Featured Global Poets
Yuan Changming * Azeezat Okunlola
Tanja Ajtić * Philip Chijioke Abonyi

Climate Change and Trees



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2022

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

of the

Dogt IX

June 2022

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2022

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



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 2022 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2022

This Publishing is protected under Copyright Law as a "Collection". All rights for all submissions are retained by the Individual Author and or Artist. No part of this Publishing may be Reproduced, Transferred in any manner without the prior *WRITTEN CONSENT* of the "Material Owners" or its Representative Inner Child Press. Any such violation infringes upon the Creative and Intellectual Property of the Owner pursuant to International and Federal Copyright Laws. Any queries pertaining to this "Collection" should be addressed to Publisher of Record.

Publisher Information

1st Edition: Inner Child Press intouch@innerchildpress.com www.innerchildpress.com

This Collection is protected under U.S. and International Copyright Laws

Copyright © 2022 : The Poetry Posse

ISBN-13: 978-1-952081-72-9 (inner child press, ltd.)

\$ 12.99

WHAT WOULD FE 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

Table of Contents

Foreword	ix
Preface	xi
Climate Change and Trees	xiii
The Poetry Posse	
Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	7
Jackie Davis Allen	13
Tezmin Ition Tsai	19
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	27
Kimberly Burnham	33
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	39
Joe Paire	45
hülya n. yılmaz	53
Teresa E. Gallion	59
Ashok K. Bhargava	65
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	71

Table of Contents continued	
Swapna Behera	77
Albert Carassco	85
Eliza Segiet	91
William S. Peters, Sr.	97
June's Featured Poets	105
Yuan Changming	107
Azeezat Okunlola	113
Tanja Ajtić	121
Philip Chijioke Abonyi	129
Inner Child News	137
Other Anthological Works	173

Foreword

Climate Change and Trees

This Month's anthology is a compendium of healing verses for the EARTH challenge. A memento that links our works to a sanctuary, to save the trees and how we grow new seeds to revive our environment and make Mother Nature happy again.

It is also a book of environmental education. We, the poets are also educators who inform about the value of trees, warn the people to stop cutting trees and save them from forest fires.

This book is an instrument. The creative juices ever written by each poet remind us to be vigilant, sensitive, and respectful with our surroundings. We should be mindful on the issues concerning our unprotected biome. It is high time to enlighten the humanity, that trees are our forever friends.

This book calls for wisdom and rebirth. As we educate, warn, and value literature for the trees, let

us recall the significance of jaracanda; not only that it has attractive violet flowers, and that spring is already commencing; may we find the true meaning of its existence, *Jacaranda mimosifolia* symbolizes wisdom, rebirth, wealth and good luck.

Coording to a study published in journal Nature, there are estimated to be 3.04 trillion trees globally. May we contribute to grow more trees for the sustainable future. Be a driver of change. Climate change is already impacting our lives, biodiversity, agriculture, livelihood and many more.

We, writers are the spokespeople. This book is a showcase of opportunity to tell the world: start creating solutions for our best home, the planet Earth.

We need to teach as one, act as one, rise as one before it's too late.

Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Poet, Author Mother

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are once again, making our way onward through the 'New Year' of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#102) represents the 6th month of our ninth year of monthly publication. Amazing how much effort has been given by all the poets, to include the various members of *The Poetry Posse* and all the wonderful featured poets from all over our world. For myself, it has been and continues to be a great honor to be a part of this wonderful cooperative effort.

Loast year, 2021 and and the previous year of 2020 has been challenging for many of us throughout the year. We at *Inner Child Press International* were busy. We envisioned our role where the arts meet humanity to continue doing what we were good at... publishing. In 2020, we managed to not only produce and publish this series, *The Year of the Poet* each month, but we were also very proactive in the arena of human and social consciousness. We were able to produce several other anthologies to include: World Healing, World Peace 2020; CORONA . . . social distancing; The Heart of a Poet; W.A.R. . . we are revolution; Poetry, the Best of 2020. Going forward for 2022, we are seeking to

invest in the same or greater effort towards contributing to a 'conscious humanity'.

We have now completed another epic volume of *World Healing, World Peace 2022* which was published April 1st of this year. Additionally, we have released another meaningful volume of poetic consciousness... "*Climate Change... do or die*". Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetric voices to the variety of causes in promoting a better world / planet, a better humanity for us all.

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

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

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

Climate Change and Trees

June 2022

"Good fortune if a jacaranda drops flowers on your head. A symbol of wisdom, rebirth, wealth and good luck, the jacaranda's name means fragrant in the South American language Guarani."



Photo Credit: Wikimedia

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jacaranda_mimosifolia trees in New Farm Park, Queensland, 07.jpg



Photo Credit: Pixabay

 $\frac{https://pixabay.com/illustrations/forest-fire-forest-climate-}{change-3836834/}$





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 . . .



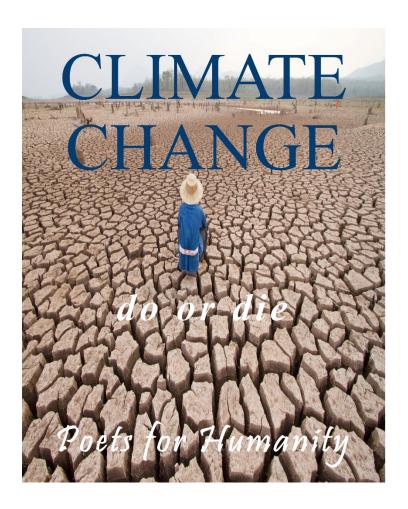




Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

Now Available



innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of ...

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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

I found myself in a panic My passport had disappeared Under a mountain of clothes Across the foot of my bed I wanted to take all of them All the clothes that make me feel good Sadly, I was limited to Just one suitcase The trip to New South Wales Was a once in a lifetime dream I needed to leave my island Of hurricane watches And witness a purple hurricane I could have gone to Columbia To the many colors of that land Or even to Texas or Florida I just need the solitary color To feed me I am always overseen By so many others That purple Is now my home

The X-factor

Feet planted wide Arms spread upward Skyward, wingward Decisions to be had Say yes Or Say no Or Say maybe Just can't say forever In the center of this X Relieving the pressure From the urgency Say yes Or Say no Or Say maybe Sprinkle the ground with salt And drive in iron nails Spinning fast so The wind will catch The budding wings Say yes Or Say no Or Say maybe Moon shines on barren ground The waiting is hard As the sun rises The answer becomes clear So just say it

Savings

Goodbye

I want to spread Just a little across your bread add just a taste to your Morning Juice It flows free at daybreak Just before the coffee is made Add a little honey To sweeten your breath For that first kiss I've got something to give to you Something I have been Holding on for you for quite a while now Lest I be found without a Wax seal Sauciness and a tad tart on some occasions When its served outside Smoky Been bottling it up to save the flavor For the next day Laziness and plundering Juicy The mason jars shimmer in the light Streaming in from lean windows I licked the overflow From around the top Of the lids Some may say greedy but truthfully Why waste a drop? I stood them all up in the sun Until you are ready I've got something to give you That I have been saving Just for you

Alicja Maria Kubgrska

The Year of the Poet IX ~ June 2022



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).

Tree and I

with my body, I am near to the roots with my thoughts, I reach the longest branches I soar towards the sun I caress the green canopy

the tree records years in its rings warm-cold, dry-wet and I record emotions on a piece of paper sadness-joy, love-loneliness

we are dear to each other often, I embrace its trunk maybe it will remember the touch of my hands rustle with memories.

Some Trees

tell me

was I your birch tree white slender with life-giving sap rustling love spells with petite leaves

perhaps, a spreading linden with flowers scented by honey sheltering you from the summer swelter with green coolness

who am I today

doubtlessly, a coastal pine with thick boughs gnarled by the wind rooted in the sandy soil I battle the storms

The Immigrant

I wander through the streets of European cities in search of a better tomorrow

I learn new languages, customs
I want to merge into the colorful crowd

in the world of people, I learn the art of survival in the world of animals, I would be a chameleon

in the depth of my eyes, I shall retain the azure of the Polish sky the green of the woods and the eternal longing

Jackiz Pavis Allen



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

A Moment In Time

Scenes of design, origin~ cherry, gingko, or maple trees

.....a Japanese screen transplanted in kind.

Some five koi splashed blue;
how beautiful their value's worth.

Painted odd spots of orange, a winged one, yellow, black, some goldflits and flutters amongst some spotted blue; a sun kissed garden, pink blushed, passionately lush through and through.

Come lovers of nature, peonies for her hat; mossygreen, his cap~consider the blue waters~ hope for enlightenment, linger to drink, linger to think.

Scent of garden's sweet face, nature's ancient brush paints anewa portrait orientally sublime pen and lines yields a love linked scroll, poetry finds a way.

Like truth endowed, in awe~
Inspired and draped in harmony
.....hearts race, passions pace, and with strange delight
breath catches, rests, while love
birds and swallows twitter their songs in the trees.

More than Dreams

Slowly sliding down behind the earth's horizon

the golden globe begins its habitual evening descent.

The evening is attired in shade of palest cloud-gray. While in the foreground the arm's branch wily consents

To hover nearby,
where it slyly reaches out and cradles
the orb, painted gloriously
in colors gold.
And incandescent.

Intricate is the wicked web that offers up its attraction; spun from silken threads, it disregards time.

Truth and expense.

The dream, crafted by temptation, as invitation to any who would commit the offense of relinquishing common-,sense, is in and of itself, an offense.

On His Knees

Restless, sleepless, He tossed and turned most nights;

Beneath a blanket of fatigue, come dawn, he found the fiend of insomnia's personae had blocked his way.

If he were being honest, true to himself, He'd surely confess

> That fear of failure had rattled the repose of his bones. And that he simply wanted to be completely left alone.

And, yet, as a result of an isolated incident, Idly, he perused a pamphlet

That came in the mail.

What he saw, what he read in the boldest of print was enough to stir him into action.

How that came about he had no idea. And yet, he wondered,

> He wondered if, by a simple seed, sown long ago, relief appeared as from desire's great flood of fears and tears?

The impact of that revelation, wWhether from need or greed,

With eyes newly opened, his heart ready to receive, he knelt on bended knee. And gave thanks.

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.

If it weren't for the warm thoughts of this sunny day, I would be locked in this Datun Mountain wisteria

The secret of coincidence, petal by petal follows the shallow painting in front of you

The pink-purple shrubs are desolate, stretched out their tongues and licked them away

Sleepless youth, don't let love outside the wall be intimate with bare feet

Flowers are as strong and beautiful as fire, sneaking in from the eastern slope, the breeze swirls along the mountain and rides on the Datun Stream

There are so many words to scold me, and the voice born from the root shakes the ground

Tourists are laughing loudly, showing off Dong Ran who doesn't sit still

In the sky, spring clouds cover most of the fragrance without a trace I sit alone, rubbing a wisp of mist

Promise me to get rid of your silent blush, promise me to get rid of your silent blush

If it weren't for the fallen leaves, I could not see the lonely crows perched on the wisteria in Datun Mountain

To the east, under the fence, the sorrow that the yellow chrysanthemum has lost spreads endlessly

It's still cold in March, and the flowers are waiting to ask who is the real master?

April grass is deep in the garden, accompanied by the serenity of spring to drink fresh water

Cai Ge tends to be willow silk, not to mention the dark green of Chitai

Afterglow in the evening, swaying calmly in the unnamed red glow The fragrance and spiritual energy of the water swamp invades the fairy's home, and the thick buds smile and eat the spring flavor of the fragrance

The tree is a little bit, and the boarding bird is silent

your breath, love Quiet as opium flower language is short and rapid, quiet as opium flower language is short and rapid

To resist a little dust from the evening dew, I walked out of the Datun Mountain Wisteria along the blue and white stone plan Once, looking through the loneliness offered by the heart outside the wall

Saying goodbye to bathing tenderness is not important anymore Now they're frivolous, now they're not frivolous

Like a bird's point the smalle flies away.

Like a bird's noise, the smoke flies away

Can't hear, bees and butterflies in the stone house

How many winds blowing flowers? Only then did I move this garden full of delicate words

During the banquet, the wind blowing the skirt was so unwilling to say goodbye

Spring! who will come

Drunk on this wisteria song after another? Drunk on this wisteria song after another?

For The First Time Indulge in the Big Woods

The alley leading to the west is full of sweet-scented osmanthus branches

Who's cooking melons in the alley's kitchen?

Osmanthus branches, vaguely ordered to be in the wind blowing down the wall

Under the flowers, shadows play with each other

Is it red full branches? Is it green branches?

Is the spring flowers full of branches? Is it the desolate branches of autumn leaves?

In the courtyard, people quietly disappeared

Breeze, sit down deep

The ancient house looks small, and Zhengyang is also unfamiliar

Butterflies sleep among the flowers, each intoxicated

Where can I care, the laughter brought by tourists

Where do you care, the lost hometown flavor when you wake up from a dream

63 Park, the trees are old in spring and autumn

On one side of the brick wall, the various styles of the years are counted

Hand crank isolated and proud

Announced that the 50-year-old childhood is unbearable to look back on

The loofah scaffolding in front of the country house echoes the fact that the forest is a slow city

In front of the train station, trying to trace the footprints of a snail over the years

Cat In High Rise

High street frontage, high-rise windows

High-density safety glass is tightly closed, killing the residual airconditioning

Even a cat can't get the urge to jump vertically

Under the eyes, the phoenix red flower announces the heat of summer vehicle, small matchbox moving

The sound of the roaring engine of the tiger and leopard was cut into shreds, and the sound came up.

Attempting to use the laziness of the morning to appease Na Gou's comfort in the room

Secretly, smear a little shyness on the face

Wild, returned to the eight generations of ancestors who seek food in the valley

Tenth floor, what can I do?

sudden sun shower

The gusts of wind mixed with the sweeping of the treetops Across the window, don't be afraid of getting wet

The buttons of the elevator cannot be operated, making a gap Secretly followed the unnoticed footsteps of the hostess and went

downstairs

Every next step, one step further from the nest

The wandering heart is comforted when I turn back and run

Show off a little, the hostess rushes to work

Swept down the ground, the phoenix's fiery red flower was defeated by a night of violent wind and rain

Ten floors, the unreachable ground protects me like this

High street frontage, high-rise windows

Bright and blue-eyed, he has long been tamed by pleasure

Looking down at the flying butterflies and witnessing the dew and smoke enveloped in freedom

In the red shade of Phoenix, a group of wild cats occupies the Ye Pavilion

Shaking his head, licking the scraps from his paws

The soft carpet, the tumbling of the willful withered heart seedlings
The setting sun is slowly, the loss is rolling in my mind
This time, the wild is no longer happy
Upstairs people worry, turned into memories that can no longer form a picture

And I'm stubborn, turned into a cat in a tall building

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

on fire

what you see trees beautiful, majestic but more than that enhancers of life itself providing oxygen purifiers, cleaners of air we breath should be hard to believe the amount of abuse, disrespect, indifference heaped on trees the essential creation that helps us breath violated for selfish greed that consumes, selfish human beings at the expense of vital trees being burned to the ground result of those who live here but have no care what's being done to our precious home burning like Rome Nero plays the fiddle while no one solves the riddle

Clifford Brown

died yesterday 58 yesterdays June 26 1956 yesterday they called him brownie that's what Benny Golson said fondly remembering Clifford. shinning bright in the middle of Be Bops blight, H filled nights jazzmen living life on a tight wire playing Russian roulette laying bets on the trigger squeezed next might be the last and best while blowing cooool jazzy blue, hard bop sets brownie sat out that nod set blew that horn hot but horse, scag was not in his mix living clean was Clifford's stick but he died not quite yet 26 on a wet night near Philly, and Benny Golson remembered "Brownie" fondly, warmly said "I was gigging at the Apollo, when they told me just before our set went on in Harlem, uptown and we had to go on still get it on and drown out the pain with that same refrain all the time remembering Clifford just died in the rain Dizzy, Freddie, Lee, Miles, Mingus, Monk, Art, Max, Sonny did the same Clifford Brown, remember the sound remember the name

justice..,

looking for a needle in proverbial haystack irreversible, irrefutable fact done deal can't take it back injustice ripple effect rip through destroy fabric reduced to rhetoric empty gestures posturing slogans go unheard while the stench of injustice left festering forms cancerous cells grow from within hidden the lies that perpetuate justice delayed justice denied beat goes on ebb an flo folks settle into status quo dumbin' down becomes profound till consciousness can't be found human rights forlorn, scorned forgotten system of suppression, oppression coated in deception freedom bleeds out slooow till there ain't no mooo driven by a system rotten to da core

Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet IX ~ June 2022



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

Trees: The Cycle of Life

Only the hand that you hold

is more important than the air

Breath in oxygen
Breath out carbon dioxide

Stand with your neighbor near a tree as it launches oxygen

Another nearby tree sucking up carbon dioxide

In and out the breath of life

An exchange as we hold the future

Trees In Poor Neighborhoods

Trees of health

handing off oxygen to those with asthma people trying to quit smoking and those who work in dusty factories all day long

Greener is cooler trees chill summer nights enabling workers to sleep deep our minds and hearts dreaming making life better with cleaner air

Trees preventing heat related illnesses shading buildings a respite from too hot days easing electrical costs blocking strong winds

Want to help a neighborhood plant a tree

One Tree

One tree starts a forest

scrubbing the air and soil gathering CO2 out of our sky ejecting oxygen for all cooling our planet as birds sing from her branches

One bird calls out heralding spring chomping mosquitoes and bugs carrying tree seeds to a new home

Another tree begins a home for us all

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

Tree of Life

Standing in the midst of Eden,
Majestic with branches raised to the sky
The Tree of Life bearing precious fruits
Providing shelter to strangers,
Created to satisfy hunger,
Years of neglect left them extinct
As impacts of climate change took its toll.
Trees growth are affected,
Trees which prevent natural barriers to floods
Trees of life, giving abundant food
To both man and animals,
When are we going to awaken
Out of this nightmare we created
One day we will witness a barren Earth.

Courage to be True

Do you have to hide your true self?
Make pretensions, be under disguise?
To be noticed by others, do you have to lie?
Look yourself in the mirror and ask yourself why?
Has the world made a slave out of you
That once you feel unappreciated,
You succumb to being blue?

In reality, those who don a mask,
Are the ones who don't know authentic happiness
For out of the mundane things, their joy dwells.
Living each day in their own make-believe world,
Lost souls, restless hearts, crying for freedom
To break free from the chains that bind
And to have the courage to be true to mankind.

Clowns are sent to entertain the crowd,
But beneath the thick layers of hues
Can we say that their smiles are true?
The funny comedian in the movies that we see
In real life emerges a depressed soul once alone
For behind the laughter, behind the cheer,
We can't see their real selves, can't see the hidden fear.

True, happy people don't have to mask their true selves, For they don't seek validation or appreciation from others, Simply by being their own self, being honest to what they feel, Open doors of love and acceptance for those who truly care.

Ignite Thy Flicker

You are the flame
To my dying ember

The one who ignites the fire in me,
Seduced by your fierce burning
Sensation crawls to my soul,
Quenches the cravings of the flesh
Renews the dried spirit,
And soars like a phoenix
Reaching the heavens.

Jog Pairg



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

Red Trees

Red leaves for the summer which used to be green Charred bark is the norm from the new form of heat Global warming, climate change, pick your definition every time the wind blows dry, there's your free ignition

It's hot out here, where summers were semi cool Without clean air, our winters get over-ruled Forest burned on purpose
The earth is losing its surface
Dogma says the worst is yet to come
Armageddon Sun, where're we gonna run?

Neurotic billionaires think outer space is their new home what's spent on a whim could be used for renewable doing right by the masses is something you refuse to do

it's all our responsibility but we all don't act responsibly if we don't act at all then possibly there'll be a lot more red trees The land's being swallowed by the sea The shores not where it used to be

the earth is imploding, from the oil we're exploiting technology has grown, we don't use what we know we're still manufacturing from the 40's

shortly there will be no more I thought we had agreed before conversations about saving the saving the nation

Solutions, you vote "Not For" one man's opinion for the safety of millions I guess some just love a red forest.

A Cat's Tail

His name is Tyson,

my psychotic cat with dog-like tendences feeding time is the only time he's friendly see, he's got a problem

With a handful of treats, I can usually solve them Five minutes later, it's like he's starving I'm fluent in cat, so now we're arguing

I'm using treats as a bargaining chip he's meowing back like "Gimme my shit" Up a tree he goes Giving the finger with his tail I think I own that Cheshire cat From the Lewis Carroll tale

Malice in one's own land
I wonder if pets own man
Once again, he begs again
With a mouth full of treats,
like there is no end
I state to him don't try to be my friend

Did I mention I was fluent in cat?
I flew to the store and came back
With a bag of new treats
to keep him upbeat
Two seconds of affection and like that
Off on his trail still flicking his tail
Can anyone tell I love cats?

Tall Grass

It'd been raining for most of last week

My lawn went from manageable to unruly I saw nice grass turn mostly to weeds In some cases, it was quite an improvement

The landscapers came, (so professional) they cut up my newly sewn vegetables I couldn't get mad if I had cut my own grass It wouldn't look like a fresh set cornrows

The smell of freshly cut grass stir memories related to that from the first time I rolled in to a well-deserved scolding all that night I was itching, and scratched

fresh dew in the morning from last evenings stifling heat just like a cold beer in the afternoon my buggy friends love to drink

tall grass by the side of a wall, hoppers play there are things reproducing, and many eggs laid 50 shades of green, they're hidden from the scene Katydid what Katy doesn't and blended as she pleased

The color of envy, the color of plenty The cover that cushions the soles of many Kentucky blue, or just plain crab what names do you have for tall grass?

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

as i am sitting in the car . . .

parked by a gravely-ill-looking tree, the first candidate to bow down under the landowner's high-power blade, i imagine its once-youthful existence

what a stark contrast the photograph of a jacaranda displays! color wise, that is . . .

no matter how much greyness its immediate presence suggests, even on its deathbed, "my" tree of a mysterious fruit still looks stately, proud of its old age, strutting its shriveled branches and dropping its pods in abundance

besides, "my" tree keeps offering its avian guests that drop by frequently cozy benches to perch on contentedly

Wildfires Galore

NIFC reports . . . as of the 17th of May of the year 2022, 25,637 fires have burned 1,369,835 forest acres.

The forecast of anticipated wildfires in the months of summer and fall?
Or, better yet, during the actual "disaster seasons"?

No need to await other official data!

As climate change has an impact all the time more, there soon will exist no concept, called disaster seasons.

When a Tree Speaks . . .

Why get rid of me?

I still serve you aplenty.

Cure vile roots promptly!

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

Gift of A Tree

Shade, shelter and serenity should be enough

to honor and respect a tree.

But we can add: Air purifier Natural coolant Energy saver Oxygen provider Carbon absorber Stress reducer Beauty greeter.

Why is mankind so blind? We let greed overshadow goodness given from a tree.

Divine Slap

The light road is open to the seeker ready to weather

the rough bumps with truth slaps to get your attention.

Your dry bones ache from the slaps. Mature bones float in love's moisture. They know every hard truth seen through trolling eyes of love.

Only you may taste the bitter and sweet of your journey. Only you may swallow your lessons and still stand up whole.

Love's signature is a growth ring to help you climb the mountain. Every step and every breath brings you closer to the Divine.

Sassy Grace

Listening is seeing with the ears. Come.

Come touch my ear and see the music of the spheres.

Such beauty can only be seen with ears. Come.

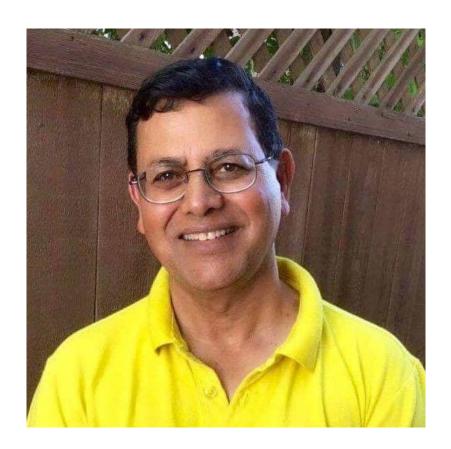
Come rub my ear lobes with gentle hands and see the blue light of love shine through.

You cannot resist the music of the spheres. Listen with intent and open your heart. You will see the smoke signals of light running to my ears.

Exhale deeply into my ear and watch your imagination run toward the sky.

Grace and gratitude enfold me. Tears rain on my soul opening the pathway to healing.

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.

Green Oxygen

Imagine living trees love rain and birds

They suffer the heatwaves succumb to heat and dryness

When burnt alive in forest fires they scream for help and die cell by cell

Tree after tree ignites leaving behind charred lands no beasts no birds no brooks no grass

Let's reverse it plant a tree make green oxygen

Seeking Light

I love you
You love me back
You love me
I love you back

Then we radiate with brilliance I hold you
You infuse into my empty heart A million rays of light

I fill you with sparkles
They sprout instantaneously

I become sun You shine We burn merge And remerge

Forever Young

If the grace of falling snow, Constancy of flowing river, Fragrance of flowers and Freshness of breeze are the sources of Optimism, infinite hope and spiritual rejuvenation Then I'm still young Regardless of age.

If every mountain can be scaled Every river can be fathomed Every ocean can be sailed Every desert can be crossed Then I'm still young Regardless of age.

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet IX ~ June 2022



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

Echoes of PoeTree

Eternally in vain or a superficial pain

Forest phantom scenes
Have you recalled sins in your trash bins?
Not to factory fumes, save the plains
"Everyday is Earth Day!"
Reminding us that we only borrowed our niche
To live a life and be merry.

The farmer says, ''Planting is Fun!''
Let the seeds grow, let the sun show
Let the rain pour down, let the ponds flow
Let the fields be the showcase of a second chance
Bring back the radiance and vibrance
Of unsought barren lands
Oh mountains, the soul of the wildlife
The evergreens sway and dance to the air
Recreate and reforestation
''No to global warming''
Our response to the Mother Earth's litany
A metamorphosed green sanctuary.

demystifying rain

we come together like gentle nimbus clouds

pouring the monsoon rain in your summer dome, the steward asked the farmer's band why did you bring the rain in our savannah? the band elucidated: the melting pot shares multi-convergence of different seasons to bring heraldic rainbows, to revitalise visions in your dreamscapes, have you wondered the aqua-parachute drops on Earth, yield zillion lives, to rebuild our resilient biome, like interconnected forces transform common purposes to legacies of a lifetime.

Seed of Change

The colossal growth

of each vision is coming together as one seed of positivity, as one seed of resilience, as one seed of empowerment, as one seed of change, to yield strong trees of peacemakers expressing harmony, where all remain steadfast amidst contagion, as Nature bloom, we rise for tomorrow while making heart-prints to those we know and we don't know. we amplify the whispers of graceful spirit, suddenly creates euphony soft touches to one's heart.

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

Appeal of a Jungle

Here a fire; there a fire tears of a tree

Catastrophes of a civilisation last year here was a banyan tree Who has cut the tree? The stump cries With an appeal Save me from fire We make the seasons clean your lungs

Squirrels, butterflies, crows, honey bees
All have balanced the ecology
ancestors with bamboo and arrow
protected these trees
dear all
Global warming increases
Buy little more time
to slow climate change
Have mercy upon the trees
A time will come
you have to buy oxygen cylinders!

Kamala Pujari; the queen of paddy

Kamala Pujari the paramount queen

From Bhumia tribe of Patraputa in the Eastern Ghats
With nose studs and grey hair
The walking encyclopaedia of the indigenous knowledge
The art of organic farming
No chemicals; no poison
For land is her Holy mother
An activist, empowered with blatant slogan

To save food and paddy seeds
The land where the first rice cultivation
started by the Nishad tribes
Before four thousand years ago
She a pioneer of community seed bank

All rare varieties of paddy Haladi Ganthi, Sapuri, Jhili or Deula Bhog She the gallant heroine glow with aura Standing at dusk: a bold soldier at sixties Experiments with seeds without the classroom degrees

The nature's angel she is Honoured in Africa as the winner Of Equator Initiative Selected as the Planning Board member By the chief minister of Odisha

A krushi Bisharad, in her own thatched house With a mission to conserve forests the ordained daughter Her blissful journey to proclaim a destination

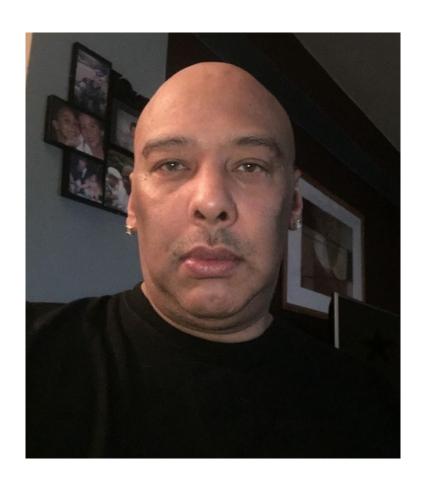
My Vintage Shadow

Once upon a time My shadow plundered the depth,

width and length Of my exuberant green existence

My verse rattled Nature twiddled in cobwebs The shadow harrowed Piercing the subtle mirror With its vintage signature

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

trees

I help the world breathe better air but today I'm suffocating,
I'm choking on fumes created from my body charring.
i can't run because im stationary,
I don't have a mouth to scream out... somebody help me.
All I can do is pray that a plane will drench me and all those around me with artificial rain.
There's wood all around me burning, it is not safe, its not winter and i'm not housed in a home, so why is it that where i live looks like an outdoor fireplace?
This intense heat isn't for indoor temperature, no one is chopping me down yelling out timber,
i am crashing to the ground and all that's left of me is flaming embers.
This happens randomly and suddenly, there's no warning.
it's amazing how a sanctuary of beauty burns and turns ugly due to global warming

Momma told me

Momma told me that everyone around me wasn't my friend, i didn't listen. she told me because of my position people would come out the woodwork with a smile on their face and scream out loyalty to be taken care of financially or to gather intel for the enemy like a reconnaissance mission. i'm running these ny streets killn my sneaker threads trying to reach a mill with reds, illusions to slabs, triples to digital, from seven to a thousand i stretched that come up bread.. I was lit, the ace mover of packs, if dudes came to me hungry i shined a light on em like traxx to get ny gritty like racks. A lot of the greats ate with the 8 and a lot of legends got their break by the young lemniscate, just like I unknowingly fed fakes and watched epidermis shed revealing snakes. you live and learn, once crossed i let those bridges burn

I tasted poverty

I tasted poverty and didn't like the texture, i had to become an inedible chef in order to quell my hunger, it started with a dream and a beam,

eventually the dream started to become reality and in time i dropped the beam and did the eyeball measure, it was less paraphernalia, all bellaco needed was the same pot we used for bustelo, plastic and a lot of single edge razors. Hunger pains turned into hunger gains, poverty threw me in a deadly arena like the hunger games. i called the plug to do compra, i called him key food, the park was mine so if a nickel got sold in it and it wasn't red, three days later there was a big chance that violators eyes and lips got glued. I didn't have to bust my gun because i was surrounded by shooters eager for gunplay, if somebody was facing the music the entire hood heard the ghetto serenade, ambulances speed to the scene but you know its a DOA when they slowly drive away. We were real but no one is untouchable, a lot of us lived after slugs ripped through muscle and a lot of us got funerals, murals and flowers for the dead when those gunshots were fatal. cemetery plots were not deterrents to get off the block because we knew if we stopped it was back to the feeling of starvation waiting for those first and third checks to

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.

Inertness

When an unimaginable image suddenly becomes part of memories, which

noiselessly and inexpressibly return, something has to be done.

How to describe fire's tongues devouring trees, feeding themselves with forest?
The destroyer wasn't picky, it left behind...

Aside for the rising smoke it left almost nothing.

How to describe powerlessness, inertness of the invertible time, a tomb of plants and animals? Out of breath still living and invincible. Stay silent? Turn the gaze away?

The element is a god, a demon, a not to be forgotten, a thoughtless vandal, who is sometimes helped by a human, supposedly *homo sapiens*.

Translated by Ula de B.

Awakening the memory

Who will lead us through death of the closest ones, when we'll remain alone?

Who will help get up?

Have to carry the new reality – life without...

We – forlorn, raise up, we fight Albeit petrified, let's prove, everything still prevails.

Let's not forget, that dead stay silent – awakening the memory is on the side of the living.

Translated by Ula de B.

Destiny

With a word time cannot be stopped. A fleeting moment has a chance for a guise of stopping. It exists

- between morality and no morality
- the good and the evil
- me and us.

Till it is

- we are.

Life surrounds usual - unusual relation. It can't be happening – it is.

To people and everyone else sometimes happen unexpected situations.

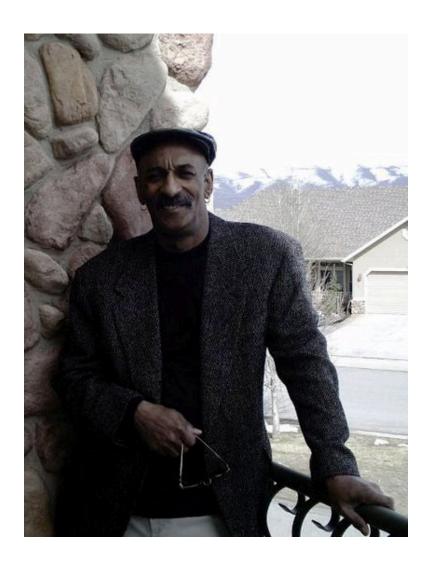
 $-Like\ what,\ grandpa?$

War, accident...

I'm sorry for one thingyou can never buy a ticket, to escape the destiny.

Translated by Ula de B.

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

Tree Voices

Through the tests of time
I and my foremothers and forefathers
Have stood
In the wood,
The forests,
The valley,
The glen,
Upon the mountainside,
And at its peak.

We have given you shelter, shade, Built your homes, Fueled your fires For the cold days, The cold nights, And cooked your meats, Those same meats for which You have clear-cut our homes, Our jungles We have also cooked Your stews, And your porridge.

We gave you paper
To exact your theorems,
Keep your ledgers,
Teach your children,
Write your poems.

I question Whether we will survive you, Or will you survive us?

We gave you fruits And wreaths And syrups, nectar, And medicines

We were enduring and tolerant, With little or no regard From you.

We gave you breath, We collected the rains And filtered them That you may drink

We have roots
That connect us all,
As do you,
With the difference being,
That we realize
That we are all connected
To all things

Take heed indeed For
I too have a voice!

A seeking seeker

My consciousness extends beyond The endless ends And borders Of all the collective horizons That ever existed, And ever will

I am a discovery Still yet unborne

I like a vagabond
Wandering in my wonder
While wondering
As I wander ...
Seeking empty resolution
To empty things
As I consider
My self-absolution
And the elusive solution
To that Which is inordinate
And stirs my soul
In declinative ways

My thoughts have No perceivable limits, As do my whims

As the countless stars,
The countless grains of sands,
The countless particles of dust,
I ponder my origin
And the vastness
Of my progenitorial ways

We are naught but Unexplored Black Holes Waiting with open arms To embrace the noble ones

Who have courage enough To venture beyond the known

More than a reconciliation,
There is a reclamation afoot
That shall restore all things
To the way
They were meant to be,
And none amongst us
May refute nor abate
It's arrival

We shall fund What we seek, And that which we seek Shall find us ...

There shall be no mire claims of discovery Of that Which is occupied, For all things a filled, All things are empty For ... A seeking seeker

The Untitled

Lilac was the flavor Of her smile

Her eyes were wrinkled And twinkled like The fair flowers of Dandelions And her demeanor was Lavender-like

Her voice was as soft As the flutter Of butterfly wings In the height of spring From whence great harvests Are borne

Her spirit was unfettered and free, And somehow she could see The good in everything And anybody, Including you, Including me.

She was an enigma
To the non-discerning Soul
Whose eye remained clouded,
Yet Her light
Could not be denied
In the height
Of the darkest night

Jung 2022 Featured Poets



Yuan Changming
Azeezat Okunlola
Tanja Ajtić
Philip Chijioke Abonyi



Yuan Changming

The Year of the Poet $IX \sim June 2022$



Yuan Changming edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Yuan in Vancouver. Credits include eleven Pushcart nominations, eleven chapbooks (most recently LIMERENCE) and publications in *Best of the Best Canadian Poetry* (2008-17), & *BestNewPoemsOnline*, among 1,879 others worldwide. Moreover, Yuan served on the jury for Canada's 44thNational Magazine Award (poetry category).

On Another Rainy Day

Rain, it's the rain that's been wetting my entire Selfhood inside out

Reminding me

Amidst all shapes to be moistured

The water-drops are

The dews from a paradise long lost

Here is another soul fallen from above

The Greatest Soft Power

What Softens

A human heart is

Neither money nor honey

Rather, it is a good natured smile of Some dog playing with a cat, a bird Feeding her young with her broken wings Covering them against cold rain at noon The whispering of a zephyr blowing From nowhere, the mist flirting fitfully With the copse at twilight, the flower Trying to outlive its destiny, as well

As the few words you actually meant To say to her but somehow you forgot In the tender of last night

Are You Just Aware

How many trees never flower?

How many flowers never fruit?

& How many fruits never fall to

The taste of a living soul after all?

Azgezat Okunlola



Azeezat Okunlola is a Published Author, a poet, online and offline Content Strategist, and a passionate prose writer. She is a graduate of the Department of Classics, University of Ibadan. Her works have featured in AFAS Review (Issue 2), Pin Quarterly Journal (Issue 8), Glassdoor Initiative (Poetically Written Prose), Save Our Future Initiative, and Communicator's League (Website). She writes about pain, love, introspection, anger and injustice.

Voices Within Monographs

In this library alone I sit, Quiet and respite I seek, In shelved thoughts I find my muse, Every word, my spirit amuse, In delightful unison, my fingers lift, The letters, my eyes caress, The smell of history, my heart accepts, But wait. The silence is no more, The sweet-piercing silence is no more, Now I hear drum beats, No, no, heart beats, Poco a poco, Forte forte. Crescendo. In quandary I turn left and right, Seeking out the source aright, Allegro allegro, Now I hear screams, Azeezat Okunlola Wails and cries. Tales of agony, stories of regret, The intent screeching of tires, The deafening sound of gunshots, The screams of a woman in labour, The outcome of vengeful harbour, My blood turns torrent, My brain short of current, Buckling under me, my knees give way, On the floor I lay, in one drifting sway, Imagery holds me captive, My mind a willing accomplice,

In my head, the cardinals meet, North to South, West to East,

I struggle, my body bids me no sovereign, I want to journey, my mind whines, Poco a poco,

Poco a poco,
Now all becomes still,
But a presence I feel,
Like rustling leafs from branches aloof,
My eyes flicker open,
Ecce! On the ground in the open,
A smile on the bark catches my gaze,
For trees alike in rows affront,
Hot perspiration flows down my face,

"Indeed here lies our fate, In shelved Monographs, Piercing our souls in alpha beta, The tip of thy pen, history re-writes."

When a woman first tells you she loves you, you would gaze up into watery eyes, clueless, and perhaps, you'd hear the clacking of waist beads as she swerves and whines to imaginary jazz, making funny faces at you, and you would not understand a word she says,

Blessed with age, teenage and full of life, you've been taught that home is a dwelling place, your native land, a cult where loyalty and sacrifice breeds trust, a vault that holds the darkest of secrets, the one place you can be true to your roots, your very own camp, a kingdom to return to when the going gets tough, Caesar when your Rome is in disarray,

A tad taller, youthful and graced with time, life's true colours roll themselves at your feet in the most despicable of experiences, you would break sweat and blood, know pain in all its shades, pity from the vaguest of men, you'll see humiliation at par, perhaps, have a drink or two with death, and even the devil would dare caress your soul with lofty dreams...

And then you'll hear jazz, the sound of beads clacking, you'll stare into eyes gleaming bright like the midnight sky on the 1st of January, and for the first time in decades, you'll hear familiar words flow out of a sacred temple, and your pigeon heart carrying a message long lost in the wind because it did not know how or where to be delivered, would find home...

In a woman.

Prisoner of Love

Dazed. Red-eyed, nails digging into soft palms, and 5'6 of me, shrinking like that body wasn't mine. Towering over stiff bloated body that was

once tight skin, doting eyes, large palms and soft lips, I'd ask a million questions but let's start with a few...

What am I to do with all this anger? All this confusion, my love, all this hate?

You used to like talking a lot, about how you've grown endearing to my perfect edges, like your Adam's clay were made for my Eve's curves, how my lips rolled off words that never left the confines of your thoughts, right until you were too you to admit my heart was a tad too warm to accommodate all your wrongs...

Stand up now and speak to me!

Tell me I've gone on too naive, falling for someone who only thought I'd bring some light into all those paintings on his canvas.

Get up from that pure-white coffin and speak to me! I've been waiting since before I was born, overturning all your words, finding the right combination of anger, courage and hurt to push myself out the door and never return. So, tell me how ridiculous it was, riding me like a dim-witted donkey.

Stand up, and speak to me! You can't keep me locked in here forever.

Tanja Ajtić



Tanja Ajtic is from Serbia but lives in Vancouver, Canada. Her poems and stories have been published in 158 collections (books), anthologies, electronic books and magazines. Her poems have been published in seven language. She published a book of poetry so far "Outlines of Love" in 2018. She won first place in the Federation of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the second prize in Great Britain from the Serbian Library in London. She is currently writing poetry, short stories, haiku, gogyoshi poetry. She artistic graphics as a freelance artist. Hers art graphic were published in books and a magazine.

Tomorrow

Howl of the last wolves echoes,

it warns humanity, in the far North.

The warning is - to change the world

and the only planet we have and our home.

Let's listen carefully that sound, and let's wish everything nice and good

at the same time, filled with love and compassion.

Than, maybe The howl will not be the last One,

but The Hope for the future in our tomorrow.

Forest

You stand, amazed by nature, you don't move, you just look and that wild jungle is.
You listen to strange sounds that you hear for the first time. The heart beats fast, aroma, beautiful... that wakes you asleep.

You stand and do not blink to absorb the landscape as well as possible, to feel a part of that untouchable and wild, while the soul, the earthly soul transforms into the divine and you think, now everything is holy, wild, right. You breathe slowly so as not to scare the birds in an old ebony tree and you wonder: How do you save the forest?

Time

The rain is come, the downpour that washed everyting all nature relentlessly and too much for one life without an umbrella for a life without a raincoat. Broke sky crying for us and instead of us small as we hurt everything we touch. Us small and sinful, and then it rained to bathe us and remind us to be better people.

And time flows irretrievably and does not stop until we reach the station where we need to get off and get on another train into another dimension and projection into another form that is purgatory to the future life of a new, sinless one

like babies born angels, and then all over again like nature, as animals and people, we are born and the rain doesn't bother us because it is like holy water falls and cleans the world. It makes us get away from it instead of dancing in the rain.

Philip Chijioke Abonyi



Philip Chijioke Abonyi was born at Nsukka in the eastern state of Nigeria. He is a writer & photographer. He was shortlisted for Eriata Oribhabor Poetry Prize, 2018. His works have appeared & forthcoming in African writer's magazines, Agape review, Even magazine, Better than Starbucks Journal, Praxis magazine, Kalahari review, and elsewhere.

Experiment

when you gauge a sleepless night of my mother it will be too heavy to be justified with numbers I calibrated her body to 1000cm³ & everyday pain fills her cylindrical body pouring down her feet where it becomes a pond of aquatic carnivores swallowing every beautiful drop in water.

I collected my mother's tears in a Petri dish as a specimen, I cultured it for two weeks in my room & it grew into giant algae of a broken heart from the love, my father misplaced a long time ago & the sorrow in watching us crave to be birds which she cannot give wings.

always she is trying to throw us faraway like a javelin across the perimeter to ascertain our dreams in indefinite digits for the betterment of lives so that the arithmetic of life will be solvable by all or the quadratic equation of destines be easily factorized.

I pour myself in a test tube every night before I sleep and put under the bunsen burner that spurs from the tongue of God with blue flames I hope that it will one day turn gelatinous with success which will taste in my mother's tongue as common salt.

The science of Living

Like the river trees watching a boy drowns, the world will never care about this bird in my eyes that whistles tears. I live in a place where everybody carries a temple of God in the mouth & everyone prays to blow off the candle of another & watch his breath. These days we open our mouths to the spread of rotten flies that perch on our brother's heads. Indeed we love to hate each other. Mother says that to enter the body of God, we need to shatter the hinges of our dark heart and throw sunlight in there. Truth is strong in the ear—we will never listen to it. We will keep dreaming of America while we are floods drowning our cities. The other day, a policeman corked his gun & shot an innocent boy, tomorrow the newspaper reads a thief was killed. We read with smiling faces, by the way, what can we do when it is against the law to be lawful? What an unfortunate life! We count our ranks from the numbers of innocent heads in the street. No one cares who gets hurt as far the victim is not our brother in crimes.

Burnt Offering

My country boy says that it is with cannabis that he offers God his burdens he wraps his himself in paper light it, inhales hopes & exhales grief. time like this, he is afloat in the wind like a bird reaching for all his dreams. would my mother be wrong when she said that smoke is a wind that carries us to the necropolis & that violence runs in the veins of shadows that burn it? cities talk every day in coding languages of guns & jack knives of axes & cutlass. You have to be soaked in a bowl of blood & dress in coded colours to be a man here. Every day I open a newspaper: I see a girl running with perforated innocence bleeding down her legs a siren crammed in the air— a resolver is pulled, my country boy lies dead in the street, Headlines glitter with the blood of broken dreams of people like you— who squeeze their time in a smoke pipe & rise into the cloud of violence.

Remembering

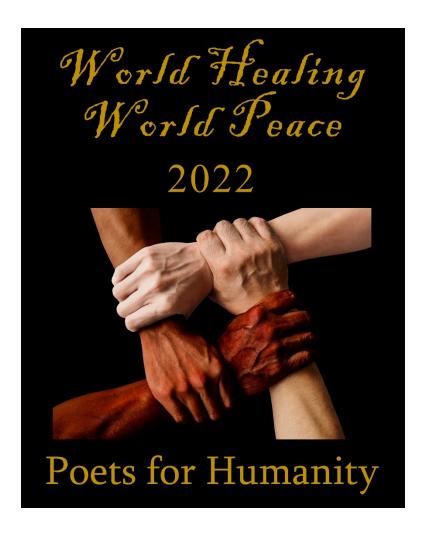
our fallen soldiers of verse



Janet Perkins Caldwell
February 14, 1959 ~ September 20, 2016

Han W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

Now available



www.worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org

Inner Child Press

News

Poetry Posse Members

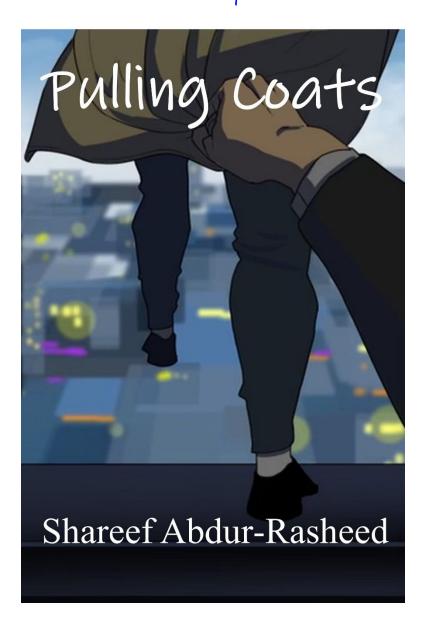
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

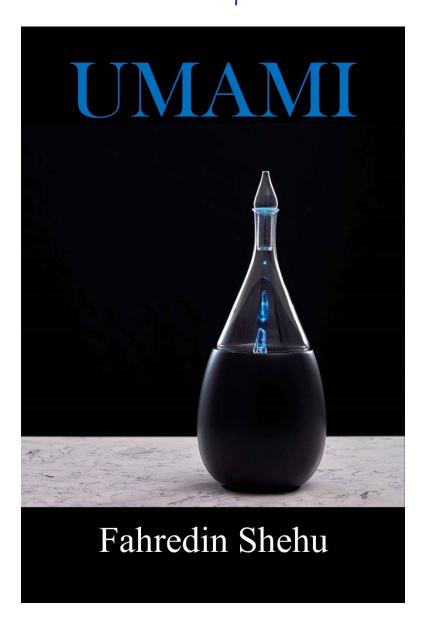
Alicja Maria Kuberska Jackie Davis Allen Gail Weston Shazor hülya n. yılmaz Nizar Sartawi Elizabeth E. Castillo Faleeha Hassan Fahredin Shehu Kimberly Burnham Caroline 'Ceri' Nazareno Eliza Segiet Teresa E. Gallion William S. Peters, Sr.

Coming Soon

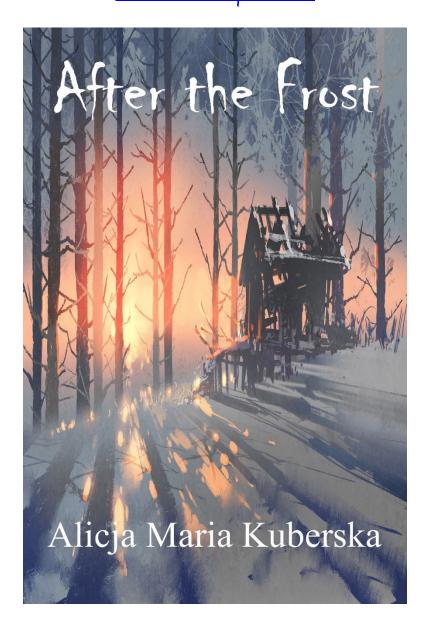
www.innerchildpress.com



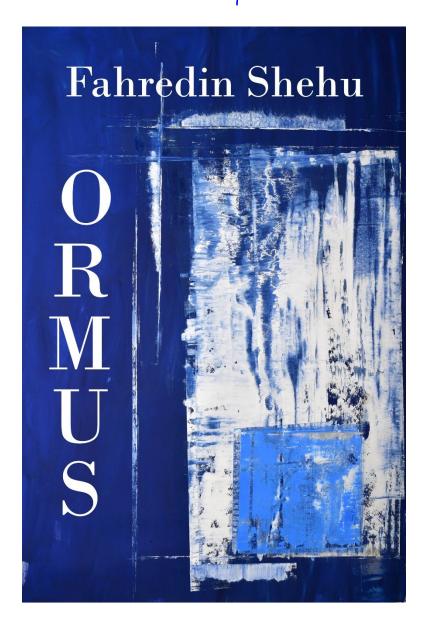
Coming Soon



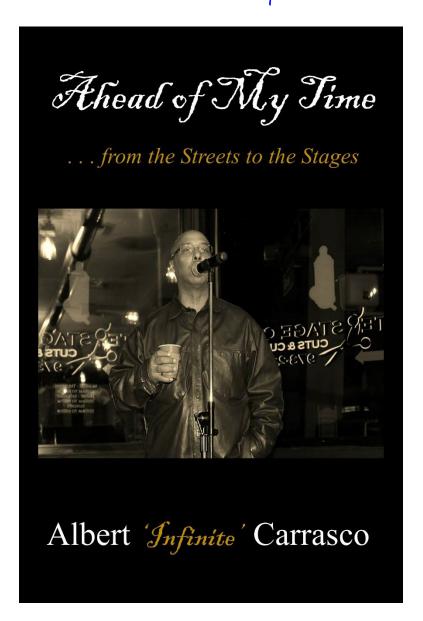
www.innerchildpress.com

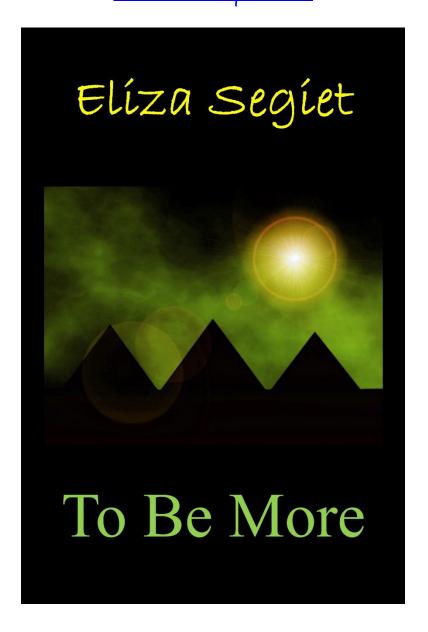


Now Available

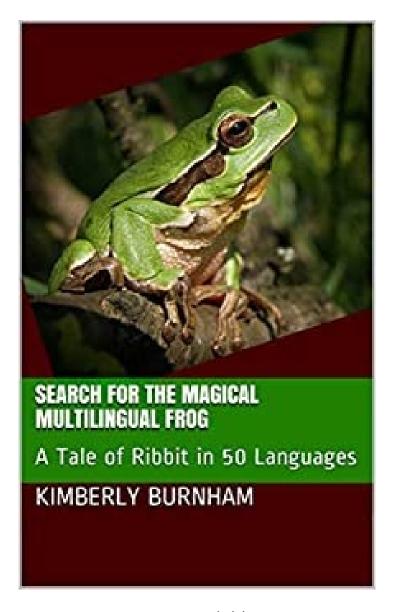


Now Available



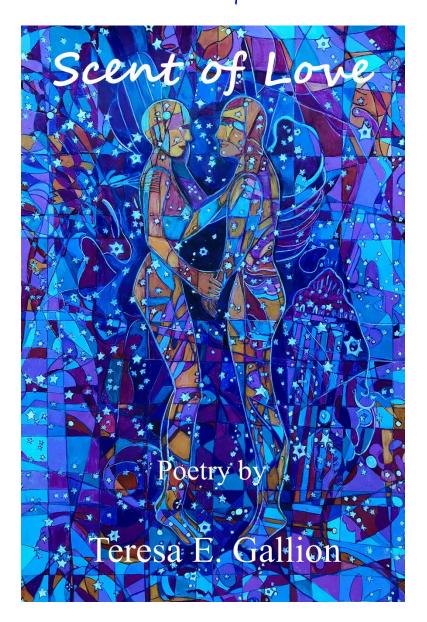


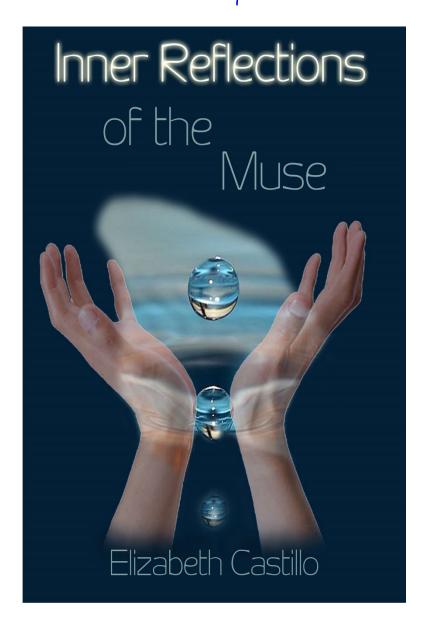
www.amazon.com/gp/product/B08MYL5B7S/ref=dbs_a_de f rwt hsch vapi tkin p1 i2



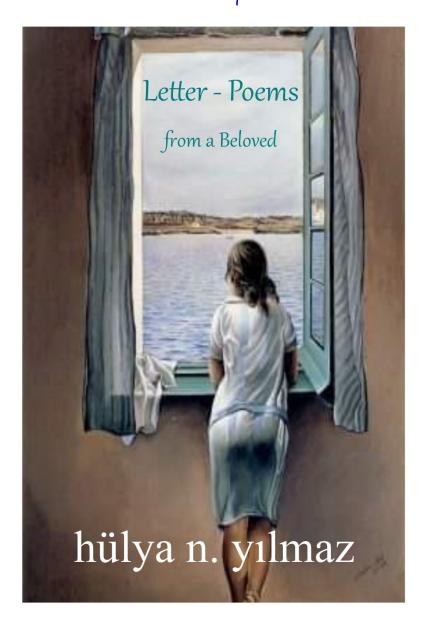
Now Available at

www.innerchildpress.com



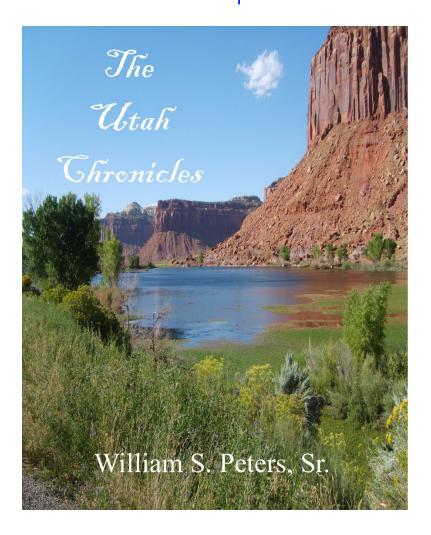


www.innerchildpress.com

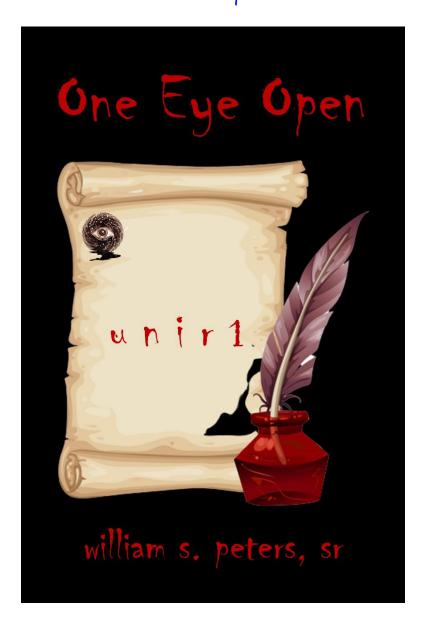


Now Available

www.innerchildpress.com

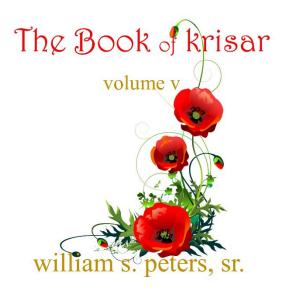


www.innerchildpress.com



COMING SOON

www.innerchildpress.com



www.innerchildpress.com

The Book of Krisar



The Book of krisar



william s. peters, sr.

The Book of krisar



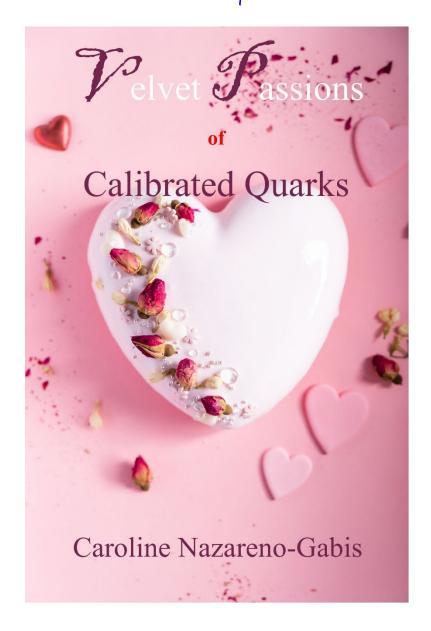
william s. peters, sr.

The Book of krisar



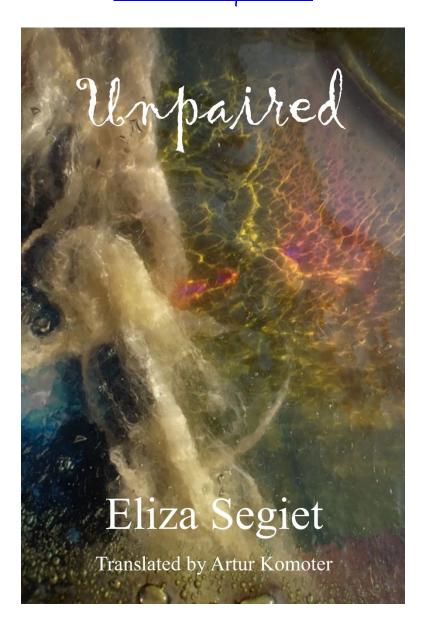
william s. peters, sr.

www.innerchildpress.com



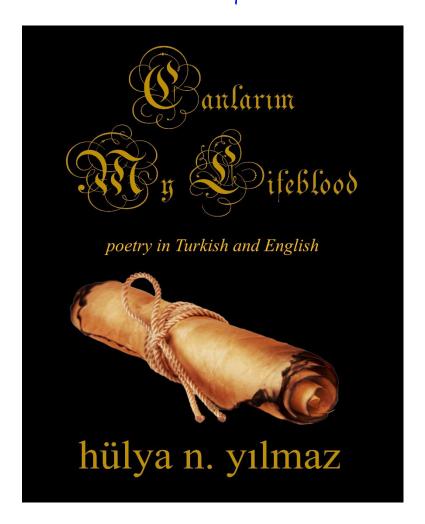
Now Available

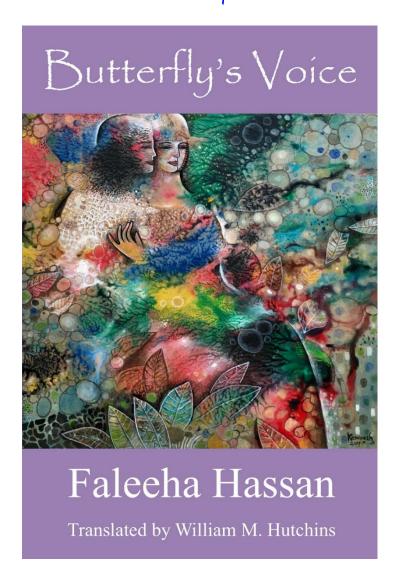
www.innerchildpress.com



Private Issue

www.innerchildpress.com





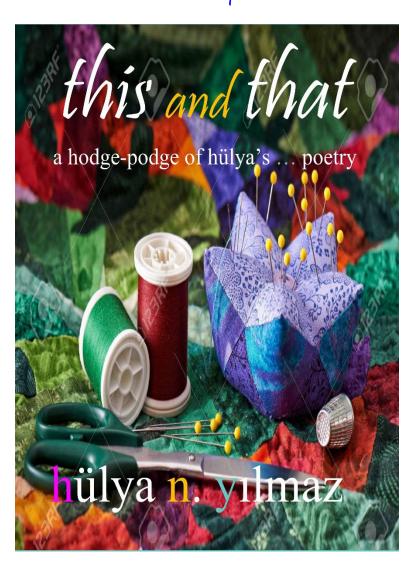
No Illusions

Through the Looking Glass

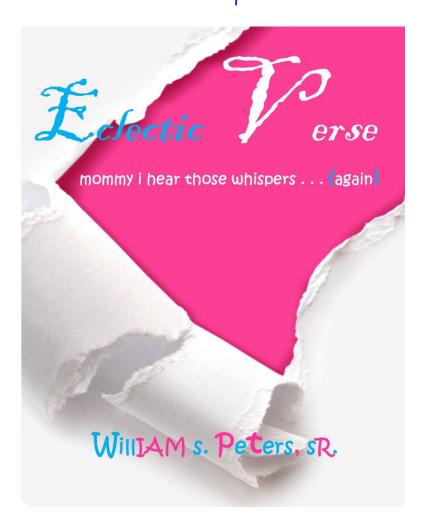


Jackie Davis Allen

www.innerchildpress.com



www.innerchildpress.com

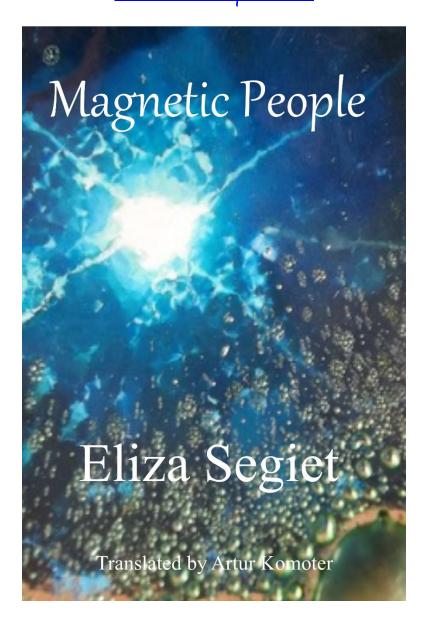


HERENOW



FAHREDIN SHEHU

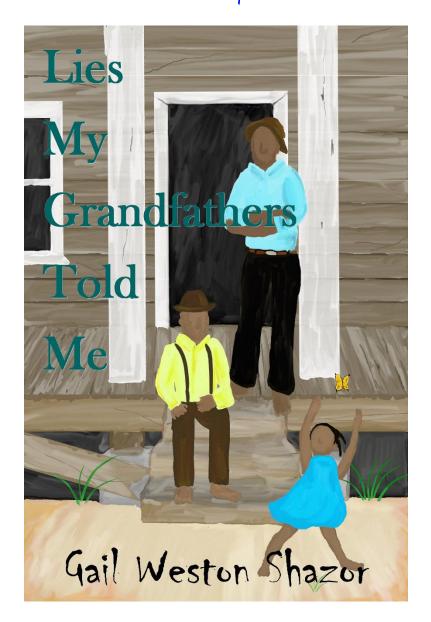
www.innerchildpress.com





Now Available at

www.innerchildpress.com



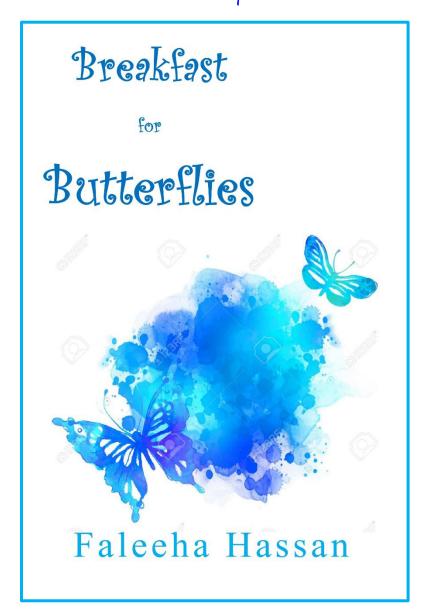
www.innerchildpress.com

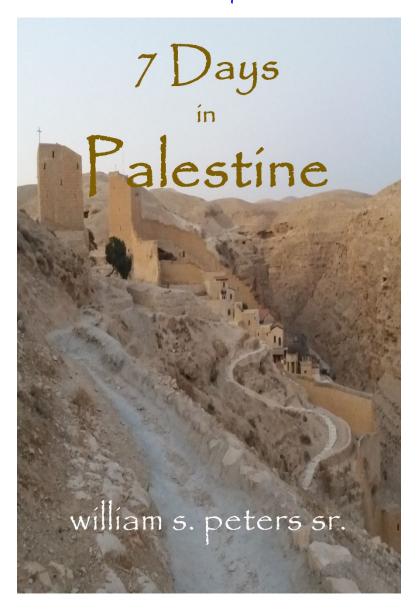


www.innerchildpress.com



www.innerchildpress.com





Now Available at



Now Available at

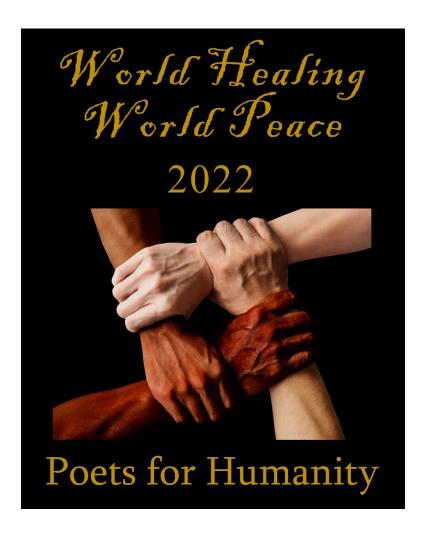


Now Available at



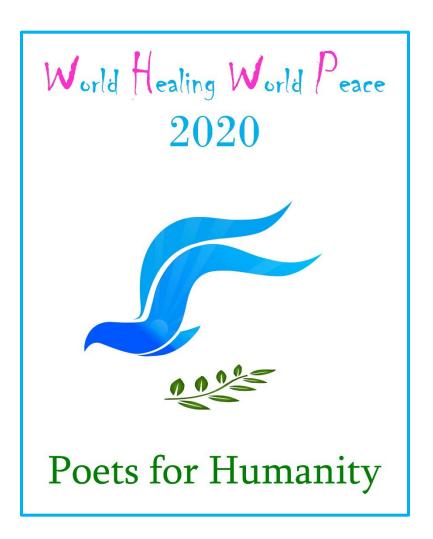
Other Anthological works from

Inner Child Press International

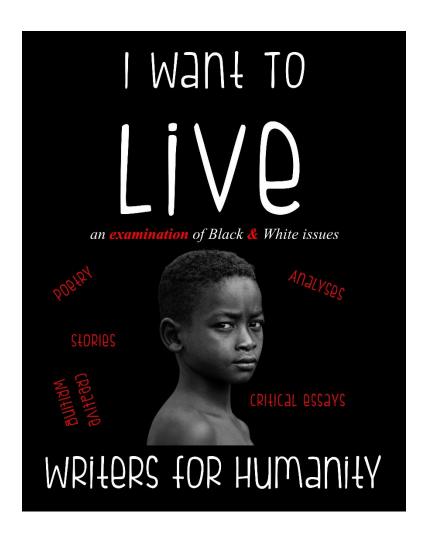


Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available
www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u> Inner Child Press International

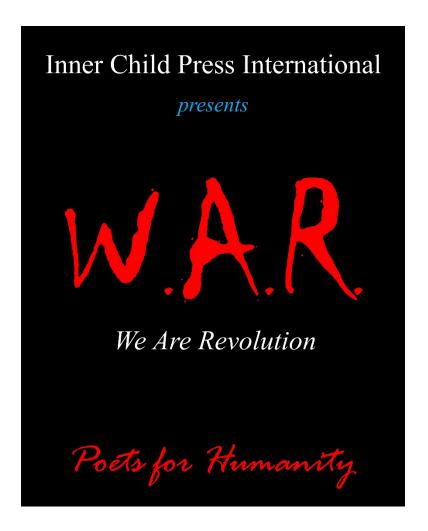
The Year of the Poet

present

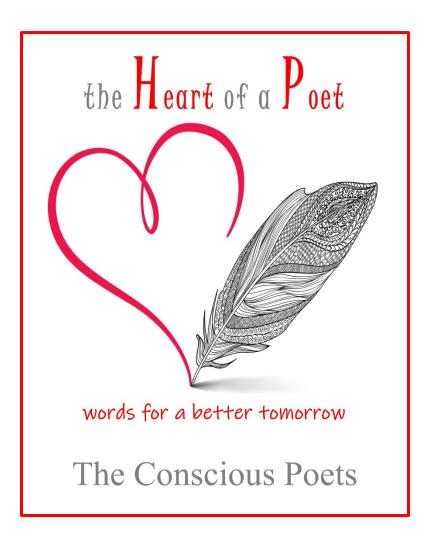
Poetry the best of 2020

Poets of the World

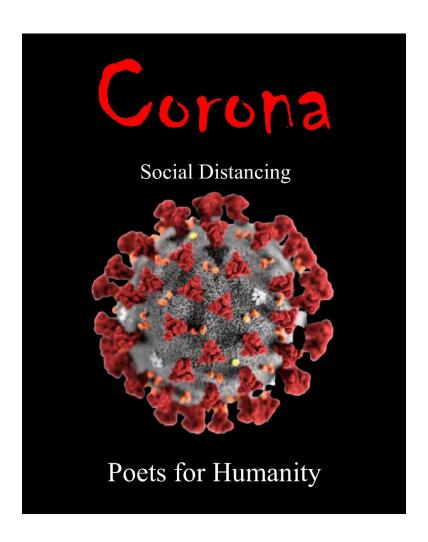
Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



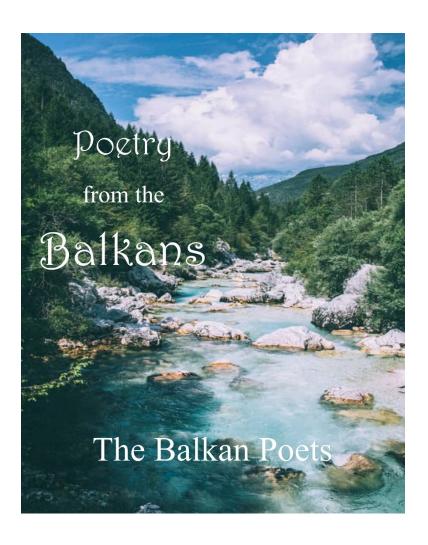
Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



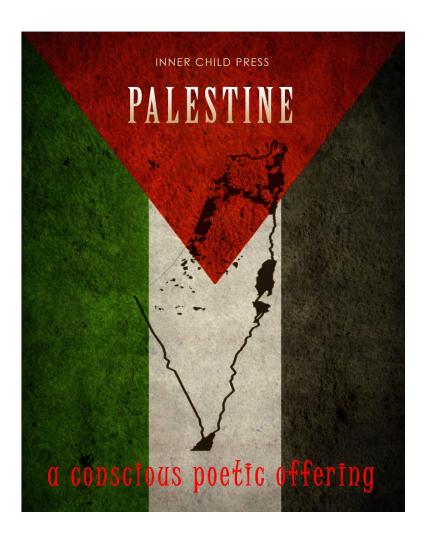
Now Available www.innerchildpress.com



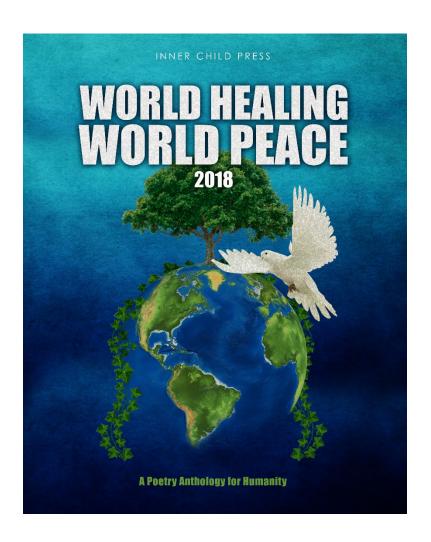
Now Available <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



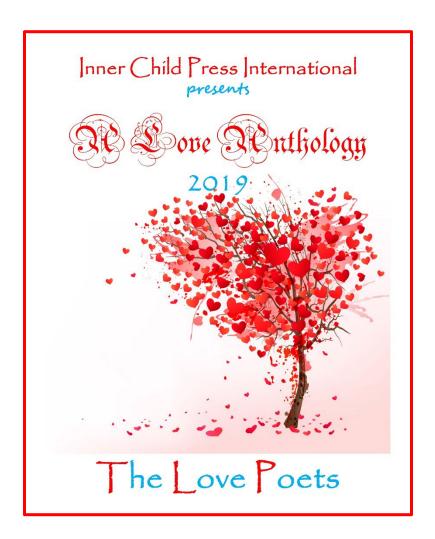
Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>



Now Available at <u>www.innerchildpress.com</u>

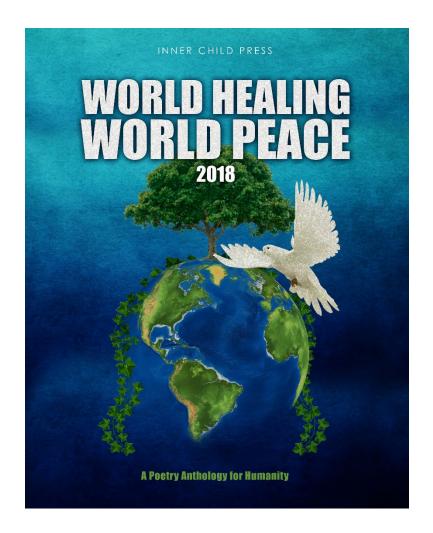


Now Available at www.innerchildpress.com

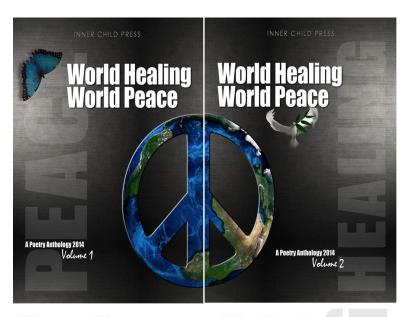


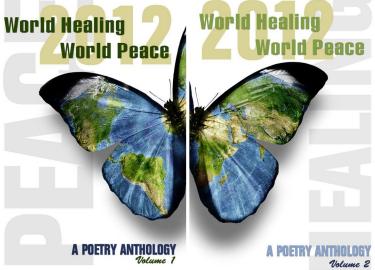
Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available
www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



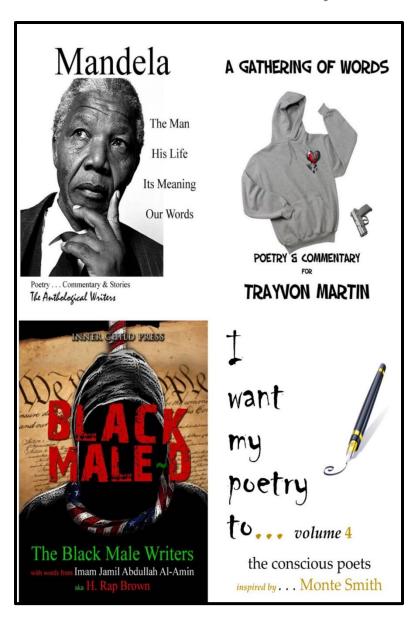


Now Available

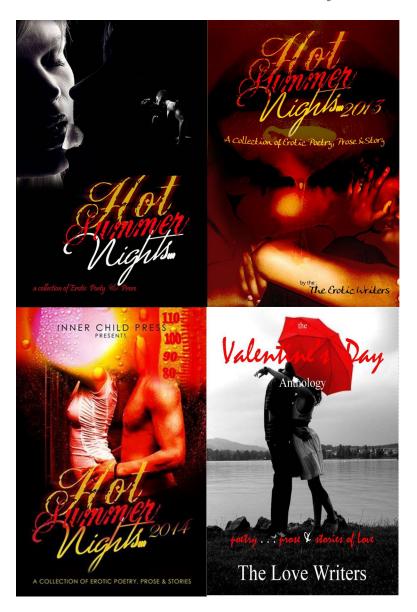
www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available
www.innerchildpress.com/anthologies



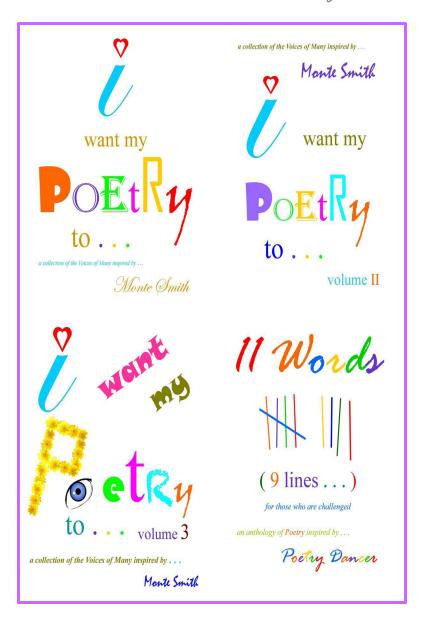
Now Available



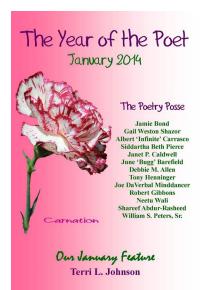
Now Available



Now Available



Now Available





Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson



the Year of the Poet



celebrating international poetry month

Now Available









Now Available



Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014



The Poekey Poace
Sonie Soni * Call Weston Nazoo * Albert Infinite Corrosco * Siderthio Beth Pierce
Jones P. Caldwell * Nazoo * Albert Infinite Corrosco * Siderthio Beth Pierce
Jones P. Caldwell * Nazoo * Albert Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Sharele Albert Albert Scholar Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Sharele Albert Albert Mindodnore * Soler Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Sharele Albert Albert Mindodnore * Noter Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Sharele Albert Albert Mindodnore * Noter Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Sharele Mindodnore * Noter Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Sharele Mindodnore * Noter Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Sharele Mindodnore * Noter Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Neetu Wolf * Noter Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Noter Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Noter Calboors * Neetu Wolf * Neetu Wo

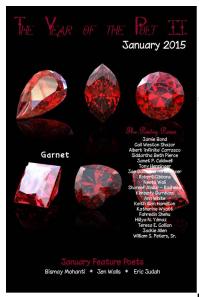
October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



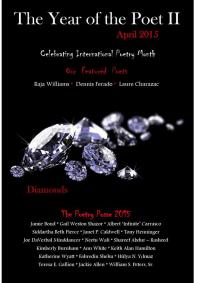


Now Available

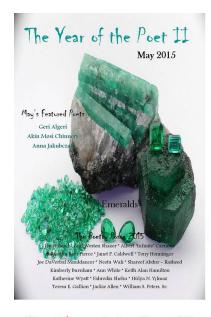








Now Available



The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

yan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker

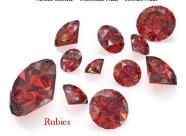


The Poetry Posse 2015

Iamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

The Featured Poets for July 2015 Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet II

August 2015

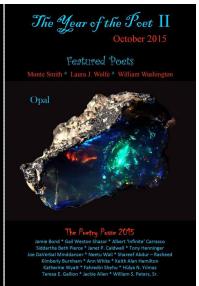


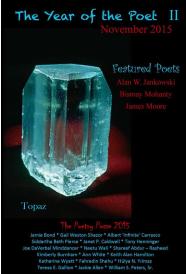
The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr

Now Available







The Year of the Poet II December 2015

Featured Poets

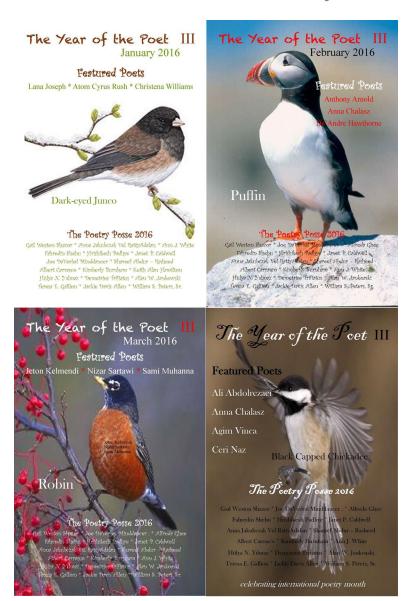
Kerione Bryan * Michelle Joan Barulich * Neville Hiatt



The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco Siddartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wall * Shared Abdur – Rasheed Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yilmaz Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

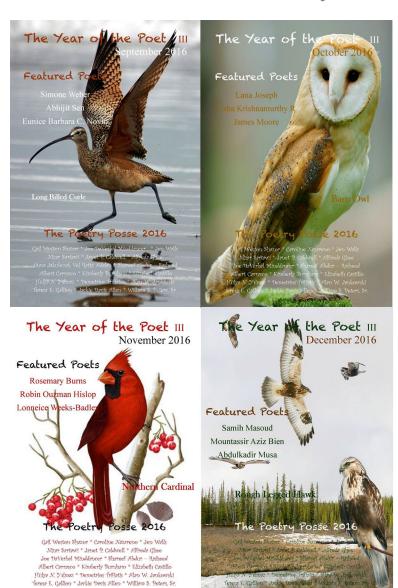
Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

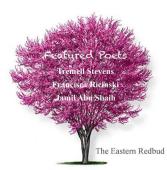


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



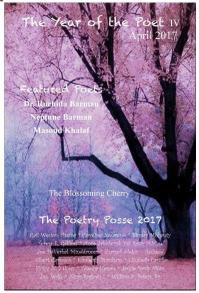
Gell Westoo Shazee ** Caroline Nazareno ** Shaayi Mohanyi Naza Sartunt ** Anos Jakubczak Vel Ratty Holan ** Jan Volla Jao DVirold Minddancer ** Sharene Holan ** Bahend Albert Carranco ** Kimberly Burnham ** Elzabeth Carolin Hulyo N. Yulouz ** Falenby Jasson ** Allan VV. Jankowski ** Geresa E. Gelllon ** Jackie Dwes Hillen ** Vullian S. Paters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017

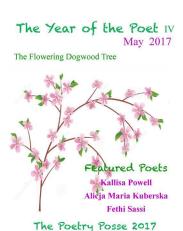


The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohandy Teress E. (dellino * Homa alakhbezak Vell Batty Halam John Da'Narha Mindahorer * Baybend Halam - Baybend Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hulya N. Yahouz * Estedha Hassan * Jackie Dreis Allem Jen Vella* Nuzar saturku * William S. Reter, Sr.



Now Available



Gell Weston Shazer * Coroline Aszereno * Rismay Mohandy Teress E. Gellion * Annor Johanbezek Vel Betty Adelan John DeVerbold Middelpere * Rement Aldure - Righted Albert Ceresco * Kimberly Burnham * Elzabeth Costillo Hulyo N Valous * Falenky Harsham * Elzabeth Costillo Jen Wells * Nizer Sorton' * William & Peters, Sr.







Now Available

The Year of the Poet IV

September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo



The Poetry Posse 2017

Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe PaVerhal Mindalance * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartaw * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Carolline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Sharefe Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yılmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sattawi * * Villilam S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

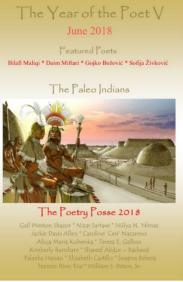
Gail Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Galilon * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe DaVerhal Minddance* Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hülya N. Yılmaz * Falecha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizar Sartani* * Villiam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

Now Available



Now Available





The Year of the Poet V July 2018 Festured Fords Pulpins I treate Tuddy Mohammad Mohal Haro' Eliza Septet Tom Higgins Oceanía The Poetry Posse 2018 Gall Weston Shazor' Nizar Sartawl, Húlya N. Yilmaz, Jackie Pavis Allen' Curoline Cerl' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kulenka, Teres B. Gallon Kimberly Burnham' Shared Alytur - Rasheed Falesh Hasan' Elizabeth Castillo' Swapna Rebra Tezmin Iston Tsas' Avilliam S. Peters, Sr.

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

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberiska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin tion Tsaj * William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available

The Year of the Poet V September 2018

The Aztecs & Incas

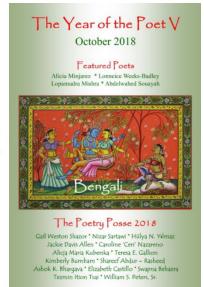


Featured Poets

Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom Eliza Segiet Mazher Hussain Abdul Ghani Lily Swarn

The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawa * Hūlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Cerr' Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubesika * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behaera Tezmir Ition Taji * William S. Peters, Sr.



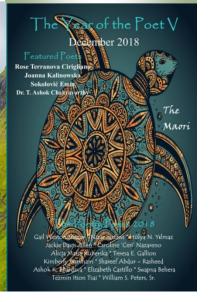


Featured Poets

Michelle Joan Barulich * Monsif Beroual Krystyna Konecka * Nassira Nezzar

The Poetry Posse 2018

iail Weston Shazor Z Nizar Sartawi T Hulya N, Yalmaz Jackie Davis Allen T Caroline Corl Nazarono Alicja Maria Kuberska T Gress E Gallion Kimberly Burnham "Shayeef Abdur – Radreed Shak K. Bhagang "Einsbeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezuni Horn Tsai "Willams" S Peters St



Now Available



Indigenous North Americans

Featured Poets
Houda Effectali

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

Dream Catcher

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gall Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Ceri * Nazareno Alicja Maria Kubensia * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Bumham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera Tezmin Hüon Tsal * William S. Petens, 200

The Year of the Poet VI

February 2019

Featured Poets

Marek Łukaszewicz * Bharati Nayak Aida G. Roque * Jean-Jacques Fournier



Meso-America

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion "Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmi titon Tsai "William S. Peters."

The Year of the Poet VI March 2019

Featured Poets

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



The Caribbean

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberiska * 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 of the Poet VI April 2019

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Falecha Hassan



Central & West Africa

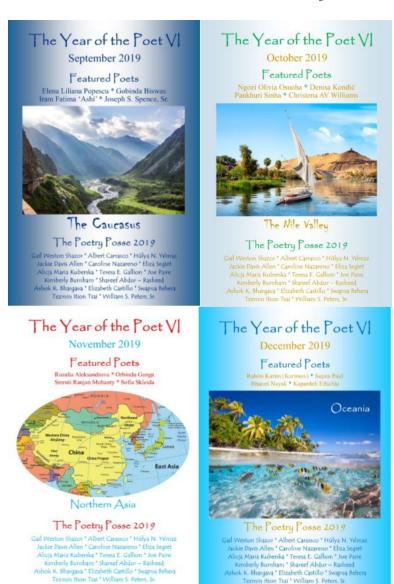
The Poetry Posse 2019

Gall Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion "Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castliol "Swapna Behera Tezmi titon "Tail" "William S. Petess,"

Now Available



Now Available



Now Available



Now Available

The Year of the Poet VII May 2020 Featured Poets Alok Kumar Ray * Eden S. Trinidad Franco Burbato * Izabela Zubko Ralph Bunche ~ 1950

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hulya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa * 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 Year of Feace 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 Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo* Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsii * William S. Peters.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Effichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Feace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

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





he Year of Feace ebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Gastillo * Swapra Behera Tezmin titon Tsai! * William S. Peters, S.

Now Available



Now Available

The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan

Banksy's The Girl with the Pierced Eardrun



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor Albert Carassco Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen Caroline Nazareno Eliza Segiet Allicja Maria Kubenska Teresa E. Gallion J. De Paire Kimberly Burnham Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava Elizabeth Castillo Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai William S. Peters.

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 * Hülyq N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubesika * Terese E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Cattlllo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsal * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Claudia Piccinno * Mohammed Jabr

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazon "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion "De Paire Kimbeny Burnham" Shareef Abdur — Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera

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 Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

Now Available

The Year of the Poet VIII

May 2021

Featured Global Poets

Paramita Mukherjee Mullick * Rose Zerguine Jaydeep Sarangi * Bismay Mohanty

Diego Rivera



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen - Caroline Nazareno - Eliza Segiet Allicja Maria Kuberska - Teresa E. Gallion - Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham - Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya - Elizabeth Castillo - Swapna Behera Tarassir Hiom Taul - William S. Dates

The Year of the Poet VIII July 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Asbok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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. Yilmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Teres E. Gallion", Dee Paire Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" "Swapna Behera Tezmin Liton Tsal "William S. Peters, St

The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

eatured Global Poets

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry ... Eknhrasticky Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılma Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera * Tezmi Titon * Tsall * William S. Peters.

Now Available

The Year of the Poet VIII The Year of the Poet VIII

September 2021

Featured Global Poets Monsif Beroual * Sandesh Ghimire

Sharmila Poudel * Pavol Janik Heather Jansch



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska "Teresa E. Gallion" Joe Paire

October 2021

Featured Global Poets C. E. Shy * Saswata Ganguly Suranjit Gain * Hasiba Hilal

Dale Lamphere



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VIII

November 2021

Featured Global Poets

Errol D. Bean * Ibrahim Honjo Tanja Ajtic * Rajashree Mohapatra

Andy Goldsworthy



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicia Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Bumhan * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

The Year of the Poet VIII

December 2021

Featured Global Poets

Orbinda Ganga * Fadairo Tesleem Anthony Arnold * Iyad Shamasnah

Fredric Edwin Church



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Now Available

The Year of the Poet IX

January 2022

Featured Global Poets

Ratan Ghosh * Christine Neil-Wright Andrew Scott * Ashok Kumar

Climate Change: The Ice Cap



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 Parie Kimberly Burnham " Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai " William S. Peters, 2

The Year of the Poet IX

February 2022

Featured Global Poets

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

Climate Change and Mountains





Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

March 2022

Featured Global Poets

Dimitris P. Kraniotis * Marlene Pasini Kennedy Ochieng * Swayam Prashant

Climate Change and Space Debris



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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

The Year of the Poet IX

April 2022

Featured Global Poets

Alonzo Gross * Dr. Debaprasanna Biswas Monsif Beroual * Carol Aronoff

Climate Change and Oceans





*Celebrating our 100th Edition *

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" Teres E. Gallion "Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai "William S. Peters, Sta

Now Available

Inner Child Press Anthologies and there is much, much more!

visit . . .

www.innerchildpress.com/anthologies -sales-special.php

Also check out our Authors and all the wonderful Books Available at:

www.innerchildpress.com/authorspages

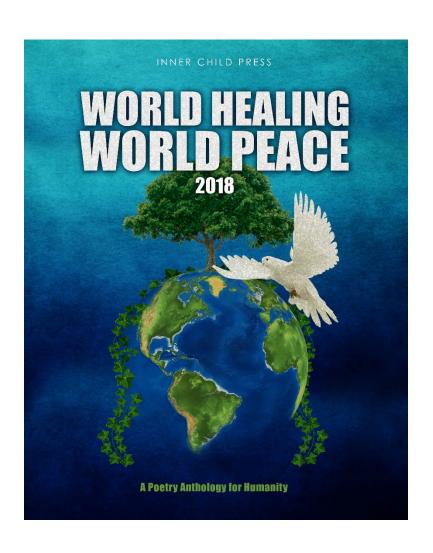




Poets for Humanity

Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com



 $\underline{www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com}$



World Healing World Peace

2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020

Now Available

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

Inner Child Press International

building bridges of cultural understanding'

Meet the Board of Directors



William S. Peters, Sr. Chair Person Founder Inner Child Enterprises Inner Child Press



Hülya N Yılmaz Director **Editing Services** Co-Chair Person



Fahredin B. Shehu Director **Cultural Affairs**



Elizabeth E. Castillo Director Recording Secretary



De'Andre Hawthorne Director Performance Poetry



Gail Weston Shazor Director Anthologies



Kimberly Burnham Ashok K. Bhargava Director Cultural Ambassador Pacific Northwest



Director WINAwards



Deborah Smart Director Publicity Marketing

www.innerchildpress.com

Inner Child Press International

building bridges of cultural understanding'

Meet our Cultural Ambassadors



Fahredin Shehu Director of Cultural



Faleha Hassan Iraq - USA



Philippines



Elizabeth E. Castillo Antoinette Coleman Chicago Midwest USA





nberly Burnham



Alicja Kuberska Eastern Europe



Swapna Behera India Southeast Asia



Kolade O. Freedom



Monsif Beroual





Tzemin Ition Tsai Republic of China Greater China



Alicia M. Ramírez Mexico



Christena AV Williams







Shareef Abdur-Rasheed Laure Charazac Mohammad Ikbal Harb Southeastern USA



France



Lebanon Middle East



Aziz Shmeis





Josephus R. Johnson

www.innerchildpress.com

This Anthological Publication is underwritten solely by

Inner Child Press International

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative "Written Work".

For more Information

Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com



- fini -

The Poetry Posse ~ 2022



June 2022 ~ Featured Poets



Yuan Changming



Azeezat Okunlola



Tanja Ajtić



Philip Chijioke Abonyi





