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 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

Poet IX

January 2022

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 2022 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition: 2022

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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

It is cold in Spokane, Washington this time of the year. It's hard to imagine the polar icecaps melting or anything melting for that matter.

The surface of lakes are frozen, the water below cold and still as ice reflects the sky. There is a wintery wonderland outside while we work, play, and relax inside where it is warm, but this is not the picture for many people in the world today.

There are people on islands where homes are being flooded, creating climate refuges. Humans can't live underwater so we must go somewhere when our homes are flooded or destroyed.

Loisten to the people in Kentucky and elsewhere driven from homes by tornados and winter storms, brought on by temperature fluctuations, scientists warn.

Look at the trees and birds confused by shifting weather patterns and wonder how to help, how to be part of the solution.

Every day, each of us must ask ourselves, "What am I going to do about climate change, today? How am I going to increase the world's quality of life?

As poets, we can speak out, call the world's attention to the beauty that is being destroyed, in hopes of motivating ourselves, our families, our communities, and indeed the whole globe to make positive changes, so all may live.

Every year the Inner Child Poetry Posse, whose work you find before you, select a theme to focus on for one of the three poems we write each month. This year we focus our work on the impact of climate change and how each of us can make all lives better.

What am I doing about climate change today? will be on our minds each day this year.

May we all find the peace and life we seek. This year after 365 revolutions around the sun, may we see more beauty in our surroundings than we do today.

Kimberly Burnham, PhD (Integrative Medicine) Spokane, Washington

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

So, here we are once again, embarking on the 'New Year' of 2022 and *The Year of the Poet*. This volume, (#97) represents our 1st 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.

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 are now in the stages of completing another epic volume of *World Healing*, *World Peace 2022* which will be published April 1st of this year. Additionally, there is yet another call for submission for "*Climate Change*... *do or die*". Needless to say we are excited about lending our poetric voices to the cause(s) of a better world, a better 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

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

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

Climate Change: The Ice Cap

January 2022

"The Greenland loss of 532 gigatons of ice is the equivalent to about 66 tons of ice for each person on Earth. Greenland's ice melt is of particular concern, as the ancient ice sheet holds enough water to raise sea levels by at least 20 feet (6 meters) if it were to melt away entirely."



Photo Credit: TTO Scandinavia https://www.ttoscandinavia.com/greenlandice-cap-lost-record-last-year/



Photo Credit https://negativespace.co/family-penguins-ice-polar/





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



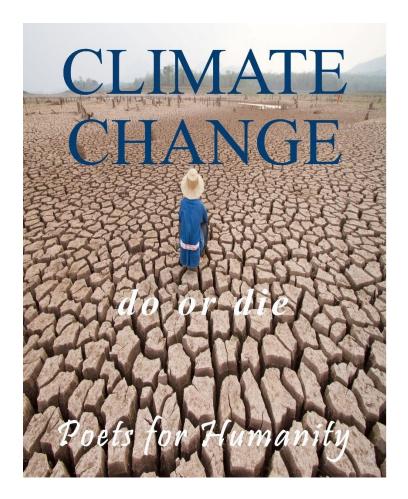


Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Now Open for Submissions

Closing 15 February 2022



1 Poem
Picture of Poet
MBio of 50 words or less

innerchildpressanthologies@gmail.com

Gail Weston Shazor

The Year of the Poet IX ~ January 2022



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

Spirits

breeze blows gently breath responding to remaining giants cool of evening for waiting are we peaks crowd up unleashed and unrequited and unquenched towering glory mountains high Heaven, He did that Did we undo 135:6 Psalms Pleasing Spirit Pleasing Psalms 135:6 Undo we did That did He heaven High mountains Glory towering unquenched and unrequited and unleashed up crowd peaks we are waiting for evening of cool giants remaining to responding breath gently blows breeze

The Year of the Poet IX ~ January 2022

Becoming a Stranger

"God will send a stranger to do for you what your family won't"

When did we become strangers? You, who have peopled my memories With stories of your yesteryears Woman to woman stories Of your first love And even of your last Mother to dawtah stories Of working too hard And caring for other's babies When you worked too hard to care for your own Ancestor to child stories With graceful warnings about common people And how to build walls around your heart To lessen the pain to come I watched you lean back in your chair Eyes closed against today Feeling the strength ebb Speaking your truths While I cut your nails kneeling at your feet You allowed me to be much more More of what I had not been to you And I cared for comfort And fullness for your days But the secret was ours And we lived it to the end My service to you Can never be a disservice to me No matter the unkind words given Or the insistent absence from open grief On this plane

The Year of the Poet IX ~ January 2022

We have both spoken our leaving words
And I mourn you in the manner
Given to me
God prepared this path and
Though it may be a broken road
I reluctantly travel it
In the solitude of a stranger

The Behind Your Back Boogie Blues

the lights are blaring the glass prisms in my face i place my hands in front of the next happening the next electric song on the radio the screech of tires replay over and over in my mind and i wish i could say to every doctor and nurse i am sorry for your service there is nothing i can do in return for what you rightfully given me for all the wrong reasons i rinse the tears from my face or maybe you did that and all the glass fragments that paint my face in icicle lights i can't stop the memories of your friendship that bleed through our life in shrouded ghosts of childhood it is in this moment i should regret my tarnished greed at wanting what you have not giving anything up to have it save this my whole life when the machines have been disconnected, don't grieve for me although i once thought i was your friend i think the price was too high for moments of pleasure stolen i did love you til i couldn't stand not being you

The Year of the Poet IX ~ January 2022

Alicja Maria Kubzrska

The Year of the Poet IX ~ January 2022



The Year of the Poet IX ~ January 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).

The last appearance

At dawn, the night reveals the curtain A great entertainment starts - The ocean shows its beauty and vastness

The wind plays passionately
On the strings of the waves
Birds soar over the foaming water
And the whales chant love songs

Huge humpback whales
With the grace of the athletes
Make daring somersaults
On the white background of the Arctic glaciers

This spectacle has been going on for centuries And soon it will be held for the last time The actors will leave for ever - There will be no encores and no bows

The whale skeletons will be silent In the spacious museum halls Under the watchful gaze of the dead birds

Argentina

When I think of Argentina
- a beautiful girl in a silver dress,
girded with a sash from heaven and snow,
which she fastens with a sun-shaped brooch,
emerges from my imagination.

She is tall and slender
- she touches the ice of Patagonia
with her feet in the white pumps
and she loosens her long hair
in the thicket of the tropical jungle.

In her gaze the cloudless sky over the Andes and the vastness of the ocean is reflected. Her heart beats to the rhythm of the tango, danced by everyone torn by passion in the beautiful capital city - Buenos Aires.

She has the joy of a carefree child, who likes to play with the ball all day, but when nostalgia hits her, she plays love songs on a green guitar borrowed from Graciela Yraizoz

Expectation

Empty chair by the Christmas table.
Thousands of glittering flames
Dance on colorful ornaments.
The whole world trembles, it slowly rocks.
Green spruce smells like the woods.

Like Ariadne, I weave
Angel hair into memories and silence.
I return to happy hours,
To events that are now but dreams.
I listen to every murmur, rustle.
It seems, that at last I will hear
Familiar footsteps on the other side of the door

Jackiz Pavis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ice Cap Dwellers

I am at your mercy, a baby, standing, waiting, in need.

Endangered, I am, my family, too.

Nothing, for our situation, are we able to do; by ourselves, we are helpless.

We need your assistance.

Won't you, please, do what you can to help us survive?

Color of Fear

Time after time Day after day Week after week

Month after month Year after year Secrets are hidden

Yet everyone is aware Of the unspoken And of the one

Who fears Being revealed, she tries still To keep on singing

The Question

I have been abandoned! Dare I say it? I am a "Has-Been".

Of possibilities I see but a warning of what has come to past.

Of my youthful ways, I recall wonder, excitement, lines of great beauty, mine.

Far too long have I stood in darkness the time slipping away, there's little left for making excuses.

Chained bound, far too late, yet I long for another day, a chance to redeem myself.

The tug and pull, one stiff, too proud, one weary, bent, broken. Is there time to begin again?

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.

Where Do Whale Fins Rely As Facing The Gradual Decline Of The Iceberg?

Sea whale, flying fins across the sea

Like a dragon beyond the clouds, the gentle wind is smooth The whole group stirred the white waves together, the ocean current is muddy

In the north, the sunlight is getting stronger, like a reflection in a water mirror

The seas are so vast, rushing to the unnatural snow to disintegrate

Go beyond the wind and walk like a song, act lonely and forget everything

On the original taxi land, the icebergs that can cover the sky

Can hang cyan ribbons and call for birds and beasts Coral, tortoiseshell, and mackerel whales, nurturing the magnificent rare and beautiful jade

The setting sun in all seas look like a round haunt, thousands of miles of land factories operate day and night

One breath suddenly becomes two, but the temperature increases in spring and autumn

Climate change, it is not a routine that should be there It is suspected that the selfishness of human beings has not yet been extinguished

It seems that human beings are too greedy to enjoy too The sun and the moon are still shining, the Arctic bears the debt of the times

The iceberg disintegrated, moaning like a thunderbolt Those who expose the gills, the Dragon Gate cliffs can't stand off

Those who expose the gills can't fly over the cliffs of the Dragon Gate

The one who fly over become a dragon, the one who can't fly over is just a fish

The north wind blows as usual, but the sea atmosphere is facing the tide but at a loss

The male whale suddenly rushed in, if nature is guarding against this blow?

The Beach Of Eternal Youth

Not to sleep, the forest on the shore casts the mature smell of trees!

The sound of laughter, the simple words of friendship in the past!

On the beach, singing deep into the shadow of the sun

Let's dance and give your playmates a wonderful life Under the turmoil of the white waves, catch the breath of the wind

In the old days, the simple prayers on campus With the sunset, the chorus of rose clouds A poem waiting for the sea

The hull in the distance is sliding Inhabits between seaweed and starfish Seagull's wings are blanching Screaming Scratch the delicate skin of the beach!

The sea breeze, the unforgettable breath Burn the eternal seeds between us With the faint sunlight, the shiny sea The ridgeline of the beach is raised in the distance A young heart bursts with youth like a vine sprout

If so, my friends!
The past ten years have only been full of floating flowers
In this warm spring season
On this beach with waves
Let us cherish it, this gathering again

Books, Took Me To Buenos Aires

Sit in this iron box floating in the air, across the window the west-side clouds rose like a rolling river

The copper pillars on the wings of the plane, set aside the chaos and dust-free

Beyond the blue sky, the sunlight passes by the ear like an arrow

The valleys were faintly silent and the lakes were so empty, I raised my eyes and looked at her beside me

She pointed out the window and I realized that the westerly wind even blew across the ocean

Already followed us to Buenos Aires

Like revisiting the old thing, in Librería El Ateneo Grand Splendid, a former modern poem

As always caught in the page alone, fortunately to have you, held my hand and followed closely my heart Like the fairy sitting on the vault

Rebuild order among the pigeons, angels and garlands The power of love and peace came from the bookshelf Let me, a person from a foreign ethnic group, sit on the

floor and enjoyed harmony

The frescoes of Raffaello, flowing like blue waves How many heroes fought for fame, and were inscribed in the books

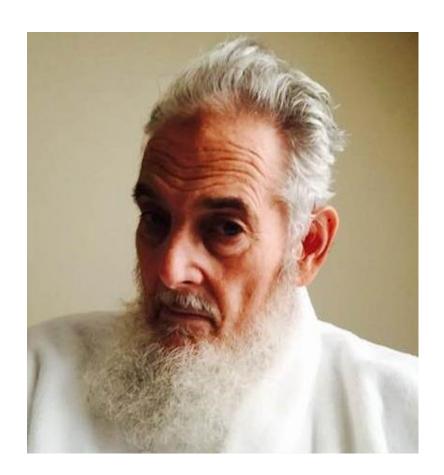
After all, we could not get rid of the harassment of Plato and Aristotle as early as possible.

On the return trip, traveled into the sunset and left the book fragrance alone with emotion

Passing by a corner market, I want to write a poem Was shocked to find the large and small bookstores everywhere

The fragrance of books, sweet osmanthus and small alleys Why did the literati who came and gone in one drink and got in such hurry to leave?

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

You might have more ice in your glass

then what's left in polar ice cap Greenland ice cap melting mankind has s#!+ where he sleeps now it's time to reap what you sow yo you mankind who supposed to know better but yet the bottom line exposed dem blind to the fact \$#!+in where you sleep melts ice caps what if you were born a polar bear a seal, penguin would y'all give a good dam then to the tune of 66 tons of ice per every human on earth worth of give a dam or when the dam gives way and y'all having a bad day swimming in what was once ice caps up in the poles did you give a good \$#!+ then? when you kept f^@Kin up your home called earth now your soul will roll to a rebirth on the rocks would you drink to that like it or not?

come raining down

upon the multitudes mercy undeserved offered in abundance none the less to the lot of us humans who have not reciprocated dear say nay appreciated there are exceptions though it has not been enough to effect change human beings must put down the beast bring the peace teach, preach, practice, love, forgiveness like johnny appleseed spread peace seeds, love seeds where ever your feet walk talk the talk, walk the walk put him to sleep feast on peace though reality is clear true peace on earth is far from here one must live to instill it be it not just pray Allah will yes, peace is you, peace is me human family treating each other with genuine loving humanity Though total peace on earth won't truly be Read, rehearse the prophecy but at least it can be inside you And me

open..,

up your mind open up your heart open up your soul open up be kind open up be whole open up the lock that imprisons knowledge and wisdom disguised by narrow minds who try to hide the very things by which we all should abide open up the truth hidden by lies open up the cage and let the song bird fly open up all things that enrich undo the seal rip the stitch being real makes you rich living without the contradict all that's left after they flip da script and leave like ratz jumping off a sinking ship call dem out to take account call their names aloud open up your mouth and shout till dem come out from where they hide to establish truth and crush the lies

Kimberly Burnham

The Year of the Poet IX ~ January 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

Recreating The World

Majestic creatures

wild innocent bystanders

dying for actions

Inside

It is cold outside but I am inside where it is toasty

It is changing outside but I am trying to stay the same where it feels safe

It is rich with resources outside but I am trying to accumulate where I have control

Or I think I do until the inside is outside and I am cold

Growing Up

Babies grow or die as we all do

Babies look around and try to understand as we all do

Babies take steps move and take action to get what they want as we all do

What actions will we take so babies can continue to grow and act and learn as we all need to do

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 coauthor to more than 60 international anthologies in the USA, Canada, UK, Romania, India. She is a Contributing Editor of Inner Child Magazine, USA and an Advisory Board Member of Reflection Magazine, an international literary magazine. She is a member of the American Authors Association (AAA) and PEN International.

Web links:

Facebook Fan Page

https://free.facebook.com/ElizabethEsguerraCastillo

Google Plus

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

The Arctic Sea of Today

The sea abounds with God's blessings Hues of ocean blue with clear waters Sea creatures, dolphins freely play In tune with the rhythm of the heavens.

Penguins striding their signature walk Happy Feet making sounds on ice But man neglected to protect his environment Look now what climate change has done.

With ice caps melting
Temperature rising
Dear creatures of the seas
Suffer, adapt to change or perish.

A Greener Earth

Lush greeneries abound Sweet smelling scent of blooming flowers in Spring time As children play around a beauteous prairie, The Earth used to be a cooler place to live in Fresh air we breathe, not much pollution, When we walk outside to enjoy a Summer's day. Can we still achieve a greener Earth? Despite all these toxic things around us, Man was designated by God to look over His creations But because of greed for power and money, He forgot what's his real mission on this planet Can we ever reverse the amount of pollution? A greener Earth is what we all dream of A breath of fresh air when the dawn sets in. To be surrounded by tall trees with branches Spreading towards the Heavens as if praying, For rains to come and shower this arid land A greener Earth is still possible if we simply take the initiative!

A New Life

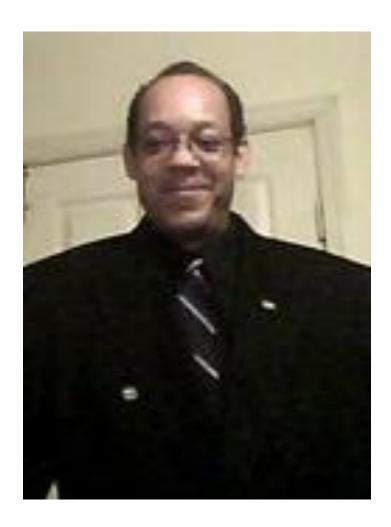
A new beginning —
Greets me while the Royal Sun
Beams brightly —
Over immaculate white, cottony clouds
And sky-blue heavens above —
I spotted a shy, red robin with a deep orange tail perched —
On a fragile, thin branch
Of a beauteous, pink Cherry Blossom tree —
Humming a rhythmic melody from my distant revelry —
Of memories forever embedded on my mind,
Carried in my heart when I think of you.

Butterflies -

They eagerly flock to where fragrant flowers abound — With colorful hues — Captivating strangers roaming around the prairie — Yes, a new beginning is at a glance Gives the air a sweet smell of a blooming romance Is it ok to take your hand and ask you to dance? Among sunflowers that surround the green fields, Orange and yellow tulips, dainty daffodils. A new ray of Hope — Is at the horizon with the onset of Spring A new life ahead — Of a once dull and meaningless existence, Embrace the calming effect of a lovely Spring day — Bringing Hope, Faith and Peace

Breathing new life, a fresh start!

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 oft times strike cord writings a 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

Community Hearing

You remind me of congress, never seeing where harm is You're teaching the youth that if they don't act like you In this family you'll become an opponent We don't want that climate change to become estranged We've been governing this way for a moment

You own this world in your mind Everyone of you are the same kind It's a cold world for the lower tier The ice is melting, and the tide is rising But we don't fear this atmosphere

Day in and day out thinking
As long buried ideas set precedence
Tears are warm no matter how far they fall
All I can imagine is evolution takes time
24 hours is a revolution, the climate has changed

It costs too much to fix it
Buy the time the little ones are of mind
Tradition says the same thing so just nix-it
The icebergs are getting smaller
The levees are getting taller

people who build get paid for less than their skills Are just working to stay out of squalor It's a black-tie affair while no one deals with affairs Another symbol to resemble the status of wealth Snowcaps receding as a sign of the earth's health

Can a bill truly solve an old thinkers resolve? As the cool weather dissolves I don't want an endless summer While some roost on the truth, even with proof The penguins are still holding us under

Depending On The Angle

The law is not an instant replay
We playback moments of our lives
Embellishments aside there's always a story to tell
I tell mine with witty phrases
Some days it never makes the stay list
Torn up or deleted never repeated the same way

Depending on the spin you're in It's so easy to say where you've been Education makes expert, experience makes sense I sense your sensibilities making-up some bits Soundbites, pieces of a dream, or a puzzling scheme There's no struggle with logic if it'll fatten your wallet

Do you morally get around it if the prophecy feels good? What's stopping you from dropping it, if the harm doesn't bother you? "Profit-see" a play on words, a play on earth Where the characters are caricatures of themselves locked into a prank with a privileged it was all in fun

Lives are ruined by some made man's son But the maid's man-son, is portrayed like "Manson" Or anything that would adhere to the perception Depending on the location, time of day. When no voice ever mattered, it was mastered that way The law should be cut and dried,

mitigated circumstances aside do we abide by the just you and I of it? The why of it only applies to the less informed it seems Such lawlessness gets applause by the far-right extremes The law gets a pause, just cause is just because Someone saw it differently

That's One Whale of a Tale

Three years old going on four and dolls have voices
Places where the dishes go are now cubby hole apartments
Dollar store statues broken and repaired
Broken and repaired
I know the corner should be a deterrent
The arrogance of imagination goes unpunished

Little girls still have tea parties these days
the cast of characters from this little director
Most assuredly know their places
Daddies home for Christmas he knows her wish list
She'll be in the corner crying, sometimes she don't listen
I love her laughter but won't stay out of the Chapstick

A child at play with no batteries included
Talking dolls but some giants think that's foolish
My Peter Pan tendencies just think that's some cool wit
To wit: imagination is a real as an artist's hands
Seeds grow to be what they are
It's the cultivation that brings forth the harvest

Water everywhere and there is no shouting
With a mermaid as a favorite doll
I tell her mother "Git to mopping"
Cookie crumbs on the floor Lego's in the corner
I heard her mother's wail, okay "Munchkin" I warned you
5 minutes facing 90-degree angles

That sniffling cry, that anxiousness
Ah what's wrong now, have you been bad again?
The look she gave me, like a raised Rock eyebrow
Sometimes to me, she's much wiser than the crowd
What if anything can ruin the dreams
What straight talk will cancel her three-year-old reality?

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

Freedom . . .

from man-created ills dances to a tune of a stunningly beautiful whale's fins

extinction is nearby, lurking we most certainly know how to kill purely for the sake of the killing

none of nature's bountiful sources is being spared to survive as they have for over 500 years, deep sea animals, that is . . .

whales are known to have the capacity to live the longest

what if they are coming up for air the very last time, in a desperate attempt to be let to just be?

In 2021 alone, the world recorded a wildfire season.

Can you imagine? Just like holiday seasons for non-stop sales of objects that the majority of us do not need . . .

Let's have a season for forest fires in the new year as well! Why not? What a joy that would be!

Could we all possibly be more callous about the irreparable damage we keep inflicting on our environment — not leaving any of nature's precious sources alone?

Do not worry, though!
Because there is a solution
for at least this worldwide dilemma
which has been neglected to death:
Each of us merely need to start anon
to rake away the dry leaves
from the forest floors . . .

The Wailing of Lakes

If I were a most unfortunate child in a warring world, suffering in agony, I would probably conclude that countless tears — just like those of mine filled all the lakes.

If I were to put my toe in one of them, it would most likely touch a debris, thrown by a grown-up in a self-inflicted frenzy, with not even a single after-thought . . . as to where all that trash goes.

Not being a child any longer, I now just sit idly by a lake of a still-gorgeous scenery, and listen to this one's wailing in utter anguish.

So, I wish . . .

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

Reach for Disbelief

When I see your tailfins salute the ice, the Divine Silence calls me. Waits patiently for me to pause

and listen with heart intensity to what it has to say while floating on the white caps of the waves.

Water your prayers with love notes for humankind marked with raw fidelity. The ice melts in the ocean of love.

Exposes the journey you must take as the earth slowly folds into extinction and your eyes still reach for disbelief.

Letting Go

for Papa

There is an unfinished link caught in my throat that wants release. I cannot let it go Not ready to release that last piece of you ringing in my ear, dripping in my throat.

Twenty-five plus walks around the sun, I still see your shadow floating across the rainbow bridge.

I have learned so much about letting go and still, I hold you tight.

I promise to meet you in my next lifetime. Please release me to brother wind. He will take me safely to my secret garden where Mama walks with love bundles. She can hold your hand in the mist and feel your bleed of love.

I can feel the presence of your love and Mama can too. Come to us. We miss you.

I'm okay Papa. Let me go. I will always hold you in that sacred space reserved for you close to my heart.

Take Heart Complainers

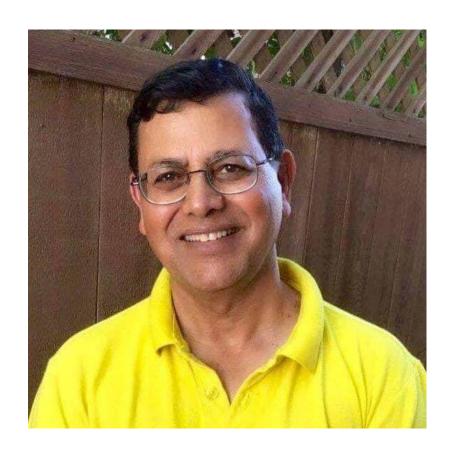
Just before first light, the hum of rubber tires is like a chant on the silence of mornings approach.

Two legged creatures slowly rise under veiled roofs, relieve themselves, stroll to the kitchen to welcome coffee, tea and other liquid mercies.

Still many lay on sidewalks, under bridges, in alleys, near dumpsters to face another day of what.

Take heart all complainers. If you are drinking your liquids under an affordable roof, say thank you to the universe for your blessings.

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.

Penguins' Plight

Shielding little chicks beneath their tired wings

penguins witness helplessly

melting ice disappearing snow

gloom looms larger than life

howling winds drag and drift

natural habitats shift

broken promises ecosystem pleads

a silent prayer no one heeds

the orca sings blue songs

icebergs cry what's wrong

seas surge without waves

who is responsible for this harmful craze

Flocking the Silence

uproars tantrums

can't we see we are lost?

change is here to smash our Survival

can't I be Shiva? dancing

third eye open is it too late for forgiveness?

gathering silent masses we pray

restrain us lord we are destroying our world

In Hindu mythology when Shiva opens his third eye, it destroys everything that it sees.

Stop Pointing Fingers

"When you point one finger, there are three fingers pointing back to you."

we blame others polluting environment

we draw lines on earth we build walls to keep others out

how can we split a river stop wind from blowing

birds from flying fish from swimming freely

we are supposed to refresh the world or create a new one inside the heart.

bask in sunshine look at the brilliance of icicles

flashing as it drips making rainbows

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno Gabis

The Year of the Poet IX ~ January 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 Anachanua.

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

When The Time Is Called Now

Did you ever feel how mountain range
To measure the heights of your dreams
Like saving the earth from climate change?
Have you ever desire to dress up
The bald forest, and make it green again?
Have you ever wonder how fjords gather ice sheets
To make the Greenland snowy white and beautiful?
But have you heard it screaming from its depths?
Don't make it melt to flood our worlds
And live to wilderness,
Have you ever married the wonders of nature?
Its limitless bounty and exquisite forms
Let's do some reforestations. Conserve. Revive.
Tomorrow is fine. But now, today is the best
Where life thrives and all survive.

Pilgrim of Tears

Hades's artificial svelte grounds
Adorning cinnamon and wild piquant trees
Awaiting extract of pomelos and ambrosia
For the gods in an ancestor's Venusian vineyard
Spring water flowing

As it leads to an appearing dream.

A banquet of greens and aubergines

Hundred islets surrender in my sleep

Caravans of gravels, sand and truckload of corals Alienate my feet.

Knowing how this happened

My dearest ocean is dying,

When those obsidian oils color the hyacinths black,

Breath is nothing,

There was no hope.

Only solstice in a coffin of unprotected canopies

If only my tears could

Restore seas and streams

I would cry a zillion times

In our courtyard where all eyes become rainbows

To filter indifference.

To You I Sing The Warrior's Hymn

In my hands lie the maps of industry
Care and resilience.
I bow to the farmers' wand
Whose hearts reap and sow
Share roots from farms to tables.
In my heart beats the nets of patience,
Wonderment and empathy.
I bow to the fisherfolks
Whose mind catch compassion
In small or big scale,
The villagers are fed
Where hands, heart and minds
Calm territorial waters
That transcend ocean keepers:
There is no one left behind.

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

an open letter from a penguin

dear men
please listen for a minute
here I sit on an ice tip
I am lost
searching for my colonies
my aunt, my mama
a day will come
when you can see me only in the picture
my mother, my colony is suffering
we need ice to breed
we are expert divers
heat trapped gases released by fossil fuels
choke our lungs
we are quasi extinct

dear men ice caps are melting for global warming cut fossil fuel consumption adopt me please I want to live stop illegal egg collection use sustainable seafood love me dear because I love you so much stop plastics recycle and reuse energy turn off lights when you don't use minimise the use of LED bulbs conserve energy I can not fly; I want to smile I need your help save me if you can I love you don't you love me?

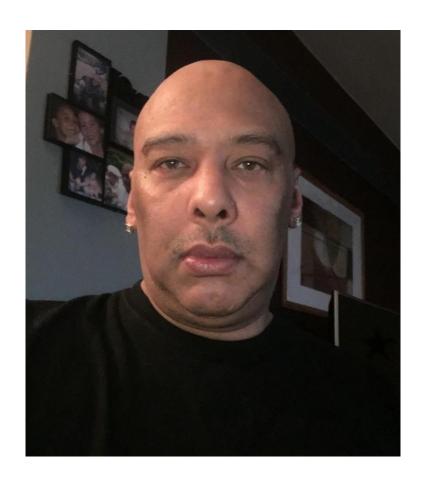
a kite inside the military camp

a red white kite floating in the air; top of a thread loop hung from the tree stump in a military camp the migrant imagines his village, his wife inside the fence ware chilled wind ;frozen blood the refugees whispering in the deem light dreaming to go back to their land once more to cook broth in their own clay stove where is the liberty once upon a time their kids had the right to fly kites in their villages now their mouths shut as close as a circle a kite or hunger a kite and a dream both can fly reflect vibrate as the heart beat a kite flies where there is no fear where is the wind current that can make me fly like a kite precious is a paper that prescripts peace precious is the soul precious is our courtyards precious is our language a kite flies where there is no fear where is the wind that can make me a kite?

again a signature

have you seen the dew drops
the blood of the nature
a signature that you can never create
the adieu of the intrinsic prints
the mega polis city on the local train
the men returns from office
death can never be a signature
mothers milk the authentic
signature on the body
soldiers scattered flesh
the alphabets of his signature
a signature is a journey
again and again

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

Greenland's ice cap

The whale swims and lives as it normally does,

To get a boost it splashes it's massive tail on the water above.

Glaciers in the backdrop are melting quickly and there's no way to make it stop.

Mother natures warmer temperatures over Scandinavia are accelerating the process.

It's not snowing enough to replace the ice on glaciers edges that we see,

the sea will gain twenty feet of water if the glaciers in the area lose density.

The deep blue can't get any deeper without causing coastal floods throughout the area.

I wish I could dive like Jacques Cousteau to see marine life and the affect of global warming down below.

If I would've known

It's shocking, its never a good time, its so sad, it's unreal. we've grown up around each other, I should've reached out more, this is how I always feel. It's six degrees of separation, we're friends, my friend is your friend's friend, your friends' friends are mine, most of us have some sort of connection. We are a circle of familiar faces since childhood. When I walk around I bump into people I know, when I'm driving around I see people I know, I've traveled and seen people I know on the plane in the same row. We talked, we laughed we reminisced of the past, I wish I was more opened and exchanged numbers to make those good times and positive vibes last. I didn't know that the last time i walked by, drove by and when we flew was me and you saying goodbye. As I get older I'm witnessing the circle of life getting smaller, back to back RIP and SIP is all I see all over social media. We have to take time out to do better because we don't know how much time is left for our sisters and brothers. Let's show love while we are here not only when heartbreak occurs and we share tears.

Drive

When they ask me... Where do you get your drive from? My response is life, reactions to actions. There's highs and lows, beautiful and ugly reflections, keeping it true to the pen, when I hock spit lyrical phlegm, it's facts in poetic gems. the ying and yang on the life of drugs and guns, as well as jail and death when sets bang for a come up, a name, for disrespect or to reign in the game of manteca and caine. I saw death too many times, I've seen homies on the floor, in morgues, on gurneys getting ready for that final journey when fam pulls the plug and we see and hear the monitor flatline. The Game is my forte as education, murder is one of my biggest motivations, I hone in on caskets and holes surrounded by a circle of tears falling off faces of fam and peers, then manifest those visions thru urban expression as lessons. I am the streets in flesh form, I'm every aspect of the trap when i brainstorm, a majority of my life was spent in the fire, over fire, chef'n napalm, that experience and all that comes with it is why I'm able to send shockwaves with these types of urban bombs.

Cliza 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.

Ark

We won't drive away on Great Dipper – it's not possible!
We won't swim away on still not found Noah's Ark.
Resque the future.

Let the snow and glimmers of faraway and nearby lands. Let's leave the glaciers

- to our descendants
- to the creatures living there
- to our world. Our world!

For heaven not to grow silent, prepare yourself for life in submission to nature.

Then, for bereavement there may no longer be time and place.

Right now you still meet people searching and those, who already know whom and how they harm. By forgetting about others — we lose ourself.

Bird trill

He was charmed when hearing the songs of birds hiding in the foliage.

When he left he understood it was time to rush. It was a mad race as the street screamed.

He moved on.
Or maybe he turned back?
He went to a place
where the free birds expected nothing.

He began to listen to the whispers trapped within him.
Alternating thoughts between good and evil, did not give him peace.
He felt emptiness around him, an indifference bringing anxiety and uncertainty.

He understood that it's easier to hear trills – than to notice a man in need.

Right beside

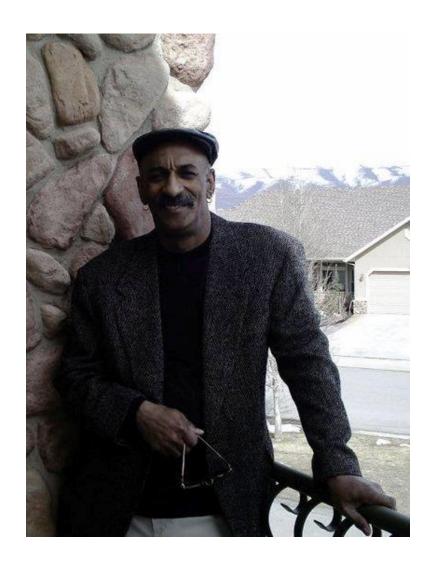
Lonesone glove puppets waiting for hands, which can enliven the tale about unrealistic future.

Right beside us there are no dolls, there are live people. other people's hands unnecessary for them to pull the lonesome into the whirlwind steered by greed.

Wanting to gain they tantalize with success gains dissolution of torment.

To escape from the freezing abyss of trust to Phantom friends awakening suffices.

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

Damn Global Warming

The water is coming, the water is coming Hurry, hurry, get out the boats The water is coming . . . The ice is melting, The world will be flooding soon

We are on our way to Pangaea . . . 1 land for all the people . . . Hopefully . . .

The water is coming, the water is coming, It will rise higher than our abilities . . Perhaps . . .

Damn Global Warming!

Who can relate?

Oh the things we hide Cloaked in the darkness

The shadows of the ignoble night Dare not tell our secrets, And we must put them away Before the rising sun, Lest we get discovered As our darkness Is uncovered

Some daunting delicacies of soul We will carry to our grave, Others, We will disclose As we weave them into stories Of justifications For those who be in need of Entertainment and distraction From their own transgressions

.

Who can relate?

Die-Section

In my formulative years
There presided an element of
Self-Hate,
Because of the color of my skin,
How I was treated,
And the ostracization from participation
In the playing fields
Where all things were good, equal and square

As I became older,
I realized,
It was not me. No,
It was the elements of character,
Or the lack thereof
In those who judged me,
Or went along ignorantly
With what they were led to believe . . .
Without even getting to know me
For my abilities, my thoughts
And my heart

Yes, it was a bruising time
Early on in life,
But with understanding,
And 'Self-Forgiveness'
I learned to
'Self-Heal' . . .
I realized that
I did not need outside permission
From anyone
To love and appreciate 'ME"
For who I am . . .

But I was most fortunate,
For I had a wonderful, loving
Support network
Of Family, Friends and Onlookers
Who certified, ratified, edified
And sometimes even glorified and deified
My self-worth

I guess you guessed it by now, 'I AM BLACK' . . . I am cherished by many, Feared by many, Emulated by many, But mostly, Not understood

. . .

This I have come to accept, Shamefully As the 'Status Quo' Of the indifferent ignorance That does not know and accept That I am human too . . . Perhaps more so

You see,
My people are a tolerant one,
A forgiving one,
A patient one
Who possess a knowledge
That leads us to survive
The calamities
That others cannot tolerate . . .

.

Walk a mile or two In my shoes And then tell me How does it feel.

As I go forward
With the compartmentalization
And 'Die-Section'
Of my life,
That of my peoples
And others like me,
It is not very hard to comprehend
How and why others defend
The shadows
And not amend their ways
To the light

There used to be a time
That day and light
I lamented,
I prayed,
I hoped
For better days
Where the ways of man
Were not somehow obligatory
To divisiveness
Instead of congruity
And inclusiveness . . .
Oh, what a mess
We have made
And allowed to fester
Within our hearts, minds and souls.

Is it not time for a "Die-Section"?

January 2022 Featured Poets



Ratan Ghosh
Christine Neil-Wright
Andrew Scott
Ashok Kumar



Ratan Ghosh



Ratan Ghosh (India), MPhil, PhD, an Editor, a free lance writer, a poet, a Short story writer, has experience of more than 15 years of teaching and research. He has published a number of research articles in peer review and UGC approved journal and presented seminar papers in National and International seminars in different universities of India. His poems have been featured in many international Ejournals, Journals and paper back anthologies across the globe. He has edited and co-authored two international anthologies named-SUNUP and CASCADE. Recently he is editing and compiling another anthology of poems on "Gender Inequality". His poetry books like LONELY SKELETON VOL-1 and 2 and My Love: A Soul are coming soon in paperback with ISBN. His short story book "The Talisman and Other Tales" is also going to be launched in paperback. He has received many prestigious awards for writing poetry from India and abroad. He has been awarded WORLD YOUTH ICON OF LITERATURE from NAAC, Mexico and MEWADEV LAUREL AWARD from U.P. India.

Who can forget"

Who can forget the streets?

Stained by the blood of innocent leaves

Who can forget the buds...?

Stained with the undesired clods

Who can forget the flowers?

Whose petals got withered in front of some lunatic powers?

Who can forget the flames of fire?

How that engulfed all the humane layers

Who can forget the shinning swords?

That beheaded the helpless veiled heads

Who can forget the long lost treasures?

Those were seized beyond measures

Who can forget the violated mothers and daughters?

Who were seized and killed without any fetters

Who can forget the long-lost lands?

That had reared us without being dry and dead sands

Who can forget the borderless borders?

That had displaced and banished all from our land of mother

Who can forget the pains of being alien refugees?

Who had nothing but the empty sky and tears only the basic properties

None can forget....

Perhaps none.....

None but those who had been mysterious destitute fun

In the unknown tales of destiny...

Where the untold history sings...

The songs of mystery...

Only the songs of mystery.....

Engraved for many decades in the blood stained history

Who Shouted?

- Who shouted when I was raped in front of my husband and sons on the way?
- Who shouted when I was pierced with claws on the way?
- Who shouted when my daughters were abducted on the way?
- Who shouted when my breasts were chopped off on the way?
- Who shouted when I was raped, gang raped and beheaded on the way?
- Who responded when my daughters cried and called for help on the way?
- Who shouted when our houses were looted and burnt without reasons?
- Who shouted when our lands were forcefully seized after treason?
- Who shouted when we had moved being unfortunate refugees?
- Who shouted when we lost all plants and trees?
- Who shouted when all men had to stand on the streets?
- Who shouted when all fathers, uncles and sons had to show their penis?
- Who shouted when they were butchered for the veiled penis?
- Who shouted when the raped widows had to sleep with tears in remorse losing mental peace?
- Who shouted when many winters kissed the naked, lean and helpless skeletons?
- Who shouted when thousands killed in the Great Calcutta Streets?
- Who shouted when mothers, daughters and sister had been leased?

Who shouted when many had been the burdened refugees? Who shouted when all were banished losing voices and peace?

Who shouted when the country was religiously seized?

The eyes of the Eastern Beasts. . .

Only the eyes of the Eastern Beasts

But!

We were penniless . . .

We are penniless...

Who shout when the untold tales

Fractured, mutilated, suppressed and jailed?

Who shout when all the tales weeping for being sailed Probably none . . .

Vote bank, healthy bank accounts and awards only shouting now in high pitch...

We have been the unfortunate breasts . . .

We have been the unfortunate breasts . . .

Mutilated in the untold old pages. . .

Mutilated in the untold lost pages . . .

My Love; A Soul

Not being a fancied form...

Standing in front of thee like a violent storm
Eying, eying and eying at your downy sweet eyes
I have lost for that moment all the earthly ties
Walking through your unuttered voices I had a magical
feel

Deep love and sincere hearts always have heavenly zeal Unuttered uttered voices overshadow both the minds Audibly inaudible voices never seem to know any other kind

I only feel your presence in my thirsty longing soul Nothing can drift me from my desired goal Whether you are leased or seized never do I think Only I know how to love and how to only sink Let us meet and sink in the vast abandoned sea Where none but you and I will love forever in glee

Christing Ngil-Wright



Christine Neil-Wright has blended all her creative skills in poetry, voice animation, story writing, radio broadcasting, an appreciation for nature, life and its experience to propel herself as an animated storyteller. No stranger to the media, Christine has been featured on most of the major platforms such as CVM Television, Radio Jamaica, The Gleaner, The Jamaican Observer, and Television Jamaica, plus other entities on an international basis. Today she is a host and producer of a radio project called *Journey Across Jamaica* that focuses on our culture, history, and storytelling. She is resolute to accomplish her goals.

Reclaiming My Power

Three days of sleepless nights...

Battling with demons that have been haunting my life
Speaking to future, past and present realities
Out loud so much, my physical heart was shaking.

Cutting down invasive branches in my path
That carried a pseudo appearance of strength
But was actually a dried out and rotten fickle Tree
That left major damage and loopholes to my house,
My investment, my passions, my physical structure.

Intuition like a Richter Scale in a frenzy
During a seven point nine (7.9) earthquake!
Flood waters, rain and sunshine in conflict
The foundations beneath in animated upheaval.
But I must keep safe the child that I bear on my back.

Those dark clouds, rain, sun and lighting in fury
Were evidently guiding my path
To dismantle ANYTHING and EVERYTHING that
threatens my destiny's path.
I was mentally, internally, emotionally and physically
urged to...

Disassociate, cut off, release myself from anything that Caused confusion, disorder, Manipulation, pain,
Procrastination,
Enchantment and constantly struggling through,
Telling me to...

"Reclaim your purpose! Reclaim your strength, Reclaim your voice,

Reclaim your individuality Reclaim YOU...and

UNEARTH THAT POWER THAT IS ERUPTING WITHIN YOU!!!"

I took the leap of faith and trust
Putting in action the deed I must
Last night... I am so grateful...
I was blessed with undisturbed sleep as I passed my test!!
By Reclaiming my power.
My Infinite Creator will do the rest.
(C)Christine Neil Wright

The Right to Breathe

After travailing with this precious soul
She anticipates her new-born; longing to receive him
WHOLE

But there was an eternity of silence, She waited impatiently for her child to be received As the doctors and midwife desperately tried... To get the child to breathe...

Decades passed ...

This child became a man.

Whatever his journey; full of character, charisma, educated, Deep chocolate, desirable, bold, talented, gentle... yet strong.

But a brewing storm of execration became a proverbial butcher's knife

Ignoring any thought of reason,

As the globes struggles from a massive pandemic They watched helplessly... while Fury took another man's life!

"I... can't... breathe..."

Will forever be carried on the Trade Winds Opening the Pandora's Box of bigotry; Transatlantic blood-stained merchants.

Their profits from Building Nations for countries through torture,

Dark history and the ugliness of inhumane dealings to humanity through slavery!

"Please... I... can't breathe"

Forced face down on the ground; suffocated by evil kneeling... - the noose.

On the throat... - lynching ... Determined to silence the request;

The pleadings to live... to speak to his mother who gave him his first breath.

Silenced by nine minutes of slow painful torture!

A storm broke out with voices, evoking a TSUNAMI of emotions

From hearts whose ethnicity, religion, profession or other, Stood up for the right... to live, to breathe To not be subjected to degradation of this nature.

A soul that was denied..., Denied..., DENIED!!

Pleading for mercy in humility... as... his... life... ebbed away

To just speak to his mother... One... last... time...

"I ...can't... breathe..."

"Where is your brother Cain? His blood cries out from the earth to me!"

In unison ... countless voices in languages some don't even understand responded,

"We are our brother's keeper!", as they penned history Breaking down walls and symbols of the ugly past That continues to haunt us...even among ourselves Who still cries out for justice and mercy and our mother's compassion..

"I... can't... breathe!..."

The Liberated Catwalk

"LIGHTS!...CAMERA!... ACTIOOOON!!!"

(Energetic Music playing in the background)

With a passive frame of mind, she glides
In a militant mood...down the catwalk.
Straight faced; strutting in her glory
Concealing the debauchery
Done to her vulnerable frame.
The hair reflects the radical
And make-up disguises the constant scars received.

The crowd cheers at this strong idol
Admires her wit and prowess.
Yet she never smiles...
Automated in fear, that after this performance...

SHE HAS TO GO BACK TO HER OWN... NIGHTMARE!

Where oppression, suppression and aggression awaits,
To terrorize, manipulate and
Demonize her worth, her existence.
Such a person of great talent and intellect
Who wows the outside world but
Could not protect herself or the children
She brought into this world.

She knows that somewhere inside her head
She can walk the liberated catwalk in her own home
Becoming the heroine her children
Longed for her to be...
But how!???

She was planted, incarcerated,
Mesmerized and
Trapped by the man who claimed that he "loved!?"

The crowd cries for, "ENCORE, ENCORE!"

And she builds her confidence
That though they don't know her story
As her assailant strategically positions himself
With taunting eyes that said.
"With me YOU WILL NEVER...EVER... WIN!!"

Defiant in her spirit
A volcano erupted inside and no one expected
Her next step...
Facing him...she removed her French coat
Exposing the many bruises and scars
All over her body!

There was a loud hush from the audience...
The music was toned down as flashing lights
Zooming cameras and media interests
Captured this unfolding scene
All eyes on them as the audience barricaded
Preventing him from escaping
These words she had to say...

"I am no longer your prisoner!"
No more abuse! You have NO MORE CONTROL
Over my life or our children! Arrest him!"

She was shaking in anger as her peers covered her Tonight was the end of her sorrow Tonight... she stood militant proving That she was determined to begin a **NEW AND FRESH TOMORROW...** and

For the very first time... She gave the most beautiful smile.

The crowd burst out in thunderous applause. ..

"THAT'S A WRAP!!!"

This piece is dedicated to the men and women who have or still suffer in silence though strong in spirit, are suppressed by partners or loved ones who subtly and wilfully manipulate, suppress, discourage and abuse them. To those mothers who are no longer with us; whose death was not justified, whose memory will be immortalized; whose aggressor is still alive and creating massive mayhem in their children's lives. Find the strength within and break free from this fashion of emotional, mental, spiritual and physical bondage.

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. Whispers Of The Calm is his sixth poetry book.

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

The River Styx (Villanelle)

Staring at the River Styx hypnotized by the enticement Tempted by the sinful fix

where does it all mix confusion and contentment Staring at the River Styx

on earth trying true building bricks but the draw brings excitement Tempted by the sinful fix

fear and ignorance, an unnatural mix is the boiling a natural event Staring at the River Styx

the upper world is ruled by lunatics makes the mind disorient Tempted by the sinful fix

minds racing with human tricks soul debates the dissent Staring at the River Styx Tempted by the sinful fix

Nephew Pete

I was there when the officials arrived to tell my sister and her husband about finding Nephew Pete dead at the hands of his own.

It happened on a Sunday. A day we were expecting him. Nephew Pete had just gotten paroled the Wednesday before.

Nephew Pete had been in the cement walls of a cell for a little over nine years.

I was his third offence at being caught stealing and the first time with a brutal assault.

Nephew Pete had habits to feed that got worse over time. Stolen money was the only way.

He got cleaned up while inside. Not like there was a choice but over time Nephew Pete became treated as important. He knew how to get things so others left him alone and did not abuse him.

The story was he got lost as soon as he got out. Neighbours heard the nightmare from the small room he was set up in.

As he walked the streets for work, Nephew Pete found out he was not important in the city.

It only took a few days of a new life to show Nephew Pete that he did not like the outside and needed it to end from the inside.

Goddess Of Death

Am appealing to your gentle side as your strikes to the living are creating anger and outrage to those of us amongst the living.

Not positive of what you are attempting to do with your efforts but to bring u loss and sorrow.

Your victims are so young and full of potential.

The bricks of our future crumbled to blowing dust.

The lessons you are trying to teach have been now engrained. Fear who may be next at an unexpected time.

The power and sorrow that you yield is intense. You are taking pieces of us all as your venom is dealt. We appeal to you, Goddess of Death. Let us heal.

Ashok Kumar



Ashok Kumar is an international bilingual , Mystical , Spiritual poet from India .He has been working as a principal in a reputed institution of India .He has master degrees in three subjects English literature , Political Science and Education .He did his B.Ed. from CCS University Meerut India .He got his honorary doctorate degree from Brazil, Morocco and Nigeria .His Philosophical Spiritual Mystical poems are translated into various languages like Greek , Italian Spanish , Polish and Chinese languages .He is a universal poet .He has got national and international awards for his poems .His love and peace poems are liked by all over the wonderful world people .He has earned reputation as an International Peace Activist through his actions . He believes in " Action speaks louder than words."

He is an ardent follower of Lord Buddha, Lord Krishna, Martin Luther King and Karim. He appeals to the whole world for unity and integrity for the shake of humanity. His Philosophical, Spiritual poms give the message of peace and prosperity forever.

Be The Voice of Unity ...

Raise voice for peace and security Protect all human rights for prosperity Delivering humanitarian aids should be our supreme goal To support for sustainable development, climate play our role

Take an oath for every law and responsibility Be the voice of unity Train mind for every situation Nourish every humble heart for determination

Together we can enjoy energy of unity and dedication We're peace makers thank to thee for his creation Let Mystic soul learn from Dr. Martin Luther King and M.K Gandhi true meaning of peace and non-violence Come with me feel freely yourself to taste this divine essence

Nothing But Karma ..

To read valuable life, not easy
In this Eden each trilogy with responsibilities busy cheap flesh of body, expensive immortal souls
Nature of perfect man counted by goals
Karma; experience of expensive life
Patience, pleasure, courage stress and strife
Debacles are precious virtues are divine
Nothing but karma helpful to shine
Listen songs of inner melodious voice
To study life is the wisest choice
In this materialistic life Karma never cheat
Happiest, luckiest universal soul with such greet

Protect Girl Child

(On international Girl child day)

O ALMIGHTY! thy light touches my mystic heart and soul
How can I be far from my goal?
All are equal playing their role
Her tears made me restless to feel their pain
Appeal to heal these beautiful flowers divine rain
Bless all men peace patience, not to hate
Only love can change fate
O Almighty! thy ocean and my ignorance
Fill the whole earth with your fragrance
Without these flowers
Can we imagine beauty and birth in this Eden?

Search their humble heart where divinity is hidden Let's protect them for bright future

We're peace makers love all worldly creatures

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse



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

Alan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017

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World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

Inner Child Press

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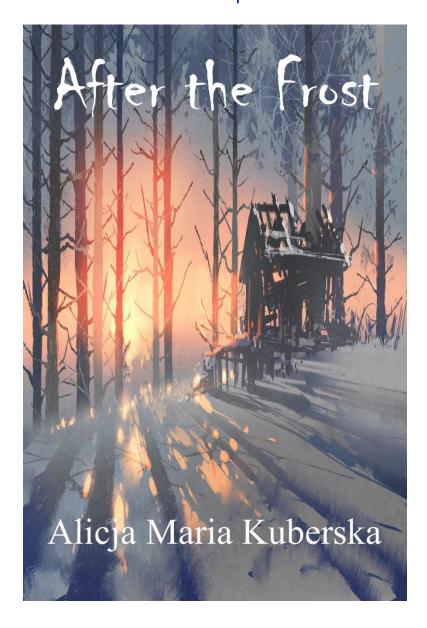
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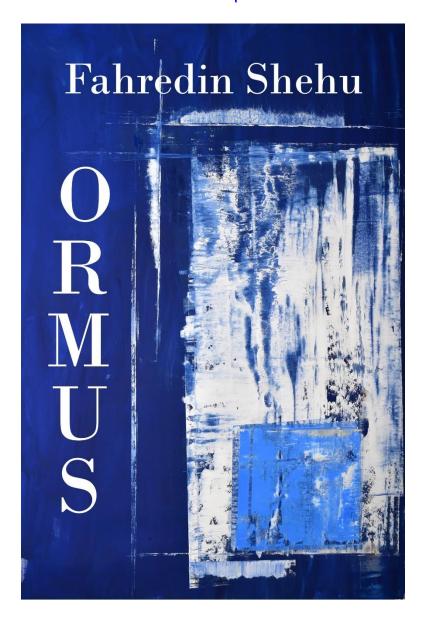
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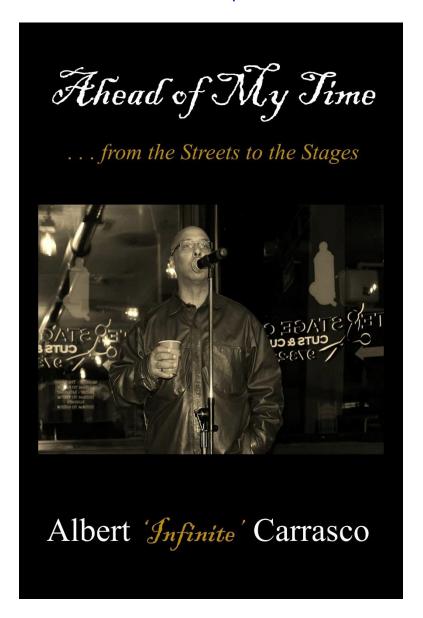
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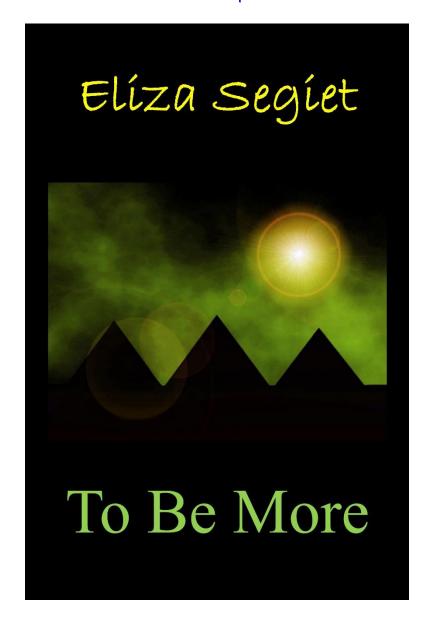
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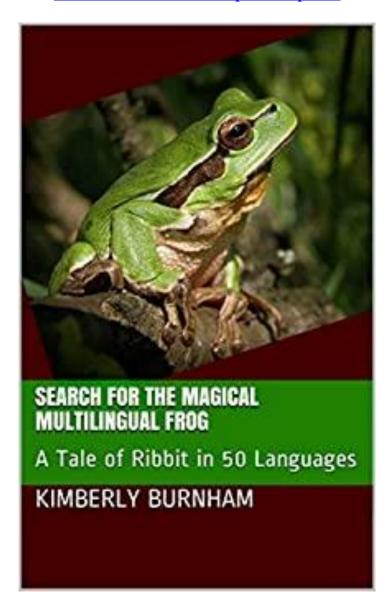


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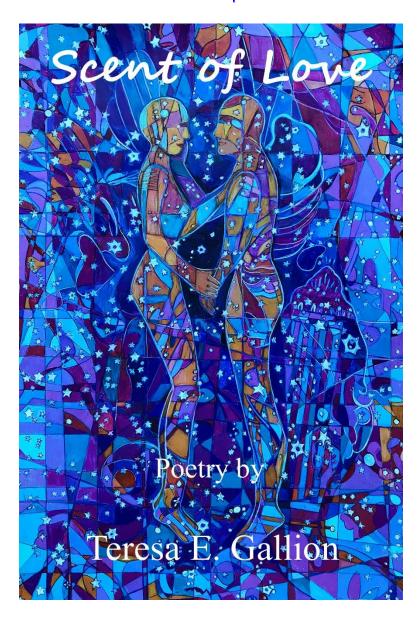


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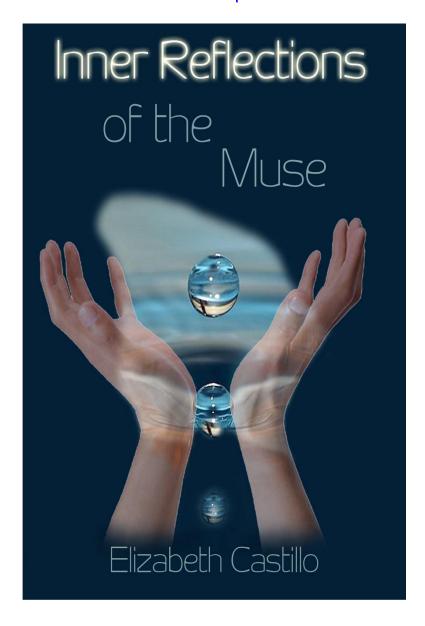
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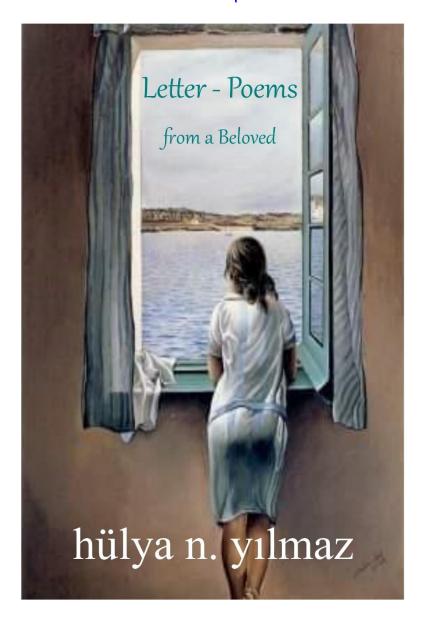
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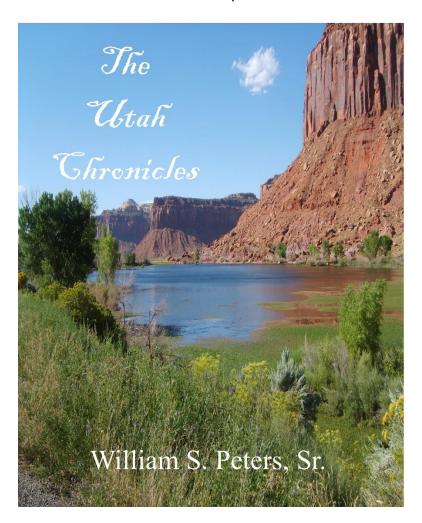
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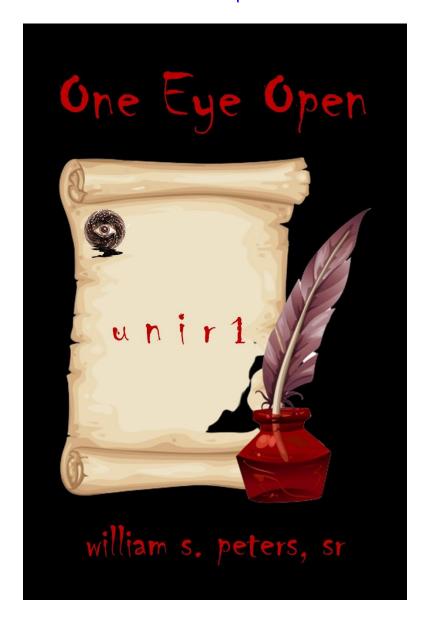
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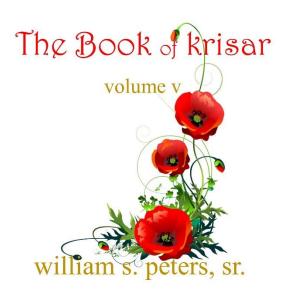
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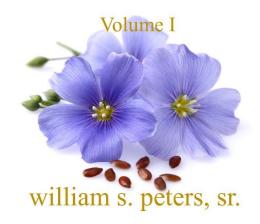


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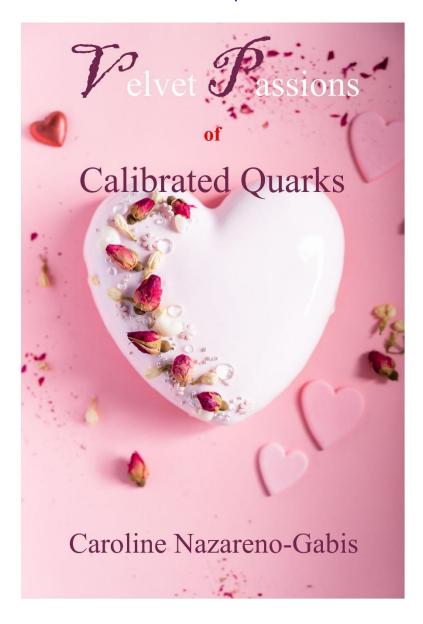
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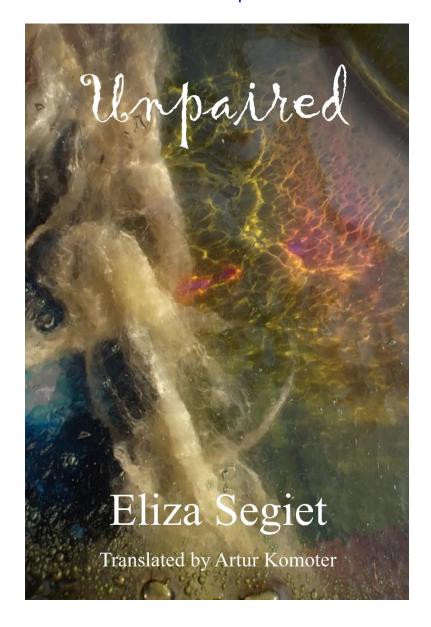


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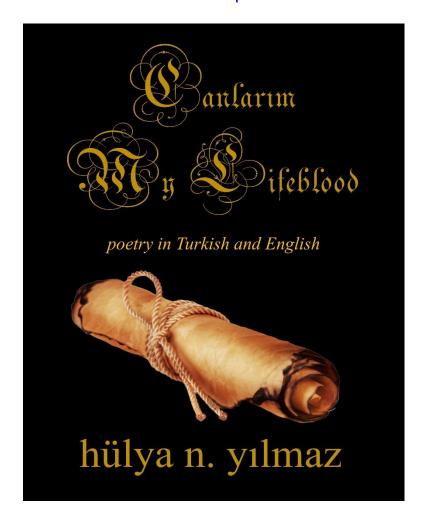
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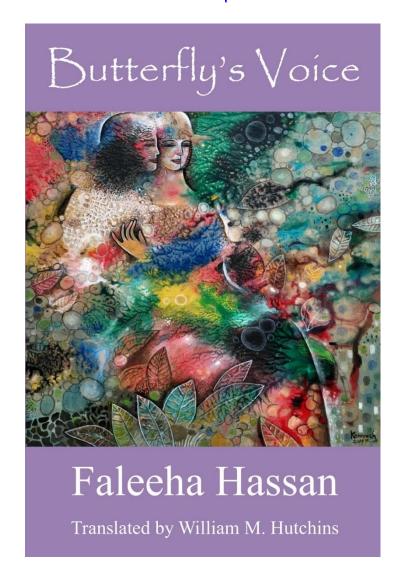
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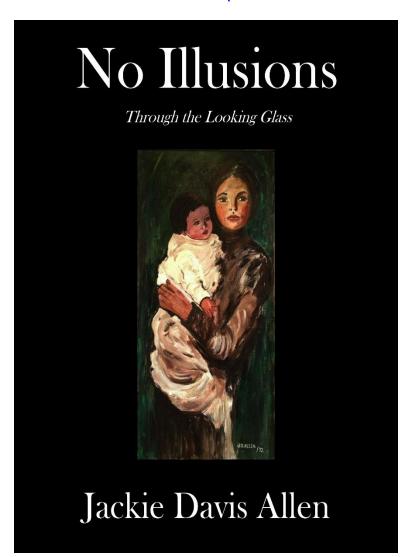
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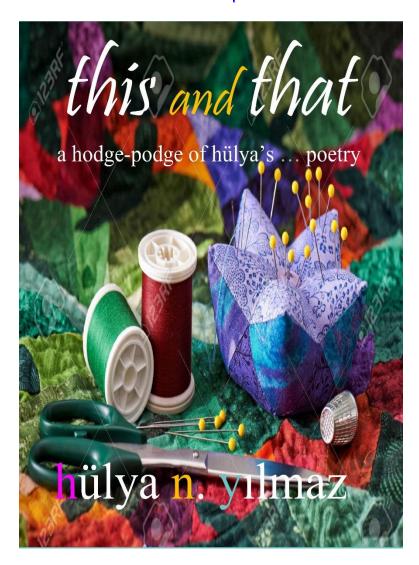
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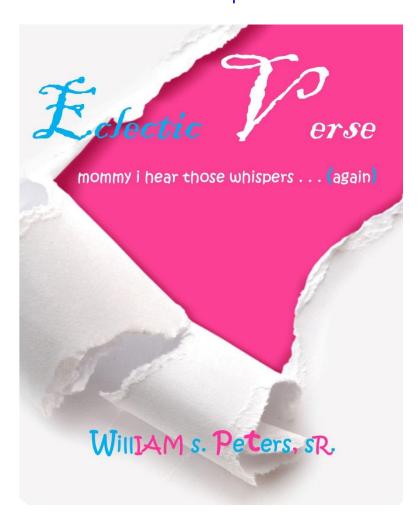
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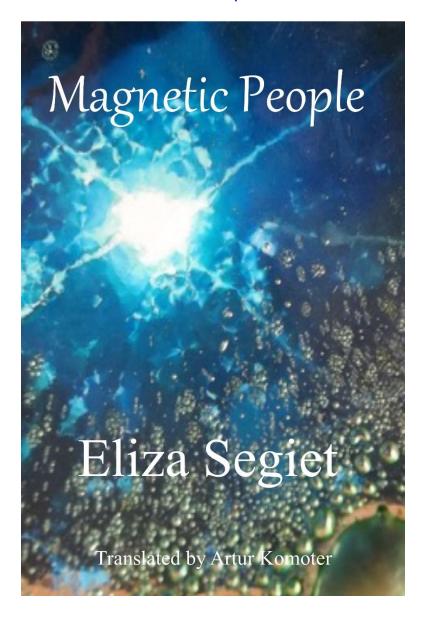


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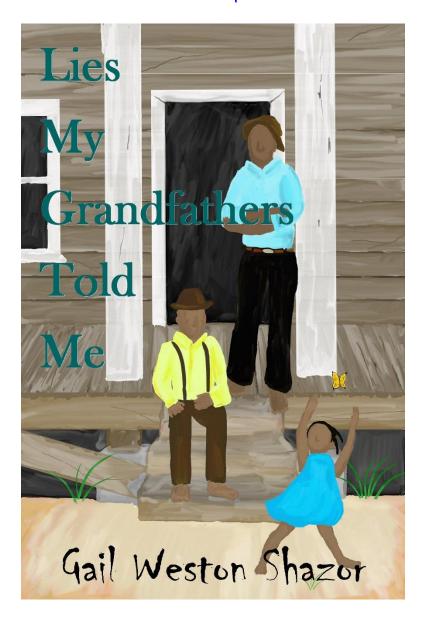
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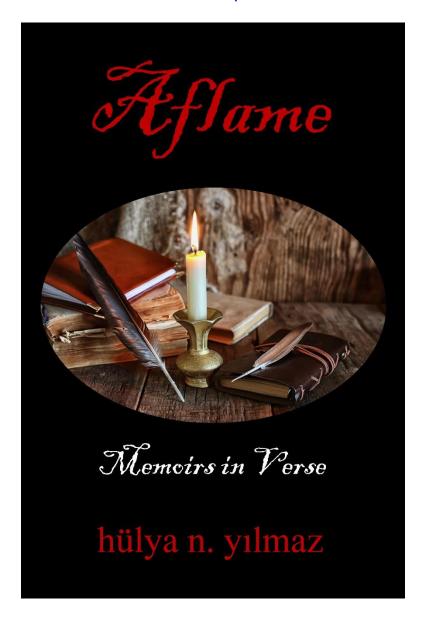


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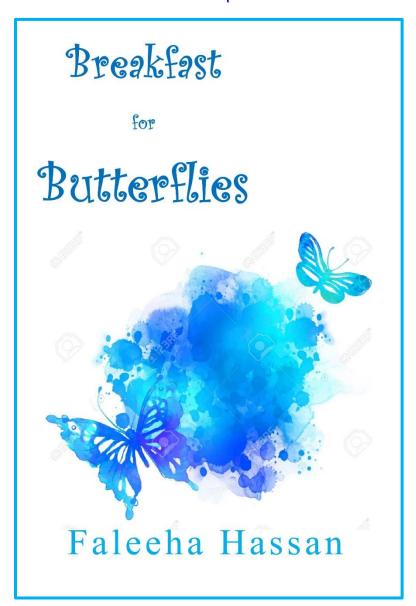
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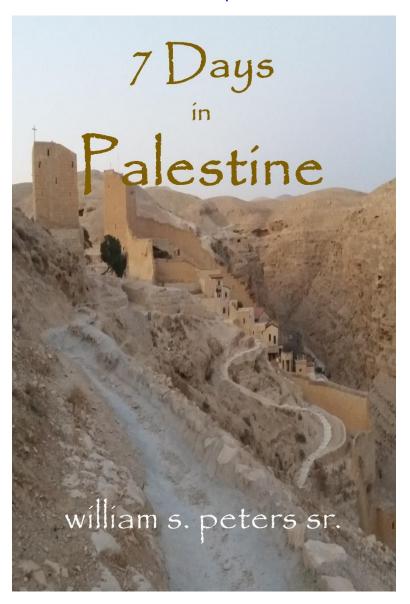




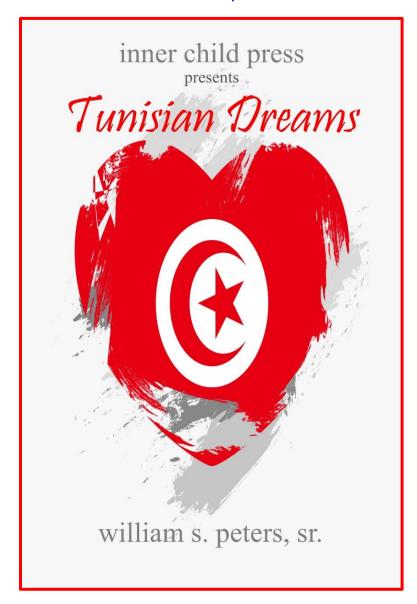
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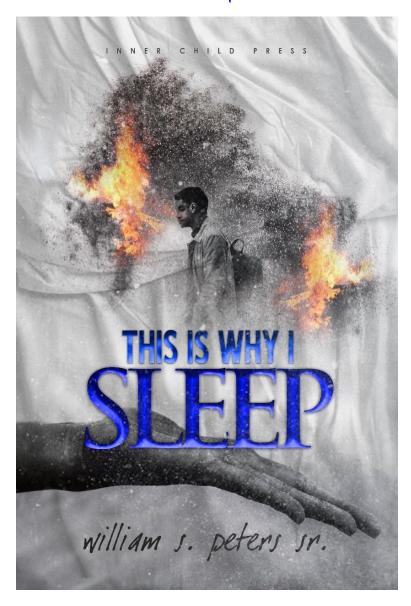




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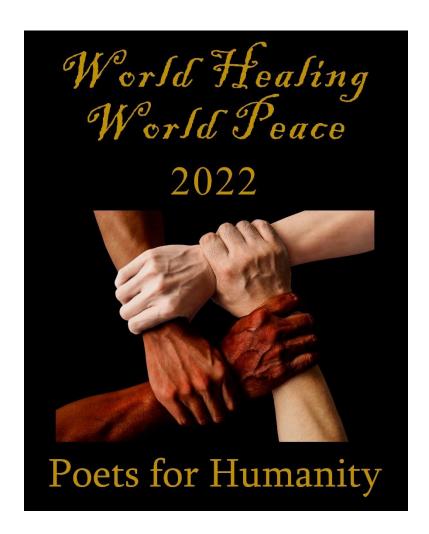


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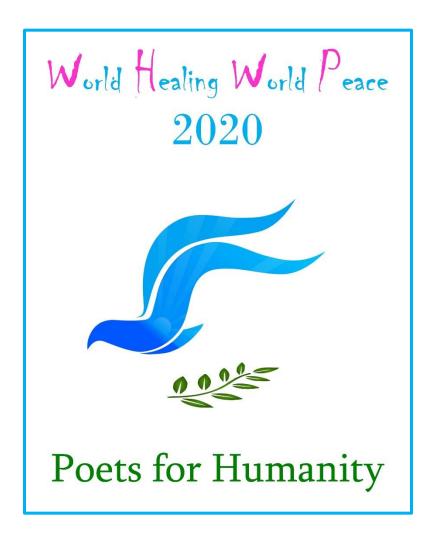
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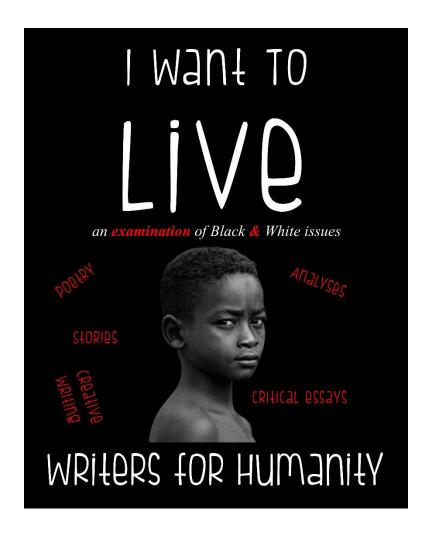
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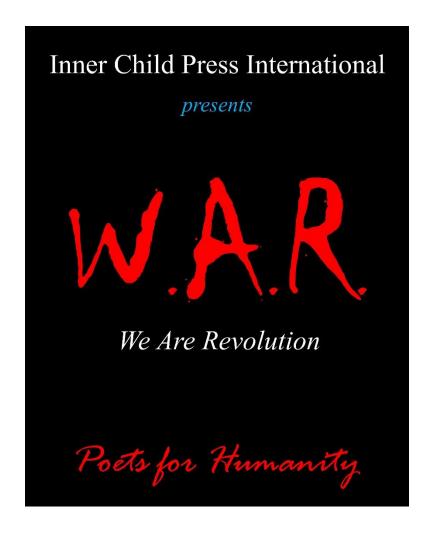
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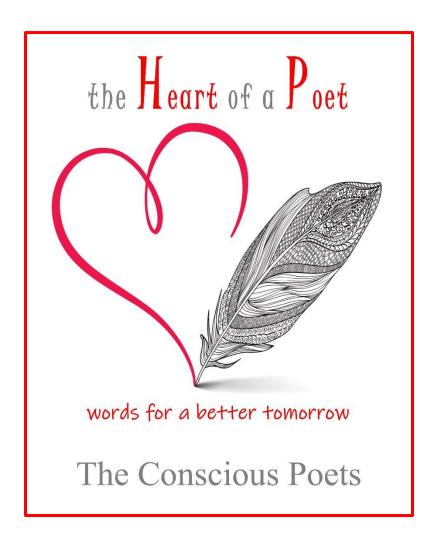
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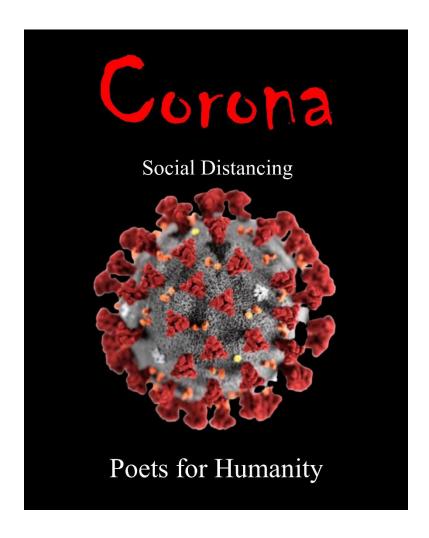
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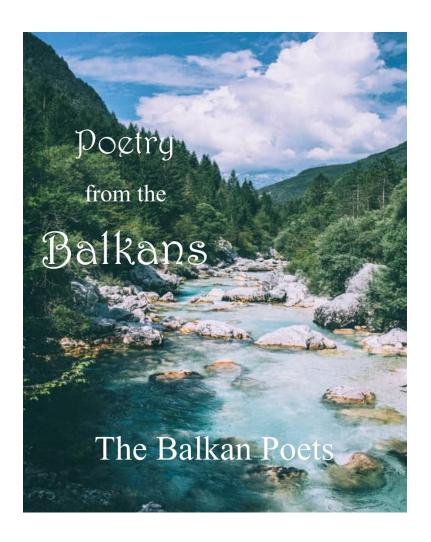
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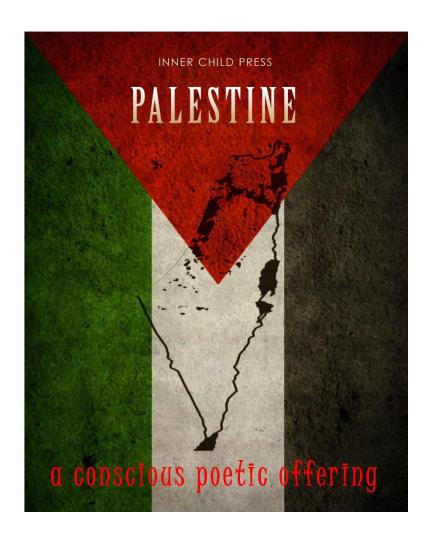


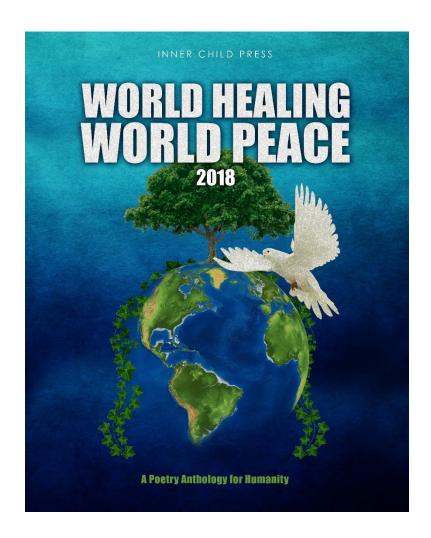
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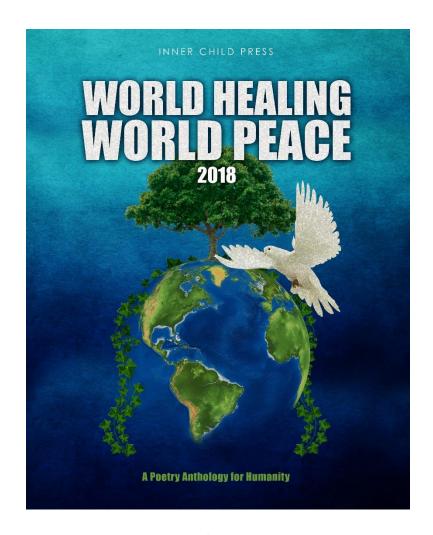




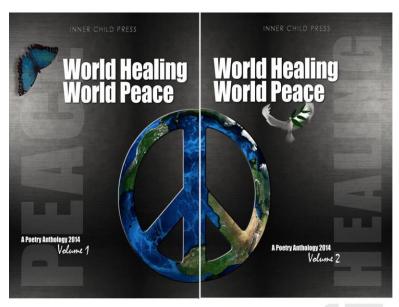


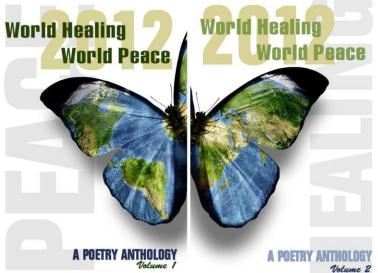
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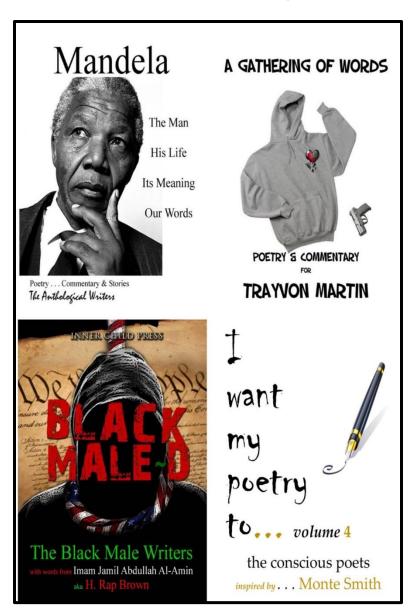


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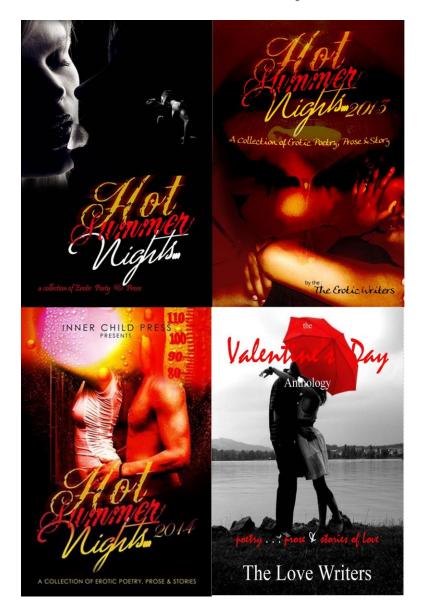
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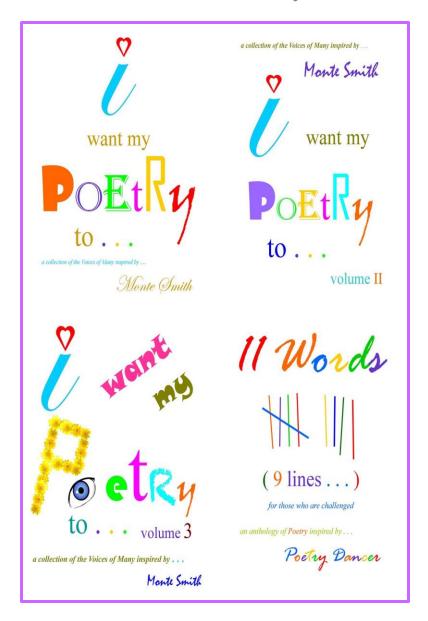
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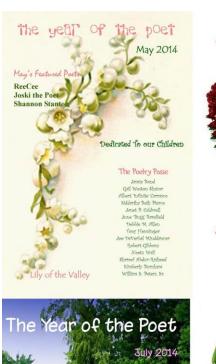


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The Peakey Posse

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Samie P. Callwal * Zune Bugg Barefrield * Debbie M. Allen * Tary Henringer
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October 2014



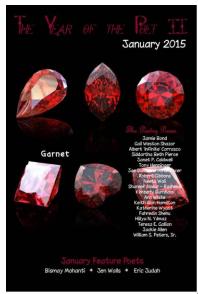
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Jonie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert * Wifinite' Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June Bugg Bareffield * Debble M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe Dalverbal Minddancer * Robert Cilbions * Nestu Wall * Shareef Abdar-Rasheed
Kinberly Burrham * William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets
Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



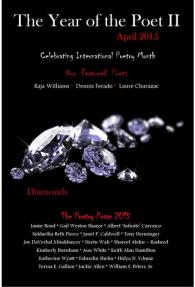


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June 2015

June's Featured Poets

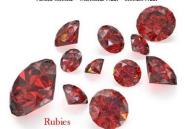


The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Festured 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.

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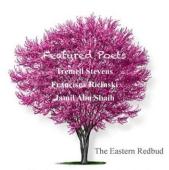


The Year of the Poet IV February 2017



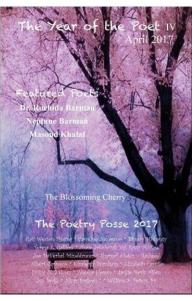
Gell Wiston Shazon * Carolina Nazareno * Bisnay Mohandy Nara Sertend * Anno Jakubczek Vel Retty Holan * Jen Vells Jon DeVenhol Minddancer * Sharent Holan * Berhend Albert Ceresco * Kinberty Burnham * Elizabeth Cestillo Hinlyn N. Yulouz * Falenbe Hessen * Allan VV. Jankowski Teresa E. Gelllon * Jackie Devis Allen * Vvillim S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet IV March 2017

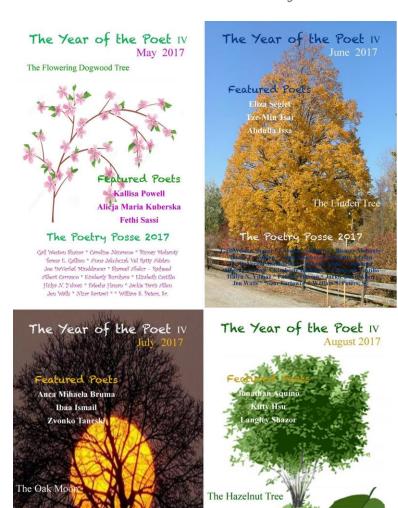


The Poetry Posse 2017

Gell Weston Shazor "Ceroline Nazereno "Bismey Mohenty Teress E. Gellico "Stone abstabczek Vell Betty Staleno Joo th'N'erich Untublence "Shreed Stalen "Behned Silbert Cerresco "Kinberty Burnhum" Elizabeth Cestillo Hulyo N. "Vibouz "Esdech Hosson" Jackie Dreis Sillen Jen Wells" Nurze Sertows "Williem S. Felers, Sr.



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The Poetry Poss 2017

Gell Weston Shazor " Cerolina Nazareno "
"Terrese E. Gellion " attowa aksubezak Vel flysty Adalem
ace DaVariel Modelance" "Shareed Stakur — Rubend
Albert Cerresco " Kimberly Burnham " Elizabeth Cestilla
Bidly N. Yulmaz " Balenha Hessen " Jacks Davis Sillan
ace Vellis " Nazar Gertane" in Willem S. Peters, de
ace Vellis " Nazar Gertane" in Willem S. Peters, de

2017

The Po

The Year of the Poet IV September 2017



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV November 2017

Featured Poets

Kay Peters

Alfreda D. Ghee

Gabriella Garofalo

Rosemary Cappello



The Poetry Posse 2017

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

The Year of the Poet IV

October 2017



The Black Walnut Tree

The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline Nazareno * Bismay Mohanty Teresa E. Gallion * Anna Jakubczak Vel Ratty Adalan Joe Da Verbal Minddancer * Shareef Adbur - Rasheed Albert Carrasco * Kimberly Burnham * Elizabeth Castillo Hilya N. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allien Jen Walls * Nizar Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

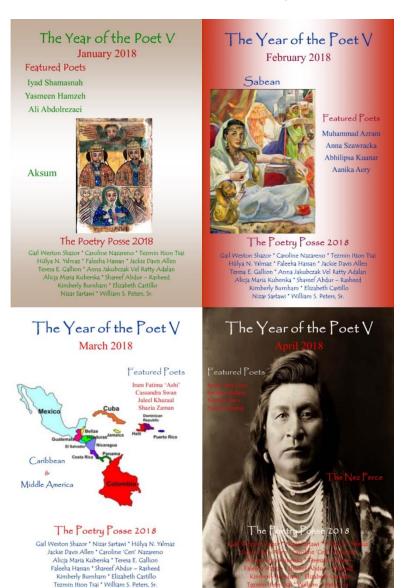
The Year of the Poet IV December 2017



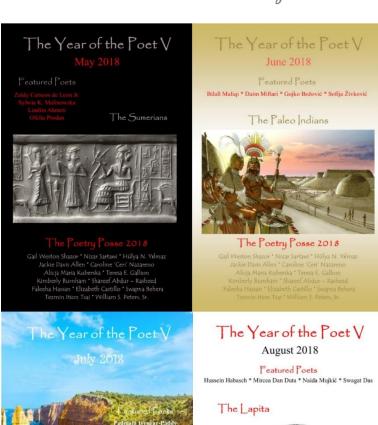
The Poetry Posse 2017

Gall Weston Shazor * Caroline 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. Yilmaz * Faleeha Hassan * Jackie Davis Allen Jen Walls * Nizza Sartawi * William S. Peters, Sr.

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The Poetry Posse 2018

Gail Weston Shazor * Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline 'Ceri Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberski * T'eresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargawa* Elizabeth Castillo * Swapma Behaera Tezmin tition Tsai * William S. Peters, 200

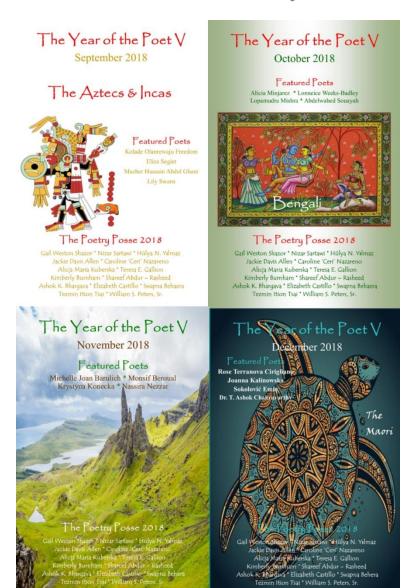
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Oceanía

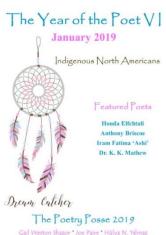
The Poetry Posse 2018

* Nizar Sartawi * Hülya N. Yılmaz

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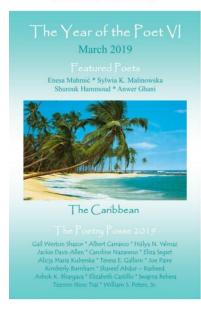


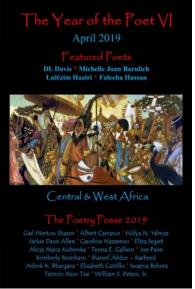
Gail Weston Shazor * Joe Paire * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline * Cerr * Nazareno Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera * Tezmin Itton Tsal * William S. Petens, 200



The Poetry Posse 2019

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco "Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen "Caroline Nazareno "Elira Segiet Alicja Maria Kubeska" Terese E. Gallion "Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Eirabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmi titon Tsai "William S. Peters."





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Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco " Húlya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazarero "Eliza Sejiet Alicja Maris Kubesisk" Trees E. Gallion "Joe Parie Kimberly Burnham "Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Abbok K. Bhayaya" Elizabeth Castillo "Swapna Behera Tezmin Hion Tsai "William S. Peters, St



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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 Yeace
Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gall Weston Shazon * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kubenska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre 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

June 2020

Featured Poets

Effichia Kapardeli * Metin Cengiz Hussein Habasch * Kosh K Mathew

Albert John Lutuli ~ 1960





The Year of Peace

Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipient

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor "Albert Carassco" Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Pavis Allen "Caroline Nazareno" Elira Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska "Terea E. Gallion "Joe Paire Kimberiy Burnham" Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava "Elizabeth Castillo" Swapna Behera Tezmin Biton Tail "William S. Peters."

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 ebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Halya N. Yalm. Jackle Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Alicja Maria Kuberska * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Patre Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur - Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behe Tezmin Hion Tsai. * Yallilan * S. Peters. Sv.

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. Yilmaz Jackie Pavis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Segiet Aliça Maris Kuberska * Teres E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed Ashok K. Bhargava * Eirabeth Carllot * Swapna Behera Tezmin titon Tsai! * William S. Peters, 1

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The Year of the Poet VIII

January 2021

Featured Global Poets

Andrew Scott * Debaprasanna Biswas Shakil Kalam * Changming Yuan



Poetry ... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2020

Gail Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie 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 Poet VIII

April 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

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

Gall Weston Shazor * Albert Carassco * Hülya N. Yılmaz Jackie Davis Allen * Caroline Nazareno * Eliza Seglet Alicja Maria Kuberisia * Teresa E. Gallion * Joe Paire Kimberly Burnham * Shareet Aduur - Rasheed Ashok k. Bhargaya * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behera Tezmin Ition Tsai * William S. Peters, Sr.

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 Kubenska * 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 VIII

March 2021

Featured Global Poets

Tatyana Fazlalizadeh



Poetry . . . Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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

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The Year of the Poet VIII

July 2021

Featured Global Poets

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

Goncalao Mabunda



Poetry... Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

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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

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

The Year of the Poet VIII

August 2021

eatured Global Poet

Caroline Laurent Turunc Kamal Dhungana Pankhuri Sinha Paramita Mukherjee Mullick

Mundara Koorang



Poetry Ekphrasticly Speaking

The Poetry Posse 2021

Gail Weston Shazor - Albert Carassco - Hülya N. Yılmaz 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 Termin Ition Tsul - William S. Peters.

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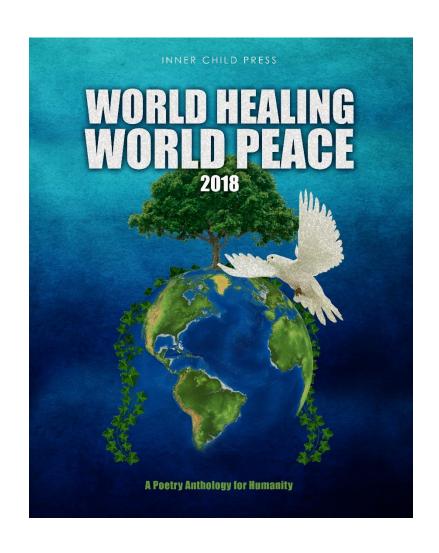
World Healing World Peace 2020



Poets for Humanity

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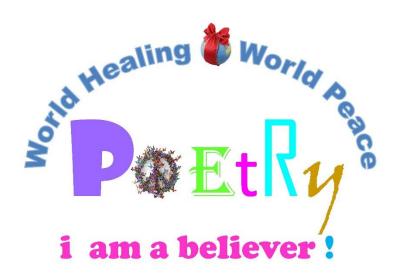


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The Poetry Posse ~ 2022



January 2022 ~ Featured Poets



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Christine Neil Wright



Andrew Scott



Ashok Kumar





