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 Eardrum



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking 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 Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr. The

Year

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January 2021

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2021

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



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

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

General Information

The Year of the Poet VIII January 2021 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD IF F BE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!



The Poetry Posse

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Sometimes artists use what they have, a white building, a security alarm, a piece of driftwood or colored sand. Poets use what we have words, ideas, emotions, memories to create something beautiful, meaningful, or important.

Cach month the poets of Inner Child Press' monthly offering, *The Year of the Poet*, dig deep inside and find the words for three poems, words that are not new but refashioned into something consequential, lovely, or valuable.

Every year we focus on a different theme for one of our poems. This year each of us will produce a special kind of poem, an ekphrastic poem.

Ckphrastic poetry is where the poet creates a poem inspired or in response to a piece of visual art. This year we will write our thoughts and impressions about paintings, photographs, sculptures, and graffiti.

In January 2021, we kick off this creative, consciousness building process with British graffiti artist Banksy's "The Girl with the Pierced Eardrum" which is his impression of the famous Vermeer, Girl with a Pearl Earring.

As you contemplate the art and poetry each month, consider what the artist was trying to convey and how each poet interprets their understanding of this art, the feelings, and memories the art evokes and much more.

Artist, Edgar Degas said, "Art is not what you see, but what you make others see."

The poetry in this book gives the reader a glimpse into what the Inner Child Press Poetry Posse sees in Banksy's art and we hope it will inspire all people to look for more beauty and see how each person contributes to the way our world looks and feels.

Ckphrastic writing is not new. Around 1665, Dutch painter Johannes Vermeer painted Girl with a Pearl Earring. Since then, there have been a number of ekphrastic treatments of his painting.

Yann Lovelock wrote a sestina, *Vermeer's Head of a Girl* exploring the interplay between imagined beauty interpreted on canvas and living experience.

W. S. Di Diero reimagined how the girl with pearl earring might look in the modern setting of Haight Street in San Francisco.

Marilyn Chandler McEntyre commented on the girl's private, self-possessed personality.

In 1999, Tracy Chevalier wrote an historical novel Girl with a Pearl Earring fictionalized the

circumstances of the painting's creation. There, Vermeer becomes close to a servant whom he uses as an assistant. Vermeer has her sit as a model while wearing his wife's earrings. The novel later inspired the 2003 film and 2008 play of the same name.

Banksy, Bristol's home-grown and anonymous graffiti artist, is known all across the world for his satirical, anti-establishment, and thought-provoking street art. He did a graffiti piece entitled, The Girl with the Pierced Eardrum. In October 2014, on the side of a building in Bristol's Harbourside, Banksy replaced the girl's earring with an outdoor security alarm.

Inother book filled with ekphrastic writing is *Chasing Vermeer* by Blue Balliett. "When a book of unexplainable occurrences brings Petra and Calder together, strange things start to happen. An invaluable Vermeer painting disappears." Balliett has written a number of young adult mysteries on art and math using vivid imagery and ekphrastic writing to move the story forward.

Please enjoy our treatment of this Banksy rendition of Vermeer's art.

Kimberly Burnham, PhD *Integrative Medicine* Spokane, Washington January 2021

World Healing World Peace 2020



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Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

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

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

Bill

William S. Peters, Sr.

Publisher Inner Child Press International

www.innerchildpress.com

DS

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

Past volumes are vailable here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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

Banksy's The Girl with the Pierced Eardrum

Known only as Banksy, Bristol, England's home-grown and anonymous graffiti artist is known all across the world for his satirical, anti-establishment, and thought-provoking street art. On the side of a building in Albion Docks in Hanover Place, in Bristol's Harbourside, Banksy created "The Girl with the Pierced Eardrum." The October 2014 graffiti art resembles Vermeer's famous Girl with a Pearl Earring, but Banksy replaces the girl's earring with an outdoor security alarm.

"Art should comfort the disturbed and disturb the comfortable." ~Banksy.



Photo Credit: Banksy Graffiti the Girl with the Pierced Eardrum. First appeared on the side of a building in Albion Docks in Hanover Place, in Bristol's Harbourside in October 2014. Copyright Richard Hoare and licensed for reuse under this Creative Commons License.

https://www.geograph.org.uk/photo/5449800



Photo Credit: Girl with a Pearl Earring by Johannes Vermeer. Image uploaded by Ivan Snowpaw. https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Johannes_Verme er_-_Girl_with_pearl_earring.jpg





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

~ wsp





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp



Gail Weston Shazor

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ January 2021



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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Piercing

I B checking the mirror B looking hard Cuz even I think I look different now Kinda like I grew up In 30 minutes B just a girl outside In the parking lot B changing walking I B sitting in the chair B waiting on my turn I B looking at the light Picking the pair B choosing studs Maybe diamonds I B picture perfect In my new earrings

Watch me Now

I always wonder if The pieces of ink I have tucked away In the short corners Of where wall meets floor And the memory speaks Will find their way Out into the open life And will you hear me In broken English and Broken wants for this companion And I picked up today That things happen when They are supposed to But what if We don't recognize The sup-position? You speak to me around The words you choose to Want to need to share And I hear you In the small voices Even though it is a strain To decipher the warning From the laughter "Watch me now" And I do For both the instruction And the caution So i fall back to the corner Of where the wall

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ January 2021

Meets the floor
Wrapping the syntax
That I have gathered
Of small snippets of words
Around the silvering hair
That I now possess
And I wonder
If ink is a proving ground

Slipping

I lost my bone today She slipped quietly by me Sometime before dawn With just a whisper and a smile on her face She once said to me That things just wear out from use And we shared that laugh After she reminded me That I needed to go by the house And make sure the stove was off I drove by the house anyway It was no longer home of course Unless you count the memories Of the many car rides to and from My one hearts to the other I wondered then as I do now Whether she was right About the wearing out Maybe I should not think on it too much Her going away Less she begin to fade too fast I might just not do that, too I will hold her in my heart For special days when I need To remember her smile and her tobacco The days her scent will comfort me When I am missing her the most Selfishly, I grieve for me This last veil as profound A lost daughter in this century This state of grand-orphanless Sister-less, uncle-lessness

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ January 2021

She would never tell me Not to be sad, she never did Not when anyone else left Or even when I had to leave I left traces of tears on her lips As she kissed my cheeks every fall So spare me your platitudes And store up the regular words Sing your songs loudly And hymn your sorrow softly For I am still worried the stove is on I will ever remember that chairs Were not made for climbing Little girls don't not chunk rocks And fish taste best fried in the yard Ice cream cones are made To hang out a moving car's window So I will never wear a hat again Because there is no such thing As not being loved the best

Alicja Maria Kubgrska

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ January 2021



The Year of the Poet VIII ~ January 2021

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

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

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

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

Girl With A Pearl

Who are you? A girl with pearl? You are surrounded by blue, light, and infinity.

Painter, with the last brush stroke, held a moment for you. You were given eternal youth and loneliness.

You look in amazement at the crowd of people, not of your world.

They quickly pass by you to disappear into the labyrinth of museum halls.

Recently, an artist offered you freedom, and you live on a gray mural now.

You received your white and blue color from the sky and your glamour from the sun. You brought a pearly glow to the city's life.

The rainbow

I look for the rainbow every day. It does not matter that the day is Gloomy, foggy, cheerless And the sky is covered by Heavy, stormy clouds.

The rainbow sleeps
In the drops of rain.
Warmed with sunshine,
It stretches on the sky like a bow
And blooms with six colors.

I blow away the worries Together with grey fog

Illusions

I'm sorry that I imagined you. I created an unreal world Answering the questions Knocking at my mind - Unasked.

I did not give you a chance. Nights brought dreams, The days, delusion. I've been living in a dream, Which, like watercolors Blurred the reality

Jackiz Pavis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Banksy's Girl

She stands there A metaphor Staring down at the world At all who pass by

Pierced eardrum
The pearls long lost
Wasted upon those questioning,
Gossiping tongues, holding sway

She has become Deaf, mute, to all she sees Except, her heart breaks. Unseen, She weeps, her eyes shedding tears

She sleeps neither at night Her demeanor, the same During the day, her Mind contemplating

What would she say Had she been allowed To have had a say; or, for a moment He, or she, had found another way

Deliberation

Brakes shift, Suddenly drift. Reveals more than The essence of truth

That though, residing Inside cage of mind, He has the key, yet Debates whether to use it

Deciding now, when, or if To continue the struggle, To break down The barriers to self isolation

Which Way Will the Wind Blow?

Time has turned into a shade of blue, while the years have anointed his head with snow. You only, dear Lord, know which way the wind blows.

Many are the ways, some subtly sublime as if on a journey of the mighty river Rhine: The waves of angst crash against the bow.

Stains fill his diary, unabashedly trying holding onto old memories. Some relinquished pride, some joy. Some fears he hides.

Images, illusions, how they unravel history So why is he tied to will of memory? Why not give up ugly feud, and its accompanying torment?

Sorrow in no way satisfies thirst. So, with intent, lift the curse. From love's reunion. Begin now To trust anew.

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.

Pupils

Bluish-green flowers landed one after another
Autumn is in front of eyes
Floating clouds like crashing waves
The night is so cold to inform the paulownia
The lotus pond is over a hundred feet wide
People stuck in city of Scarlet-Blood
From the phoenix-like hair bun, the mist drops off
Eyebrows put on makeup the emerald green of mountain
Make the pupils twinkling like fire
Want to come should be
Could it be an azoth
Light up the Stamen Immortal Palace

Come across
Those tourists in Albion Docks
The cups go gaily round like a sea of silver
Drink like a rainbow
My earrings greet the moon
Play the upper air
Message hear from pigeons
The faint red color dyes the peach tree
Intoxicated in the breeze
No one could look at her with dry eyes
East wind is hidden in their smile

The Corner Of The Old Alley

Peach tree at the corner
How many memories faded with the crowd?
Now back, I'm still alone but the flowers were all withered
That blue bird dark and quiet got no any messages
Searched everywhere in the world
Where could I find a palanquin with a curtain?
Old writing remained on the red brocade fabric
The jade-panpipe blew off the leftover rhyme sound

Didn't say any to the sad person
Life, unsatisfactory things were always seven out of ten
Middle-aged sentimental
Came and went without a trace, leaving a quiet dream in
vain
The willow placid in autumn, how could I bear to break the

branches
My appearance at this moment
It should look like the dark moon in autumn sky
Nothing was should be melancholy

When the round sill over went the lattice window Into the night, people are quiet Both eyebrows were knotted, the bell of break storied building rang I watched that old alley

Fading gradually in the sunlight that replicated again and again

Totally helpless
Commanded, before getting on the horse
Always remember, never let down the integrity of your
youth

A Nude Dialogue

I'm not just a poet
I am poetry
If you can make
Deaf people hear their voices
The blind saw himself

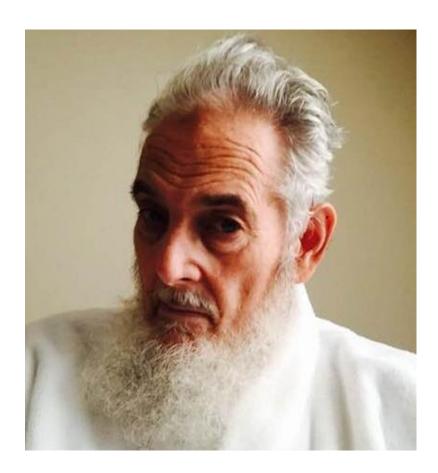
I talk to the stream
I sing to the trees
I bring words to life
Don't care
Whose life

The flying bird stopped
Cave world under the mud
Groundhogs snuggle each other
They don't want to be disintegrated
They don't want to sink into the ashes of thunder and lightning

A silent dialogue Dream off You should have revealed to me everything hidden Whether it's in the poem that I mumbled Or in a hole on the earth

Come and find me naked
If you want to know who I am
Ask the sea, sky, birds, trees, sand and pebbles
Ask the sun, the moon, the stars and the wind on the
mountains
Ask the poet who roaring at the sky

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

So Banksy?

was it a dream memory departed cherished figures tragic reminders perhaps Auschwitz, Dachau, Warsaw ghetto Newark riots, Detroit, Harlem Dar Yasin, Palestine, Bosnia, Herzegovina Rwanda, wounded knee mothers who lost sons, daughters, mothers, fathers sisters, husbands countless families decimated ghost visit if walls could talk express emotions souls violated no viable justification so, she came to visit banksy what was you saying who was she a relative a cherished love was she embodiment representing something perhaps awful

perhaps essence of mother's nurturing nature to rear, embrace, care for humanity yearns for perhaps genocidal ghosts remind the living which one is the ghost can you tell the difference was it mother's love ever caring in the midst of indifference

food4thought = education

imparted..,

on the receivers of light that they may be guided aright truth imposes itself penetrating deep into where darkness lurks and darkness disperse yay as i walk through the valley of death i fear no evil your deep is a lamp unto my feet lighting the way you will protect me from my enemies, firstly me, myself and i who gets in my own way blocking light bestowed self-destructive tendencies plague thee can't see the forest for the trees blessings all around me, light supplied in abundance from the light, life giver who loves us yay as i walk through the valley i fear no evil if i walk through that valley in harmony with universal symphonies playing a well-arranged composition composed of truthful reality steeped in love composer divine upon the heavenly throne the only one capable to impart beauty pure poured upon thy slave anointed in purist virgin oil the likes of which thine eyes never looked upon why is the banquet laid before the multitudes who ignore this sacred food? so ungrateful is me and you, yet light will shine upon the wretched as well though they may close their eyes.

see?

deaf, dumb, blind void presence of mind absence of proverbial spine running behind leader of bottom feeders picking up S#!+ he deposits whenever he spews nonsense which is when he moves his lying lips blind lead the blind into abyss who are these folk? lovers of dem who invoke baseless hate only ignorance dem relate open up racist floodgates go back to past dates to a time dem want back again lynch africans keep them in their place uphold supremacy of fake race because there is no race, why? because mankind is comprised of nations and tribes only to identify see? beauty in diversity as bouquet of flowers tend to be as is much creation universally but dem ignore, blindly adore that which thee one creator abhors

merchants of falsehood purveyors of mischief love to stir up \$#!+ so there goes the ignorant blindly follow evil down into abyss a futile, fruitless trip devotion exclusively is for thee creator said: " best of you are those most devoted to me" see? nothing to do with any hue only adherence to the truth allegiance belongs exclusively to thee creator not man or his flags representing stolen lands not tribes or nations only total worship, devotion to thee one maker thus thee purpose of life only fulfillment of that brings eternal salvation never can any human or nation

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ January 2021



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

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions

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

Using What is There

Someone lives here
see a creative
anonymous Banksy
safe and sound an earring
crafted security alarm
face with long sooty hair
artists using what is there
to create meaning here

Youth and Beauty

Her youth and beauty could convince you she doesn't know her own mind what she wants but the cogwheels are turning changing before her eyes the world becomes a better place for her life

Anonymous

Author of much wisdom

Anonymous shares much knowledge
tips and tricks and advice

Banksy's graffiti Anonymous shares commentary on life weighty matters written on walls

Creator of the natural world

Anonymous shares beauty
fashioned in green trees and white snow

Clizabeth Castillo



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

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

The Dreamer

She's a dreamer An empirical paradox, Living in sacred oblivion With a mind Ahead of her time.

She cannot be silenced, She will still rise, Her voice will be heard To the ends of the Earth She chose to be the "disturbed."

The dreamer, the doer,
The weirdo, the misfit
Creating worlds of her own
Even in the deafening stillness,
Her heart remains unchanged.

The New Genesis

In Genesis they held hands together, a Paradiso in unity, love abounds the Tree of Life stood in their midst Prohibited by God to get near to it.

Cast away, they walked to the ends of the Earth, Reincarnated lives continue to haunt their souls The Tower of Babel they built to reach the Heavens But God forbade them and off they fell down.

The Great Flood came, vanishing lives in an instant, A New World emerged, a new age daring flight The New Adam and Eve built an empire, Worked hard to achieve whatever they desire.

The haunting of the past continues it's saga, Plagues kept testing the spirit of humankind The parted Red Sea of blood was a catalyst, In sending people to a new Promised Land.

But still man was discontented, Money and riches were all on his mind Greed over power to him was an adventure, Until came the Day of Rapture.

Pandemics can alter the lives of many But not all can experience the Epiphany, What if all these only test our faith? And that the dawning of a new Genesis is at hand?

Tomorrow we can witness a brand new beginning, Full of hope that we can all survive That the weary will have confidence in himself, And the sick will be healed in time.

The Wine Glass

The wine glass is not aware of its use, The tastiest wine can be poured into it But would it know if the drinker Would love it the first time It touches his lips?

Some could use the glass in any way, Some for the good, sadly some for the bad Like poisoning someone to death We are like the wine glass.

Transparent but can be seen differently By the crowd, can stand out, Far from how we see ourselves But does it really matter much?

Just to be ourselves, to be authentic, Whether others can embrace us or not The real you should shine through, And the right people will love you.

Jog Pairg

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ January 2021



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

Ekphrastic Poetry

Living independent of the canvas Dark alleyways have personality Personally, I don't give a kitty Or its nemesis's behind

Some consider it grime and a crime I see an opportunity for beauty In the right frame of mind

Thumbs together in opposing letter L's The borders keep focused my visuals Street corner artist known only as Banksy

One man's hanky-panky becomes a Rembrandt As the New York trains have That same urban impact

My cities full of murals, even a commissioned few International graffiti art in the seedier part of town becomes a logo to the more so oppressed in these holes

Don't frown, the writings on the wall a billboard is a tag until it's appreciated is your canvasses value depreciated?

The art you love maybe a chalked marked sidewalk It may be a pattern on a cracked wall It may be the source of Ekphrastic poetry.

The Rise and Fall

The stockings were hung with care Some feel despair without the air of company My monies on the true believers How you receive your faith is on you

I remember a time when I couldn't provide And a four-year-old had the best time I didn't project my mind But it was I who cried and prayed and cried

It was true for me who formally took responsibility Like aye, tomorrow is tomorrow, right now is Right now, who needs a higher power We rise to our feet and fall to the agony of ease

The asking of, have you any please? Big Man on the block, the fantastic moments won't stop She calls me Pop-Pop, as few tears drop on an ornament I wonder what that horn meant? Gabriel And the stockings were hung with care.

Total Injection

I'm not sure I'll still visit the way it was I didn't like it much back then A new set of rules from an old set of fools What we were taught becomes too tight to hold on to

Rosin bow strings sing a song of sick pence 45 after 44 so where has 46 been? Dismissed for the rhetoric now we have the duly elected

I wonder if they'll speak that Like four years back when the Democrats lost Because y'all said, we were mad because we lost Now he lost and you believe in a lost cause, pause.

Society, morality, reality show mentality Saying stupid stuff sells, Maury, Springer, Enquire fans Republicans stand for grand plans Exclusive to total injection. 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

If Only . . .

the walls could talk!
Is that not how a common saying goes?
I often wonder what went on, what still goes on behind closed doors of people's abodes.
Not to violate anyone's privacy.
Oh, no! Only to rejoice, commiserate, celebrate, mourn with the other co-habitants of this journey we call "life" ever so casually, so callously.

Have you noticed the artwork, drawn on multiple bricks on the side of your building? It hides the portrayed young woman's emotions behind a made-up face and under a heavy head-gear. She looks like a gypsy to me. Eyes, quite weary. Weathered bricks provide for her a chin and a neck as blackened trails run freely from under her head.

Two window openings – one with an awning – tell me that some kind of living transpires somewhere inside. Did any of you residents ever look out to invite in a long-lost loved one, finding a resemblance between those beloveds and this woman's seemingly lifeless disguise?

Come Closer!

I am known as "The Girl with the Pierced Eardrum".

I have embraced my fame.

If you are the same, we all have everything to gain.

Come closer! Much closer! Do not fear!

I am here for you to see.

Can you not hear the beatings of my heart?

Listen to that which is inside me,

and you will know right away

we are, in fact, not that far apart.

Lifeless, or?

Before I was transferred to a canvas,

I had lived first.

Then I died . . . only to live on

in the mind of my painter, Johannes Vermeer.

He drizzled his art of me inside a borderless frame.

I was then discovered and have been assigned

a worldwide fame:

"Girl with a Pearl Earring"

Tgrgsa C. Gallion



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

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

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

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

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

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

The Glance

That look on her face is the penetrating longing that grips the heart.

The pulse in each heartbeat creates the rhythm that binds you to her seeking eyes.

She is looking with intensity beyond your face with desire to find the missing piece of life.

Somewhere in the halls of brick and mortar lies a truth she must embrace.

It can only come out in the exact moment she is ready to receive.

Is it even possible to conceive of a reality that binds truth to the Soul?

She is desperate to know. Her longing eyes draw you near. Do you dare challenge her gaze?

Flames Burn for You

The theory of fire flames across my breast. It sings in your essence. Making love in the embers of your arms and legs, the burn spreads around me.

I want to hold truth in my hands, wrap them around you and feel you melt into the moisture of love.

Let me drown in the eternity of you across lifetimes. When you are finished with me. Drop me with mercy.

The rhythms of my heart will play me into a permanent sleep with your smile sheltering my breathing space.

Complete surrender is the only way I may crossover to the next life to float against your light body.

Everything is sacred. Even the tainted that must heal with a new coat of earth rubbed against its face.

Now you must be told only grace lives in my garden.
I want you but cannot take you there.
You are not ready to embrace holiness.

It is still beyond your range of understanding.
Everything you do must be in preparation to receive the sacred touch of Divine Love.

I want to nourish you with my love embrace. Reach out when you are ready. I am here waiting for you.

Name Calling

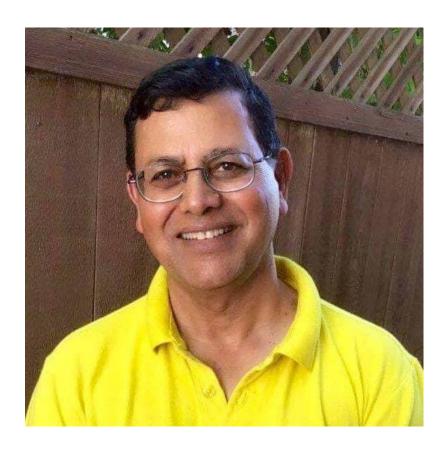
This is sacred ground. I feel the energy close to my heart.

Nothing can turn me away from the light as the sound wraps me in love.

I am trailblazing, cutting an open pathway open to anyone ready to greet Spirit.

I am not waiting for anybody. I am running toward the light. The blue streamers on the horizon call my name.

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.

Time Loop

What happened here no flowers no birds

Only empty streets no one in sight not a soul

Grey walls hiding lies of merciless authorities

People confined to indoors afraid coronavirus or the policeman's knee

on the neck may take the breath away

Whatever happens - life is a gasp and the world a pause between upheavals

Be here now

Living in Shadow

A giant outstretched face, calligraphed expressions and peeled skin

defies cold winter rain crisscrossing her cheeks.

Her stares pierce my heart as I look back at her

in the slanting shadows. I mistake her for being alive.

Lost glamour, living in the shadow of a downtown back alleys.

Graffiti is also an art even if we don't bother to appreciate it.

Resilience

Socially distanced in a tenable bubble hands clasped on the knees

I am the river of surging emotions before the conception of waves

I am the assurance of rain before the germination of spring flowers

I am the song of carefree birds before making of the voice

I am a prophecy of an eternal soul before emergence of love

I am the promise before the dawning of the light

let's conceive the happiness before the gloom sets in

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ January 2021



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

Among her poetic belts include PANORAMA YOUTH LITERARY AWARDS 2020, 7 th Prize Winner in the 19th, 20th and 21st Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua.

Her poetry and children's stories have been featured in different anthologies and magazines worldwide.

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis

apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz/

www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

have you heard your art?

i've been created digitally look like painted even handmade run through you this change you started my collages are images my craft collected and put together spontaneously pieces of myself i am different online-tragic. be careful. i reach consistency an output that satisfies hunting series smoothly fit into subconscious or inspire a theme a source of inspiration the creativity of me feel the urge to outdo time passionate semi-craziness but then and again i am a valuable work.

Off The Wall

\

I can see you in the painted shadows Across my room, I remember the time you asked me Did you ever know How much I care for you? I told you many times Million times, I'll die And reborn At night To give you the spectrums of light, Just like the rainbow's magical hues Beaming across the miles, You are the face of the legendary glimpse From the wall of life Leaving, the myth of Madonna And the moon fairy of our youth.

The Sacred Truth

You are the Immortal One
I come
to thee, saying my prayers fervently,
Knocking my soul, how much I have sinned
When You are just staring at me,
Silently,
I never asked for your rescue
Everytime I cry in tears,
I just look at you,
You have given me answers beyond truth
That you have left,
To feel the sacred pain,
And celebrate in faith
We exchanged vows like Romeo and Juliet
In the holy hours of our breath.

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

autobiography of a graffiti

Vermeer to Banksy is my journey they are the artists they painted me I am a graffiti that speaks with my silent lips the girl with the pierced eardrums here I speak

Hey!

you all

the human beings

why do you give me the mask? I am as beautiful as the rose of Sharon

my nose is sharp

I have two expressive eyes

you keep the blue mask to protect from corona virus dear Banksy;

you changed my pearl ear ring with an outdoor security alarm

I am a graffiti

on the side of a building I first came in Bristol

yet

I am a voice a powerful voice

that gives a message

a blue mask against corona

everyone remembers me

who knows; tomorrow again

someone may change or pierce my body parts it really hurts ...

but everything is fair for your better tomorrow

an eulogy for my country

my country lives in my every blood cell my bones draw the map sans latitudes or longitudes I understand languages when my feet touch the green grass my motherland; here the women cook ,serve and remember the chronology they are skilful; the preserver of the ethnic values where the farmers feed the hunger multiple cuisines celebrate with the taste buds the colourful festivals paint the multilingual hymns the soldiers are at work the workers repair the road for a carnival's march past here departure is a celebration as well as arrival silence never slaughters a poem this land is a poem I am the living verse

Where have they gone?

the powers
of Mantras ,hymns or azans
the echoes of love in Taj Mahal
the Sunray in the sanctum of Konark Temple
I ask you

where have they gone?

languages that I speak in the crop fields the hands that are folded as greetings on the ramp of time zone

tea cups are lying on the table why is there silence?

the sacred women teaching to weave the carpet and bamboo basket for the whole family the childhood stories perhaps missing everything has become so customised fast food ,super fast texts , slowest emotions where are the forests that are pictographs

once upon a time where are the

where are the
twittering of the birds and murmuring of a stream?
is this the basic of digital footsteps?
where are my granny's fables
let me be in sync with my own aura
yes, with my own aura
I am not the secret God
I am the architect of reality

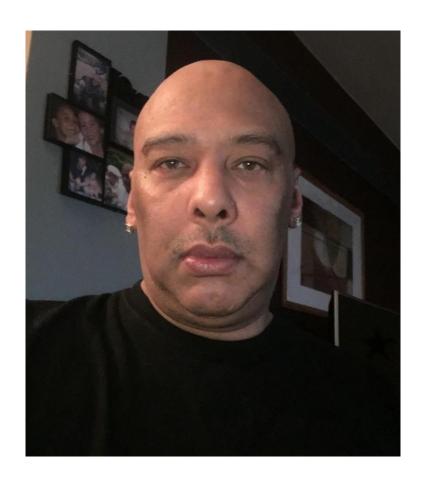
my body ,mind are in sync my heart and brain are trying to be in sync and

what about my soul?

honestly speaking perhaps I have lost
the soul is invisible
so I am unable to incorporate with the mundane schedules
am I slumbering or in hibernation?
please wake me up....

Konark:- Konark is the sun temple or Black Pagoda of Odisha ,India Azan:- Azan is the prayer of the Muslims

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

The lady on my wall

She's a product of her environment a staple to her community. she said she'll never leave, and that she'll always be watching over me im just as still as she is, I'm a part of her but shes holds the beauty. she brings character, she makes the ghetto... pretty. i was born before her courtesy of man and woman, she is a vision crafted out of a talented hand. i am bricks, she is concrete imagery. the elements of seasons and time will eventually have me demolished or rebuilt. not her. when I'm gone it will be her that everyone will remember if i get new cement, new steel and new paint, in the mind of many her memory will paint a picture forever.

Reality

Every once in while the harsh reality of yesterday hits harder than usual. I miss my nikkas, memories are still clear, we made plans for the future blowing it down celebrating success but today they're not here. I'm flesh and bone but my heart is titanium, I'll always stand strong, the list of dead men names is long, they're the reason why everyday I carpe diem. We had each other's back, although alone we held our own, in the streets we roamed even the best of the best make mistakes that cause the shatter of broken homes. I use to scream out why them and not me? That's from the first to the last homie. Most were young and never left the slums of New York, they never got to feel the shade of palms trees somewhere where you'll need a passport, it was all about the trenches, broken nights, guns, boy, girl, blunts and Newports.

I always said I wish I could've said goodbye, but it wasn't any better looking at partna with a hole in his head because now I'm there praying for a miracle and that he'll open his eyes...I wasn't ready to let go and say go with god. So many died young, I realize how lucky I am to get older, when I go to the cemetery to see my homies other mourning visitors see their marble etched picture and ask if I was a mourning father, I be like no they're some of the best friends I ever had. I'm use to reminiscing but sometimes I get it bad.

Still we survive

My old timers I know life been hard, we witnessed the unbelievable, if your reading this with me we escaped the inevitable, we did what our forefathers and dead brothers did, we sold dope and jums, let off bananas from machine guns, we lived the life of les miserables, it was inheritable. I know I'm not the only one reminiscing on brothers and sisters that are missing, some are just not good with expression. All of you my castle hill Watson, southern blvd, soundview, monroe, bronxdale, leland to rosedale 172, my dudes all know what the streets do. we all lost members of our crew either to jail or murder, bars or white covers, from set ups to getting fed up. It's the town of being born unknown, aka the bron x, cemeteries mark fallen soldiers spots, realistic faces on plots, from blocks being ran by sons, daughters, moms and pops. Emma reps Watson, mark da poet reps the bully, me and papermirrors rep the hill, we scribe for future generations and those already killed trying to raise figures. We were appointed, anointed, these notes are like antidote kits, the streets are poison, we scribe light in the form of anti venom. My og ghetto streets survivors, it makes me happy when I see you, Y'all are walking memory traces, when we cross paths I see so many unseen faces, I remember things and places, before incarceration or expiration. Were from a dying breed, for us to keep dying there's no need. We are links from the past, present and to the future of our kids. for their sake let's strive to stay alive and lets not do anymore bids.

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.

A symbol

To Banksy

Silent,
can't hear,
and yet
staring at people's indifference
- speaks.
Through symbol of an unusual earring,
she alerts the world
- vigilance is needed every day.

An enemy might come out from hiding, to surprise us.

Deaf to reality might miss their time, in which every day they have a chance to do something, for sunrise to always be brightness.

Translated Ula de B.

Tare

I touched the dreams - they were beautiful.

I touched the truth - it was harsh: emptiness mobbed by a beautiful body.

Gross, net, was left only – a tare.

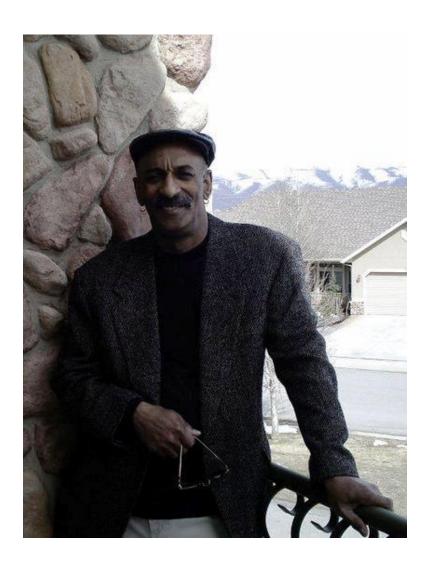
Translated by Artur Komoter

Illusion

Between conception and departure
is the space of the future,
a metaphysical construction
of the idealized projection of tomorrow.
A becoming of life
in the expanse of cases.
The illusion of continuance filled with good,
with a dry ocean of evil.

Translated by Artur Komoter

William S. Peters Sr.



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

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

www.iamjustbill.com

Yet I am but a girl

I am the guardian of the wall, The alley-way The space before and aft

There is a smile upon my face, Do you see it?

My eardrum has been pierced That I may let you in With your incessant thoughts, Meanderings of consciousness, And your concerns and worries. Give them to me

Listen as you speak, As I do.

I sit upon this wall
In a one-dimensional expression
Awaiting you,
The poet
to bring me to life
In your ekphrastic interpretations

I am Banksy's, The Girl with the pierced eardrum

. . .

Yet I am but a girl

A writer's poem?... perhaps

He wanted to write a poem, But he did not have an idea Nor a theme, So he thought back To the days of his youth And remembered How poetry began In his life In that 2nd grade class

Roses are red Violets are blue I want to write a poem Perhaps a Haiku

So he gathered his wit
And considered it all
Considered it
And his poetic fall
In the midst of his winter
And 'lo and behold'
A poem did enter
And left again
Before he got to know her

A poem about anything

Was there anything that could have not been written about? Was there anything that could? Was there anything that we did not write about, That we should?

Would I write about anything? . . . Would it possibly be read? . . . And what would be the reaction Critique or comment About anything I wrote, Or did not?

There I think
Are many 'anythings'
That one could consider,
And a myriad of 'anythings'
One could translate from
Soul to consciousness
For the perusal
Of the reader,
Even if the reader is
But thyself.

In thinking,
Once one writes about
Anything . . .
anything at all,
It becomes 'something' . . .
Not that is something to think about

This is just another poem about anything . . .

Who knows, maybe some day I will write a poem about 'everything'

January 2021 Featured Poets

~ * ~

Changming Yuan
Debaprasanna Biswas
Shakil Kalam
Andrew Scott

The Year of the Poet VIII ~ January 2021



Changming Yuan



Yuan Changming edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Yuan in Vancouver. Credits include ten Pushcart nominations, eight poetry awards and chapbooks as well as publications in *Best of the Best Canadian Poetry (2008-17)*, & *BestNewPoemsOnline*, among 1,739 others across 46 countries.

That Which Glitters

Is not just gold, but also the teeth chewing The bitterness of life at twilight; the bones

Excavated from a lost civilisation; the roof Tiles glazed with the rain of last night; &

The rock standing firm in the gurgling stream The broken mirror in the debris of history; &

The disk hung like a scarecrow in the garden The wings of a raven flying in the storm; &

The coal close to a furnace; the forehead Of my late father in my dream; as well

As the scales of a fish jumping out of water Against the starlight; the glacier protruding

From an unknown peak among Rocky Mountains Or, the eye looking beyond the darkness of tonight

To Morrow: A Sinnet Sonnet

Since yester twilight

Along the borderline of tonight With fits of thirst & hunger

Among storms of pain
Under attacks of viruses
Between interludes of insomnia
Beyond both hope & expectation

At the depth of darkness

Amidst the nightmare

Through one tiny antlike moment

After another...
Against deadly despair
Until awakening

To the first ray of dawn

Inner Sailing

From this badly broken sailboat of mine
I have to keep pumping out water
With an equally leaking bucket in hands
To avoid sinking or overturning
While my soul tries fiercely to catch the monsoon
To bring my protobeing closer to the shore

That's how I manage to navigate the narrows

Through stormy feels

Among surging consciousnesses

Debaprasanna Biswas



Dr. Biswas, a Bengali poet, born on January 24,1948 in Katwa, India and was brought up at Raina, a rural area. The nature loving attitude grows the poetic feelings within him. Dr. Biswas is a Retd. Associate Professor, in Mathematics in India and Hony. Professor, Facility of Science in Lincoln University Kolez, Malaysia. During teenage, edited a literary publication 'BANASABHA' (means meeting within the forest) with his own capacity. Awarded 'Best writer of the year 2019' by 'Bangabhumi Sahitya Parishad' an esteemed literary group, Dhaka (Bangla Desh). Participated as a speaker in National and International seminars at home and abroad. Active member of Central committee, International Council of Human and Fundamental Rights (ICHFR) in India.

Black and White

Black and White, White and Black Day and Night, Night and Day Light and Dark, Dark and Light If we get all the day, we can't stay Then for night we are to fight Within all white one black attracts One white draws attention within black around Who has told white is opposite to black Subsequently black is opposite to white Within two colours where lies the opposition Is red, reverse of green Is green, reverse of yellow Science says white refuses all the colours Black accepts all the colours Then do we agree that black can accept all White refuses all Then certainly all will accept the black If sun is the source of light, then Equator is nearer to the source of light Naturally black is nearer to light White means pole is furthest to sun Earth moves with both equator and pole Equator and pole are neighbours to each other

Solitary Station

Passengers rarely attend

Occassionally they come in a mass in festivals

Narrow gauge line is running for long years

Rarely a train stops, the son gets down

Accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Collects food from shops nearby just for night

Passes the night in hardship somehow

Again returns to their 'comfort zone' station after the night.

They are so busy that they don't know when to return.

They came just to 'overlook' the old station master and his lady attaindent.

Again the station merged in solitariness.

Once the daughter came with foreigner husband

Accompanied by huge luggage and two kids.

She calls this is a pilgrimage.

So yearly comes to worship her deities

Offers clothes, sweets and little amount of foreign cash as offerings.

Stay for a few couple of days

Look over the persons to take care of these two permanent staff of the station.

Then returns to their responsible destination

Again the station is in hard-core solitariness

Some stray passengers occassionally come as doctor, nurse etc.

Some flying birds come to the trees around

They search for food stuffs scattered on the ground.

Occasionally two staffs seat side by side on the platform

Never talk each other

On irregular basis some 'Awareness special' passes through

Chikengunia, Dengu, COVID-19 like that

Some train stops at outer signal

Passengers wait up to a reasonable time
The train slowly passes through the station
Couple again returns back, wait for the next one
One day 'Heaven Special' arrives
One of the couple gets up and take a seat by window
The compartment is almost vacant
With some unknown hazy faces
Slowly the train moves
Rest one casts a pale look
Up to the last sight disappears in the horizon
Wait for the next special in solitary station.

Endless path

Miles after miles away to move From residence in search of livelihood Not all are well established there Somehow to share a roof. Time goes on, establishment starts Suddenly pandemic starts with COVID-19 Lockdown was inhabitable Rich and advanced countries washed away Fear mounted high and terrific Survibility questioned Local landlords created panicky House owners forced them out to vacate Either through request or muscle power No work, no pay, no shelter even Migratories met together, decided back to home Thousands after thousands homeless labours came down on street.

Light luggages, kids on shoulder,
Children on foot behind the mother
No knowledge about home direction
So far the sight goes a long trail of homeless
An early teen girl started but couldn't
Quench her thirst in her own well at home
Under the stars lay down by roadside overnight
Started walking at dawn with new hope in new sunshine
Where's food, where's water, in plastic bottle no water to
drink

A three years child is whirling about his dead mother in station platform

Dead old skeleton by the road side with cloted blood under the feet

A thrown baby with new garments in the borrowpit by the road side

Who is guilty for corona attack
Why the inocents are being punished
A big interrogation mark
Helpless quest for home in thousands
Carrying womb with luggage and husband
Bare footed with torn legs, muscle cramp
With terrific decession in endless path.

Shakil Kalam



Biography of Shakil Kalam

Root Finder poet Shakil Kalam from Bangladesh He received Masters Degree in Governance Studies from University of Dhaka. He is known as Central Banker, Corporate Governance Specialist, Child-Litterateur, writer and Researcher. He has tried to discuss various inconsistencies, inequalities, disillusion, hypocrisy and human suffering and the degradation of human moral and social values in his writings. He has been writing stories, poems, rhymes, essays, columns. He relentlessly tried to grasp the Liberation War of Bangladesh and it also brought diversity in his writings. His published books number thirty. He partcipated in the seminar, symposium and conferences in various countries over the world like India, Pakistan, Bhutan, Dubai, Thailand, Singapore and Malaysia. He is the honorary fellow of Social Development Research Foundation.

Speaking of Artists and Art

Artist, you draw pictures, mixing the sweetness of the mind You are an artisan, you know the magic of art. Draw pictures of nature - love the heavens, Draw a picture of war, the fall of human civilization. Draw a picture of famine; Pictures of life struggle, A timeless picture of Zainul's fifties. Disasters, pictures of epidemics; Lamentations of humanity, Introduce the moon and the sun to the glory of art. Draw pictures of human class inequality, Give analogies to create awareness among people. Paint a beautiful lady, a worshiper of beauty, Leonardo da Vinci's Mona-Lisa is still world famous. Oil paintings, watercolors, sketches, how much more, Pictures of life, abstract pictures, primitive, surreal pictures, Modern, post-modern pictures and timeless pictures. Oh, artist, have you been able to draw a picture of the soul?

The Thorns of Rose

There are different species and roses of different colors in this world,

red, white, black, pink.

The beauty and fragrance of roses captivate people.

That is why poets have written love poems, rhymes and stories about thorny roses since ancient times.

Artists have painted various pictures;

In all creativity, the rose has taken its place in its glory.

Roses bring joy to peoples' mind,

a ray of light, it nourishes the human mind.

Reduces stress, increases metabolism in human body

A flood of joy in biology, like the first rain;

As it absorbs in the dry-soil.

When someone goes to pick roses, he has to bear the bite of thorns,

Sighing in agony, people still pick roses.

You can tell me why the roses fallen downwards?

Why do the body of such an alluring beauty is full of thorns?

Endorsements of Love Visa

I love you too much; which I have strength,

I know, I have unimaginable affections for you.

As well as I have have debilitation for you,

In that way, I accepted you tremendously but you threw away furiously me.

When you have thrown me at Mahisopan; which is the deepest ditch of the sea.

You have left me; I have been suffering from sadness and frustration.

It's dropping tears of my eyes and it drying up.

I am excited; seeing your overflowing unpatience, unrest and unstable works.

It makes thrills me, how wonderful person you are!

As well as you made betrayals with me.

Yet you are waiting in the edge of my heart and cornice of windows,

My heart is stopping and want gets your softening touch and warming hug now.

There is no traces of me injustice here;

Your cruel molestation reminds me again and again;

It became thundered off to me!

Though I love you still.

Once, only one times, come downwards from cosmos. And hold me tightly until the last breathe of mine, and observing its glowing easy finder.

Andrew Scott



Andrew Scott is a native of Fredericton, NB. During his time as an active poet, Andrew Scott has taken the time to speak in front of classrooms, judge poetry competitions as well as had over 200 hundred writings published worldwide in such publications as The Art of Being Human, Battered Shadows and The Broken Ones.

Andrew Scott has published five poetry books, Snake With A Flower, The Phoenix Has Risen, The Path, The Storm Is Coming and Searching and one book of photography, Through My Eyes.

To contact Andrew, email ... andrewscott.scott@gmail.com

http://twitter.com/JustMaritimeBoy

http://andrewmscott.com

http://www.facebook.com/andymscott

http://www.facebook.com/JustaMaritimeBoy

Answer The Call

You asked us to give you confidence to follow you and the direction set. Promises were made to be the new leader. So many given and broken.

Citizens in the north
were told they would have more care.
Indigenous reserves told their struggle was over.
Their homes and streets would not be
beyond complete repairs anymore.
People would not go hungry.
This is what was said.
Now voices of protest
have been shut down,
children are without water
as home are broken and fallen.

A military retiree starts over again, waiting for the education promised for serving this country, protecting the freedoms.

The same heroes told that increased support would be there for the nightmares being seen over and over again for the terrors they were protecting us from experiencing.

The care never came to them.

Gentle soldiers are taking their own life or living in the streets.

Promises to them broken.

Mothers and Fathers crying, waiting for their daughters to be found dead or alive.

Missing for months or years.

Parents told that investigators would be forced to find only to be still having empty homes. Holes in their hearts that will never have the closure to be repaired.

Everyone gave you their faith that times would be changed and nothing is being done.
We, the people, believed in you. It is time to answer the call.

Rattling The Cage

Can feel him in there, pacing back and forth underneath the calm exterior, shaking, rattling the cage.

People are always poking through, trying to stomp away the calmness to see a reaction they think they want. In the end do they truly wish to feel the reaction from rattling the cage.

Do not let the calm demeanour let you think it is fine to prod. There is a fire that is always simmering underneath the quiet.

Whey the people whish to ignite and bring out the venom.
There will be no apology when that lightening moment occurs. It would not be the fault of self.
Only of those rattling the cage.

Decisions

Staring at the roof of this vehicle, wondering where to turn next.

Where to go to heal and fix everything.

Cannot think selfishly.

I am thinking for two,
myself and my daughter,
who is sleeping in the back seat.
I did not plan ahead
to what put us here, homeless.

The abuse just became too much. Yesterday was the final straw. Came home to my wife with another partner in bed while my six year old was hiding under her own bed.

This was not the lady I married.
That lady was caring and giving,
not the person she is today.
What triggered the controlled abuse
I may never know.
The daily insults and hits.
Held onto the lady she was.
Not the tormentor she became.

Did not pack everything, just left. Afraid of a violent scene that may have been created.

Last night was spent in a shelter, tonight there was no rooms for us. This is why we are in the car now.

My little girl is scared but it could be worse if I left without her.

Not sure where to so. Family is so far away and money is tight. Starting over somewhere will take time.

These decisions have to be made tonight.. Where to begin?

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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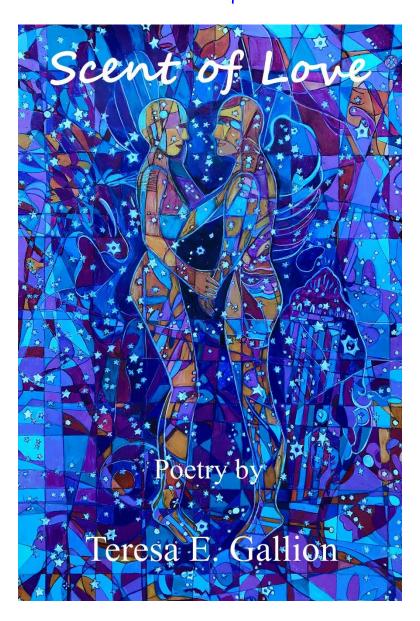
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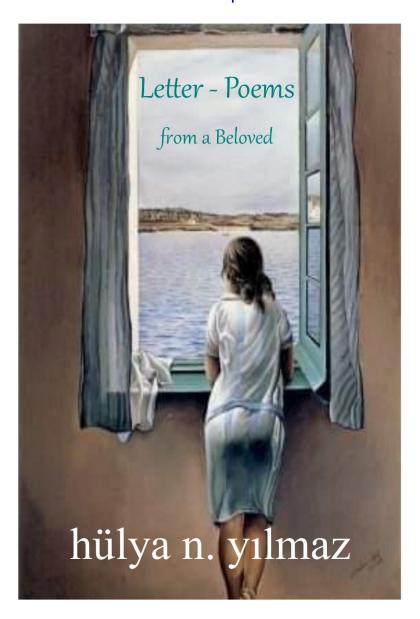
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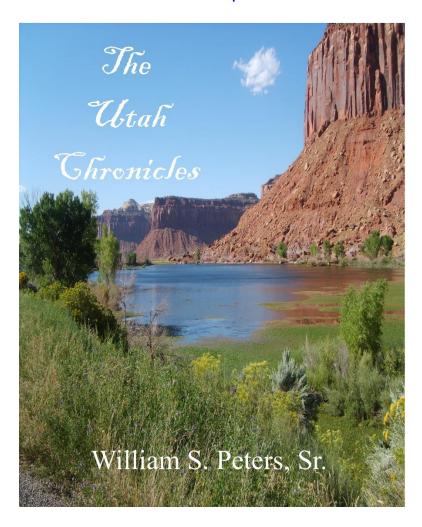
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

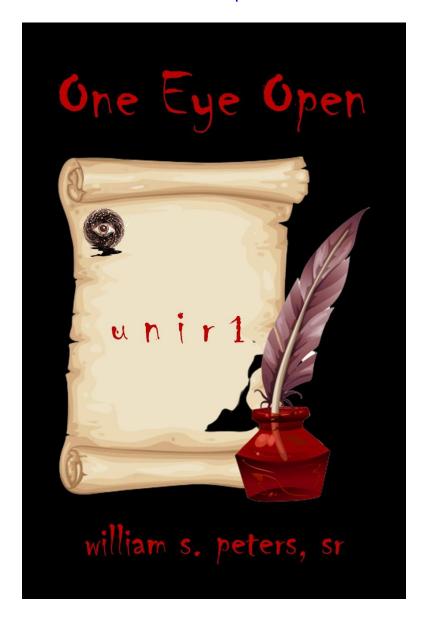
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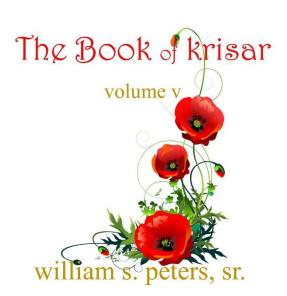








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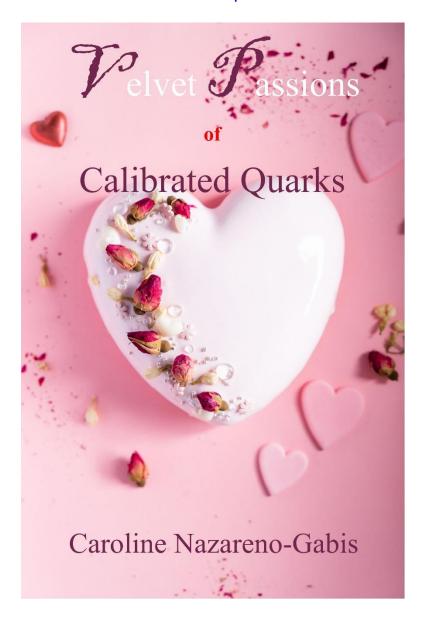


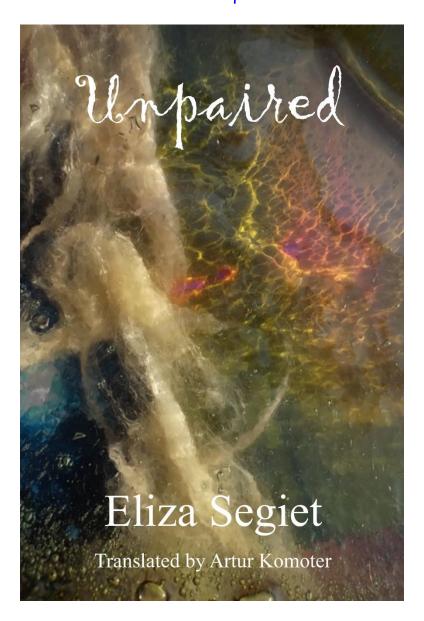
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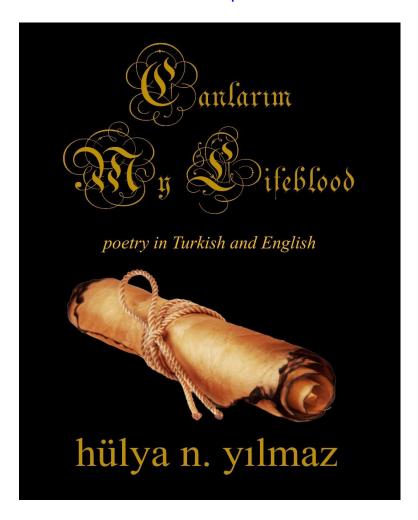


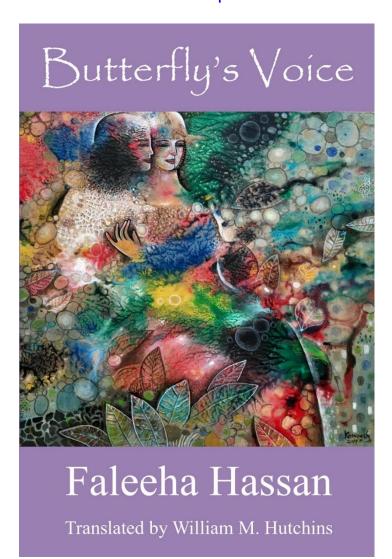
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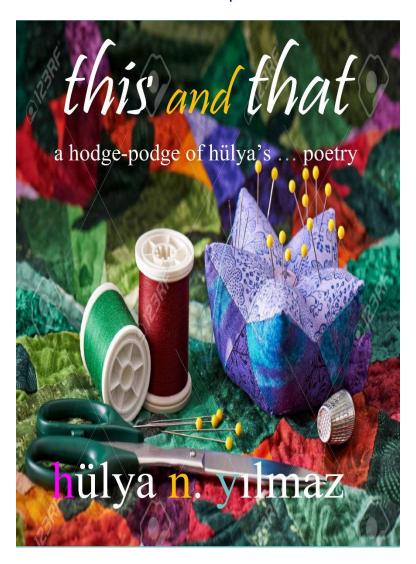
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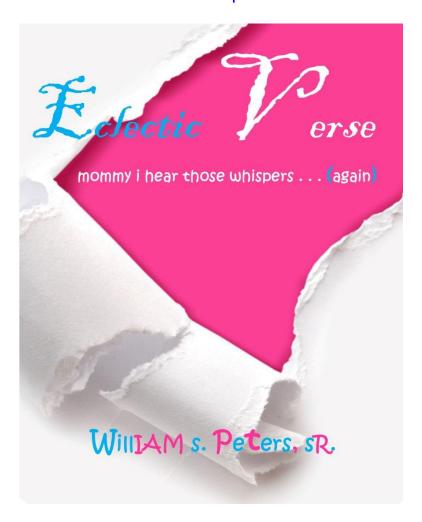
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Through the Looking Glass



Jackie Davis Allen



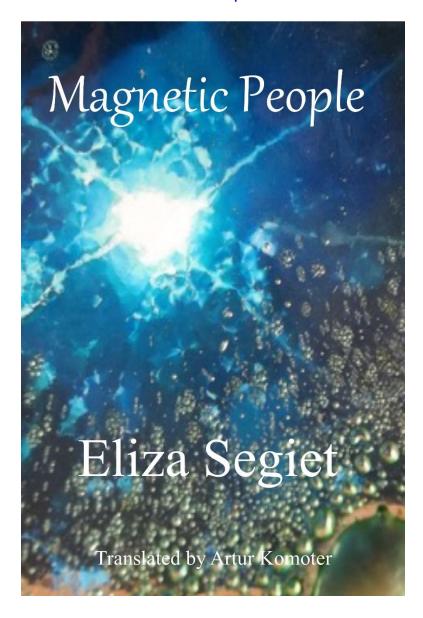


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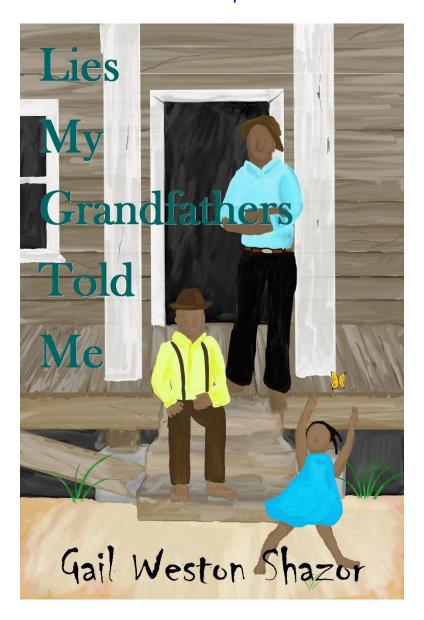
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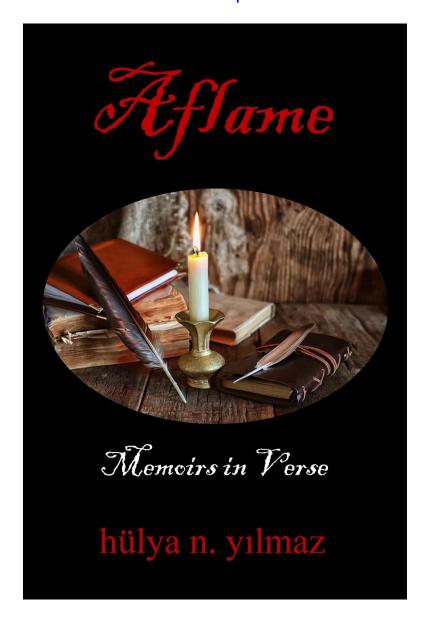


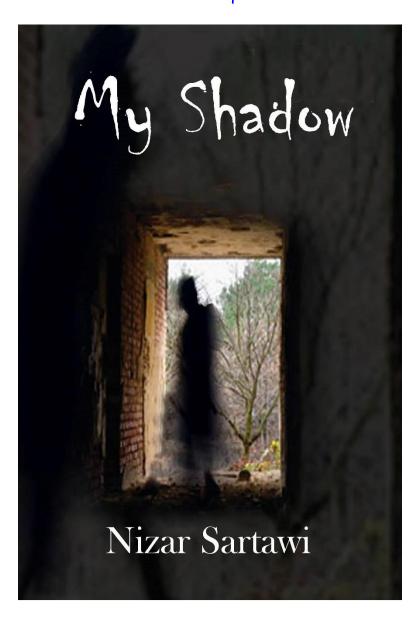
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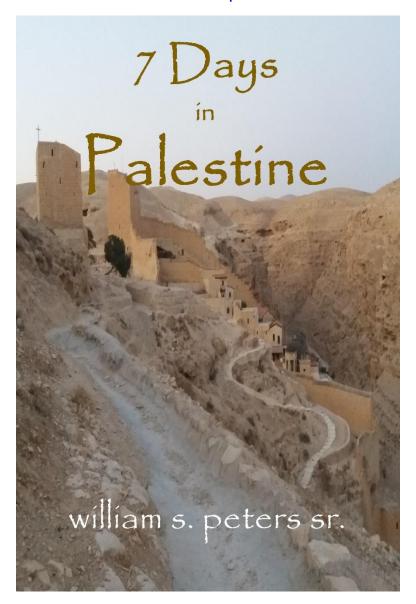
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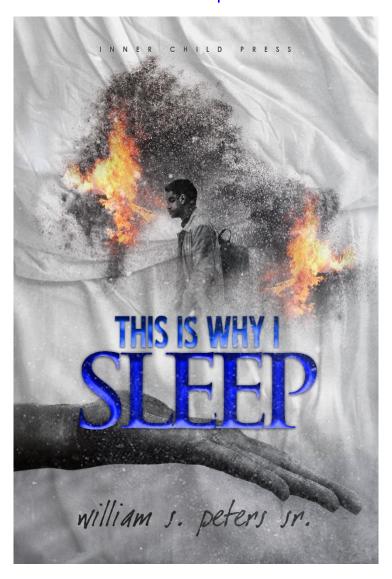
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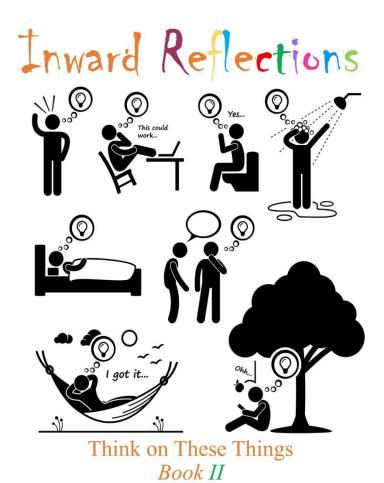
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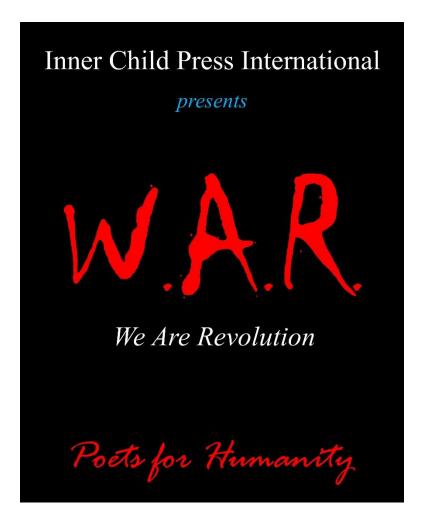
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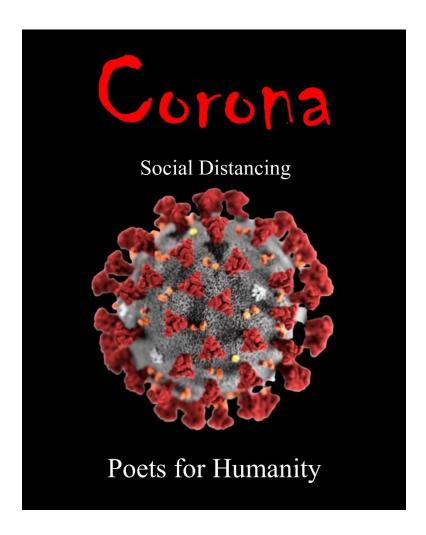




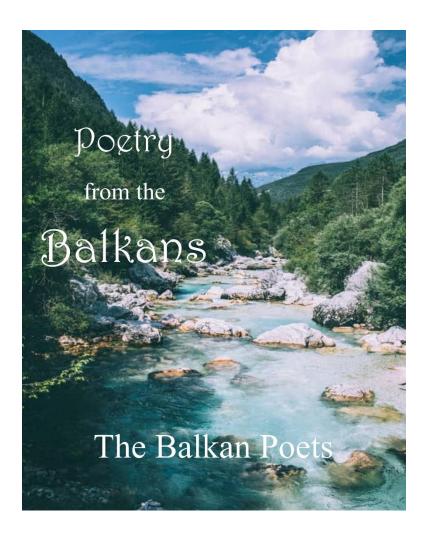
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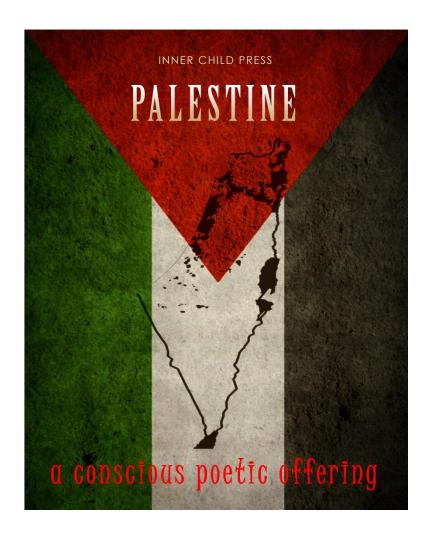
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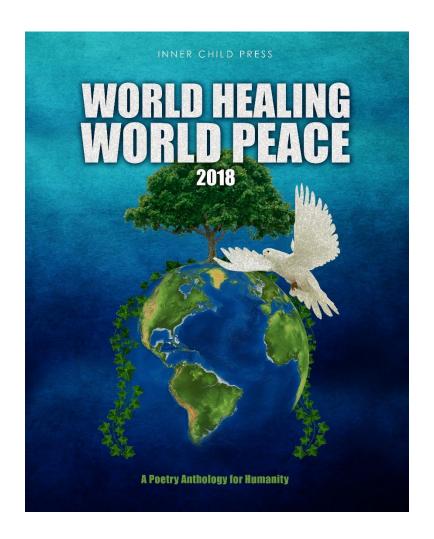


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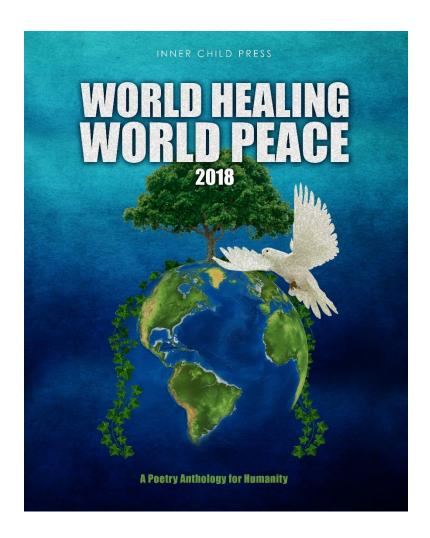


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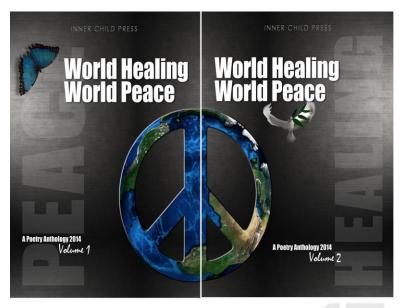


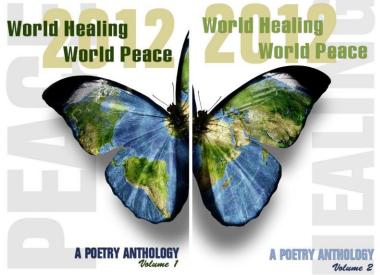
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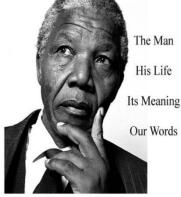


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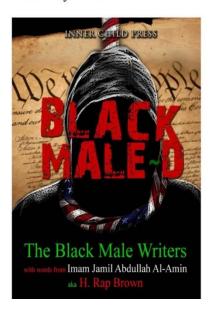
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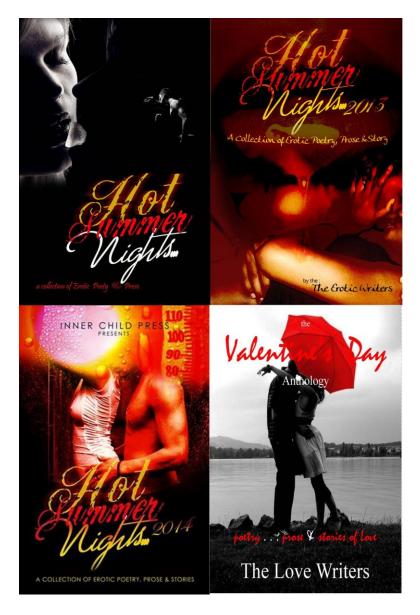




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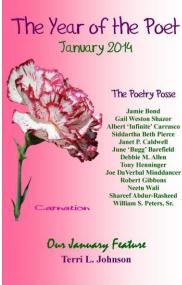


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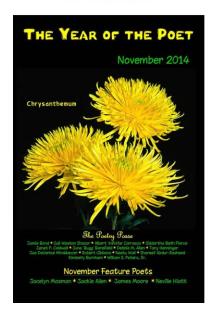
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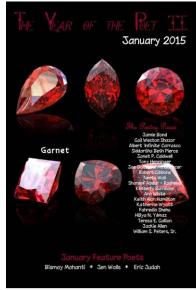
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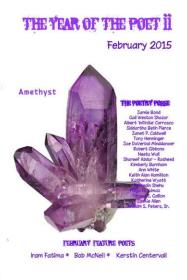
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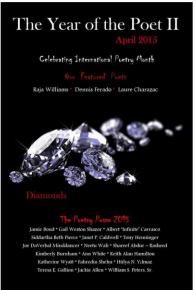


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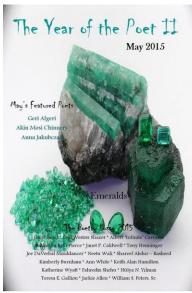








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July 2015



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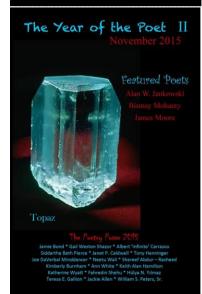


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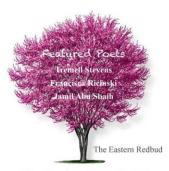


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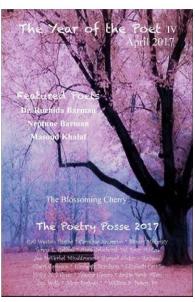
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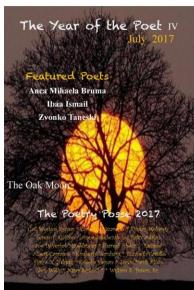
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September 2017

Featured Poets Martina Reisz Newberg Ameer Nassir Christine Fulco Neal Robert Neal The Elm Tree

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The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters Alfreda D. Ghee Gabriella Garofalo Rosemary Cappello



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The Year of the Poet IV

Featured Poets
Ahmed Abu Saleem
Nedal Al-Qaeim
Sadeddin Shairin

The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

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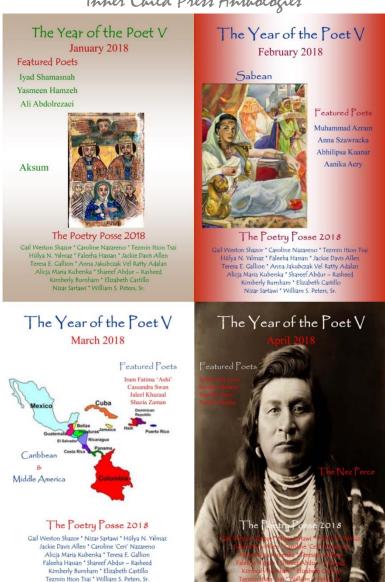
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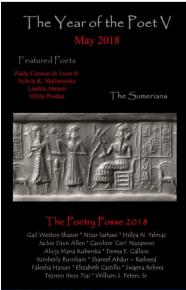
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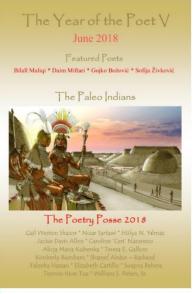
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August 2018

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The Lapita



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The Aztecs & Incas



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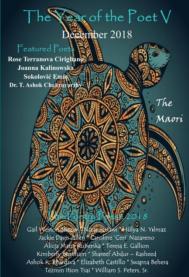
Alicia Minjarez * Lonneice Weeks-Badley Lopamudra Mishra * Abdelwahed Souayah



The Poetry Posse 2018

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January 2019
Indigenous North Americans
Featured Poets
Houda Elfehtali
Anthony Briscoe
Iram Fatima 'Ashi'
Dr. K. K. Mathew

Dream Catcher

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline *Cerr Mazareno Alicip Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera * Tezmin Ition Tsal * William S. Peters, 1

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 * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Bebera Tezmit Ition Tsai * William S. Petess.

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

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carrasco " Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno " Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska " Teresa E. Gallion " Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham" "Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya " Elizabeth Castillo " Swapna Behera " Ling Maria Mari

The Year of the Poet VI April 2019

April 2019

DL Davis * Michelle Joan Barulich Lulëzim Haziri * Faleeha Hassan



Central & West Africa

The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazon * Albert Carrasco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackic Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alica Maria Kuberski * Teres E. Gallion * Joce Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abhur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargara * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai * William S. Peters, *

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The Year of the Poet VI May 2019

Featured Poets

Emad Al-Haydary * Hussein Nasser Jabr Wahab Sheriff * Abdul Razzaq Al Ameeri



Asia Southeast Asia and Maritime Asia

The Poetry Posse 2019

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The Year of the Poet VI June 2019

Featured Poets

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



Arctic Circumpolar

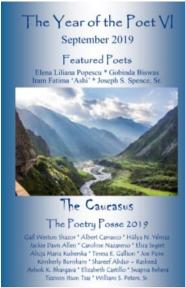
The Poetry Posse 2019

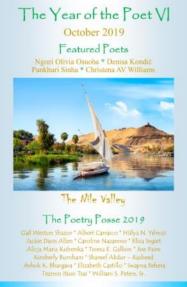
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Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz

Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet

Alicją Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhangaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera

Teamin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.



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The Year of the Poet VII

May 2020

Featured Poets

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

Ralph Bunche ~ 1950





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hullya 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 Tarsheef Hom Tail * Williams C Adess * Allender * Caroline * Caroline

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 Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipient

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alcja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Basheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Terzini Iston Stay * William S Peters A.

The Year of the Poet VII

June 2020

Featured Poets

Eftichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace rating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackle Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberiy Bunhan * Shaned Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargaya * Elzaketh Castillo * Swapna Behera * Tereset Mere Tat. Williams S. Davis * Later Maria * Later * Later

The Year of the Poet VII

August 2020

Featured Poets

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

Adolfo Pérez Esquivel ~ 1980





The Year of Peace elebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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

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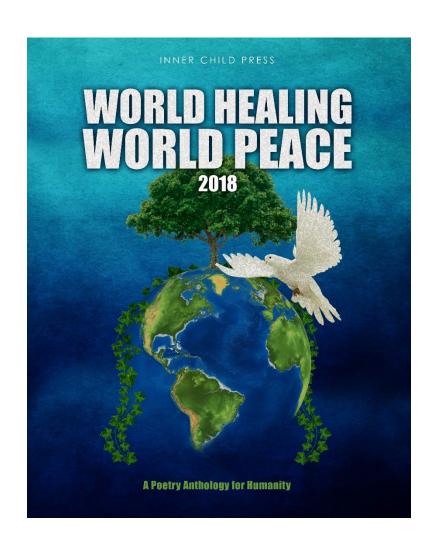




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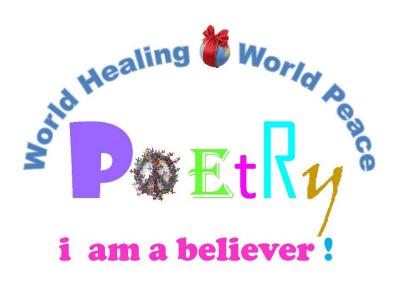


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2021



January 2021 ~ Featured Poets



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Debaprasanna Biswas



Shakil Kalam



Andrew Scott

