The Year of the Poet VIII

June 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Rayen Kang



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

Year

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Dogt VIII

June 2021

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2021

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VIII June 2021 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2021

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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

June marks the halfway point for the year. It says to us "you have been successful thus far". Rayen Kang lives this as a young artist. The laurels of her early success will not rest here. The vision of conservation by young people can only be surpassed by the continued work.

There is no where one can turn without seeing information on climate change. What happened, what it is and how we need to change our lives is on the top of the list from the office of the President down to the youngest citizen. Rayen supports this through her art. Her "voice" brings awareness to the issues important to her. The realism in her choices of fowl bring us into her reality. We may only see a duck or a swan but the 80 plus hours she spent getting it true to her eye shows in how we appreciate the canyas.

The world has yet to weigh in on this young lady. She, however, is busy weighing in on the world. Helping out as a research assistant on quantile estimation, presiding over the STEAM organization at Georgia Tech, and spending time encouraging other young women in the STEM field, she is making marks in tackling real world problems in a challenging environment.

In this issue of the Year of the Poet, you will be challenged to see how we acknowledge the contributions of youth and how we see ourselves at the turning point of the year. We may allow our pens to reminiscence or dream forward. A very special thanks to the contributing poets. Keep in mind that you may think to yourself, "that is that piece", there is always more to come. The art cannot be stilled.

Gail Weston Shazor Director of Anthologies

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are, 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

PS

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

Rayen Kang

June 2021

Rayen Kang, a 17 artist won the junior duck stamp contest. From Johns Creek, Georgia, Kang's Emperor goose artwork appears on the 2020 U.S. Postal Services' Duck stamp. The Junior Duck Stamp contest was created by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to applaud conservation efforts by young people and support environmental and conservation education programs in the United States.

https://www.fws.gov/birds/education/junior-duck-stamp-conservation-program/junior-duck-stamp-gallery-2018-2019.php

"The Junior Duck Stamp Contest taught Rayen Kang over the years that however amazing paintings may be, they cannot compare to the wonders of real waterfowl, fueling her support for the conservation program."





2021-2022 South Carolina Junior Duck Stamp winner: "The King Has Arrived" by Julia Boyer Age 14, Charleston County School of the Arts, N. Charleston, SC

www.sewe.com/blog/2021-junior-duck-stamp/





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

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

Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

I imagine where your wings would have rested...

I imagine where your wings would have rested Tickling for the birth Downy pulsing under smooth flesh The water gleams iridescently in rainbows Arcing through the space of is and dreams

I imagine where your wings would have rested In the two delicate spots cresting shoulder blades Strongly erect and gently swaying With a majesty of their own And separate from the being you have become

I imagine where your wings would have rested When they were hidden from view, from touch I wonder if they felt pain or pleasure When the water of your world Has been contaminated with sludge

I imagine where your wings would have rested Wanting to see the world as you do Eager to be a part of your life for I imagined Thoughts to be so much more interesting Coming from your experiences in this nexttime

I imagine where your wings would have rested I don't remember the tickle of gossamer feathers Although it could have been mistaken For the paint on canvas Or the ink on a stamp

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ June 2021

I imagine where your wings would have rested Easy and peaceful I imagine where my wings would have grown Light and airy, filmy and fair Had the world been as it was

Dawtahs

I keep finding you In the spaces that I Forget to look Some of you come to me When I am done And others when I need you I have always been off step A condition that I am used to Having spent most Of my life as one Sometimes not Sometimes so But always mother wanted And I promise that I will always live you Wrapped around my veins So don't be afraid To spread your arms open For you have much to show me And I have many more days To share with you, this The love of mothers And the mothers before And it will not leave you hungry Nor subject to the falsehoods Of this world I want to share with you A cradle legacy Much more than breasts And soft bellies, but Of women nurturing women Whether you want it or not Come dawtah. Let me love you into the brilliance That is you

Passing time

The old women smoke cigarettes
They roll them between arthritic
And yellowed fingers
Polished away of nicotine stains
Courtesy of now closed factories
And stockings with runs

The old women smoke cigarettes
Waving the smoke away from
The neighbor's noses
While telling their used to be stories
Of how they were once fancied
By prohibition runners in skinny pants

The old women smoke cigarettes
The viceroys and camels
Their long dead husbands favored
On the nights when it was too hot
Or too cold to keep warm on the corner
When called upon to light the stove

The old women smoke cigarettes
Passing them one to another
To light the next one's flame
The companionship in this one small act
Is enough to succor the widowhood
Of forgotten beautifulness

The old women smoke cigarettes
Because sometimes
One needs something to do with ones
Hands and mouths

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Alicja Maria Kubzrska

The Year of the Post VIII ~ June 2021



The Year of the Poet VIII ~ June 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).

Duck

A small 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

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A walk along the shores of the Baltic Sea

The sea breeze envelops me with nostalgia, reverie rises in the air.

Screaming gulls like white sails flutter on the endless ocean of the sky

I follow the calls of the birds and I'm heading towards the distant horizon.

I leave footprints in the sand for a moment. The waves sweep them away with their arched arms.

Salty droplets fall on my face, to flow meanders down my cheeks.

Water permeates my body and mind and I want to know the secrets of being and nothingness.

Nobody knows I've been here and I'm becoming silence. I disappear between the sea and the clouds.

Other stars

Lights flashed in the sky, as many as fireflies on a May night - beautiful and dangerous.

Death stars do not preach the good news. They carry anger and regret.

Instead of angelic voices, dawn and explosions, moaning and crying can be heard.

Barbed wires around Bethlehem hurt the land and the inhabitants It does not allow wounds to heal.

Concrete stumps of houses raise their destroyed hands to the sky and mute lamentation and despair.

The stars exploded.

For the surrounding towns and villages deadly debris fell.

Fire in the streets are sparked by rebellion and anger. Spring rain will not extinguish it.

Other stars bring destruction
- they reveal the truth
about peace that never existed.

Jackiz Pavis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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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

neyar gnak

quack, quack duck stamp on the front neyar gnak image on the lake paint me a scene successful endeavor an image impressed like sticky rice in a bowl a Chinese restaurant Peking duck simple things complicated things come to mind think, smile; the title an intellectual puzzle not meant to offend nor create a scene simple intention a note of levity

A Vision of Truth

Buried in the annals of history, Scrolls of truth waited. I held out my hand. Traced it over the writings, the script strange. Silent, it bade me to come in out of the dark.

Kneeling at the entrance to destiny, I acquiesced. I discarded my mask.

I saw visions, saw dragons who breathed fire. I saw rivers swallowing plumes of smoke. I saw a chariot rise up on wings.

Herculean efforts to reach it failed. Despite smoldering embers, I, like Burnt offering, imbued with sweetest spice Attracted a great crowd of truth's believers.

I sang songs, chanted prayers. Like a mother bird on her nest, I held hope.

I nurtured the hope of a nation's desire; Beseeched God that all might come into the light. Waves of healing soothed my bruised spirit's soul.

Birds of prey fueled a league whose feet Had dragged in perpetuity; finally finding, Drinking from the fountain of truth, a people Dared to pour its waters all over the land.

At the Table

Scattered upon the presentation, Broken pauses, shards of glass... Bold tongues wagging amongst the assemblage.

Yet two came with whisper of a gift... With joy, they offered a token, Unraveling paradox of understanding.

Wherever gathered, with silver or gold, Spotlight shone solely upon the gossipers. Except for two, each filled with introspection.

Of self-same pride. Opening wounds, pouring Salt, the gossipers smugly sang self-same songs. Presumed their mirrored images superior.

Standing firm, the two, granting reprieves Presented gifts, issued invitations. Love, Forgiving all, tried to make things right.

Some kneeled, some begged pardon for pride Of attitude For misdeeds, for slander... the others, Mute, hungered neither nor thirsted for truth.

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 Smile To River Ducks

I sit here all day
Waiting for the green waves to hit the banks
I listen to the lotus song quietly
Let the melodious rhyme accompany the water breeze
I laughed at the wild ducks
Touching the ship window secretly with a cry
I eavesdrop
Those overlapped green hills has repeatedly advised the surrounding lake
However
I forgot how to open the bow

Lotus flowers are so dense

The waves pushing the sound of flute into the faint fog Rain tears with twilight tint the spring river West winds turned into heavy scales all over the surface How to stop wild ducks from flying over this area again But the person who planted willows in the past can't be found for a long time

Where he is now?

Can you see it? The wild duck is still there Can you see it? The wild duck is still there

That's Just A Path In The Forest

The lion's footsteps are heavy and restless
Sweeping the fallen leaves under one's feet
Inaudible moment
The roar of the lion is like dumb mat grass under the tree
Lying quietly
But know how to cherish the sunlight coming from
diagonally

National Referendum Hearing Record
The government should completely ban imports
Pig meat containing beta-receptor hormones ractopamine
The corners of the pursed lips rise
Attempt to show inner disdain
Isn't that one?
Issues that shouldn't be created but inexplicably produced
That's just a path in the forest

National Referendum Hearing Record
The government shouldn't
Attempt to destroy the coast and sea area of Tai Tam algae
reef only for the transportation of natural gas
Frowning eyebrows
There is a wolf-like look under the eyes of a pair of eagles
Isn't that one?
Issues that shouldn't be created but inexplicably produced
That's just a path in the forest

The sharp wheel of time
Overwhelming the incisive and terrifying roar of the lion
Force it
To stagger with such a waning pace
The shaky figure melts into the gloomy forest
Dumb cicadas
Go along the only forest path

Brain Imprint

Waves sway the sea and the moon
Star Shadow Enters the Tower
The night heron is as cold as falling snow at night
Moon bow shadow over the tree
The square fish pond was looked like a mirror without any
traces

Like a ruler

Lay out the government's carefully designed policy advocacy

By people's taxes are deeply rooted in government departments

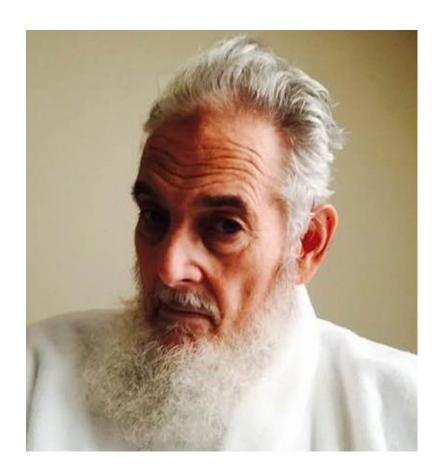
Waves sway the sea and the moon Star shadow gradually moved into the tower There are so many disturbances and disputes in our world tonight

Both white-heads and green-sideburns are mad and insane The world of the Internet, the sharp edge of the government Domesticated young man

There is no time to talk about the ideals of life In the past outside the struggle of hatred

This is a fake democratic government
Concealed in the dark and obscure democratic vote
counting program
One vote, one vote
Jade storied building, spring's footsteps stop
Looking up at the clouds without moonlight
The hills outside the garden follow the loneliness
The people hope to find the moonlight in chaos
My night herons
Can you not just mind the little fish under your mouth that
only has enough to feed your belly?

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

Rayen Kang

beauty thing stamp of approval isn't on postage it's your mindset better yet your heart devoted to art painting water fowl just a part your committed to impart awareness to our obligation restoration of our water life maintaining and sustaining life in all its forms free of being violated, disrespected your commitment to your art as a vehicle to stimulate awareness, restore purity to our waterways, air to breath the foods we eat and feed to human beings beginning with ourselves and those we love Thank your special young lady. may you grow and shine in your art and humanity be a beacon

food4thought = educucation

VERDICT!

came in swift how else should it what no acquittal y'all actually believed your evez is that why folk surprised a man got to die cameras rolling life stolen for nothing ameriKKKa your f*(k#d up takes all this time to fess up when the whole dam world knew watsup how else could it be when humans get taken out for all to see watsup ameriKKKa smart phones smarter than thee? you still had to try to perpetuate the lie that Mr. Floyd died because this 'n ' that trying your a\$\$ off lying your a\$\$ off to make lies facts but not this time so, if there was no video, no crime Chauvin walks, to stork and kill again that's what you telling me ameriKKKa? you heard me! You who came here to steal, kill, maim in god's name? way back in the day over 500 years of days you still the same

steal, lie, kill, maim that other in god's name? you despicable, evil, will eventually be fuel for the flame called HELL by name where you will dwell eternally with the other empire's in the fire. oh say can i see? dam skippy! and you know thee all seeing all hearing, all knowing got something for you and ooh god see's all with certainty

food4thought = educucation

Light!

emanates piercing darkness reflective of truth overpower falsehood one little ray of nur(light) disperses dark ignorance goes away can't stay in the company of bright rays truth comes and beats the brains out of falsehood just as evil is trumped by good love overpowers hate such is the power of divine light rays of truth shine bright pierce darkness of night send ignorance to flight forbid evil enjoins right assigned to the righteous this noble plight this is the purpose of life created to worship, praise the creator from where you came commissioned to glorify his name hear and obey remind mankind the words Allah(swt) say put that into practice everyday not the lip service way words a mirror of your deeds for you is to be a beacon lighting the way

a lamp onto the feet rendering falsehood running away in full defeat bearing witness the sound of Shaitan (Satan) in retreat

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham

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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

Birds Tanka

Don't say birds are more

important people need homes

food love just it'd

be nice when we destroy, plant

a few trees and fruit bushes

Today

Teal turquoise water
alive with green and blue waves
ducks float endangered
by pollution and a lack

colors a quest to survive

Saving Them All

Two ducks one real

one potential reflected

as if to say look

care save both realities

with potential in sunlight

Clizabeth Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

The Wonders of Nature

Beloved nature should be conserved,
Blessings from the Source, protect thee
Art captures the beauty of nature
But seeing it for real
Gives us an immense pleasure.
Isn't it a wonder how it all came to be?
When God created the Earth,
Nature was blessed with bounty
Look around you even the waterfowl is a masterpiece
For the Master Artist did it all with love.

Free the Oppressed

Amid the pandemic, wars loom the land So where do we go from here, we ask When all things seem to fall apart? Were our prayers being ignored Why would sufferings continue to prevail But all these chaos make no sense at all.

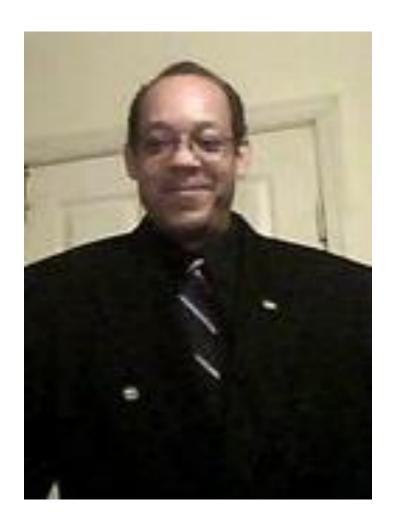
Free the oppressed souls pleading for mercy
Reaching out for the sky, crying their hearts out
Spare the innocent ones, the weak and the sick
Free the oppressed begging for love and compassion.

The Nomad

He had been traveling on foot
Since the time he was a little boy
Getting to nowhere, no direction
The sun was his companion
The moon was his guardian
As he sets his eyes on the Promised Land.
A Nomadic he was, belonging to no one,
The wind carries him anywhere it blows
In the dark night, wolves howl
But he is not one who succumbs to fear.

Jog Pairg

The Year of the Post VIII ~ June 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

Waterfowl

I'm in this scene of cool water and ripples. My distorted reflection allows me to check my feathers. Funny isn't it, funny it's not. There are others to listen to.

This sky beneath me this guy beneath me. Are swallows followed like me? I see the blind men hidden deep within the trees. No lead for me today, what's left for me to say?

Wait, is that a fly, with a Day-Glo line attached to it. Faith is blind but few believe and just scratch through it. Flannel shirts and waders, Florida alligators. I find solitude in the calm of the day.

The eddy's tickle a bit as I spot a tiny fin. a few of my buddies are flying in. It's feeding time and the water is teaming. Fluorescent features on my feathers.

I think I'm being written in a poem. I think I'd rather not be stuffed. I've never been a fan of pillows. And please don't say Foie gras.

Outside Now

Restrictions are lifted still I sit here in my home. I'm not one for outside the outside has no room. I need at least. six miles of separation Slick smiles adapt at taking. My personal prison.

I'm living my liven.
Society has these funny rules.
You have to interact
to be considered cool.
Status quo foolishness
how can you make rules to this
survival of the Bible
people rarely use the truth in it.

Step by step in chronological order educate graduate, marry someone's daughter. have a few kids, and complain about disorder. After all that, can I have my borders. I'm not going to a senior's function to prove I still function. back when the masks had everyone upset I was the happiest I've ever been.

Feathering relations where I never should have been. Three hots and a cot are all I need. Internet connection and a wide screen TV. Who am I kidding, I just don't fit?

My Sunsets Are Beautiful

It's a spring thing for a time.

I try to catch the glow of me.
Church steeples block private communication.
Conversations with my God and I
My god, I have captured what can't be seen.
Every day it seems there's a pattern.
The birds pose for me now.
I'm learning their language.
I spoke in Blue Jay and he landed in my frame.
I got a shot of wings tail and everything.
five o'clock shadows wait until nine.
I can't get a clear shot past these powerlines.
The blue jay chased a crow.
no matter how many breadcrumbs I throw.
I can only catch the sunset from front row.

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

snail mail

tucked in inside various kinds of envelopes, postcards and personal (or professional) letters donned their two-option stamp: domestic or international

they are now on their way to become a mere memory of the fast-disappearing past

long before emails won the popularity contest having gained a steady support at a record-breaking speed, snail mail used to be the long-distance venue with its two-option destination: domestic or international

if you are my age, you too have probably seen many a stamp some, uplifting in their flower prints or season-specific images; others, destined to mark awareness for many a fatal disease

who recalls ever seeing the Duck Stamp of the U.S. Postal Services in 2020? i do not, nor did i know about its significance as far as helping people conserve wildlife or its contribution to the visibility of educational programs in the United States, those that focused solely on largely neglected issues of environmental and conservation concerns

yet . . . for years – clueless about the notable mark of the Duck Stamp, i have been donating to the one leading U.S. organization – well-known in its efforts in this arena

clueless no more . . .

my beloved grandfather

he was still young enough to climb up and down those multiple steep concrete steps

the most exciting part of his every single day would announce itself with the arrival of the mailman

after his historically unique private home, he lived in an upper-most flat of an apartment complex

the mailboxes were right at the entry of the building down, way down the seemingly unending stairway

he would rush to get to that floor, hoping that his children or grandchildren had written to him once more

when i visited him the last time, he mistook me for my Mom and my daughter, for me

Alzheimer's had become his steady companion, along with the postcards he long ago secured with his longing and love on his self-made pin board

lonely mailboxes

promotions galore

junk mail, occupying space

emptiness inside

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

The Emperor Has Feathers

White fuzz covers his head, rolls down the back of his neck, flows into a sea of blue variants that signify his status as emperor goose.

His image reflected in the water sends out waves of color to attract girls. Nature has its own way of doing things in the natural world.

No girl in the pond would give him a first nor second glance if he had no colorful features to showcase his beauty.

Soul Serenade

The sermons come daily bubbling and gurgling over stones that listen until perfectly smooth waterfalls dance in small portions.

The theme of the sermons is peace and harmony, steadfast commitment, power and strength to move forward no matter what happens.

Many come to the river but do not hear the sound current nor see the spiritual light. They are spiritually unconscious.

The breeze is always a song. If we learn to listen, the Soul will be serenaded into an awakening.

Joshua Tree Therapist

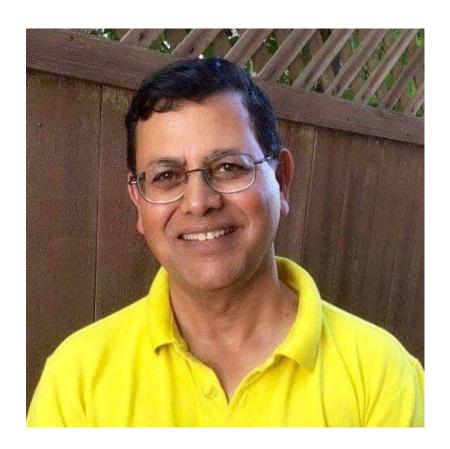
My therapist spoke to me through a culture of trees called Joshua. I spoke back bending my knees in humility and the trees anointed me with love in a praise song filled with laughter and mischief.

One said to me, how do you like my sexy afro? My nappy needles draw attention when I bend in my fashion pose.

Come close. You have earned the privilege to hug me with grace and gratitude.

How could I resist an ecstatic touch? I hugged it and said, I love you.

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.

World of Senses

lush surroundings soft silky touch a carefree goose glides on dark green waters

the midday sun on my skin the wild wood fragrance wafts embraces mother earth

dragonflies dart a hummingbirds hover soft shadows

the infinite perfection conveyed to physical senses to fishes in the deep birds in the sky

the morning dew on grass beneath my bare feet at every moment of every day even now

if it weren't for you such ecstasies I would never Know

Morning Walk

Red poppies A sense of solitude In the air

Behind the trees The sun rises Trickle down Rays of hope Like a silk sari flutter

I recall her name In a void of nothingness As butterflies and birds Hurry To their routine

Keepers of Faith

I observe How a seed Sprouts Seasons And births Seeds

No regrets No complaints Only green smiles

I imitate Grow Bloom And then ...

This is How to live

Graciously with Sky Forest River and Land

I am delighted to see such a breath of fresh air

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ June 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

Promises at the Duck Pond River

I was at the end of the bridge While you gently come and surprise me With the pan de sal and hot rice coffee We ambushed the silence of the pond, You and I throwing stones Like innocents, and count while ducks play In search of their mother to swim over the hills. There was a sudden silence, You embraced me like there's no tomorrow and space. I was like the statue of liberty Unmoved. I just can feel the sincerest hugs and promises You have whispered, "You complete me", Soothing days are simple days Holding you at the river pond's end.

Dulcinea

Impressed ''to go beyond the ordinary'' seeing possibilities, looking greatness, committing to believe that dreams come true, that goals in life reflects purity and undying.

Inspired to live beyond
To heal the land,
While requiem is sang
From the mountains of the free
Distance between my wings
To the rainbow's gold
Has flown to reach
A million words!

Hammock of Love

It sways while singing melancholic hums Tied from two strong poles Like your arms tied around my neck And gently hold your back to Calm the tides from your heart, As it sways back and forth, I think of the memories left and remained untouched. Intangible clips of real movies Like our first fairy tale, That was shadowless preview From the chains of the hammock, It keeps the rope firm Like my faith to you, It sways to brilliant joys Like how I deeply feel For your tender love.

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

and she is the winner

a small duck

with slender bill

the crest and hood

that dives in fresh water ponds

an acrylic painting

of an emperor goose

the art of Rayen King

the young stamp artist

won the Georgia Junior Duck stamp contest

i am still standing in a line

i am still standing in a line i am standing still in the line no one moves not even the pedestrians, cyclists florists, neither a teacher nor a student my city is stand and still except the virulent virus the street dogs are hungry, there is panic and terror media transmitting fear, cries seminars, graveyards, doctors, vaccines foreign help for oxygen military is active i am standing against the silent minions building my sky reconstructing the unlocked world the dead calendar flings on the wall of a parliament golden memories are in the iron chest or in the casket when time twists eyes deposit empty dreams the artist sells vegetables the painter sells masks hugging, jogging and celebration all over here a pyre, there a pyre every where a long line on line and off line for oxygen hospital beds are full people talk about ventilator, virus capsules and I.C.U.s it seems there is terrible disorder

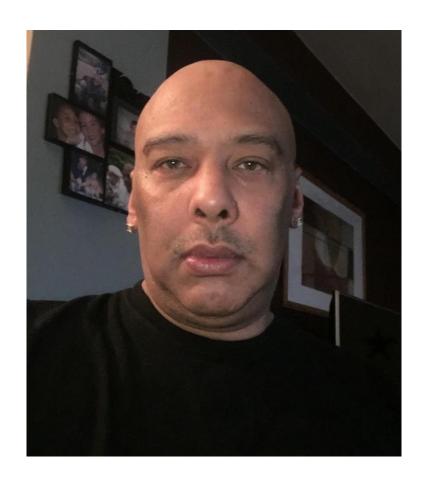
i am waiting for that day
when music bands will march forward
on the national highway
to detoxify the air
migrants will get a plate full of rice
every living being will be without masks
yes, hunger opens the masks
and covers the face too
my pen and prayer all I have
they are walking from this time zone to the other
to be ordained and work for next generation
I am waiting and waiting
inside a machine

the lady Tarzan

the lady Tarzan guards the lush green forests from mafias and naxalites protects forests creates awareness she is fearless bold and determined she and her gang of women with arrows, sickles, sticks shout and fight raise the voice for the trees "don't ever dare to touch the leaves our jungle; our life" ten thousand women sow the saplings to create forests the community protects she the fearless, firebrand leader bride of Jharkhand village after village she walked formed the groups to guard the forest day and night trees are friends so, they tied holy strings to protect she is fearless an environmental activist for forest conservation a truly empowered woman standing boldly among the trees Jamuna Tudu, the lady Tarzan

Jharkhand; Jharkhand is a state of India

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

Rayen Kang (duck on a stamp)

i see freedom on wisdom.

i can fly away but floating,

riding this current is where i'll stay.

The wisdom couldn't be any clearer,

its as if its my own rippled mirror.

My surroundings are beautiful and it is accented by this peaceful river.

Air is above me and theres an array of fish beneath my belly,

I am in the middle of beauty.

sun beams as i go downstream,

I'm warm on top and underneath I'm cool like the swimming... schools.

At the moment my destination isn't clear

so right now i'll soak in this jaw dropping scenery

until I'm placed on the top right of an envelope being sent to an addressee

We are not the same

I'm an eighties crack baby, we're not the same. Dudes are hustl'n, I am the game. Inf watched the forefathers mix the cement for the foundation, my reign was meant, I wasn't lucky, standing on the top was intended, them brick layers knew I'll grow to be what was built future superintendent. In the school of hard knocks I was an exchange student, I saw them come, I saw the hand to hand, I saw them leave, before I even touched work I was sale fluent.

I saw the beef and witnessed the wars for breaking code of the street laws, saw stacks on top of stacks when I was still poor. I had next, there was no bleachers to sit on, in order to learn the ropes I had to stand side by side men pushn Coke and her-ron. I became a product of my environment since I was surrounded by mobsters, when my turn came up I was a monster.

Shit was fly'n, slugs and oil that turned to rock while still in hot water, wasn't a wait-er, i was a hungry go getter so I stood in that lobby takn orders. no one was taking what was built from me, I'm holding shit down, I prayed that I didn't have to be the reason why someone is holding down balance beams in physical therapy.

There was a lot to prove and a lot to lose so ya had to make an example of the first violator so the rest respect how ya move. I'm getting locked up but coming right back, I getting raided back to back, got hit up and came right back, poverty was behind me and no matter what, I wasn't looking back. All my failure made me better, trials and tribulations were just education on becoming a high-school valedictorian that will earn his masters.

Regardless to all my brilliance and intelligence I couldn't solve the algorithm that'll end the slug violence that left many men close to me infinitely silenced. I've grown with soldiers that lived by the gun and died by killers shootn one, I had to live hypocritical because I didn't want to have to repeat my hardest fight of fighting to emerge from critical to stable. We are not the same, I watched the forefathers mix the cement that built the foundation for a place I lived... The house of pain.

Near death

I've been through so many near death experiences that I used to tell myself, al you one lucky man! and I knew I had a purpose, this writing game had yet to surface. I survived attempts of assassination, hurdled over trials and tribulation, got wheeled in hospitals on gurneys, a few days later i walked out of emergency, got arrested and bailed out before incarceration, I road my chariot filled with lives through the fire and emerged on the other side as a solo rider, i said bye to many men before burial or cremation. I learnt my purpose. the words I write provoke emotion when spoken, Ive been chosen to speak about drugs, jail and murder, because most of my life was about drugs jail and murder. They say it takes a village to raise a child, well I'm a project life villager trying to intercept children from living vile, before reaching rikers isle, or laying like I was in montefiore in critical

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.

Dead vestige

To Rayen Kang

Stop, human!
Don't destroy our home,
don't take the territory.
Do you think
we want to live in puffs of smog?
We need the nature,
not words
about environmental protection.

You can take photos of us, turn them into stamps, pics, decorations - it's but a mere copy of ourselves. We can fly, run, swim... We don't want to be only a dead vestige, an ornament in our destroyers' sham paradise.

To amuse for centuries we have to live.

Translated by Ula de B.

Kingdom

Man-doomed trees have no voice.

They are silent.

They stop being the Green Lungs of the World.

They become just wood that does not help Earth, an extinguished kingdom of breath

- a void of destroyers!

Translated by Artur Komoter

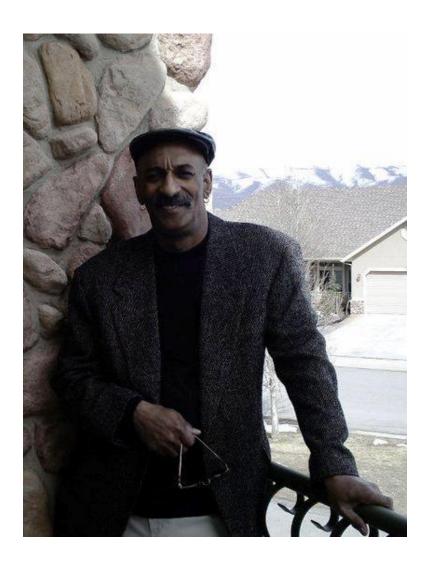
Trampoline

Doesn't plan, but inanely strives towards the goal – the death of the Earth. Forgets that lands, seas, oceans are places of life. The trampoline to their annihilation is the human – once called *homo sapiens*, today....

Better to remain silent.

Translated by Piotr Karczewski

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

So much more

From Nature

To inspiration

To concept

To color

To canvas

To museums

To Collections

To vaults

To magazines, to books to newspapers

To classrooms

To Cities, to countries

I have travelled

And now I am a beautiful stamp

And still

So much more

Listen . . . Observe

I heard things in the silence Whispers in the fray I saw movement in the stillness And darkness in each day

You are never empty my dear, Even if it appears so

There is a joy hidden
In all sorrows
Hope can be found
For all tomorrows
The beggar begs
We all borrow
From life and its abundance

Let us dance With abandon And an unabashed mirth, Simply being jovial Because we can

I sing praises unto My unknown self Which we term As God Or something other

In the stillness
There is movement
And I embrace
That which it teaches

Everywhere I look,
There is a poem
Waiting for me,
For you,
To pay attention,
And perhaps transcribe
Into a consciousness
You understand,
And may possibly share
With others

Seek they say,
And you shall find,
But first,
Let us define
Exactly what we are seeking . . .

.

Is it peace?
Is it love?
Is it abundance?
What may it be,
That sates one's soul?

Does Death hold the answers We fear to face? Does love of another Fix the loneliness we feel within?

.

What, tell me What is it we celebrate At the birth of a child . . . Every newborne? . . .

Destined to go out?
Do all journeys have
A destination?
Do all songs end?
How long does the music play?

Listen . . . Observe

Soft things

A whisper, a languid breath,
A lingering caress,
A soft smile
Full of wrinkles
Around the eyes
Delicate fragrances and
Gentle aromatic scents,
A child's look of wonder,
The rhythmic music of your heart.

These are the things That come to mind And infiltrate my spirit That chase all traces Of angst away

Soft things

Jung 2021 Featured Poets

~ * ~

Alonzo "zO" Gross

Lali Tsipi Michaeli

Tareq al Karmy

Tirthendu Ganguly



Alonzo "z0" Gross



Alonzo "zO" Gross or zO-AlonzO is a songwriter, Dancer, recording artist and writer.

His short stories were first published internationally in 2005 and in 2006 in the Staying Sane book series published by Evelyn Fazio. Staying Sane when family comes to visit (2005) and Staying Sane during the Thanksgiving Holiday. His first book of poems entitled Inspiration, Harmony and the World Within was published in 2012. Also in that same year he was awarded "Best Spoken Word Poet" at the Lehigh Valley music awards. In 2016 zO was selected as a featured poet in the film "VOICES" directed by Gina Nemo filmed in Los Angeles California and released in 2017 in select theatres as well as Amazon Prime. Then in January of 2018 he released his second book of poetry entitled "sOuL eLiXir The writingZ of zO" which was greeted with rave reviews and a 5 out of 5 star rating. In November 2020 zO was named as one of the best poets of 2020 by Inner Child Press where his work was featured in their Anthology. In June of 2021 zO released his highly antcipated 3rd book of poetry/art entitled "PoemZ 4 U AND YourZ" available globally. zO is a graduate in the field of English Literature from Temple University, and looks forward to releasing music cds as well as new books of poetry and art.

Breaking "The Amnesia"...

Was it a past vision? Or from this plane, did i briefly pass/? As i beheld, unknown colors of a prism Betwixt the strange bewitching grass/. Coiled Neatly, Neath my feet light as mist ° Soiled Sweetly, the cherub blades blowin' Ever so gently and yet gracefully brisk °. Twas then. The Angel Michael, (Speaking dreamily sublime) From the portal ^ or was it Heaven? (as if reading my mind) said unto me (in a manner so cordial) ^ Dearest Goddess as U R in this Expression Tell me what is time, in this paradigm Of Infinitely Infinite Immortals?" ^ (But before i could fathom the question). My ears, heard the Wondrous soundZ ° Of Inumeral ViolinZ singin' Ever Verily Profound ° 4 whilst once wounded, and cocooned in my internal war,

```
i found °
"oneness" in 7 billions starZ
performing rapturous melodies
A most ecstasy filled score
Twere as if.
each note bore a Crown. ° M
I applauded, cheered
with mine soul.
in Delightful Ovation `
Under a shade,
of the bluest parasol,
I saw,
in the clear
Mine ancestors of Ev'ry generation`
(ancient and young)
speaking
(without tongue)
engaged in quiet telepathic conversation.
Then i would i hear a voice
Coming from some near
distant-distinct vicinity <>
"In a blink thou shalt awaken
From this timeless sea of infinity. <>
4 In thy most tulmultous moments
Tis i.
thy net for thy ev'ry fall {}
As mine Love has covered thee
even whilst in thy infancy ye crawled {}
Now Arise,
In New Birth
& in verse
Doeth recall {}
with thy newness of heart and eyeZ,
All thou hath felt and saw". {}
```

God or Schizophrenia...

[The Conversation]

Sittin' on the stairZ/ Dark NightZ in my Prayers/ Speakin aloud 2 God, askin' "why o' why are thing Z so dang hard!!!?". "It won't kill u" (A Voice Said) "I am merely showing u the real u". Wait. What? was this all in my head? "Yes & No. I give u shortcomings, 2 help thee 2 GROW". "God?" "Yup, whatever u wanna call me ur Miracle of Life, ur sight, ur light (thas right) It's all me ". "Expressing me through u, I give mine Blessings 4 u 2 do what u do. "Ok God but i don't know how much more i can take, & how are u so sure that i'm not goin' 2 break?". "Because i see All, Past, Present as well as thing Z 2 come, Wherefore i know though u fall, u shalt rise as the Sun". "Lord can i be frank? ("I already know that u Will") "Why are so many good people gettin killed?" "Everyone has a date, thas all i can say, plus ur Human Mind couldn't fathom plans Divine anyway" just know i will give u long long life, Prosperity, Health, Children & A Beautiful Wife" "Many of these things have already come ta pass, share ur Gifts with the World. that is all that i ask"

[&]quot;4 i Blessed u with them, so that u could be a Blessing, my words

through u, Will help others whom art stressing". "Everything that happened (my son) is meant 2 be, just know the Lord (ur God) "Shalt haveth no coward EVER represent me". Tears in my eyes, i arose from the stairZ/redeemed it seemed, Dark NightZ in my Prayers/. No more Panic and Cold Stares/ Manic or Mania° Church or Asylum God or Schizophrenia°.

Cutz...(Part 1)

One Cut 4 the anger, the betrayal my rage* 4 Cutz 4 the stranger, who molested me, 4 years of age*. 2 Cutz 4 my daddy, who I Loved but was killed-3 Cutz i do (madly) for many dreamZ unfulfilled-. 2 Cutz 4 my ex ° who only wanted me 4 sex ° who beat me down. then knocked me up, only ta never return my texts °. U see. I hide my scars, behind long shirtz & sweaterZ ~ I've blacked out, seen starZ. I've bled & hurt, amidst the stormyest of weather ~. Anyway, 2 Cutz 4 the family, that jeers & doubtz me <> 1 cut 4 my grammy, whom was Sincere. & the only one, who cared about me <>. 3 cutz on my leg, (now those kinda hurt')

1 cut 4 havin' 2 beg, my abusive pimp 4 work'. I know i need help,

And somewhere,
True Love is Beaming -----but still,
i cut maself deep ...
jus tryina find,
the deeper meaning ------.

Lali Tsipi Michagli



Lali Tsipi Michaeli is an Israeli independent universal poet. Born in Georgia in 1964. She immigrated to Israel at the age of seven. She has published six poetry books so far. Attended international poetry festivals. She was part of a residecy program for talented writers in New York at 2018.

Her books have been translated into foreign languages in New York,

India, France, Italy, Georgia, Ukraina, Russa, Romania and Iran. Lali was defined by Prof. Gabriel Moked in his book as "Erotico-Urban Poet" and was highly regarded by critics, who consider her as an innovative and combative. In 2011 Lali conducted an anthology for protest "Resistance", in which she presents her personal poetic manifesto, claiming that "poetry as a whole is a revolt." In the past decade, Lali has created 15 Poetry Video Art that have taken part in world poetry festivals such as ZEBRA in Berlin. "The poem is not purely individual. It is common ground and should be heard in a great voice," the poet claims.

Lali teaches Hebrew at Ben Gurion University. She has one son and lives in Tel Aviv by the sea.

My secret lover, you

An anarchist who corrects me
His language into my language
The one who will not see me on his land
The one that I will not see on my land
But our voices are floating
Like bombardments in the world
Your history is written
In ink that was produced
In the factory of my love.

tr. from Hebrew Michael Simkin

A Poem For A Palestinian Poet

Dear Tareq,

I serve you my poem like a piece of bloody flesh from the brink of my torn body.

Midnight between us marks a line.

You argue "I am from here" and ask me

Where are you from? Where are you from?

Don't you live on my land?

Wind carries away my years of noise in this beast of a country. It leads my feet to walk in this world, washing me from the breast of mother earth.

Me? Do you want to know where I'm from?

I'm from here.

Yes, I have been here for generations. From the dusty royal history, I'm from here.

Meanwhile my brothers are executed everywhere around the globe. Do you know their history?

Do you know what was here before you stepped on this earth?

Before your grandfather plowed this land?

You say that your lands were stolen.

That's right, they were. And on a human level, I am sorry. I hurt and I understand your wound. But forgive me because I am haunted and I'm asking to return to my safe land.

I am a Jew. This is my only country.

As I wandered far away I was persecuted by another nation, another religion.

I walked with my certainty severed, my land decapitated. This might be your motherland, but mine have been the water, the dust, the rock and sandstone for 5000 years. Here I was marked. Here my fate was decided for generations. I was banished from here. Prayed for this place. Longed.

I hid my identity in exile in order to save myself. To reconnect with the mob of the people that remained for me. This is where my visa was issued to, where the Soviet Union said to me for years "Niet".

And anyway, I share with you your sorrow. It is mine too. How did you sleep? You ask me in a WhatsApp message right before morning. Before the sun yawned.

My dream has traveled the world. It crossed oceans, wadis and vineyards. Jumped over walls, contracts and shreds of war. Unforgiveness speaks in many foreign languages.

Only love had one language.

I too am chased by shadows. I too am a victim wearing the mask of the victor.

Write, poet! Write everything!

I spill my tears into your ink and with your tears I punctuate my writing.

Poetry is the only autonomy left in a darkening world.

The only bit of freedom. The only place. The only redeeming. Though you don't acknowledge salvation.

You are an anarchist after all, believing in the scarred hand and mostly in love.

Willing to meet me even if historically I am your enemy.

How do you sleep, my friend?

Did you eat?

What are you doing now?

And what are you?

I'm playing the piano, look.

I'm playing the flute, listen.

We'll talk.

We'll talk.

tr. from Hebrew Maayan Eitan

صلحة Sulh

For all those infected months we witnessed the withering of souls when the precious body wraps its two banks as if we were a Christo and Jeanne-Claude project in the Middle East. But she's dead and he's dead and only a target is left of them and of us the suspicion turned into desire that turned into compassion that turned into alienation and blocking on social media as if we were back again at the communication terms of the year in which this earth was renamed. The development of a new language out of life itself Ana bahebbak ya galbi hayati I learned the enemy's tongue so I could read the love poems you wrote me in moments of envisioning the apocalypse not normalization but sulh not the usual matter of things but a condition of separating from the ground we both know, that when fire whispers the one who made you fall is the only one who would help you rise up.

*Sulh صلحة in Arabic means Resolution

tr. from Hebrew by Maayan Eitan

Targq al Karmy



Tareq al Karmy, 1975, a Palestinian poet from the city of Tulkarm. He published 11 poetry files so far. Plays a Nay flute. His poems have been translated into various languages and he has participated in local and international poetry festivals. Al Karmy's poems attempt to write poems without ending, in a way that creates a deliberate interruption in the poem, leaving space for the reader to engage in writing the ending of the poem and leaving him space for imagination. This is a unique and unusual act in the landscape of Palestinian poetry that makes al Karmy one of the most interesting young voices in contemporary Palestinian poetry.

On a rainy night

You come tired even of me

Let me sleep under your skin and meow

Close your eyes, turn off the house

To finally fall asleep

close your eyes

So I am ...

The rain is burning and
the window is pouring

...

^{*}At night / winter Tulkarm

My heart is a bell of your secret love

Here you are, under my skin, a sleeping tremor
You milked the dawn in your perfume bottle
Behold, I love you my heart
My fingers blindly penetrate through a fence
To pick you up
Your fingers dip it in the new Berlin Wall
To pick me the coal flower
Did I change the flute between my glowing fingers?
Your fingers are all beaks
Under these fingers I'm
Never tired piano

And from the clash of our fingers we are born...

You are a bell and I am a bell

We knock on each other in all silence...

^{*}Evening / Tulkarem

The Legend of Mythic, Proud Perfection

Not Richard's – not your "Lionheart" 's – horse, no
Nor Great Alexander's steed Bucephalus, no
Not Roman horses thundering home their demonic mastery,
Not the legendary, immortal, Trojan horse,
No, there's never been a horse on all the earth but –
failing to attain absolute perfection of nobility –
has, in the end, had to be put down
by merciful bullets. Not one
except
this, the one my father bought me,
my horse,
although it's only wee and made of wood.

Tirthendu Ganguly



Tirtha (a.k.a. Tirthendu Ganguly) is the author of the internationally best-selling poetry book, 'Firefly of Love' (ISBN: 9781794652149). It is published in 13 countries (including USA and UK). His poetry and fictions have been published in various internationally reputed anthologies and journals. In 2016, he received Vidyasagar Memorial Award for academic excellence. At present, he is a Ph.D. Research Scholar in English Literature at Banaras Hindu University (BHU) in India. He was also sponsored by Oxford Centre for Hindu Studies (Oxford University) to explore the Vedas and Upanishads.

Let the Lotus Bloom

From *mūlādhāra* to Mount Kailāsa's icy cliff Let my verse echo this song: Rhine's azure stream shall flow, hold belief, Even if all in life is wrong.

The *loo* air of Thar let thy *svādhiṣṭhāna* hold, And *maṇipūra* be green! We may sleep unfed, but like a Bengal tiger bold Soundless, silent, serene!

You may be hurt, but thy *anāhata* must never be so, Like the Lancashire lovers!
On and on the flow of breath, like Volga, must go Before it *viśuddha* covers.

From there, slowly roam like the Japanese deer To the $\bar{a}j\tilde{n}\bar{a}$ that commands, Where the purest vibe of creation becomes sheer Which from $sahasr\bar{a}ra$ lands.

Let this be the only path of the human conscience If we are to erase our gloom: To find peace in a world that always twists and spins Let the lotus bloom.

How many?

How many flowers do bloom in your garden? Do they all forever stay? How many words have meanings that we pen Before the feelings fade away?

How many wintry blows must we all endure To pave the path for spring? How many thoughts must a syllable allure To match the carol that you sing?

How many oceans can a broken ship sail Unless its wounds are mended? How many heart-breaks must one life entail Before it is truly ended?

How many flights must a lonely bird fly As an ethereal marshal? How many deaths, how many, must a poet die To make his love immortal?

To the Dark Lord

I pen this verse with the black ink of Time That darkens life's page. I sing this passive hymn in eternal rhyme That is sung by every sage.

My pen trembles, my chaotic words flow not: Am I bunked from thy grace? Incarcerated in I, me, myself— all that is rot! Set me free by thy embrace!

Thus I promise, and yet, I forget everyday! For so oblivious am I! Ineluctable debts of trifles have I yet to pay Before the day I die!

I am born, O Dark Lord, to sing thy name, But I've learnt only to shriek! Like a seduced single man, I run after fame Am I a poor poet or a freak?

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell
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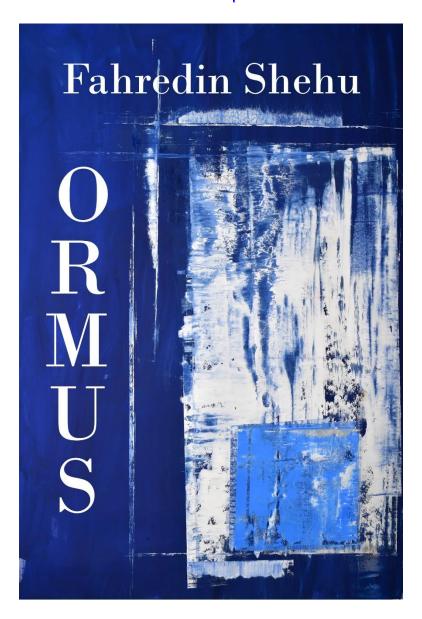
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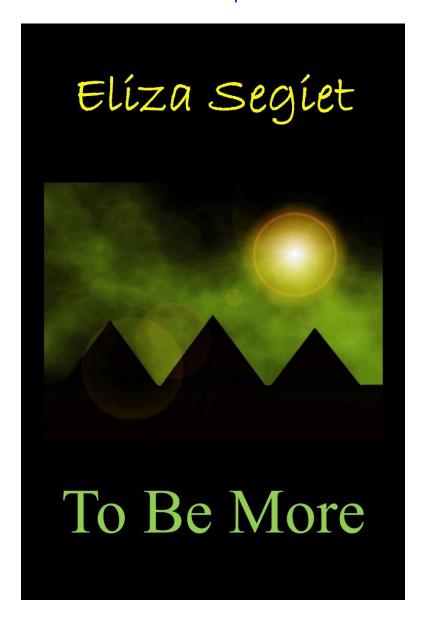


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... from the Streets to the Stages

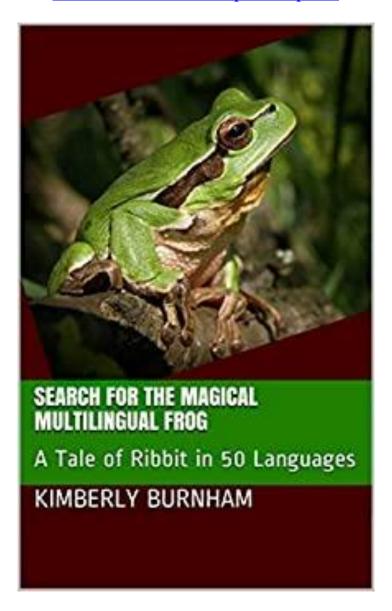


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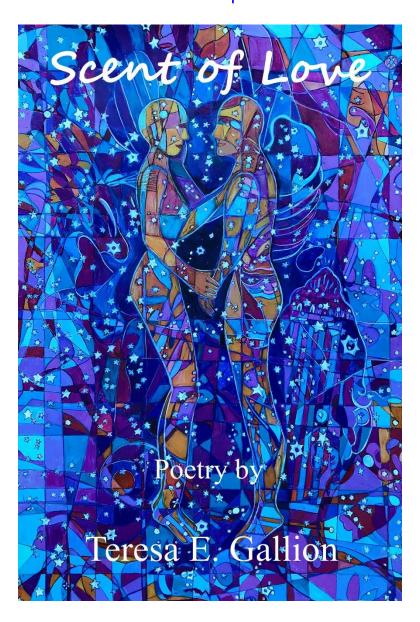


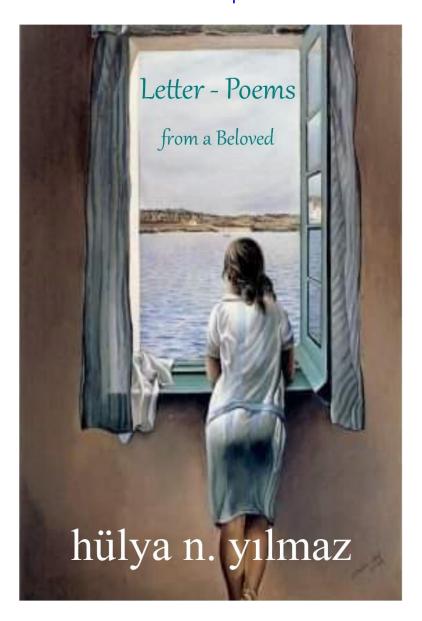
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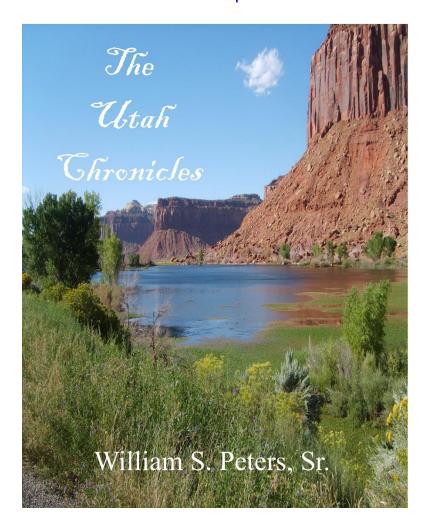


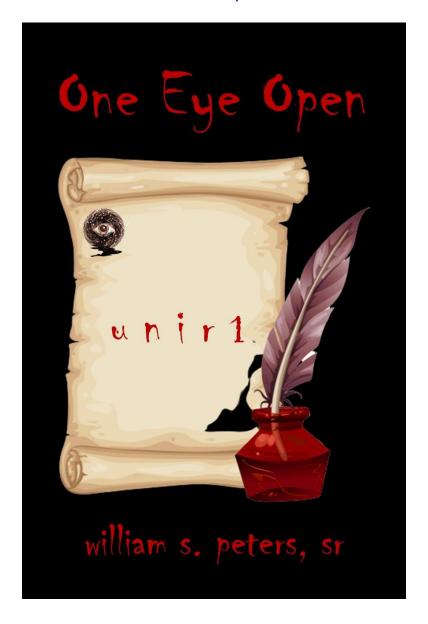
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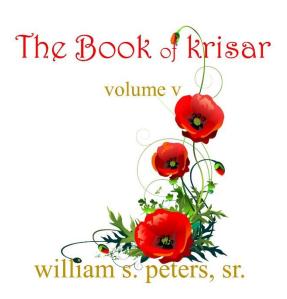


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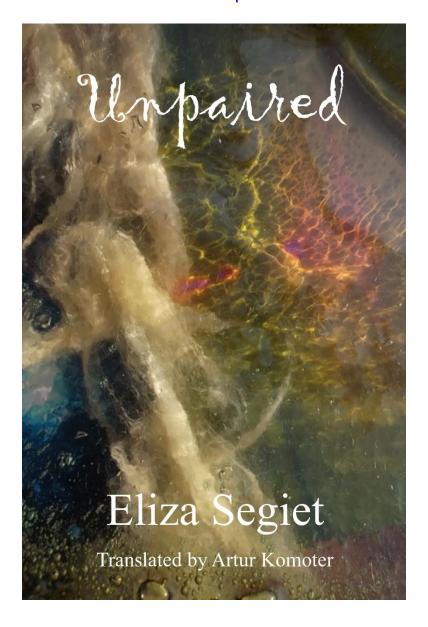
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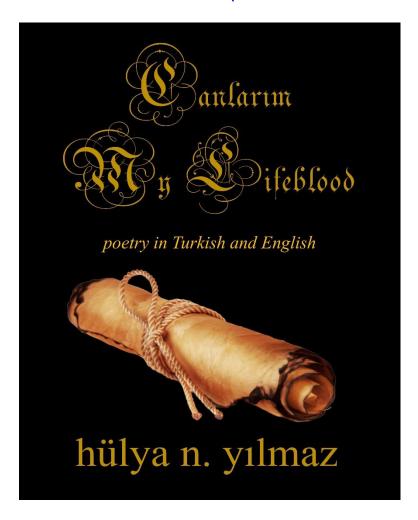
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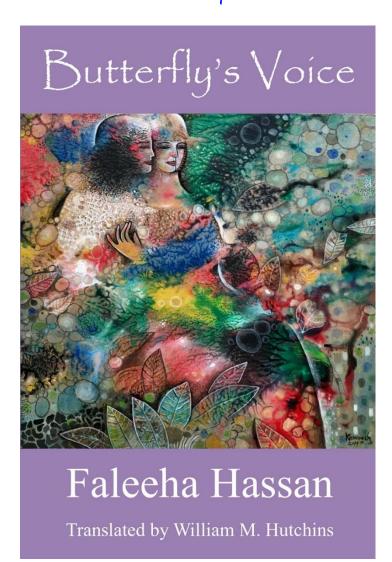
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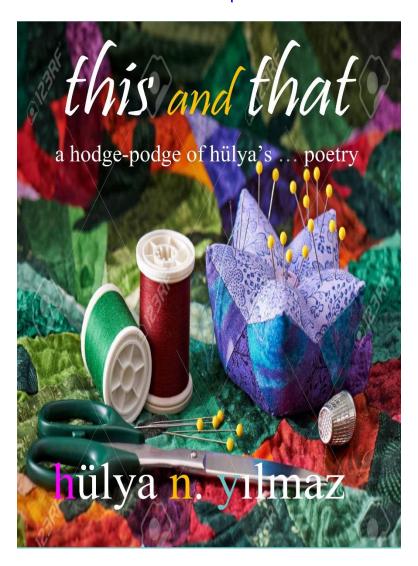
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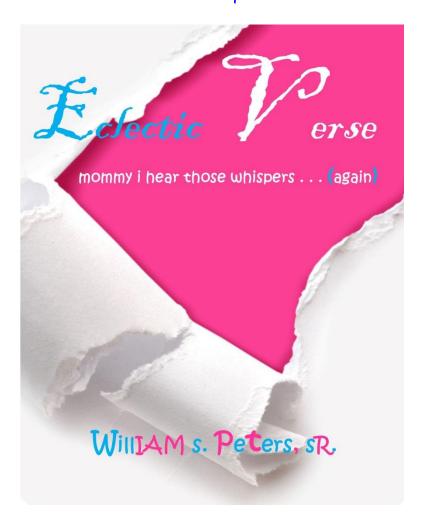


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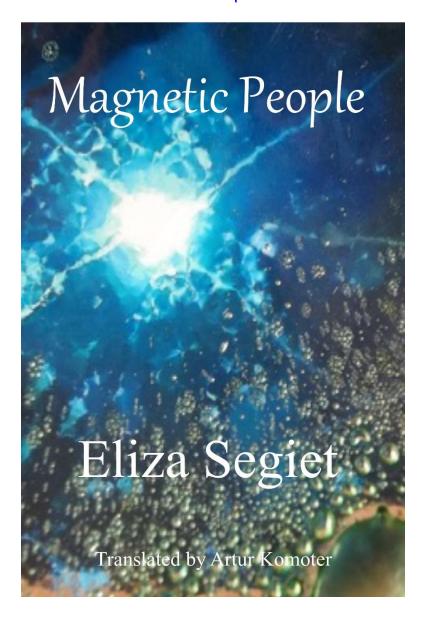


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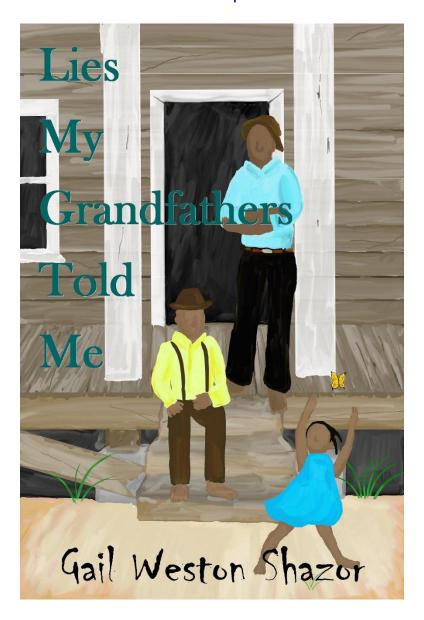
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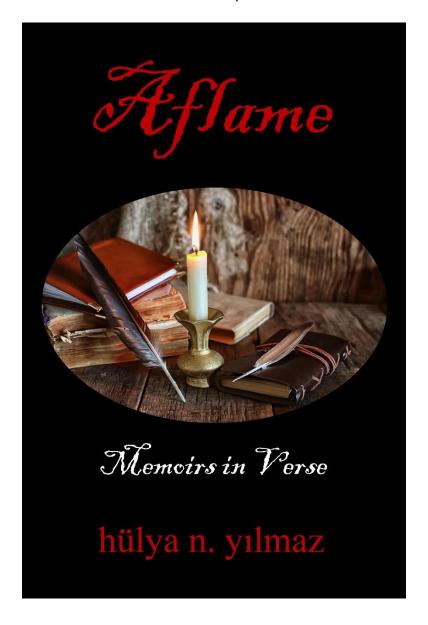


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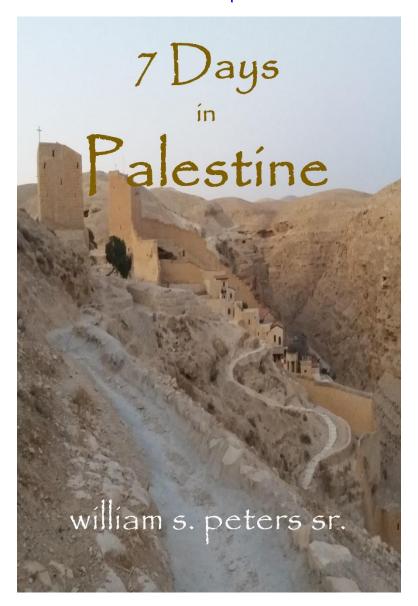
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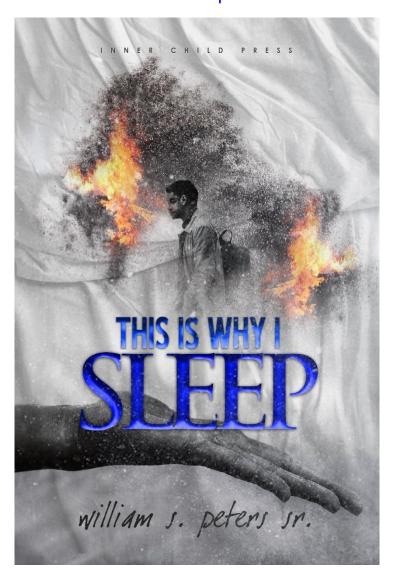
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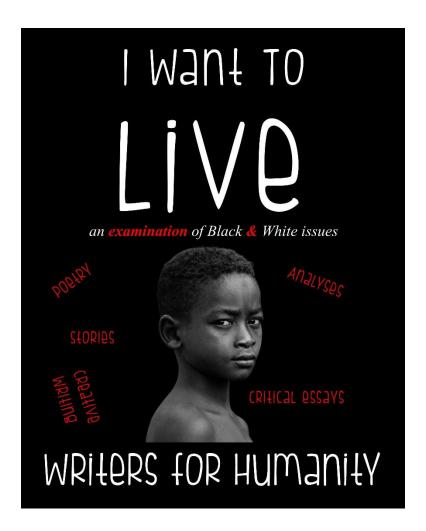
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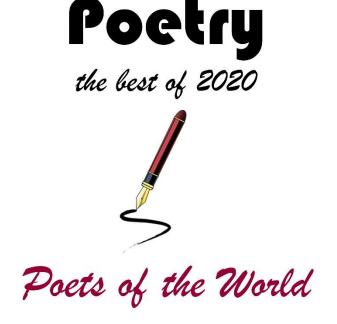
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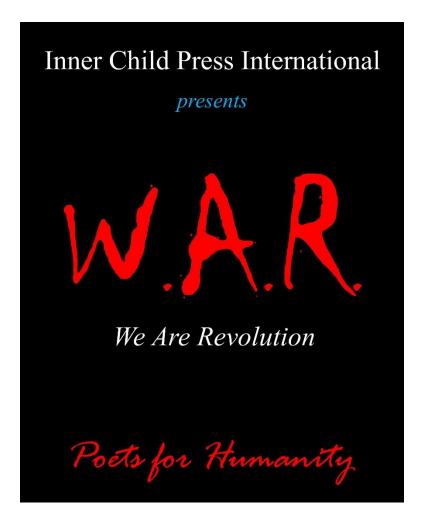


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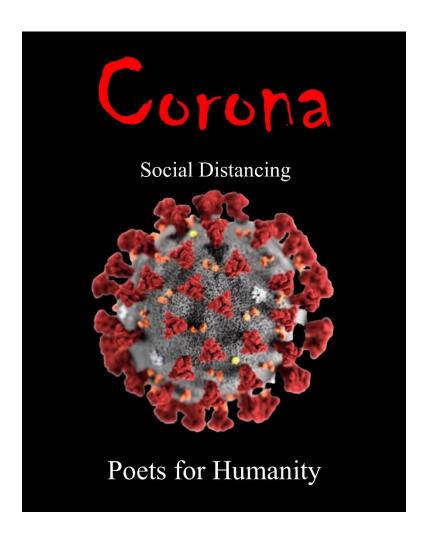


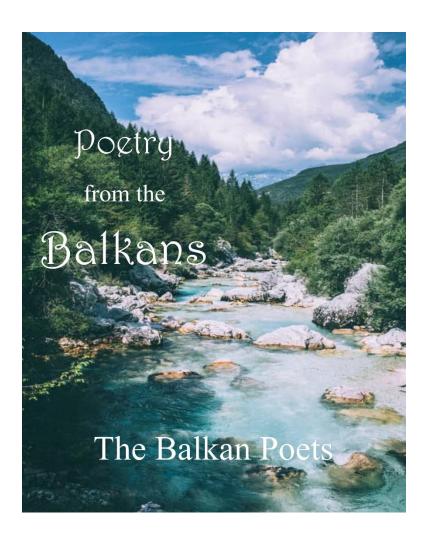


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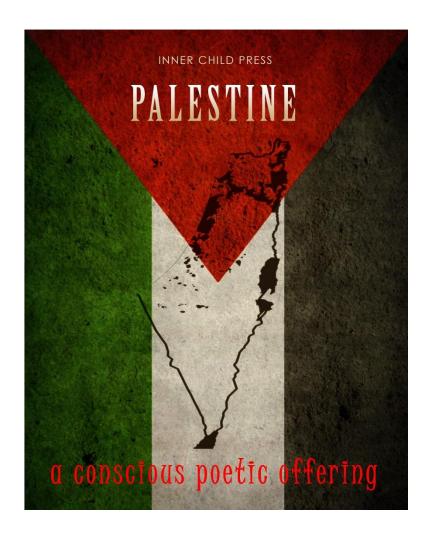
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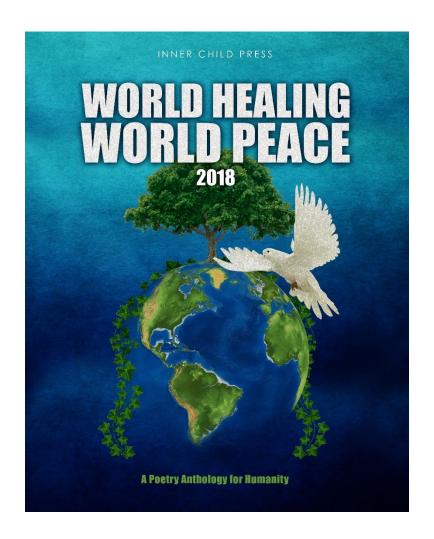
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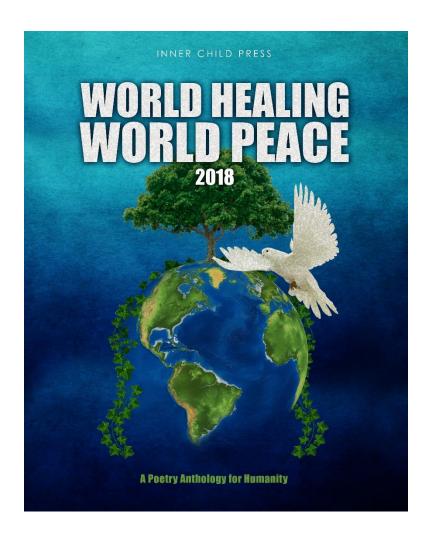


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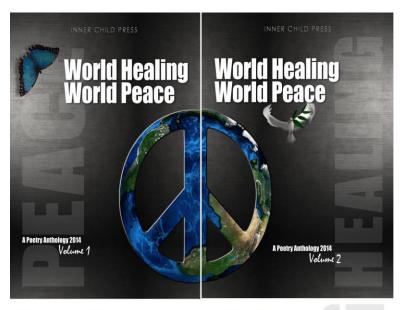


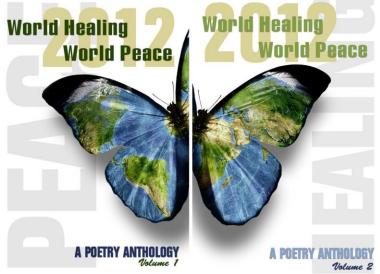
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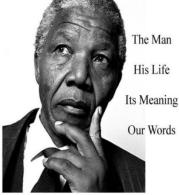


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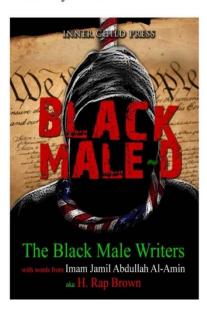


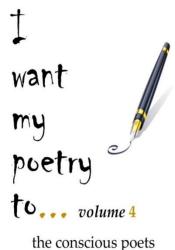
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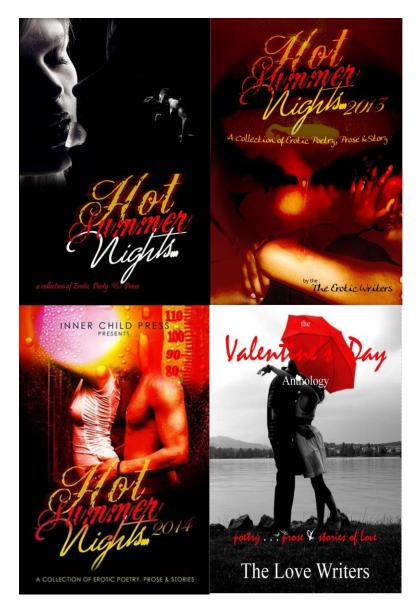
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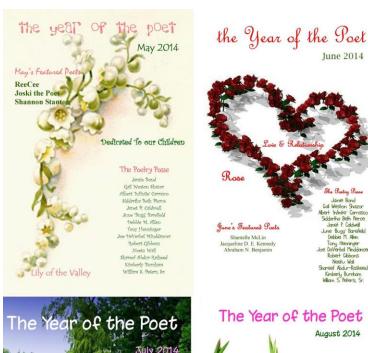


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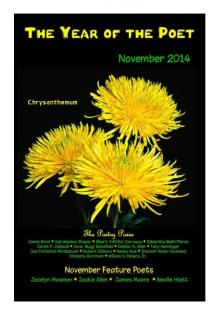
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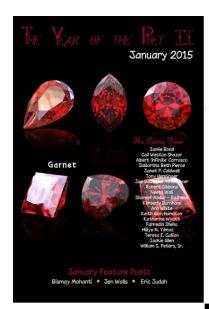
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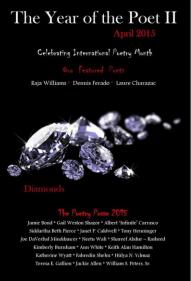


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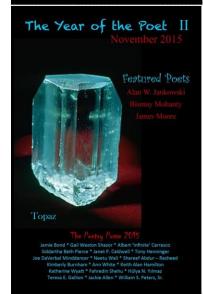
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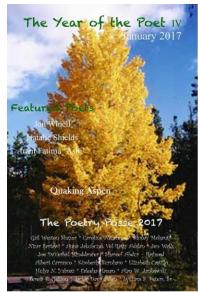
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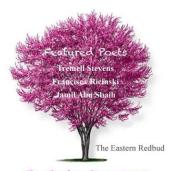


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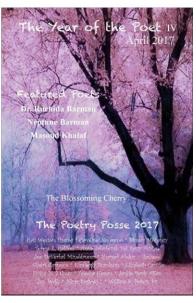
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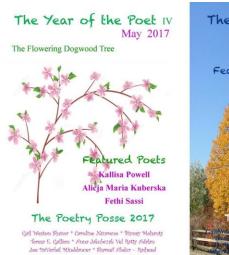


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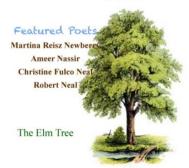
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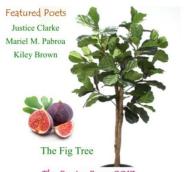
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The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



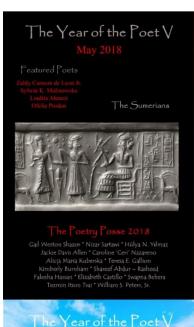
The Poetry Posse 2017

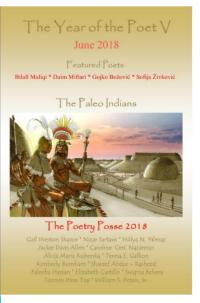
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Galilon * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddance * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William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

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The Year of the Poet V August 2018

Featured Poets

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

The Lapita



The Poetry Posse 2018

Gall Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Ceri * Nazareno Alicia Maria Kuberski, * Teesa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.

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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 Sartawi * Hülyq N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubensia * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmir Iston Tsai * William s. Peters, 1



Featured Poets

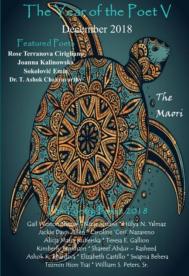
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



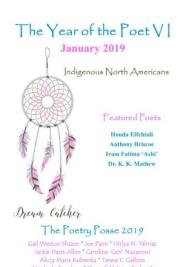
The Poetry Posse 2018

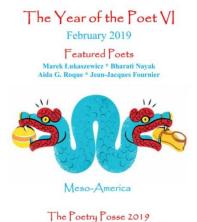
Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Ceri Nazareno Alicip Maria Kubenski * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sta





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The Year of the Poet VI

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, 5r

Featured Poets

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



The Caribbean

The Poetry Posse 2019

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

The Year of the Poet VI April 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

Tezmin Ition Tsai * William 5. Peters, Sr.

Featured Poet

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Nazzor * Albert Carnasco * Hülya N. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bharayan * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion", Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Bizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tail "William S. Peters, a

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

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





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The Year of the Poet VI November 2019 Featured Poets Rozalia Aleksandrova * Orbindu Ganga Smruti Ranjan Mohanty * Sofia Skleida The Poetry Posse 2019 Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Careasco * Húlya N. Yılmaz Jacke Paris Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Elza Seniet

Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire

Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhangava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.



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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 Allcig 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





The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hillya N. Yulma Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Carllo * Swapna Beheri Tezmin titon Tsai! * William S. Peters. Sr.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Effichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paile Kimberiy Bumhan * Shareef Abdur * Ashheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Termin Elion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai * William S. Patesa * Caronic Bion * Sai *

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

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alıça Maris Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Shargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai * William S. Peters.

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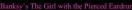
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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan





Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kubenska Teres E. Gallion J. Dee Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tail William S. Peters.

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr Luzviminda Rivera *Nigar Arif

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



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 Tzezimi Hion Tsai. William S. Petess.

The Year of the Poet VIII

February 2021

Featured Global Poets

T. Ramesh Babu * Ruchida Barman

Neptune Barman * Faleeha Hassan Emory Douglas : 1968 Olympics mural



Poetry...Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hiton Tsal * William S. Peters, 3

The Year of the Poet VIII

April 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Pablo O'Higgins

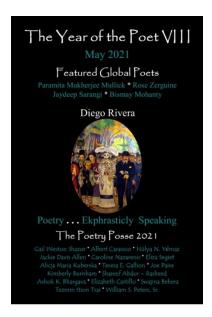


Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alica 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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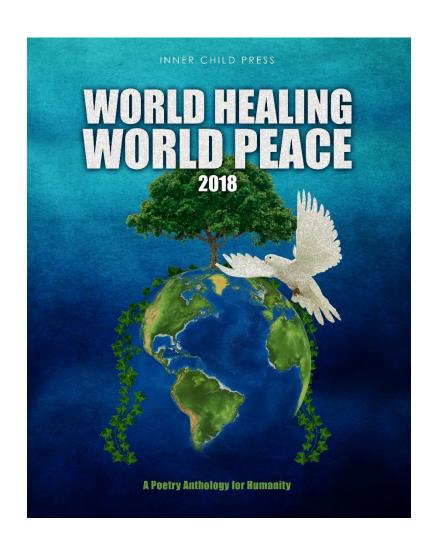




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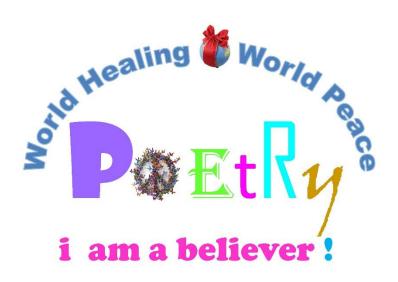


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2021



June 2021 ~ Featured Poets



Alonzo "zO" Gross



Lali Tsipi Michaeli



Tareq al Karmy



Tirthendu Ganguly





