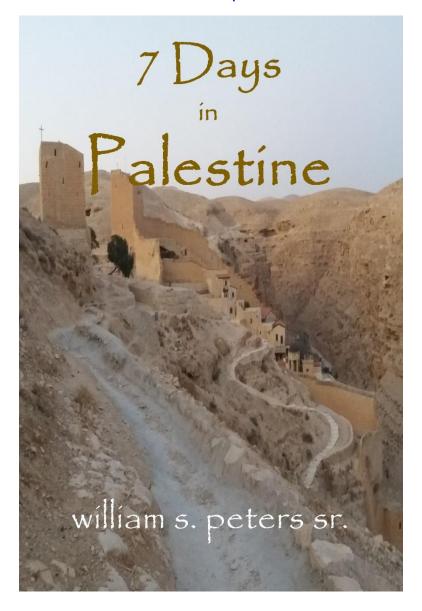
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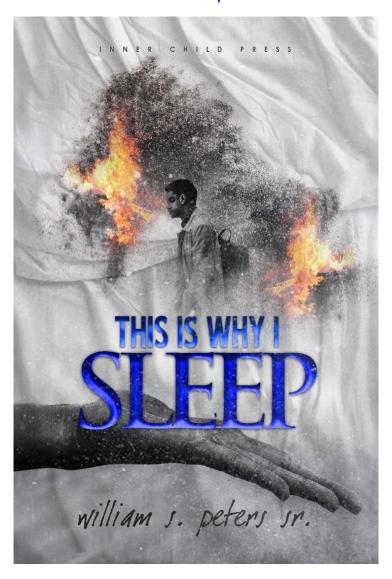
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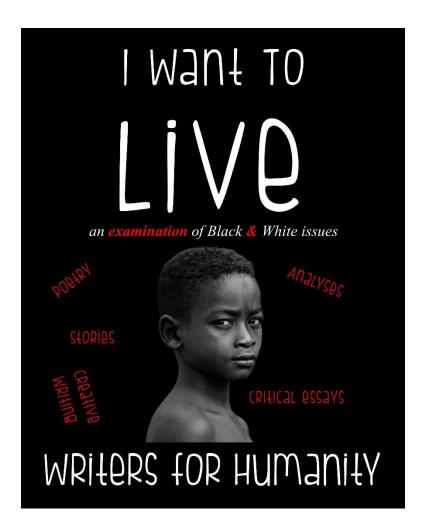
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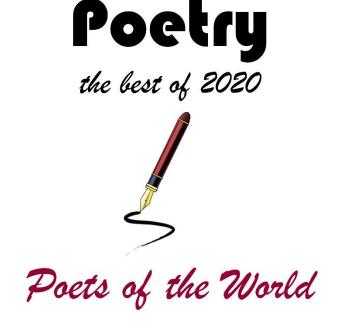
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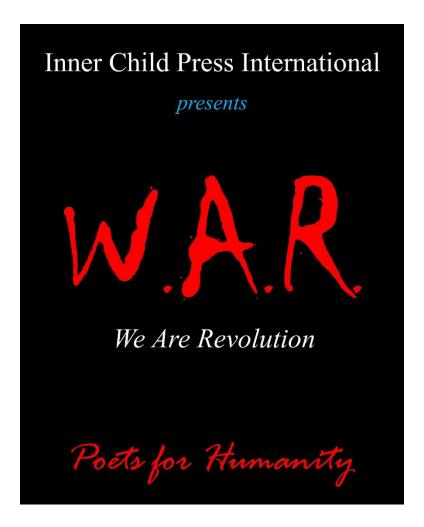


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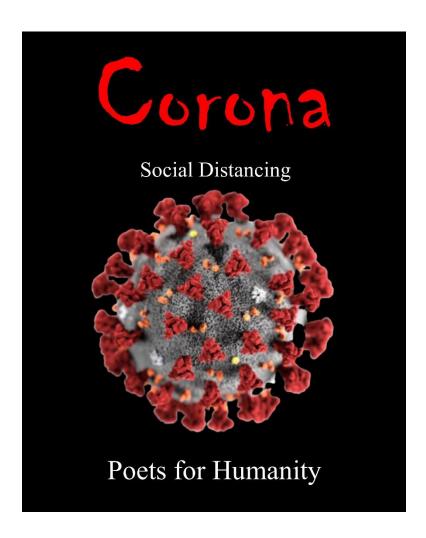


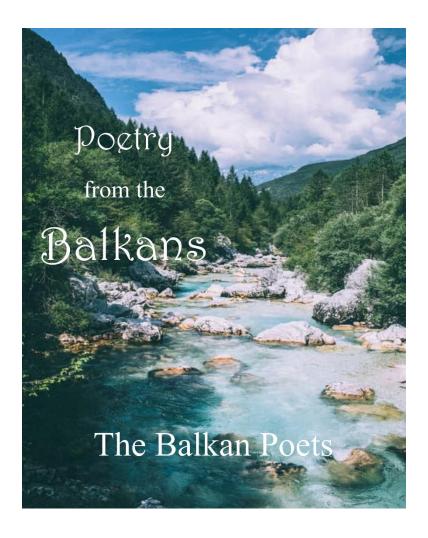


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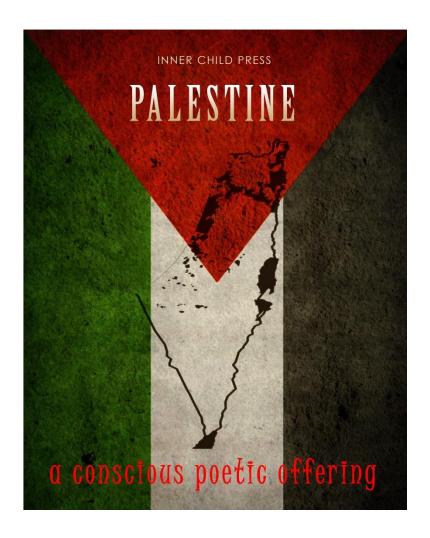
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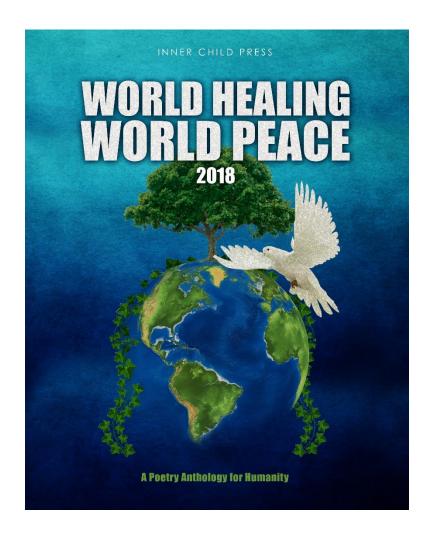
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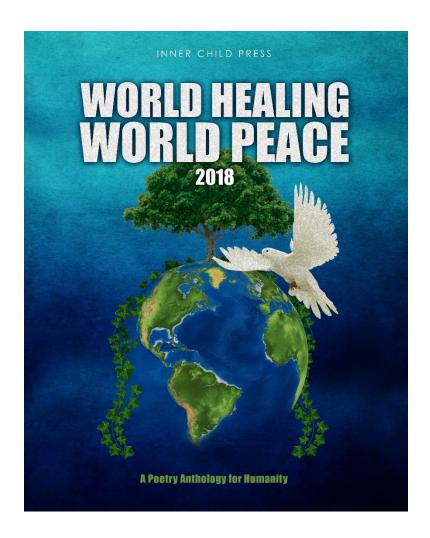


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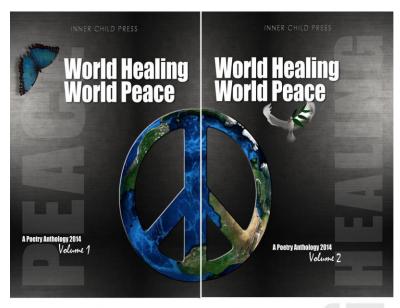


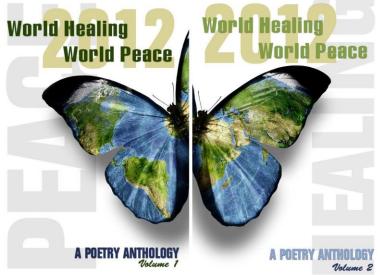
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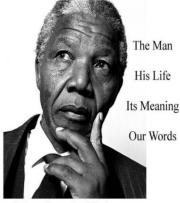


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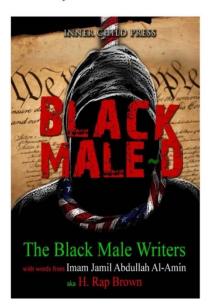


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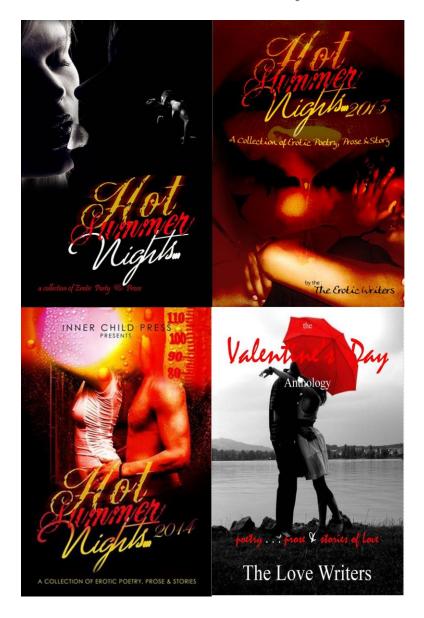


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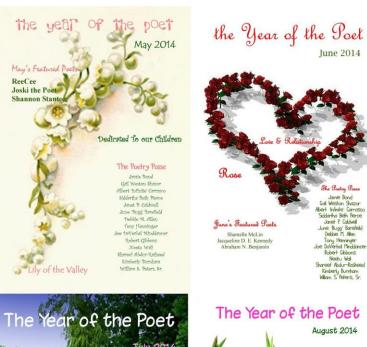
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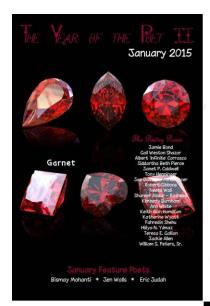
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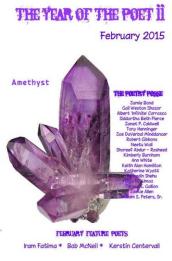
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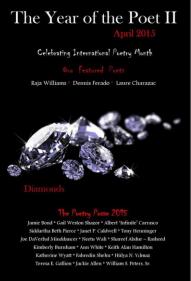


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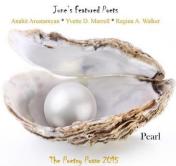




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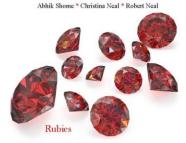
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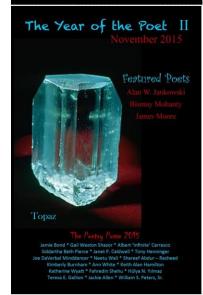
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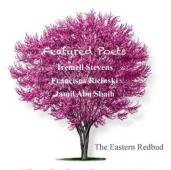


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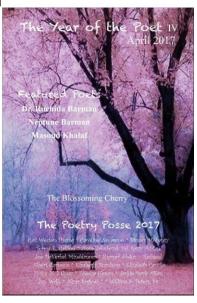
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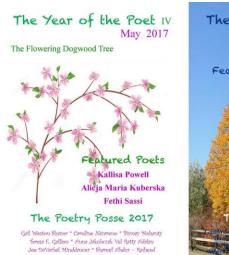


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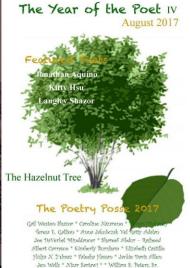
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The Black Walnut Tree

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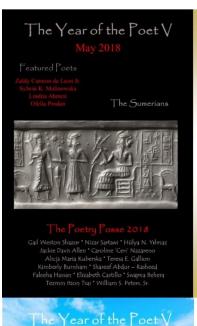
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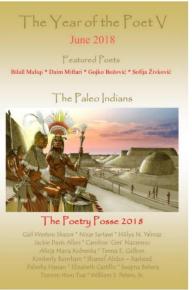
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The Lapita



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The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas



Featured Poets Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawa * Hülyq N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubesika * Teresa E. Gallion Kımberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behaera Tezmir Iston Tsai * William s. Peters, 5r.

The Year of the Poet V October 2018

Featured Poets

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



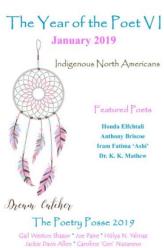
The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Ceri Nazareno Alicip Maria Kubenski * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sta





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Gail Weston Shazor Joe Paire Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackle Davis Allen "Caroline "Ceri Nazareno Alleja Maria Kuberski "Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behaera Tezmir Itton Tsal "William S. Peters, J

The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak

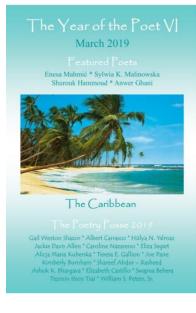
Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier

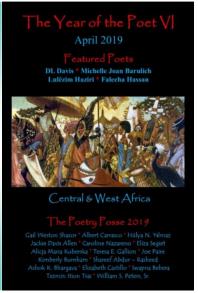


Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

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Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

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The Year of the Poet VI

June 2019

Featured Poets

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



The Poetry Posse 2019

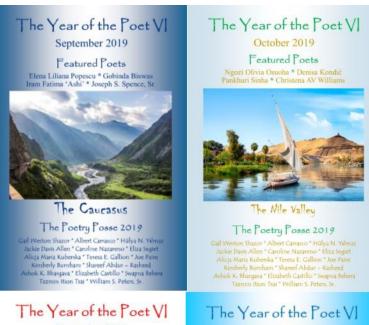
Arctic

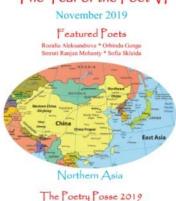
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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

Alok Kumar Ray * Eden S. Trinidad Franco Barbato * Izabela Zubko

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Feace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackic Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alleja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsa! * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

July 2020

Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipient

The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Effichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Teace

Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace elebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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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

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2021

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan Emory Douglas: 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII May 2021 June 2021 Featured Global Poets Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



The Poetry Posse 2021

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

Rayen Kang





Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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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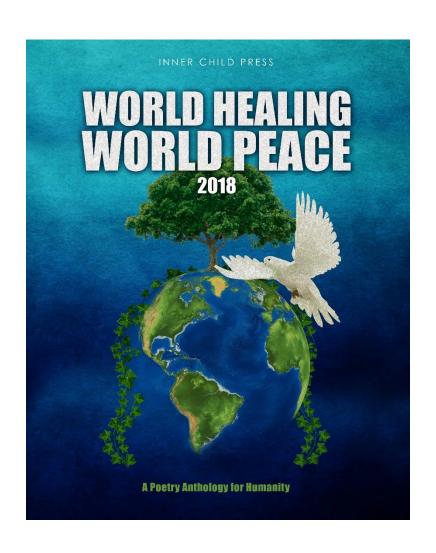




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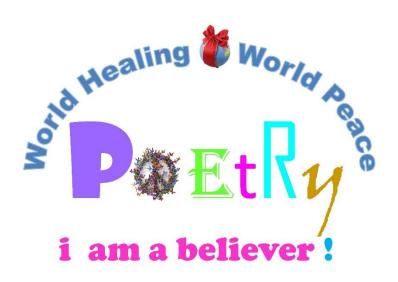


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2021



July 2021 ~ Featured Poets



Iram Jaan



Vesna Mundishevska Veljanovska



Ngozi Olivia Osuoha



Lan Qyqalla





