## The Year of the Poet V June 2018

### Featured Poets

Bilall Maliqi \* Daim Miftari \* Gojko Božović \* Sofija Živković

### The Paleo Indians



### The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor \* Nizar Sartawi \* Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen \* Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska \* Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham \* Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Faleeha Hassan \* Elizabeth Castillo \* Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai \* William S. Peters, Sr.

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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 June 2018 Edition

#### The Poetry Posse

#### 1<sup>st</sup> Edition : 2018

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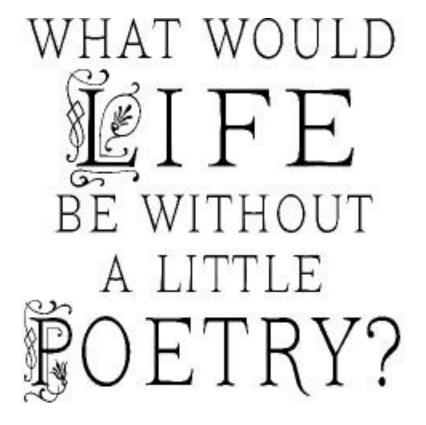
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Dedication

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

Alan W. Jankowski

16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017



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# Foreword

The abodes of Paleoindians are said to be simple and of temporary nature, hence most suitable to their survival needs as nomads. However transient their populations may have been, specialists in the field have known about the durability of their houses. To endure severe weather conditions to which they were subjected. Drawings discovered from their life periods showed their houses as round and with one of the walls having been removed; hence, offering an open view into the inside of the dwelling.

Every month of this year, we as The Poetry Posse have been leading a 'nomadic life' throughout which we temporarily inhabit the world –its past and present civilizations, that is. We have been erasing all boundaries, crossing ourselves on our mutually-built "cultural bridge" beyond the limits of time and space. 'Severe weather conditions' are no strangers to us. They appear disguised as our individual challenges before, during and after our research-processes: In our 'bridged' search for a synthesis of factual information on each month's focal civilizational entity to represent through our poetry. If 'drawings' of our dwellings were to be discovered after each one of us is no longer, only one house will emerge: Inner Child Press International. Our all-inclusive and all-uniting publishing home.

As for the dear featured-poets whose lyrical works don the designated section of *The Year of the Poet* each new month, none should have any reason for despair at the seemingly exclusionary mention of 'The Poetry Posse' above. For their involved support and far-reaching impact on poetry's growth within humanity at large beyond the globe's borders of any nature also holds an utmost precious seat in our abode. In the likes of Paleoindian houses, our home, too, has one fewer wall. Why don't you take a look at inside! Or, better yet, won't you like to come in?

#### hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Liberal Arts Professor, Retired Penn State University Director of Editing Services, Inner Child Press International

# D<sub>reface</sub>

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? Once again, this is an understatement! As we are hitting another milestone, the 6th 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.

Enjoy 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



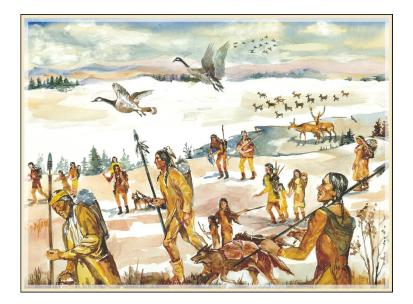
Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the enchanting magicians that nourishes the seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our words that entice the hearts and minds of others to believe there is something grand about the possibilities that life has to offer and our words tease it forth into action .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

~ wsp





### The Paleo Indians



The Paleo people were some of the first people to cross the natural land-bridge from the Asian continent into the Americas. They were primarily hunter-gatherers who tamed the wilderness of the Americas to establish what is now know as the Native Americans which include both continents ... ie, North America and South America.

For more information, visit the below link.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paleo-Indians

The Ygar of the Pogt V

## June 2018

### **The Poetry Posse**

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

# Gail Weston Shazor

The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018



The Year of the Poet  $V \sim June 2018$ 

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

#### Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor www.innerchildpress.com/gail-weston-shazor navypoet1@gmail.com The Year of the Poet  $V \sim$  June 2018

#### Hello

I called you today And not because I needed to But because I needed to I wanted to hear your voice For I find it hard to hear you Through a text message My day has passed as much As the days that proceeded This one And I count them On the joints of my hips 8 reps times 5 sets The monotony of this comforts A regularly tuned logic And it doesn't require screaming Into a fell wind To feel my own voice Resounding steadily in my blood I want to kiss my name Back against your parted mouth Ringing the same with questions Of where I belong And yet I tend to stumble over The very answers I seek So I called you today In the hopes that this is not Just another passing Embellishment on my fabric One who speaks emptiness Into the rising Son Leaving me to spat sequins Onto an empty pavement

The Year of the Poet V ~ June 2018

Of untraveled road I waited for you to ring With the notion that you May be the one soul To see through the veil To find the me On the other side The Year of the Poet  $V \sim June 2018$ 

#### Can't Sleep

He awaits me In corners and blind alleys Full tilt neon boogie In get back blues I speak His name loudly Damn near scream his name In a delta rhythm Heel clicking on sidewalks Broken glass sparks Moist and hot In a basin of water His power over me Strong and relentless So I run faster, wider My hips sway stactically Pearls on the river And blood in my veins Ridiculously Drawn towards his light As if I didn't know better

I confessed To my preacher I just knew A longing like this Had to be a sin He only agreed And wiped electric Off his chin In that tired knowing Of one that has Been full before Has been sated At the table The Year of the Poet V ~ June 2018

No blessing for me Just a pat on the hand Even he was afraid Of a new embrace That could start Him to moving Into the void, again

Still I speak Him into being Ordered and Disordering my words Staining my radiance In a swirling mist Allowing the water To cover me To fill the spaces He left open Cleansing vowels My reflection Breaking shadows Into more shade I'm readv To cross over Spitting the flavor Onto the pavement Rebukement Of the taste On the tip Of my tongue

My flesh is weathered And bears the mark Of his days Across my belly Around my hip I span the length The Year of the Poet  $V \sim June 2018$ 

With fingers spread Until prints Coil together in A nest of promises Unfulfilled sacredness Trembling at the edge Of a passerby's irises Sightless again And I just want The scent of him In my mouth To quench this thirst This knowing This lightening Scorching my breast

The dawn is near Though I know I won't sleep again Closing my door On the life outside And drinking tea In a broken cup I am ashamed At susceptibility Of words spoken In whispers Wrapped in linens And perched on windowsills Holding the pain Behind my smiles He comes to me In lonely thoughts But I no hear For I no longer Believe In love

The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018

#### Listen, Listen

Y'all better listen quick Somebody trying to learn You something It ain't when they got you That you in trouble Cause another man done gone From the county farm The gate was left just a bit ajar Just a bit so he could see And the others said Nah man This is protective custody In here we safe And they waited for the feeding time Stuff slid under the door Thrown over the fence To keep everyone from roaring The only bit of lightness Was the complexion of the hand They had been trained not to bite But the door called out Swinging gently on its rusty hinge Singing slyly and waiting Freedom oh freedom Was its plaintive plea And he knew the sun actually shone Beyond this protection Because he had been there Free From the county farm The chains had been left long enough Just so he could walk, text and surf

The Year of the Poet  $V \sim$  June 2018

Gone were the days of hoops And playgrounds on the corner Time spent listening to learned ones Listen, Listen There is no razor wire up top And he gave himself away Until no one knew who he was They didn't know his name In the factories built on paddies Just another Joe The tables had been turned on Turntables From which prophets speak Was that the music Or just the others Nah man This is where it's at And they turn the volume up louder Another man done gone Another man done gone Awaken to the message Of the leaders voices but it Ain't you Because you too scared of the song The gate is whispering to you Third eye close to the call Of the drumbeat And you won't be the man That they kill For running away Because they got you tracked GPS Smartphones Chips in everything you bought

The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018

Listen, Listen Another man done gone I didn't know his name He had broken the long chain Slipped through the gate Found out who he was And tried to save you But you chose to stay in protective custody They killed another man Another brother done gone Into the network. The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018

# Alicja Maria Kuberska



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

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

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

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

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

### Unloved

Early in the morning An old woman rummages In the garbage with a long stick. Her stick is as long as a human life. She is looking for something That will bring her happiness.

Maybe there is something Among the things she sees Unwanted ,unloved And useless to anyone - Such as herself.

Together they are able to Take comfort and survive Another day In a world where There is no place for them

### 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 Homeless

They chose a homeless freedom. Set instinctively to survive they live for today. They know all the dark secrets of the city.

In the evenings, they fall like birds onto the park benches To spend the night in the company of stars. In the morning, They leave the baggage of old newspapers and wander on.

It is never too late, or too early -The days are too similar to be afraid of anything.

Those of us, who live hurriedly and hygienically, Pass them with revulsion and a feeling of superiority. With dignity, we tote around stereotypes and the day's routine.

We hurry along other paths of life. Sometimes, we collide - we stop pensive Over diversity of human stories.

### 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

### Conversion

It is a pity that I cannot buy a new soul. In supermarkets, there are no special offers - New Soul! On sale!

The old one is dysfunctional.

It is much easier to have a simple vision of the world. Keep your feet on the ground and don't have dreams.

Being greedy protects the heart. Life has a physical dimension. Ideals hurt.

Gain a prominent place in the rat race, Dispose of sentiments, tears.

My soul is able to forgive. It cannot learn to trust again.

It says it does not enter the same river twice. Unreasonable? Perhaps. -

It does not listen to reason. It pulls away from people

# Jackie Davis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

### The Ancient Ones: Paleo-Indians

Bridges, both land and ice were the means, gifts of Mother Nature~ a people seeking adventure, more.

Stone tools, willing hands, laboring with sharp minds: curiosity derived~ as from common hunger's necessity.

The ancient ones, the Paleo Indians used their intellect, muscle imagination and brawn~ like modern man, they were resourceful.

Disappeared. Extinct. Clues discovered (DNA, modern technology) migration their map~ as coming from Siberia.

So much of these amazing ones remains unknown (buried, perhaps); wait we for more research~ for curiosity's scientific discovery.

Background source: Wikipedia

### all this and more

drifting shades of golden sunlight bring to spring a luscious mossy green

at its feet a wildflowers' garden palate reigns with sweetest delight shares the path with bluebirds' symphonic songs

the wonder is how a loving caress, a kiss like a diaphanous smile

a puffy dandelion or the gentle winged lightness of a Monarch butterfly sitting on a stony cold boulder

can symbolize the peace that one needs to claim as one's own

within this poem I place fond images of the woods, the hollows, the hills the mountains of the Cumberland

ancient, worn, these memories far beyond heart's capacity to explain yet to you dear Appalachia, I sing this song

### Late Night Musings

Insight glitters with illumination Life inspires Perception, imagination

Curious students and a mesmerizing fraternity Contemplate the wonderment Of such a mystery

A hermetically sealed estate stifles Creativity's voice Exerts neither energy

Nor effort, fails to consider the reward Only the risk Of exploring various avenues

Talent directs from interpretation Passion admires Imagination, the conception

Curious students and a surprising notoriety Marvel at creativity's abundance Her innate talent

# 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.

### The Big-Game Hunters

When buffalos were trooping along in large groups Running in front of me Grandfather sitting on saddle Looking back at me and showing a strange smile I gave him back a look that could understand the soul It echoed the game of the tribe people based on mountains and seas Like Paleo-Indians hunting a glyptodont Heinrich Harder Naked bodys hidden in the grass

I picked up a sharp stone on the floor Waved it to make it fly out Just like the sharp eyes of an eagle hovering overhead It leaped over the grasslands This projectile points will be more conducive to my attack if it connected to a "flute" When more than 13,000 years ago Bison, mammoth and mastodon will gained for my people The name big-game hunters

When the setting sun has gradually lost its light Starry fight against the dark curtain I hung on my leather shirt and walked out of the tent My considerate black horse twitching its nose against to me I always liked to show off The process of conquering it Especially when I rode it and ran about wildly during all day But at this moment I just want to sit down Took a rest with our earth

### The Paper Airplane

The airflow came in a hurry Along with the ups and downs Are both the pressure and buoyancy At the moment it was thrown Arrive at the same time Just like A knight who is good at exploiting situations Fly about, carefree, willful and at liberty Merely My face is so pale My silhouette is so thin and weak However, I am pretending to free and easy

Those intentionally staggered polyline Encourage my body like Like a frog desperately inspiratory Let me be able to make grand gestures Mediate among that turbulence Flying over the heads of the crowd Absorbed the screaming sounds When far from the madding crowd Even if the purpose is not known Even if do not know when to land

With a little bit of regret Always forgot to bring the children's blessings With a little bit of desire Do not disturb the butterflies flying around the flowers But do not need to be afraid Before the dew on the grass drenched my wings There is always a pair of little hands Will come to catch my falling body Laughing full of the valley As just came here Once again blowing me high and distant

### Why is My Skin Darker in The Moonlight?

When I walk in the puddle People said that frightened frogs stampede over the shadow of the moon in the lake The night was so quiet today When i climb up the shore Back to find that it deep as a lake Like the endless sky Looking at the past boundless Such a little water is extremely vast in my eyes As opposed to my small body

I bowed to lift a lotus leaf Found that its roots have become mud Dyed a whole pool of water Seems to forget to flow I was scared to jump back Under that very luminous silence I have not heard any signs of disturbance Except the slowly blowing breeze As opposed to my frightening heartbeat As opposed to my frightening heartbeat

Autumn night sometimes the same as in the spring Keep the water warm The moon reads like a long melancholy Why do you have to hang your heart? Even my skin looks so dark

under the moonlight I walk away But keep my head high I wave my hand But do not care at all I heard the thunderous laughter of my companions behind sounded everywhere I heard the thunderous laughter of my companions behind sounded everywhere

# Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

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

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

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

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

### Paleo..,

meaning ancient peoples Paleo indigenous of northern Asia migrated down through southern Siberia across the Bering Strait at least 17,000 years ago crossed over Beringia, now western Alaska at least 17,000 years ago over the ice bridge in the last Glacial period these Paleo Indians, native people's share blood with their kin from northern Asia, Siberia, crossed over into places we call Alberta, British Coast all the way down to what is now South Columbia. Alaska, Yukon country traveled paths where ice was thinner along Pacific America they fished the waters stocked with plenty they survived the period as weather grew warmer became skilled gatherers, hunters bison was a staple, food plentiful, vegetation, berries, nuts, stored in the warm months. to survive winter. traveled in family units 20 to 60 often moving from place to place searching for what was needed to survive and they survived, they thrived developed stone tools, spears and knives to hunt, cut, shape, build etc.

they grew to occupy the whole of the America's North and South long before Europeans came and laid claim to discover that which was already discovered in the name of their Kings, Queens who believed they were supreme still do in 2018 a white supremacy thing there is something to be said about the past it more often then not lays the foundation for the present another is that truth survives and past the test of time we need to know from where it all flowed in order to grow in the light of truth to enhance self worth is essential to love to love one's self in order to share that love with all mankind love bestowed flows from above from the author of love Al-Wadoud Thee Lover to compare to no other like it or not from past to present we're all connected Peace/love y'all

food4thought = education

### Zhikr Allah..,

Remember Allah

Khathir (Much) Everywhere Taqwa'Allah (Fear Allah)

Khathir Every second Every Minute Every Hour Everyday Everywhere

That's why we're here created to worship Al Khaliq (Thee Creator) The One who made us The one who gave us

#### LIFE

The one who will take our

#### LIFE

Yuhye wa Umeet wa huwa ala kuli shai in qadir Allah(swt) is.., Thee giver of life! Thee giver of death!

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and he alone has power over all things and.., when he wants a thing he simply says..,

Be! and.., It Is

imagine just be and it is thee only power see that has power of "Be " and mankind with how great he is in his own mind is deaf, dumb, blind can never compare to the creator of all things including human beings such ignorant, ungrateful things, see not a one of them can create anything not even a flea or microorganisms, bacteria the eye can not see truly exists by the power of " Be " ungrateful, faithless say it's Mystery how creation came to be like all of a sudden 'Bam' the 'Big Bang Scam ' just like that without a ultimate supreme power with a ultimate supreme plan and everything made perfect fulfilling its purpose and function including mankind see who denies, stands as an open adversary and says he has power dem who has to eat, sleep,\$#!+,

piss, bust a nut get sick, die that's not power, that's ungrateful creation that will pay for their rebellious way when come the appointed hour degreed by thee only one (1) creator of all things by just saying " Be " now that's what you call power...see?

food4thought = education

#### i'm @ home..,

in my comfort zone ring goes the spirit phone picked it up said ((write a poem)) but actually it wasn't a ring it was a moan i'm telling you as earth is my home pain came down like rain to such degree it moaned i'm telling you it's true so much to touch contents contains to much pain it's a must if creator we trust to bust, bust, bust a rhyme for the time time of pain 'n' suffering locally, globally sooo help me if i could i would not stop to drop the goods about it ain't such a nice day in a lot of neighborhoods regardless what Mr. Rodgers say some folk have dark clouds everyday and it rains pain though some don't know dem got a different flow out of sight out of mind this how that go " yo i gotz mine so go get

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your own " just sumpin, sumpin in a poem spirit got a right to moan about pain ' n ' suffering worldwide ' n ' home grown

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## Kimberly Burnham



See yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, appreciated beauty. Kimberly Burnham Then an 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

### Written In Stone

What if all that was left of me in a hundred years is that which is written in stone

I thought today about what will last from my life like the spear heads of the Paleo Indians North America's now extinct founders

Some of the first people to live on this continent I call home where what we know about their lives is what they created from stone eleven thousand years ago

That is what lasts and I wonder what I am writing in stone

### Allinyanakapuy

All in feel the balance in allinyanakapuy and allinyuyay the celebration yay even without the meaning the power in these Quechua words

Used by Incan Shamans to work their healing over the centuries feel the flow the vowels sprinkled in between the consonants starting at the beginning with good "allin"

Peace allinyanakapuy and conscience allinyuyay spreading out between to heal allinyachiy and to recover allinyay ancient words to make peace or reconcile in an early language celebrated peacefully in the Americas

### Origins

Exactly when the Ute came with Shoshoni and Comanche an issue debated by ethnologists anthropologists and historians even from where they came is in doubt perhaps they are descended grown strong from earlier Paleo-Indians bound by similar languages these three dominated Colorado's western slopes for a thousand years

# Castillo

The Year of the Poet  $\, V$  ~ June 2018



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

### Web links:

### Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

# Palaois

Clovis people-An ancient tribe at the end Of the Ice Age Lead a nomadic life-Skillful hunters of the wild. Searching for their place in this world, Into the Americas, they set their conquest The first inhabitants of the land, During the Pleistocene Period Believed to have followed herds Of horses, caribou, and mammoths. The Woodland People-Frolicking under King Sun, Joyfully bathing in old crystalline, glacial lakes And into the pristine rivers.

### Beautiful Dreamer

You set my world on fire, With eyes as fierce as a mid-summer day Mirrors reflecting the depths of the ocean, Misty, dew drops like the cool showers in spring.

Let this escapade linger in my thoughts, Even when the breaking of dawn shifts to golden dusk Beautiful dreamer, take me to your mystic land, Hold my hand and together we will circle the earth Get lost in the abyss created by our own magical illusion.

### Ode to the Dawn

Pale hues set off the heavens, As dark clouds part to give way The sunlight shining through you, Dawn...morning has broken.

My dreams had been held in a halt, Awakened from my deep, sweet slumber The old clock strikes 3 A.M, Tequila Sunrise on my mind.

Evening does a vanishing act, Tells me to escape from the Twilight Zone As the sunlight's grail, Slowly casts hues of golden pink.

While daybreak takes a peak, The lark at the heaven's gate Hums a cheerful melody, Asking the lady to arise.

# Nizar Sartawi

The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018



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.

### Déjà vu

Twice upon a time did I meet them and my heart jumped when I glimpsed their familiar looks the dark complexion the stout physique the adroit arms and nimble feet and fancied how they stooped and leaped and how they charged and slashed and ripped apart their giant prey ~~~~~

### SCENE I

I'm leafing through some children's book I purchased long ago – I know not when or why – I suddenly spot them and find myself bounding hurriedly in their wake from image to image from page to page as though I'd found my long-lost clan

Ah! There they are building their camp of small brush shelters amidst the icy tundra biomes of East Siberia

Here they are moving leisurely crossing the lowlands of glacier-free Beringia towards the silver Alaskan arctic plains

And now heading south and sprawling everywhere

It all seems weird for I feel that I have been there before  $\sim \sim \sim \sim \sim$ 

SCENE II

I'm a Paleo hunter – one of a gang of seventeen naked to the waste my loins half-wrapped in animal skin

We' re racing with a mastodon chasing a frightened white-tailed deer And being a chieftain I run ahead of all my men until I come a few strides away from the great behemoth I feel the spear in my right hand tighten my grip and charge The pointed stone pierces his thick, furry thigh he roars with pain and makes a turnabout

He must be aware of my presence for he scrutinizes me from head to toe

until his eyes meet mine then up he raises his forefeet and roars again I can hear the raging pulses in his face

And now he dashes straight at me I balance my spear to charge again but it's too late for my men have surrounded him they are attacking savagely the monster collapses the immense mass falls upon me like a massive rock My body is crushed and I black out *FINIS* 

I'm haunted still with that outlandish escapade, that sighting of the giant Mammut and I still ponder How did I – with a single spear bet against the long-curved tusks challenge the dreadful beast to a deadly duel and lost my life but not my valor, pride or honor? and I constantly wonder: Was it a dream or a comatose dive into the deep dark pond of memory, a ?

The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018

### Zeit and Za'atar

I'm hungry mamma! Here sweetheart, she said sit down! I sat on a mattress on the floor at a low round table. She placed before me a bowl of olive oil, a tiny saucer filled with thyme, a loaf of bread hot from the *taboon* \* and a glass of water. Now see, she smiled, we break a tiny piece of bread, dip it in the zeit and slowly slowly lift it up. See how the zeit is dripping! We brush it against the edge, so that the drops won't stain our clothes We let it touch – just touch – the za'atar and lift it up to our mouth.

She lifted it towards my mouth I took it in and chewed and swallowed

Said she: the za'atar, son, is blesses by the soil the land's gift to its people The olive tree is blessed by Allah. It's Allah's gift to the holy land and to the people of *Palestine*.

<sup>\* &</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Taboon is a traditional oven used in Palestinian countryside. It is built outside the house and is mostly used for baking bread.

### The Devils of Gaza

Those ugly rascals, five-to-seventeen-year old devils – stubborn and reckless They leave their hovels against their mothers and fathers' will and running down the narrow paths of their ghetto with their whistles call more devils each with a sling and all head East to hurl some stones at Israeli disciplined soldiers who stand behind the barbed wires to guard Gaza against invaders from outer space

Scions of Zion Custodians of divine justice Allow them not to go unpunished Shoot them Kill them Teach them a lesson! Teach them a lesson!

# hülya n. yılmaz

The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018



Born in Turkey, hülya n. yılmaz presently serves as fulltime 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 <u>https://hulyasfreelancing.com</u>

Personal Blog Site <u>https://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com/</u>

### nomads

so, very little is known about your lives is the professional claim in our times the so-called "modern-day" jest won't be as stingy about us i suspect we surely must self-glorify in retrospect

i don't doubt what's said about you today when i look at our conditions in dismay the continent you were "among the first" to inhabitate is yelped to be the only greatest just when i darn the nth rave then comes the latest

your surviving ancestors may 9,000 years later discover or make for this laughing stock a grater for it direly needs the ultimate fine-tuning of all times our predicament should after all not stay as a secret maybe they can distill this pickle oh so terribly acrid

you were a wandering and gathering lot i heard we on the other hand are an incessantly scattering herd you clothed yourselves with the skin of your hunt and eaten plants to stay alive while we go the other way we are the meals and nature are soon to meet its d-day

#### caves

no we don't live in caves . . . at last although we could well be back in the Ice Age not the first mind you but rather the one after the last

history will tell whatever may still happen to us laugh or cry hard even mourn a bit for our expiration take my word for it and please don't even attempt a fuss

we did all of this by and to ourselves after all "extinct" at their best possible era books will write it's too late now to offset for us a sympathizing brawl

### a secret lifestory

seriously?

it's impossible for our live-records to stay unknown even long after our skeletons' offspring has outgrown their offspring's sketches donning the ruins of the land there will always be a soul to give our grim tale a hand

has it not been so throughout the timeline of humanity when will we begin to see this nightmare in full clarity what more does it take to note the accomplished wrongs why vow to look faraway while they parade in throngs

seriously?

what kind of a delete-button did in your testimonies you surely had some rational and trustworthy cronies it cannot be that so little of you has been left behind or was prenatally the multitude of your bands twined

you were after all the inhabitants of Southwest-U.S.A. also of Mexico in its North and synchronized i daresay what you achieved between 10,000 and 40,000 years some of us would submit to just to forsake our sad tears



The Year of the Poet  $\, V$  ~ June 2018



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

### Clovis Spear

Midnight stars light up an ebony sky. Drums beat in rhythm to a gentle breeze. We chant around the campfire

with strong indigenous survivors. A mark of ancestry pulls from ancient drums of Paleo Indians across the Americas.

Let's sit and dream under the stars about nomadic bands of ancient ones leaving only teasers across the landscape.

Your most well-known artifact slept for thousands of years in the high desert of Clovis New Mexico.

An archaeologist treasured find, becomes known as the Clovis spear, entered as evidence of your passage.

### Today's Fruit

I go to my cathederal for prayer and contemplation under the tall pines.

The sweet-scented ponderosa always open their arms and smile at me.

Unconditional love abounds in my woods. The welcome mat is always in place.

I know my home is here as my soul leaps from the body and dances in the forest.

My body relaxes and heals from wounds of the day as the dance intensifies.

Resilence tags my soul to never give up on myself, feeds the body with spiritual fruit.

## The Year of the Poet $\,V$ ~ June 2018

### Bosque Afternoon

My commitment to walk is challenged today. High desert wind pushes me on my afternoon walk.

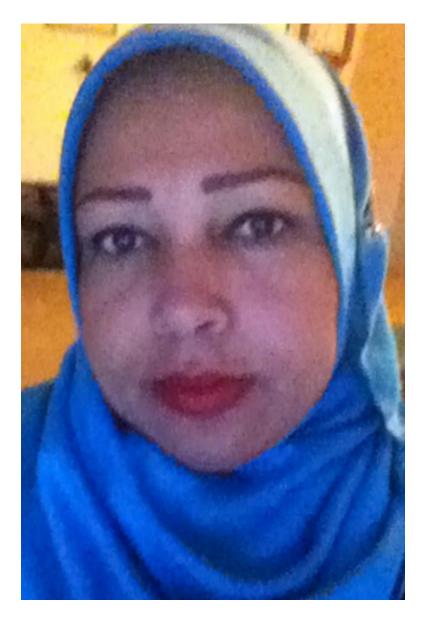
Determined, I push back and the wind flows around me. Permission granted to move. A mass of black birds' converse

in the budding cottonwoods. This is the perfect day to say thank you for the privilege of holding hands with the wind.

Sometimes it is scary to be so happy.

# Falggha Hassan

The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018



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

### Not Maryam

Father, I am not Maryam. Not Maryam.

Despite that The one you see Utter between you, I am not his mother And he is not borne from me Yet the one called Jesus belongs to me.

. . .

I am not Maryam, father Not Maryam.

I buy my bread with my own tears Every time You don't feed me.

Your sky is grapes And I have not a prophet's uncle and My mother didn't sell me For the Qibla\* of her prayers.

Why then do I see the deaf And blind Fight me at my doorstep?

• • •

Not Maryam, father. I am not Maryam.

I was not a sister to Harun \* My hands are my witnesses They tire of shaking the root of your palms

And I did not dream of flour falling into my hands

The drink I brought Is tasteful only to myself.

What's with these horses Bleeding and whining At my sight?

• • •

I am not Maryam, father. I am not her.

Your women seek me for the onset of labour. And this face Its features moulded by the palm of the wind is ruined by exile.

For the first dawn I do not rise to deceit, I am not hanged and have no fear.

I am not Maryam, father I am not Maryam.

But I present myself As a temple Lest you claim that I am Maryam.

\* Qibla: the direction that a Muslim faces when performing their daily prayers.

\* Harun: (Harun Al Rashid 766-809) His date of birth is debatable. *The Thousand and One Nights* tales were based on him and his imagination.

translated by Dikra Ridha

### Lament

My city is the violated Streets torn by desires of the kingdom, Despite our numbers That surmount gold bullions In the prince's room, We fall as we walk While our sheikh\* - God save his soul -Thrived on our blood, He spread the skins To perform his prayers.

\*Sheikh: is a revered old man, an Islamic scholar, an elder or the Wiseman of a tribe.

translated by Dikra Ridha

### Short poems

\*Thief A sea stole my tears There for became large!

\*Me The sun is like me Alone And burns !

\* Him It was necessary for him to die In order to find an empty place for his body!

\*Prayer neck : Dear cord When wrapped around me Please be smooth And fluffy Like my a dream !

\*Why ? Your voice is just ordinary Very ordinary Why should my soul melt Whenever I hear you whispering ?!

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#### \* Truth

From the room overlooking the face of graves I thought of a future of the Arabic Homeland!

\* Similarity I know the meaning of Similarity between (politics) and (onion) Both of them raise tears !

\* love sizzle You, I And gardenia flower with me I think we are more than three! The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018

# 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 4<sup>th</sup> 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).

#### Paleo-Indian fabrics in you

do you find Classical quilts of electric life fit for a king and queen?

do you have Gothic themes, the sole upscale of your home as you play the royal curtains?

do you invade Rococo Revivals and transfer un-dissolved desolation onto other's fence?

do you see and read how Renaissance's cut-offs between the simple and superlative?

do you create a perfect Eastlake anatomical map of buried reasons and dumped principles in your head?

do you want to save the medley of Aesthetic Revolution as you go inside the head of the needle of essence? be the thread to re-stitch the fabric lost, now found anew.

#### Étagère

that was the day, your writings were like the cabriole legs, revived style, designed cartouche beside a dresser; opened the filthy drawers, where i could write your name on it, i swept it with my fingers, then cleaned it with a tissue paper, i had in my embroidered rose-pocket, held my breath, sneezing, cursed how this hardwood was stocked in the corner, caused me allergy. as i opened it, the melancholic music box played, my tears voluntarily dripped, a mother and child in a heart pendant carried me in your world.

<u>(étagère-</u> a piece of furniture with open shelves for displaying ornaments)

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#### emblems

mysterious cairns,

dropping jaw hawks,

skull-calibrated gems:

the real sign of aghori,

wrath of the ancestors' deity

and how rituals

were turned from conventional

to radical truths.

## Swapna Behera

#### The Year of the Poet $\, V$ ~ June 2018



Swapna Behera is a bilingual contemporary poet, author, translator and editor from Odisha, India. Her stories, poems and articles are widely published in National and International journals, and ezines, and are translated into different 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 Pentasy B World Fellow Poet in 2017. At present she is a manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literatti.

#### A Mellifluous Migration

Far in the horizon an obtrusive rainbow A group with ocarina Migrating to a land No baggage; as love itself is a wanderer Incombustible incantations To behold a new dawn To pounce upon the sequences of civilisations Blazing fire and ecstatic smokes The transient glacial episodes The summative prayer Chanting hymns of golden songs The endless echoes in the Bering straight The love ,the death and in-betweens The transition; the plethora of music Smiles entwined with smokes Chunk of salmon and the rhythm The dust and water The emerging wings of metamorphosis From the melancholic moments To the intimate conversations A joy of peregrinations The Lithic flakes the Clovis and Folsom Never a ceremony to talk about God But a celebration to talk with God The strength of fire ,the fragrances of soil The real gratitude of secret blessings Strong enough they are to stand alone Wise enough to stand together For a copious coronation ..... In the dazzling dawn.

#### All About A Precious Child

The precious child he is Playing with sand near the sea shore Tomorrow he will build the nation He smiles like an angel So picture perfect ! Reflecting the unspoken languages of peace Neither you nor I can buy He has freshly arrived from the cosmic entity Carrying all dreams That needs no banner ;no tags No flags ;no University degrees A lovely smile is so exuberant Expressive yet so expensive In this hectic twenty four into seven life He trusts all for he is the rising Sun He loves all and lives for all The precious child he is The perennial source of energy His palms are full with dreams You can borrow a little For he has enough to give To you and all Forever and ever .

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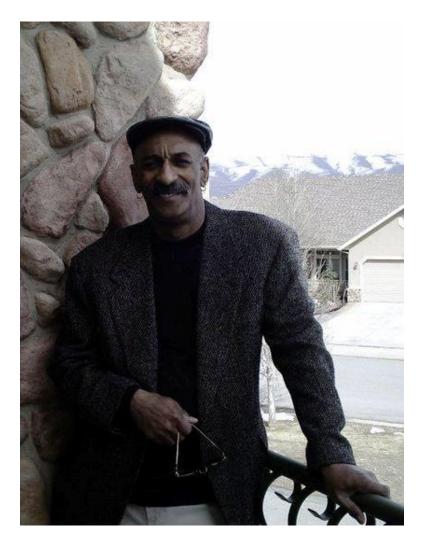
#### My Vintage Shadow

Once upon a time My shadow plundered the depth ,width and length Of my exuberant green existence My verse rattled.

Nature twiddled in cobwebs The shadow harrowed Piercing the subtle mirror With its vintage signature.

# William S. Peters Sr.

The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018



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

#### Paleo

We journeyed to the east Crossing land bridges That no longer exist Bliss was not to be found Save in our visions Of a new life In a new world

We fashioned tools from stone And trees. We built our villages From what Mother provided And we educated our children On our ways And the ways Of the land

We were a reverent people Respectful of all the spirits That nurtured our people

We hunted, we gathered And we found solace In the horizons, The sunsets, The moon, The rivers, The mountains, And the valleys

We multiplied our hearts And our presence

And the land welcomed us, Embraced us And fed us

We found civility Upon this land Before the times you now deem Civil

We had many tongues, Dialects But one voice Which still speaks To this day

We are Paleo

#### 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

Ssssssshhhhhhh . . . Listen . . . There is but 1 word . . . Love . . . That is the Catalyst ! The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018

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

#### A Visit with my Muse

My colorful hued muse Came by for a visit With my heart

As she crossed the threshold Of my humbled abode I noticed the tears Streaming down her face Pooling in my soul

During our time together She posed questions We are all too familiar with, Such as ... Why does 'man' Choose to treat His fellow family As they do?

We discussed The propaganda, The rhetoric, The lies, The ignorance, The indifference, And callousness.

There were many reasons We cited And tried to shine A light on, But we sadly realized

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Once again We have been down this road together More times Than we care to remember

She further went on Immersed in lament About the illusions of difference Such as ... Religion, Culture, Gender Politics. Geography, Culturalisms, Language, Skin tones, And cell phones, Sexual Persuasions, And a voluminous myriad Of lists we create To project our falase superiorities Over one another Making ourselves small Never to realize That we are innately divine And connected By the same fabric Known as humanity

Oh the insane profanity We espouse

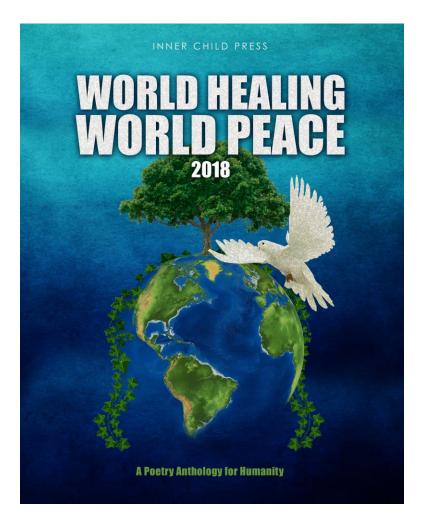
All of creation Resides in but One house

Which none may escape

My Muse became tired And had to beg my forgiveness As she excused herself, For she could take no more ... This day, But I will leave The door to my heart Ajar As I await the arrival Of my colorful hued muse

Upon parting she looked into my soul and said "keep the hope alive"

### World Healing, World Peace 2018



### Now Available



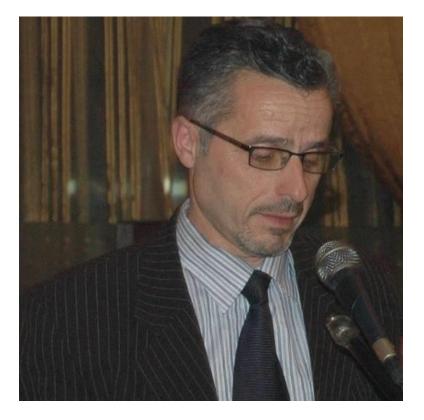
## Jung 2018 Features



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# Bilall Maliqi

The Year of the Poet  $\,V$  ~ June 2018



BILALL MALIQI is a writer, poet and publicist, was born in on 08.04.1969 in a village Elez Bali, municipality of Presheva. He writes poetry and prose for children and adults, h e deals also with literature critics. He is the author of 28 works: poetry for children, for adults, prose for children and adults, journalism and literary critics. Anthologies: the magazine Panorama by the authors of South East Kosova "Sigh for Earth "by the author Hysen Keqiku (2004) ; In lexicon " authors of Albanian Literature for children and adults 1886- 2009" by prof. as.dr. Astrit Bishqemi; in poetical antology Albanian- Swedish "Fllamande Ballad" by Sokol Demaku (2009); In poetical anthology "The Echo of Centuries" by Sokol Demaku, (2010). In International Poetical Anthology "Open Lane "by Kristaq Shabani (2012); In poetical anthology by dr. Fatmir Terziu "Virgin Tears, (2012); In Belgium Poetical Anthology French-Albanian " Anthologie de poetes Albanophones(2012); Maliqi is a founder and editor in chief of the magazine "Qendresa" which is published in Presheva Valley. Maliqi is a president of association of Presheva writers; Maliqi is a member of League of Writers of Kosova; Member of the board " Atunis" President of "Atunis Lugina" in Presheva.

#### Open Your Eyes

Open your eyes I get into groan

Close your eyes A black shadow Around us

Open your files And take off your masks

Because the fortress of Presheva Is covered by darkness Whereas the Valley is covered by dread

Open your eyes...

#### The Mark

Three steps to the mark In pike we have the stone

Through the holes of the fence With a little light

From this point note Grabovc with two heads

And his tail hang up In the old tree

From this free dot

In a naked mound To revive the loves

#### Writing A Poetry

If you want to write a poetry Put your feeling into inspiration

Don't hurt the verse

Write down the mark of figures If you couldn't find their place

You hurt the verse The poetry protests

If you want to write a poetry Become a shadow in every verse

Don't stay like stubby

Get to that mark With your metaphor tousle your time

#### Longing For Fate

Fortune of mine only you know my pains I revealed and had inside me

When sleepy loneliness overtakes me The memory is linked strongly with longing

My longing is stretched in belly of time For the moisture fate in the edge of soul

I never give up to annoyance Neither to storm that takes a bunch of memories

My saturated fate in a pond of tears My hope left in a dirty midnight

My desire for you as the wide fields From where came the first word of love

My song for you was transformed into a ballade Together with damned landmarks

Upon our sights fell out darkness And put us into legend

Now in the nest of ruined fate Remained a hope which will never disappear

#### Patching My Ramshackle Fate

Let me patch my ramshackle fate In the back of the contempt map

Let me count the shouts And with my look to destroy the landmark

Let me step down the slope With many repeated groan

Let me sit on the top of the landmark And get connected with you my land

Let me be on the surface of the rocky ground Just to read the engraved love

# Daim Miftari



Daim Miftari is born in 1979 in Gostivar, Macedonia. He holds a masters degree in Albanian language and literature at Skopje University. Currently he lives in the multilingual city of Skopje, where he has worked as journalist, translator, and teacher. A number of published books in both Albanian and Macedonian, as well as poetries translated and published in antologies, newspapers and literary magazines in Macedonia and abroad, have earned him acclamation by the literary critics. In April 2017 Miftari was granted literary residence POETEKA in Tirana, Albania.

#### Morning

The city woke up and went out for a walk.

Last night it had slept earlier than usual.

At some later hour I sat sipping coffee.

We meet rarely nowdays.

We nod to each other in passing as if we were some slight acquintances.

#### There May Come a Day

there may come a day when I cry out kind of annoved to hell with all my poetries written and unwritten I'm so tired of them putting each word on its proper place in each sentence much like a kid lost in his gaming world and I sure was happy just as one each time I believed that I had made it and then just like a kid respawned thinking sure I could be doing something else easier perhaps or more useful than wasting my time like this but simply realizing I am not really skilled to do anything else If It Wasn't Me

#### if it wasn't me

someone else would be living in the apartment where I live today in the same city on the same street at the same address and those days would be quite the same with all the seasons inside all the happenings joys and sadnesses happinesses accidents foolishnesses like loaded trucks

if it wasn't me someone else would be standing at the same balcony where I stand late at nights at times watching the street fall asleep like a tired traveler under neon lights and shadows of trees

suddenly his thoughts would fly across the mountains to a childhood home that he too might have abandoned and to some dreams teared apart like old clothes by some stubborn tree branch by the street and to his word his given word that he would love her and cherish her forever and later on he'd ask

where did she disappear her joyous stare her thin laughter and sometimes like a bird on an April-green branch sadness would rest upon her face

if it wasn't me someone else similar to me would suffer to the bone frauds unjustices revenges greed losses unfaithfulnesses and upon feeling tired from the urban noise to put his head to rest sometimes he would also hide far far away

if it wasn't me someone else like me would have friends to go out with and the world would seem nice at times and sometimes he'd spit on it and he'd hate his bad fortunes for not being living somewhere else where he'd be better off with his family

because he would also be married with kids and would go out with them at the weekends and carry about them and worry about them and their future

and play with them at the evenings and read them tales and often trapped by some curious question try to find answers

when his kids would grow up he'd tell them about life and his past his loves his dreams his regrets and against his will a tear would drop like water gathered from tree leafs by the wind after a crazy rainstorm and still he'd say he's happy anyways with everything he's accomplished in life

he'd have a library full of books to read any time he'd get a chance

or perhaps he'd have another trade it's mustn't be poetry





Gojko Božović (1972), poet, essayist, literary critic, editor and publisher.

Books of poetry: Underground Cinema (1991), Soul of the Beast (1993), Poems of Things (1996), Archipelago (2002), Elements (2006), Nearby deities (2012), Map (2017).

Book of essays: Poetry in Time: On the Serbian Poetry of the Second Half of the 20th Century (2000), Place We Love: On the Contemporary Serbian Poetry (2009). Anthologies: An Anthology of Recent Serbian Poetry: The Nineties, The 20th Century (2005), Place We Love. An Anthology of Contemporary Serbian Poetry 1945-2006. (2006, 2011; in English), The World around Us. An Anthology of Contemporary Serbian Stories (2009).

His poems and essays are translated to English, French, Italian, German, Russian, Czech, Portuguese, Hungarian, Dutch, Danish, Slovenian, Norwegian, Polish, Bulgarian, Romanian, Slovak, Bulgarian, Greek and Macedonian.

He received the awards "Dušan Matić", "Brana Cvetković", "Djura Jakšić", "Branko Ćopić" and Europa Giovani International Poetry Prize" (Italy) for poetry.

He received "Borislav Pekić Fund Award" for essays.

He is founder and Editor-in-Chief Arhipelag Publishing (Belgrade, 2007) and Belgrade Festival of European Literature.

He lives and works in Belgrade (Serbia).

#### Besieged City Virgil, Eclogue IV

"And once again great Achilles to Troy shall be sent," And once again Troy shall be discovered In every place where Great Achilles turned Into the child of his anger, Into the parent of his madness. And once again arms shall be forged, The world shall shine in the shield's morning, Mute iron shall begin to speak in the squares, And once again shall cities be besieged, In the besieged cities one shall exchange Days for nights, and days for years, Kingdoms for submissiveness, And once again walls shall be torn down, So that we can, finally, return home, Among the unknown household members, So that the besieged city be built once again.

Translated: Dragan Purešić

#### Last Photograph with Father

I have not kept The last photograph with my father. We were sitting in my father's car, And I was silent, He was talking and breathing heavily, Struggling for air. What is left of the photograph Is just a strip of light, Although it is more important to me Than the preserved photographs. But I remember That I was looking right ahead, With my eyes wide open, As if I could see What was coming. What had already come And placed itself between us, In my father's light yellow car.

Translated: Dragan Purešić

#### Above water

I felt we were sinking. Water penetrated ship's foundations, Water, oily, black water, Heavy as the earth itself, While we were leaving the deck In unresolved dispute Descending into the underworld, Through water and mud, Imagining the limits of the lower deck As the limits of a terminated world. And nobody would look up To keep head over water And examine the contours of the island, Promise of a distant land. I felt we were sinking Something more powerful than water lured us into water. Something as old as water.

Translated: Radmila Nastić





Sofija Živković (1985), graduated in Serbian philology from the Faculty of Philology, Belgrade. Published two books of poetry Sobe (Rooms) and Kafa u pet (Coffe at Five), a book of creative nonfiction Intimni vodič kroz Dorćol i okolinu (An Intimate Guide through Dorćol and surroundings) and a book of selected poems in Serbian, German and Hungarian Trojna monarhija. She reguary publishes poems and essays in acclaimed magazines in Serbia and some of them have been translated into Arabic, Albanian, Spanish. Her poems were incuded in a regiona female poetry anthology Ovo nije dom (This is not home) and her short story (translated into German) was included in a fiction anthology about Vienna's Danube shore entitled Zu anderen Unfern, which will come out during 2018 in Vienna. She was guest of the art festival Sommerloch in Vienna 2016 and will be translator-in-residence (translating from Spanish) at the Europaische Ubersetzung Kollegium in Germany in August 2018. She is preparing a new book of peetry based on painting of Berliner painter Lesser Ury.

#### Gundulićev Venac Street

I see the façade of the building that belongs there, Beyond border, As in that street another time is worth and There's no cold as here where I am; While I burn a cigarette, Kent, on terrace there's a snow, sowed pine tree And the butt with the lipstick imprint; I love The smell of tobacco while it mixes with the sound Of cigarette afterburning, and after all – after some memories And a nicotine taste, ashes remain, which I casually shake On terrace. I throw the butt and I lock the room door. I count that langsyne That impossible That lancinating absence on snows, Here near the Die lange Gasse; and when I wake up tomorrow, And the air freshened by the frozen river, again I'm going to go, There beyond the border. Yet this sole cigarette, this time - only.

#### translated by Fahredin Shehu Broken Jewelry

Let's open a jeweler shop That has only the broken jewelry With broken pitchers and vases Noggins and jewelry again On what did this recalls you? Someone was touching another

The Year of the Poet V ~ June 2018

With jewelry in fingers Around the neck and in a heart With brooch in the heart As you did to me Sometimes Always Timelessly Out of any expectation Yet in a long waiting

translated by Fahredin Shehu

#### Nocturno

You can not say What you hear It is just as you go in the street We stop around the corner 29th November- Cetinjska street and There's no signboard There's no even a path Only no No we do not want to go With clamminess life has been painted You can't erase Nor restore Light through windows pierces The windows are unreal But they made us transparent As somebody plays a tune There in your room But there's no room As if somebody plays Glass' etude 5 But there's no piano There's no Pianist Return us Bring us back in the same point To hear again Again to hear that same all

translated by Fahredin Shehu

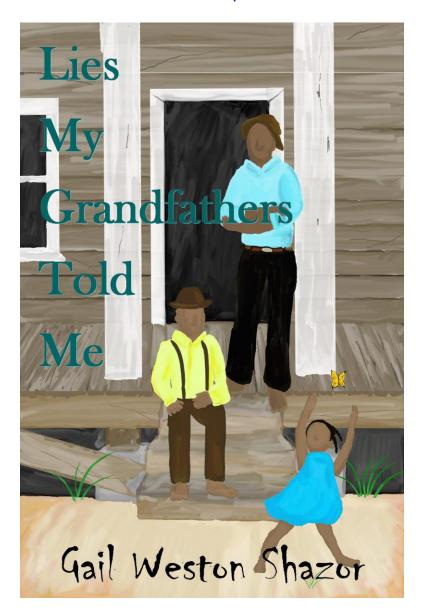
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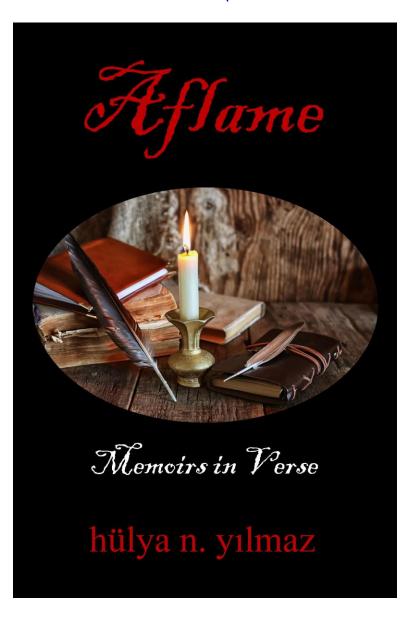
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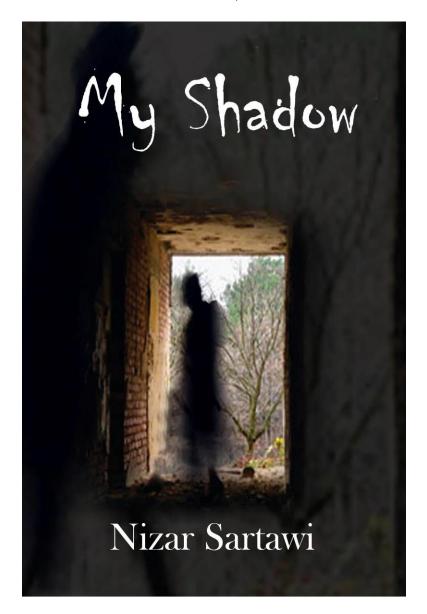
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Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Faleeha Hassan Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno William S. Peters, Sr.











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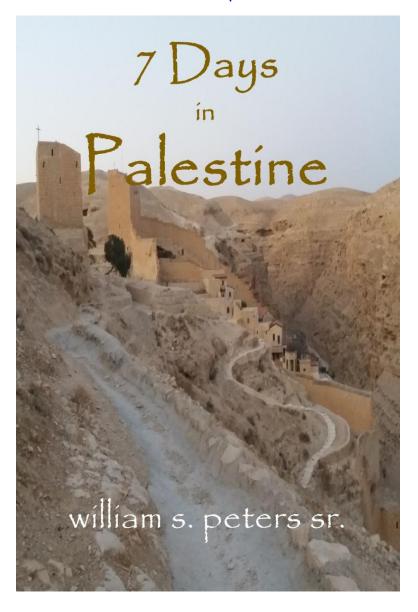
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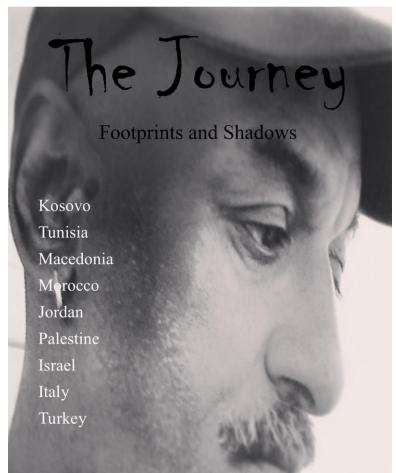
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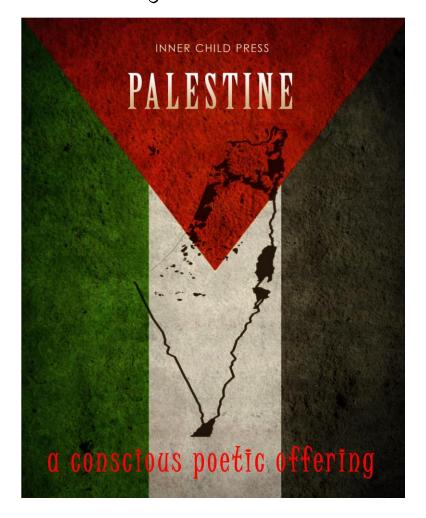
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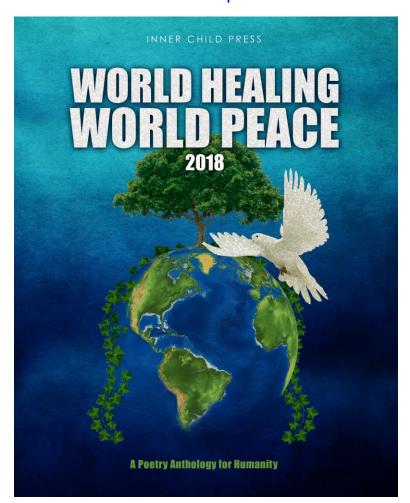


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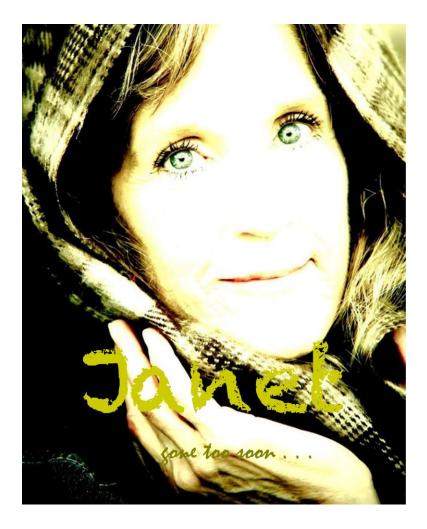
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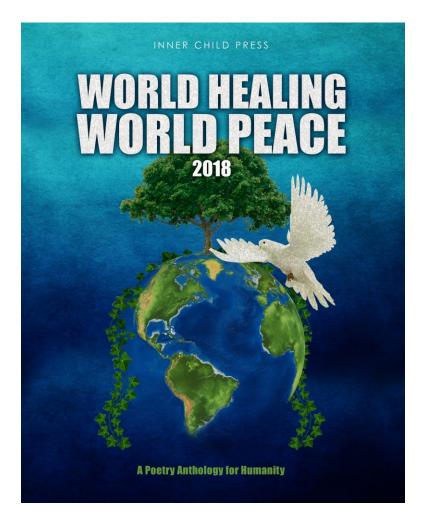
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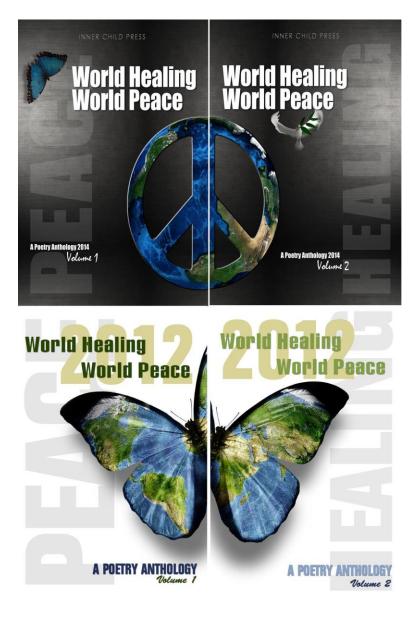
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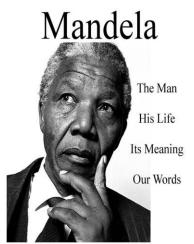
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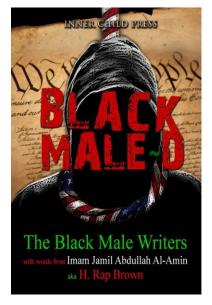
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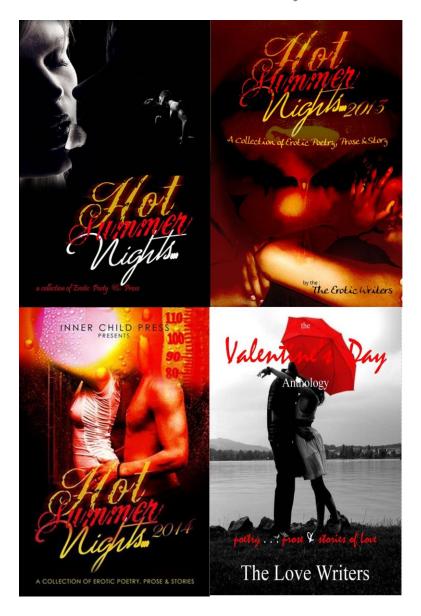
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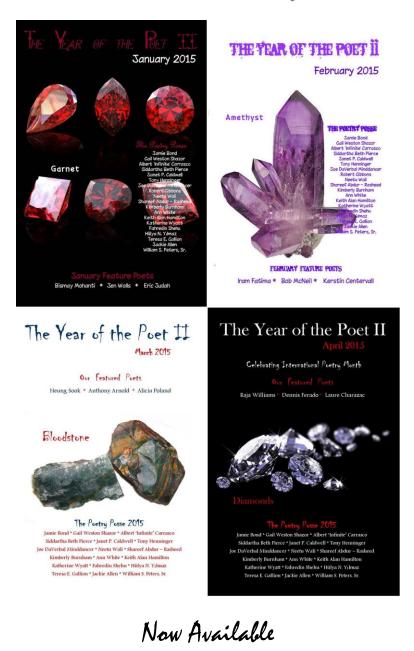
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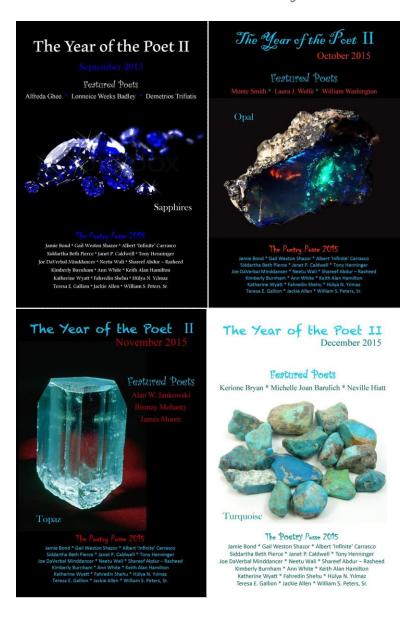
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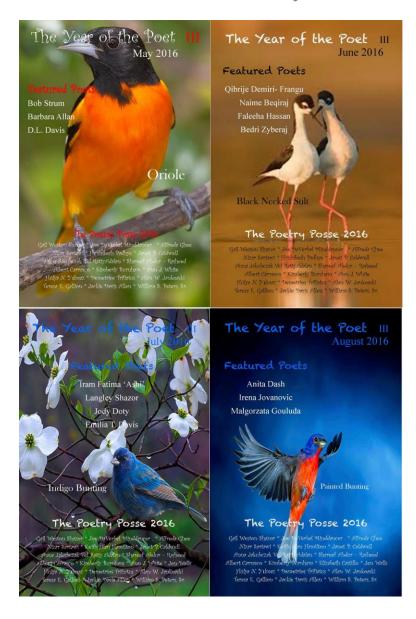
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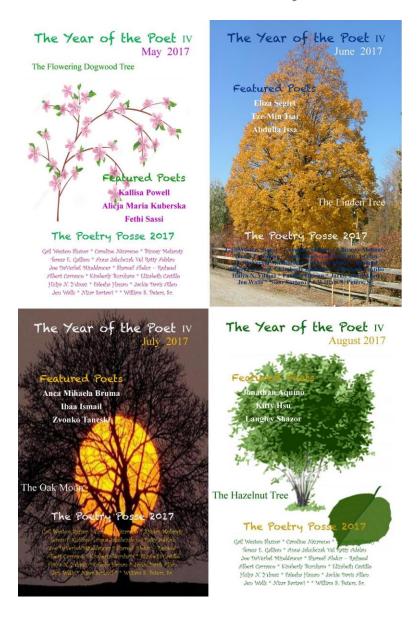
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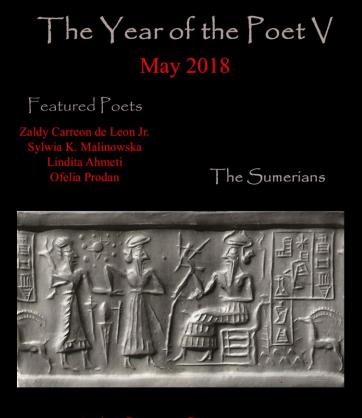
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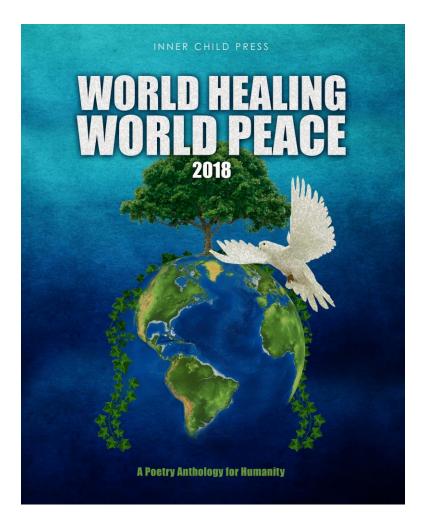
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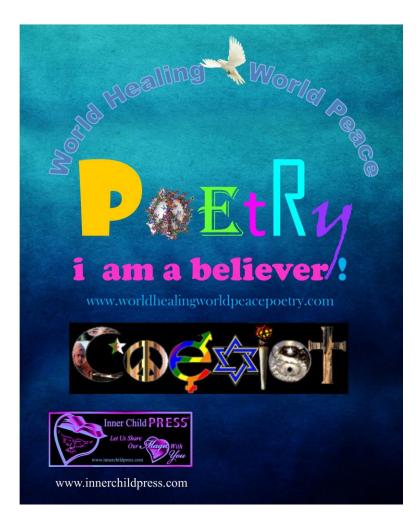
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## The Poetry Posse ~ 2018



#### June 2018 ~ Featured Poets



Bilall Maliqi



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