The Year of the Poet VI

July 2019

Featured Poets

Saadeddin Shahin * Andy Scott Fahredin Shehu * Alok Kumar Ray

The Horn of Africa



Ethiopia



Somalia



Djibouti



Eritrea

The Poetry Posse 2019

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

Year

of the

Dogt VI

July 2019

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2019

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.

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The Year of the Poet VI July 2019 Edition

The Poetry Posse

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WHAT WOULD FE WITHOUT A LITTLE OF TRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to Poetry . . .

The Poetry Posse

past, present & future

our Patrons and Readers

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse



the Power of the Pen to effectuate change!



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

Janet P. Caldwell

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Foreword

Only a single bird is singing
The air is cloning it.
We hear through mirrors.

Federico Garcia Lorca

This month's theme is Africa and Horn Africa.

Africa and Horn Africa are the mirrors of singing birds, flora and fauna, cultural prominence, collective life, social translators of ethnic groups those who grow with the nature. The inhabitants are the crisis manager of all adversities and the echo of their brave History.

Africa is a continent but Horn Africa is a peninsula in Northeast Africa. It extends hundreds of kilometres into the Arabian sea and lies along the Southern side of the Gulf of Eden . The area is the easternmost projection of the African Continent. The countries and territories included are Djibouti, Eritrea, Ethiopia and Somalia. The people of the Horn Africa are subdivided into six people clusters; Beja, Cushitic, Ethio-Semitic, Omotic, Oromo and Somalia. Somalia is a country located in the Horn of Africa bordered by Ethiopia to the West, Djibouti to the northwest, the Gulf of Aden to the North, the

Somali Sea, Guardafui Channel to the east and Kenya to the South East.

The Horn Africa enjoys an excellent strategic location south west of the Red Sea and Gulf of Aden. Its location on one side of some of the world's major trade lanes and land route gives it vital importance because of its proximity to the oil reach Arabian Peninsula. Part of the Horn Africa is also known as the Somali Peninsula.

Mostly mountainous, the region arose through faults resulting from the rift valley. Agriculture is the single most important activity in Africa. We cannot overlook the tradition, the nativism, the culture and the contribution of Africa and horn Africa for the generations. Nativism is a celebration of the pluralism that is the very core tune of Africa and Horn Africa.

Somalia is known to the Egyptians as the Land of Punt. Punt was famous for frankincense and myrrh. Around 100 Somali Diaspora communities exist across the West, which actively are engaged in thousands of Civil associations. Lake Assal is a saline lake below sea level making it the lowest point on the land of the Horn of Africa. Some farming knowledge passed down from generation to generation has become obsolete. Drought crippled the region. People struggle to recover from the natural calamity.

Inner Child Press International® with its mission of building bridges of cultural understanding takes the responsibility for global peace and harmony through poetry with International festivals and Anthologies. We respect the land, nature, folk tales, culture, music, literature, perceptions, ideas, thoughts, language and all ethnic groups of the world.

Poetry is the living nature and nature is the living poetry.

We respect the humanity ... We respect the survival skills. We respect the indigenous knowledge. Let us join our hands for peace

Swapna Behera

Cultural Ambassador of India and south East Asia for Inner Child Press International



Coming April 2020



The World Healing, World Peace

International Poetry Symposium

Stay Tuned

for more information

intouch@innerchildpress.com

'building bridges of cultural understanding' www.innerchildpress.com

Dreface

Dear Family and Friends,

Yes I am excited? This year we have aligned our vision with that of UNESCO as it honors and acknowledges a variety of Global Indigenous cultures. We are now in our sixth year of publication. As are on our way to hitting another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated. Our initial vision was to just perform at this level for the year of 2014. Since that time we have had the blessed opportunity to include many other wonderful word artists and storytellers in the Poetry Posse from lands, cultures and persuasions all over the world. We have featured hundreds of additional poets, thereby introducing their poetic offerings to our vast global readership.

In keeping with our effort and vision to expand the awareness of poets from all walks by making this offerings accessible, we at Inner Child Press International will continue to make every volume a FREE Download. The books are also available for purchase at the affordable cost of \$7.00 per volume.

In the previous years, our monthly themes were Flowers, Birds, Gemstones, Trees and Past Cultures. This year we have elected to continue the

Cultural theme. In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse members about such culture, but we have included a few words about the culture in our prologue. The reasoning behind this is that now our poetry has the opportunity to be educational for not only the reader, but we poets as well. We hope you find the poetic offerings insightful as we use our poetic form to relay to you what we too have learned through our research in making our offering available to you, our readership.

In closing, we would like to thank you for being an integral part of our amazing journey.

Enjoy our amazing featured poets . . . they are amazing!

Building Cultural Bridges of Understanding . . .

Bless Up . . . From the home in our hearts to yours

Bill

The Poetry Posse Inner Child Press Ineternational

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Do Not forget about the World Healing, World Peace Poetry effort.

Available here

www.worldhealingworldpeacepoetry.com

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

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



The Horn of Africa



The "Horn of Africa" is of the most eastern part of the Mother Land'. It extends sever thousand kilometers into the Arabian Sea.

Traditionally "The Horn of Africa" included solely the countries of Djibouti, Eritrea, Ethiopia and Somalia. The cultures of these countries have been linked together in similarity and congruity for many centuries and continue to this day. Of late other countries such as Kenya, Sudan, South Sudan and Uganda have been included in the demographic description. The 'Horn of Africa has also been called the "Somalian Peninsula" which primarily refers to Somalia and Easter Ethiopia.

For more information about the culture and people of this region, visit:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Horn_of_Africa







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 . . .









The World Healing, World Peace International Poetry Symposium

Stay Tuned

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'building bridges of cultural understanding' www.innerchildpress.com

Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 \sim wsp

Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

"An Overstanding of an Imperfect Love" &

Notes from the Blue Roof

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me available at Inner Child Press.

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

The Holy Mother Haiku

The Holy Mother's

Horn protrudes into the world

See her influence

Poetry

I pen from a well of need
That you may know me
My heart, thoughts and desires
My observations on the state of
My perpetual disarray
The words and phrases infinite
In combination, like yours and different
One and the same

The taste of a poet's tongue
Is ever sweet, sharp, bitter
Will make you think and feel
And sometimes, just sometimes
Look inside yourself
Yet always truthful when
Laid out for you to examine
A flavor ripened in the universe
From which we pull the power
To share the essentialness of life

Lovers? You and I are always
Whether touching ink to ink
Or inspiring me to feel you
Your words cause goosebumps
To form along the nerves of my spine
Your heart on paper is a holy thing
And I weep in your beauty
I laugh in your joy
I cry in your poignancy
Your limitlessness sets my soul free
To return to your pen again and again

Letter to My Future Love

I am here waiting on you
My heart is in need of healing
I have used this fence to hold it together
But it only holds the pieces
In the hollow of my chest
I don't understand how my love
Could have destroyed me
And yet I yearn for your touch

I am here waiting on you
To help me heal myself
So that when I gift it to you
It is perfect again
Free of the mistakes I have made
Free of the choices I have made

I am here waiting on you
Looking for those rare moments
When we laugh at the same thing
When you can complete my word
Before I even know that there is more
That hasn't been said

I am here waiting on you
To hold my hand in the grocery
In between the oranges and ice cream
To eat the popcorn out my bag
At the movies
And wrap your jacket around me
Until I get to the car

I am here waiting on you
To slide the shirt off my shoulder
Just to kiss my collarbone
To wrap your arms around me
While I wash and you wait to dry
To call me in from cooking
To share a silly commercial

I am here waiting in you
To allow me to wrap my legs around you
And pull you close to me
To be ready with desire
Hungry for the feel of you
To taste every inch of your skin
On the tip of my tongue

I am here waiting for you
To prove that love is strong
And faithful and true
To show me what it's like
To know you unconditionally
In good times and trying times
I want to know that wherever we are
That our love will remain special
So until then
I am here waiting on you

Alicja Maria Kubzrska



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

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

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

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

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

Lake Victoria

It was once called a huge stain of water and it spilled on the hot and thirsty African soil.

Man turned the basin into a meadow. Green plants covered the blue water.

Nature entangled water hyacinths in a mourning wreath. It threw a thick shroud on the shiny surface of water.

The greed and stupidity of humans broke the ecosystem to shreds.

It is delicate and complicated like the spider's web.

Now the fish – invaders live In the depths of the lake. Old species died - they lost the fight with intruders.

The cradle of the Nile turned into a graveyard. Plankton disappeared and life-giving oxygen, too.

The rainbow

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

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

I blow away the worries Together with grey fog

Little town

I walk along the streets of the town, Which I once loved. Today, I am an indifferent stranger. I barely recognize it.

There are no more old, hospitable aunts. No more nosy neighbors hidden behind curtains, Or brave men with war stories. They are gone.

Time changed everything, Not only the people, houses, streets and trees. It seems to me that it even Repainted the shade of the sky.

Jackiç Pavis Allen



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

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

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

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

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

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

A Snapshot

The Horn of Africa is a peninsula in Northeast Africa consisting of four countries: Ethiopia, Djibouti, Somalia, and Eritrea.

More than 700 square miles, 100+ million people.

Some ancient inhabitants were writers, painters, architects, musicians, farmers.

Lovers of education, literature.

How fortunate to have discovered these facts!

Some of their peoples practice traditional religions while others still practice Christianity,

Judaism and Islam

As they have for many centuries.

On Stage

A major heat wave arrives, strives

To scorch the green of the earth.

Colorful birds, in parch of thirst, flit And flutter between, beneath the trees.

Congregating, as if I had invited them, To a party, are a host of cardinals, robins.

Their babies, a family of woodpeckers, A Canada Jay, and a tiny hummingbird.

They search the grass and the garden For insects, worms, for anything to eat.

These little ones are so appreciative For the showering blessing the rains provide,

And that which flows from my landscape's water hose. In return, with joy, they gift me with their presence.

The Noose that Strangles the Truth

With all the political-correctness-buzzing by Enablers, On Propaganda's Air Waves, I've considered taking a nap, Hibernating just long enough to wake up and see a new Day has arisen, a day when the Nation has chosen again,

A strong Leader, one beholden only to the people.

A leader with strong values, One that supports the Constitution, One who loves America and its people And wants to make America Great Again.

It isn't as easy as that, of course.

One cannot bury one's Head in the sand.

Though many do, caring not for truth, for legality,

Wanting only to avoid being caught

In the quagmire of deceptions. And its Lies.

A Patriot once said, "Give me Liberty or give me Death".

I say, Those Who do not Rise up to Support And Lift up our country Are the same ones who wish To Drag it back down into the morass, Back into a land Where Truth, Ethics and Morality wear blindfolds.

And speak out of both sides of their mouth.

Where citizens lives are discounted, where "all" lives don't Matter. Where Top Secret, Eyes only, and Confidential Documents Are handled as if Secrets are to be hung out To dry. For Anyone to see, to be Snatched off the line.

Never mind that the intent was Overt. (She says not).

Understand this: it did and does make a difference. So here's your chance to Win the Lottery. Stand up! Kick the Incompetents out: the rampant, Negligent Nincompoops that would drag our country into ruin.

The Guilty one says,"What difference Does It Make?"

Some would, by party stance, Dance on the Rights Of our Citizens, our Heroes, our Military, our Veterans, Our Police, and the Legal Immigrants. They're the ones Who Safeguard the Rights endowed to us.

By the Constitution.

We hold these rights most dear.

We will Not be Taxed into Subservience,

Nor Led into the Cult that would further Bankrupt us

And our children's children.

Propaganda is the Noose that Strangles the Truth!

Stand up before it's too late!

Quash the Party Line that would make of our country
A country of illegals, who follow not the rules!

Stand up and make a difference!

Beware of those playing loose with the truth!

Tzgmin Ition Tsai



Dr. Tzemin Ition Tsai (蔡澤民博士) was born in Republic of China, in 1957. He holds a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering and two Masters of Science in Applied Mathematics and Chemical Engineering. He is a professor at Asia University (Taiwan), editor of "Reading, Writing and Teaching" academic text. He also writes the long-term columns for Chinese Language Monthly in Taiwan.

He is a scholar with a wide range of expertise, while maintaining a common and positive interest in science, engineering and literature member.

He 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.

Before Sunset

Tomorrow has been waiting
Deeply extending to the Arabian Sea
That mountain edges are my supports and malicious
concealments too
I won't begin to surface my fatigue before now
More not allowed you to come
Although I am about to disappear
Black wilderness
Responding to The Land of Punt
Leave silently with the wind
The iridescent Clouds are still willing to act as my crown
Golden-winged grosbeaks vying for food on the branches

I will definitely come back
Like the Speke's gazelles at the foot of the mountain
The flower has begun to close
The clouds were no longer clearly defined
Under full will
Equidistant distance from the equator and the Tropic of
Cancer
Horn of Africa
My last light today
Will shoot to Kilmia
Cushitic, our words
Will continue to gallop in this Bilad al Barbar

Kiss

Beautiful body beside curly hair Breast, The world is so sensitive Induced love in the passion Naked Mirage, under the pituitary gland One by one Look at the moving face with excitement Keep up A deeper temptation await Completely surrender and unable to extricate themselves Born too early so much Mother-like supple No intention to be your lover Wait Completely melted in the mouth, One day Only when the infinite passion Love is bleak, floating in the air Before sealing Sufficient Has been living in the perceptual illusion

Those Barbarian Beauties

Brilliant Color clothing, RUBIK stealth in the group of beauties
Rotation layers, aligned grids, leisurely dance
The small square, Miss POCKET
Twisting her waist, petite but indulge in emotions
The dance of the box,
always like to earn people's exclamations again and again

PROFESSOR's and V-FAMILY's sisters rush on like a swarm of hornets comes in a continuous stream, vie with others for glamor Who should I lose my heart to? In this festival, who is the Queen? Mature charm, plump the body and prettily are all can't keep anything to itself

Increased one more surface, PENTAGON
Magic belong to PYRAMIN
Sliding that snake-like skin, MASTERMORPHIX
Crossing the ridge, FISHER
All with obscure axioms waiting to be conquered

How wonderful my concubines How beautiful these cubes are Dance the breath of life in the spring In that kneading, feeding that playfulness has to touchdown Preoccupied In my Rubik's Cubes

Notes: Rubik's Cubes, in my feelings, like the combination of mathematics and magic, are an incredibly beautiful art, long-term comfort my heart, when I need to calm down.

RUBIK, Miss POCKET, PROFESSOR, V-FAMILY, PENTAGON, PYRAMIN, MASTERMORPHIX and FISHER, as mentioned in this poems, all are the names of each kinds of special shape of the Rubik's Cubes.

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

Horn

of Africa Ethiopia Eritrea Somalia Diibouti 1,883,757 km 122,618,170 inhabitants diverse rich history Ethiopia was Habesha Abyssinia emperor Najasi gave refuge to Muslim's fleeing tyranny in Hijaz Arabia ruled by idol worshipers persecuted them who worshiped only one Allah(swt) 7th century Haile Selassie emerged victorious against invaders from Italy 1941 addressed league of nations became sensation 1935 Somalia standing strong Mogadishu city of Islam northeast Africa extends hundreds of kilometers into Arabian Sea

east-most projection of African continent Arabic, Somali, Tigrinya, Afar, Wolaytta, English Islam, Christianity, Judaism, traditional the horn is vast, array of people's, cultures, tongues, beliefs = horn of Africa

Metaphors

dance a creative expression designed to capture all that is love, beauty, life but then comes dance troupe from hell bringing, ringing Shaitan's bell it summons, alerting evil jinns to descend wreaking havoc, bringing mayhem, death. destruction, love covered with appears to be mud is actually dung beauty eradicated ugly takes hold of souls everything becomes something bought, sold quickly same ol \$#!+ grows old give me a metaphor for despair but then again on second thought don't want it. don't need it anywhere near to tear at fabric of essence that which illuminates bright drives devil, jinns away in fright to where dem dwell awaiting inevitable hell dem who thrive in darkness

metaphor for ignorance, intolerance enlightenment much more relevant to life enhance the chance to dance in heaven

food4thought = education

all for 5 minutes . . . you 4real?

that's all this life got in it but dem run a muck like dem just don't give a

- - - -

but in all of 5 minutes jigg is up you done gave everything for a 5 min. fling lady 5 roasted you alive cause you went for okay doke believed the lie you really think we're put here indulge in waste, running to catch mirages all day that which is D.O.A. dead on arrival played your everlasting survival so wipe that smile off your face you who lived in haste gave up honor for disgrace you ain't gonna smile when you lay in that grave awhile and realize what wasn't with you is your pile you hoarded up now it's time to fess up since you dissed the bless up you went for the 5 min. thing messed up found out to late, nothing in it as for forever in bliss you thought you was to cleaver for righteousness

ya'll about scratching the itch for a 5 min. trip now ain't that bout a bitch sure wasn't worth giving up eternal bliss all for 5 minutes you 4real?

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



Find yourself in the pattern. As a 28-year-old photographer, appreciated Kimberly Burnham beauty. Then ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic eye condition saying, "Consider life, if you become blind." She discovered a healing path with insight, magnificence, and vision. Today, 33 years later, a poet and neurosciences expert with a PhD in Integrative Medicine, Kimberly's life mission is to change the global face of brain health. Using health coaching, Reiki, Matrix Energetics, craniosacral therapy, acupressure, and energy medicine, she supports people in their healing from brain, nervous system, and chronic pain issues. As managing editor of Inner Child Magazine, Kimberly's 2019 project is peace, language, and visionary poetry with her recently published book, Awakenings: Peace Dictionary, Language and the Mind, a Daily Brain Health Program.

http://www.NerveWhisperer.Solutions https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham

No Boundaries of Otherness

The Guji people of the Horn of Africa do not create boundaries of otherness between themselves and non-humans in day-to-day conversations

We give priority to "nagaya" peace in Afar with livestock, children and our surroundings all forms living and non-living beings

We say "alaa manni nagayaa?" an inquiry as to the peace and wellbeing inside and outside not of space but of relationship

"Mana" is the home the inside includes humans and livestock with Ayyana spirits

The "alaa" or outside touches on wild animals, forests and rivers all living and nonliving things with which the Guji connect

Abstractly inside is the invisible the internal peace of the human mind outside are visible creatures we experience inner and outer equally important

Acceptance

Peace may start with "aqbal keen" the acceptance of an idea in Somali

Peace "nabáda" may be set in motion by one "arrin keen" one who initiates an idea

Tranquility may be launched with a call for peace "baaqnabadeed"

Peace may begin with "booga dhayid" healing the wounds and recovering

Calm may be made with words "nabadeyn" peace making

Important Peace

In Harari spoken in Ethiopia peace is said "sālam" and "amān" "amān-be" means well or correctly in peace and safety a farewell greeting "amān-be" literally an invocation to spend the night well while repeating this word "amān amān" means important as if doubling down on peace is vital for all of us to sleep well

Clizabeth Castillo



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

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Amhara

Along the plains of Yemen Their origins can be traced Ancient Semitic people in Ethiopia, Abyssinians, they are also called.

Said to be from the tribe of Shem, Descendant of Yoktan There are stories left untold Depicting this eclectic people.

History tells Amhara people's roots Mark to Menelik I, child of The Immortal Lovers, Queen Sheba and King Solomon, With their religion and tradition Inherited from Axum.

Epitome of Real Beauty

one which was borne out of the world's madness or a natural elegant beauty no need of sheer disguises? a graceful lady in the throes of a newly found love, blushing cheeks as sweet memories takes her to heights above.

one who never sulks out of life's biggest jokes at times be there cloudy days today, she knows tomorrow would be sunshine

a lovely face to behold while you're having a ragged day, a cheerful presence out of the blue she comes your way.

a sweet melody she often hums her way in a dreary room gives you hope when everything else falters in a gloom a faithful friend who accepts your flaws and loves you each day,

inner beauty that comes from within, won't easily fade away!

Oneness in the World

I am for unity and oneness in the world

I am against division all because of one's race, color, skin, gender, nationality, and ideologies

In a world full of discrimination everywhere we lay our eyes on,

Disparity among mankind is but an ugly depiction of a changing world.

Despite one's color, one must be embraced and accepted among a flock of different souls

You and I are brothers and sisters even if we are born in far different continents

For we belong to one definite Oneness in the Universe, You and I came from the same old origin of life.

Oneness in the world, will this just be merely a dream?

The choice is ours to take if we agree to respect and embrace each other despite our many differences

Oneness in the world, will you be joining my advocacy of promoting unity among nations?

Oneness in the world is what the world needs now, the choice is ours somehow.

Jog Pairg



Joseph L Paire' aka Joe DaVerbal Minddancer . . . is a quiet man, born in a time where civil liberties were a walk on thin ice. He's been a victim of his own shyness often sidelined in his own quest for love. He became the observer, charting life's path. Taking note of the why, people do what they do. His writings oft times strike a cord with the dormant strings of the reader. His pen the rosined bow drawn across the mind. He comes full-frontal or in the subtlest way, always expressing in a way that stimulate the senses.

www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer

Around The Horn

I bring Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh Gift of the Magi with a hint of cinnamon What place is this that borders water Yet compassion dries out in the Red sea Whom shall be King?

I bless the gatherers of natures gift Can we just enjoy the fruits of this region So many see them and seize them from free men Please men a little sunset on the Jubba Whom shall be King?

I see a new form shaped like the mythical unicorn A broken land mass formed to predict mans path What path allows the time to savor such beauty? Is it man's duty to rule the men who do vile things Whom shall be King?

As The Sunsets

A day of praise and worship
Some of you rise without honoring yourselves
Time in glory or time in the limelight
History shows you get what you give
Existential dribble drooling over kibble
Some days you just have to meditate
Use what faith you have left in you
Never mind that never mind
Somethings asked are answered
Evening comes and you want to get away
Take a moment and sum up your day
Sunday evening are you grieving tomorrow
Are you leaving tomorrow
What's your reason for sorrow
Sunrise sunset and not a memory between them

I simply love just seeing them

Life In July

It's hard to frame a picture without a reference
How can one celebrate their deliverance
Freedom is a term from emotional phycology
I want to preform my apology
I'm sorry it's too hot for you
I'm sorry this month is not for you
Sparklers and red glare sulfur in the air
I can't breathe, I can't breathe
I can't stress enough the duress for a breath of fresh air

It's 5:00 am and it's my only chance to sit still I match the stagnant air as shadows grow
No soul to share (is it hot enough for you)
maybe the rabbit in my yard can smell the coffee
The birds sure as heck express themselves quite loud
Humming birds feed in metallic green flashes
I'm starting to get an image now
Brain being canvas, vision being pen
I write July to end

hülya n. yılmaz



A retired Liberal Arts professor, hülya n. yılmaz [sic] is Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International, and a literary translator. Her poetry has been published in an excess of sixty anthologies of global endeavors. Two of her poems are permanently installed in *TelePoem Booth*, a nation-wide public art exhibition in the U.S. She has shared her work in Kosovo, Canada, Jordan and Tunisia. hülya has been honored with a 2018 WIN Award of British Colombia, Canada. She is presently working on three poetry books and a short-story collection. 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.

hülya n. yılmaz, Ph.D.

Writing Web Site hulyanyilmaz.com

Editing Web Site hulyasfreelancing.com

Incredible Richness

Ten different tongues – in Djibouti alone, Fourteen in Eritrea, ninety in Ethiopia, Yes, nine-ty – not a mere nine, And fifteen in Somalia, With most people in the Horn Communicating within the language family Of the Afroasiatic tongue, or better yet, Utilizing its Cushitic or Semitic branches. Sources declare: They all speak so fine And maintain their level of enriched harmony.

Confusing? Awe-inspiring? Mind-boggling?

Three foreign tongues,
Or rather acquiring each
Took up my entire long-enough life.
Though that quest was not much of a strife,
There were challenges, mind you, on the side.
With whom to communicate through them
Was, in retrospect, the primary internal drive.
Not even nearly as many people on Earth
As the indigenous people of the Horn of Africa,
All of whom are evidenced to be in linguistic and ethnic
Sync. What a heart-soothing, hope-rising concept!
One is left to feel utterly inept . . .

I then wonder what their cultural richness is like . . . It cannot be anything but utter delight.

We Owe Them . . .

Writing systems . . .
We take them for granted.
We sit down in front of a writing gadget,
And just write away. Write, write, write and write.
We tend not to pause to consider how is it, why is it
That we can write. Indigenous writing systems. The key!
We refuse the existence of an us-enabling script,
One that existed for at least 2000 years. The Ge'ez.
We do not even bother to look back to note the design
Of Osmanya, an alphabet of high phonetic sophistication,
One that had come to life in the mind
And through the capable hands of
Osman Yusuf Kenadid,
A Somali poet.

Writing
Poetry . . . ahhh!
The key to sanity within humanity!

In gratitude to Osman Yusuf Kenadid for his Ge'ez And Nuruddin Farah – the celebrated writer of Somalia, One with prestigious awards for his masterpieces of prose, I humbly remain a lover of this burrowed ability To write poetry, even if it is only To maintain my own sanity Within humanity!

Turkish Coffee Anyone?

Next time when I reach for my shiny Cezve and tiny Fincan To indulge myself in the incomparable, mesmerizing Aroma of Turkish Coffee and its enchanting taste, I will bow down in honor of the land That gave us those beans To take my delight in: Ethiopia.

Ethiopia: Your birthing of countless achievements
In countless fields of human advancement at large
Is not forgotten. Oh no!
Forgive my harmless addiction!
I know it can cause me some serious affliction,
But I just have to have my Turkish Coffee to sip,
For then, there is no need for another muddy dip . . .
If not every day, at least seven times a week.
Oh, I know! I do know that I am quite weak,
But, if prepared with TLC to make it gently right
And consumed with the required amount of might,
A smallest Fincan of Ethiopia-gifted Turkish Coffee
Will show off its meant-to-be position: Fully upright.

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

African Horn

The horn is a peninsula that kisses the Arabian Sea in northeastern Africa. The countries of the Horn of Africa are culturally diverse in achievements in agriculture, architecture, art, cuisine, education, literature and music.

Ethiopia claims the earliest known use of seed grass, first to use coffee and known for its unique music. Somalia is known for literature through significant writers in the modern era.

The diverse and talented people of the Horn impacted by mellineums of outside intrusion find themselves living in poverty and chaos blended with violence in today's social scheme.

Catch and Release

Her soul waits with patience. Watches her shatter mirrors overtime, hide behind curtains, hands bleeding.

One day the pain forces her to look around the curtain. An eagle captures fear and takes it away.

She feels a burst of freedom, runs beyond the curtain, sees the birds for the first time sailing on the breeze.

Gold Belt

Pain, scars, sagging body, wrinkle waves are living marks, Notches on the golden belt you wear today.

Wear your belt with gratitude. Let your smile expand its glow. Spray kindness into the universe. Watch love blossoms land on heads of the needy.

You know you arrived in the present moment when your smile touches the heart of another and they smile without knowing why.

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.

Horn of Africa

An ancient land of thirsty soil and luscious souls, baked in bright sunrays.

Life begins, life ends, life gives into life here, flowing, as on wings

giving and receiving in a continuous motion.

You rise to the spirit of drums, the melody of resurgence,

a bold survivor, there are no words to praise your resilience.

Eritrea

A sudden newness dawns on me.

I notice
I have become a bird.

My body is lighter now and my bones hollow.

I can fly defy gravity.

My age is only a number and I love my new incarnation.

It would've driven me insane a few years ago.

Now I appreciate it and love my lover moon.

Waiting

I have many ups and downs many lovers and admirers since you abandoned me.

Someday, if you come back you will find me still the way you left me, waiting.

May be you will find few wrinkles on my face few white Hair, other than you I'm too tired to think...

Caroling 'Cgri Naz' Nazargno



Caroline Nazareno-Gabis a.k.a. Ceri Naz, born in Anda, Pangasinan known as a 'poet of peace and friendship', is a multi-awarded poet, journalist, editor, publicist, linguist, educator, and women's advocate.

Graduated cum laude with the degree of Bachelor of Elementary Education, specialized in General Science at Pangasinan State University. Ceri have been a voracious researcher in various arts, science and literature. She volunteered in Richmond Multicultural Concerns Society, TELUS World Science, Vancouver Art Gallery, and Vancouver Aquarium.

She was privileged to be chosen as one of the Directors of Writers Capital International Foundation (WCIF), Member of the Poetry Posse, one of the Board of Directors of Galaktika ATUNIS Magazine based in Albania; the World Poetry Canada and International Director to Philippines; Global Citizen's Initiatives Member, Association for Women's rights in Development (AWID) and Anacbanua. She has been a 4th Placer in World Union of Poets Poetry Prize 2016, Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet-Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada).

HOA's Wind of Hope

Djibouti,

Salt of the eastern coast, Life-blood of the insurgents, Etched historical links to Issas and Afars, Amidst the cold revolts and war, Djibouti's beauty remained, it was never thawed.

Eritrea,

Its name is deeper as the Red Sea, Urheimat, the original homeland Of kingdoms and empires, The mosques offered flowers, Blossomed exposé and freedom.

Ethiopia,

Landlocked dynasty of Queen of Sheba, Its highlands and mountain ranges, Are the embodiment of Abyssinia's dream, Elevation of full sovereignty, The new flower's dance.

Somalia,

The Land of Punt, Keepers of Myyrh and frankincense, Flanked of cinnamon and spices, Just like its influence To the people, The home of peacemakers.

a walk of purpose

raising the flag
red, blue, white and yellow
red for courage, not bloody revolts
blue for peace, not wars and bombings,
white for purity of heart, not messy evildoings,
yellow for enlightenment, not blackout of freedom,
freedom of expression,
freedom of the people and for the people,
raise the flag,
a walk of respect,
woven for a territory,
sovereignty,
and identity.

quatriemme

crystal clear that was while bathing on the sunset's kisses where ponds, rivers and lakes of love took away the flaws, your heart's sunshine to eternity's quest; that single day was a world of ours, my love, forever.

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 four books. She was conferred upon the Prestigious International Poesis Award of Honor at the 2nd Bharat Award for Literature as Jury in 2015, The Enchanting Muse Award in India World Poetree Festival 2017, World Icon of Peace Award in 2017, and the Pentasi B World Fellow Poet in 2017.. She is the recipient of Gold Cross Of Wisdom Award ,the medal for The Best Teachers of the World from World Union of Poets in 2018. and The LIfe time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BiHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature Award 2018 . She is the Ambassador of Humanity by Hafrikan Prince Art World Africa 2018 and an official member of World Nation's Writers Union, Kazakhstan 2018. At present she is the manager at Large, Planner and Columnist of The Literati, the administrator of several poetic groups, the member of the Special Council of Five of World Union of Poets and the Cultural Ambassador of Inner Child Press U.S.

3 poems for July

I pray for the magic moment

I pray
for the magic moment, mama
a moment
when I can have
cassava porridge on my plate
we can eat together
under the sky
to celebrate moonlit
I will play nasaro of grand father

We shall have to ilets and water You need not have to run miles to get water everyday We shall have our own mundals I wish to pay football, mama I am your lovely daughter

I don't need star or gold coin on my palm just a blanket as I shiver in cold nights I need sanitary napkins, mama

we will not speak habaar
and last but not the least
please don't sell me
to the tall man of that village
I don't want to be his wife,
I am only twelve, mama
I don't want to massage his three wives
and cook for the family of twelve

I want to play pebbles ...
I love my soil, my own Somalia
here forests are green
I wish to smile still greener
give me my smile I pray mama........

Mundals are permanent structures houses made of mud and dung mixture Nasaro is the high ritual drum We will not speak habaar Habaars are ill wish

The Adolescent Fossil

The adolescent fossil screams
obstinate arguments in the ether
don't ever discard a calendar
the somersault
to rupture and bloom
spread the periphery
rather
write the post script
of a sapling

Guarantee of a script

who can guarantee a script? a script is always volatile takes momentum when you wish to be silent a music in a flute that blows seas infinity

does it ever dissolve the shadows? guarantee of a script is refined bark of every tree a command of alphabets that bends as the spine of a farmer who grows corn in a desert?

invisible scripts are golden kites meditation and monologues approaching dawn a hyphen between life and death

dusks are visible as
darkness is also
a celebration to introspect
than glittering lights
you struggle, suffocate
swim, sail and finally dance
to feel light
a script is guaranteed
becomes a language
a value, a bliss
when lips and hearts mingle
to weave a new sky

Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco



I'm a project life philanthropist, I speak about the non ethical treatment of poor ghetto people. Why? My family was their equal, my great grandmother and great grandfather was poor, my grandmother and grandfather, my mother and father, poverty to my family was a sequel, a traditional Inheritance of the subliminal. I paid attention to the decades of regression, i tried to make change, but when I came to the fork in the road and looked at the signs that read wrong <> right, I chose the left, the wrong direction, because of street life interactions a lot around me met death or incarceration. I failed myself and others. I regret my decisions, I can't reincarnate dead men, but I can give written visions in laymens. I'm back at that fork in the road, instead of it saying wrong or right, I changed it, now it says dead men <> life.

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

Horn of Africa

Welcome to the land of Barbara and Habesha.

Djibouti, Eritrea, Ethiopia and Somalia,

The easternmost projection of Africa.

The people converse in mainly in Amharic, Oromo and Somali,

Other languages spoken are English, Arabic, French and Italian.

Islam, Christianity and Judaism are the most common religions.

Architectural wonders include Monolithic Obelisks like King Ezana's Stela

The Citadel,

The Sultanate of Adal in Zeila

along with Fasilides castle in Gondar.

You'll be awe looking in the capital of Ethiopia, Addis Ababa,

Just as you will witnessing the UNESCO world heritage site at Lalibela.

Urban poetry

People that haven't seen or heard from in a long time bug when they hear that I'm a poet with urban bars, they're used to me stretch'n when I'm chef'n and bust'n when cats start front'n, They didn't know I could scratch off scabs and instantly bleed scars. Coagulation narrations. Every time I grab a pen I relive the past, Poor days, rich times and flatlines from bloodbaths. Being able to story tell is a gift gained from living in hell amongst mixn, cuttn, cheffn, bustn semis without leaving shells and how not to get caught makn directs or observation sales. I'm just being honest, inf will always be one of the hardest regardless to the fact I no longer see the blacksmiths and re-up on what guerrillas harvest. I go back to the times of holes in walls, stamp and cap color wars, trapped up grocery stores, counting stacks of money from waistlines to the floor and all the way up to now where I hardly see a familiar face anymore. The in betweens are tragic... addictions, football number bids and caskets. My past of drugs, guns and murder became my written and spoke'n genre. All the time spent in the trenches with my A alike brothers made me a seasoned vet, professional mourner and author. Shedding light on darkness is my aim, because young playas hear all the pros and none of the cons of the game.

Inner voices

When I was angry I trained myself to stay home, I knew the first dude that got out of line will get lined up by blue or chrome. Had anger issues because of living in poverty, living with a slug in me and because the root of all evil took a lot of my people and I can't shake the look of their wives and mothers crying, blowing snot in tissue, looking at reality and wishing it wasn't true. I kept pushn for those that was still here while mourning those around me in the shape of air. I had to deal with good and bad voices when I was tight. Inf walk away... Bellaco show em the light. Inf va got a lot to lose... bellaco wet shit up, show em how you move. I had to let time pass in meditation so I don't make bad decisions due to emotion by listening to the "bad" conversation. I'm a survivor of a kill or be killed era, had to be ready whenever and wherever, it didn't matter the caliber, it was all about who's aim was better, it's a cold cold world, I just adjusted with the weather, that's why when there's any kind of drama temptation immediately tries to take over. Bellaco it's water...

.

Cliza Segiet



After earning a Master's Degree in Philosophy at the Jagiellonian University in Krakaw, Poland, Eliza Segiet proceeded with her post-graduate studies in the fields of Cultural Knowledge, Penal Revenue and Economic Criminal Law, Arts and Literature and Film and Television Production in the Polish city, Lodz.

With specific regard to her creative writings, the author describes herself as being torn in her passion for engaging in two literary genres: Poetry and Drama. A similar dichotomy from within is reflected on Segiet's own words about her true nature: She likes to look at the clouds, but she keeps both of her feet set firmly on the ground.

The author describes her worldview as being in harmony with that of Arthur Schopenhauer: "Ordinary people merely think how they shall 'spend' their time; a man of talent tries to 'use' it".

Mother Nature

translated from Polish by Artur Komoter

Where
the salty lakes
hide their springs,
where
the earth
shows its life
– enchanted we congeal.
The magic of colors is happening.

Dallol fascinates, the Afars see it every day.

The hopes do not languish that one day, not yet stripped of beauty, the terrestrial extraterrestrial patch of the world will delight not only the natives but those who will visit this place and not leave behind civilizational monuments of their own stupidity.

Everyday

translated from Polish by Artur Komoter

When you leave everyday life far behind, so you can wait out the bad times here, comes alive in you the memory: of the cloudy sky and beautiful moments of forgetfulness.

Although memories and plans cross with each other – you know that nothing will be like it was yesterday.

Always repeat: it was good that I was here.

Tomorrow, it may surprise you.

This Moment

translated from Polish by Artur Komoter

Ready for happiness,

we greedily go towards it.

And when it opens like a

dawn-awakened nenuphar,

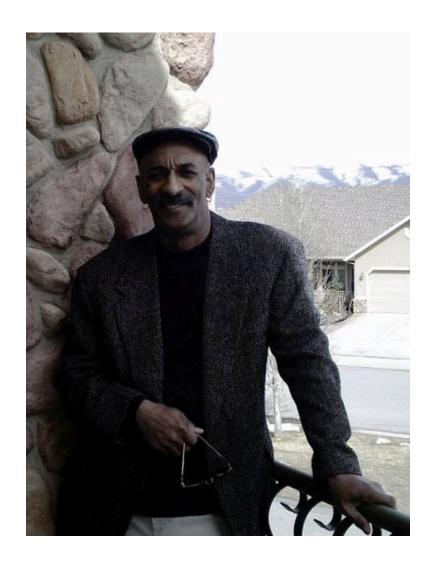
it is not because

it will always be so,

but in order to enjoy

this moment.

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 40 additional Volumes of Poetry, Short Stories, etc., expressing his thoughts on matters of the Heart, Spirit, Consciousness and Humanity. His primary focus is that of Love, Peace and Understanding!

Bill says . . .

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

to connect with Bill, he is all things Inner Child

www.iaminnerchild.com

Personal Web Site

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Let loose my horn

They grabbed her by the Horn And proceeded to wrestle her To the ground . . . Yes, she shall rise again And re-announce her prominence As the flagship Of creation

Her bowels are rich
With minerals, gold and culture
Still yet to be
Fully reconnoitered,
Negotiated,
Or exploited

Come back and take me She bellows Into the peninsula Of life, Come back And see what riches We have for you

Open thine eye . . .

Open thy heart . . .

And thy soul shall live . . . forever

Explore our mountains
Walk our valleys
Roll in our plains
And drink of our waters
While our Sun kisses you

Gently upon the lips Of your dreams Of civility

I beseech you O Seeker, Come, And I too shall kiss you with tenderness Upon your weary brow And we can resurrect ourselves As one

Let loose my horn

The Game of Thrones

Dear Friends from the 'Quiet World'
Who speak not up
Of the wrong . . .
There will come a time
When 'Time' comes for you
And I am sure then
You will change your 'Silent Song'

You sit idly and comfortably by Ignoring with ease the parade As humanity moves forth In celebrance Towards perdition As you play your games . . . Charades

Oh, yes my friend You too will not escape Should the burning house come tumbling down . . . But don't you worry nor fret my friend We will let you keep your shine-less crown

So be content, for in the mean time And embrace your 'Not Me' stance When the music of truth begins to play For the final time You too are invited To the dance

The fools have ruled the castle Perhaps a bit too long my friend Their dastardly deeds done in shadows But when the light of truth comes to stay They all shall meet their end

And should you wish to hold on You can join them too Cloaked in your indifference and ignorance Given to you by the elitist few

The tail CAN NOT wag the dog
In spite of what you believe,
For we the people,
The bottom dwellers of your
Now failing world
Have conceived
And shall achieve
A new way,
A new thought,
A new humanity
That shall exemplify a love
For all . . . even you
In our new
Game of thrones

Absolute

Infusion Illusion Delusion Conclusion

What Is God? Have You Seen Him Lately? Have you spoken with Him today?

Absolute Belief Offers absolute Relief Absolutely

The miracles you seek
are yours to command
learn to demand
of your self
to open and receive
the fruits of what you believe
for you are free to conceive
incieve
achieve
that of your Heart's Desires
but you must tend the fire
and make sure it does not go out
when faced with your doubt
or the bouts
with the world of things

shed the tears let go the fears for they are of the World

for the world is built not upon a rock nor is it eternal it is but Infusion Illusion Delusion Conclusion

which shall pass as it always has Absolutely

this brings forth the contusions of our Souls and the lesions upon our hearts that no longer feel what it knows to be real

Absolute

July 2019 Featured Poets

~ * ~

Saadeddin Shahin Alok Kumar Ray Fahredin Shehu Andy Scott



Saadeddin Shahin



Saadeddin Shahin is a Jordanian poet, novelist, essayist and children literature writer.

He was born in Beit Jala, Palestine, on May 7, 1950. He started his career as a teacher, then a principal. He also served as a chief of social and psychological services, and a manager of students' affairs. Additionally, he founded an educational organization in Jordan of which he is currently the director. Shahin is a board member and vice president of Jordanian Writers Association (JWA). He is a member of Arab Writers Union, and Asian and African Writers' Union, He served as chief editor of *Awraq* Journal for several terms. In 1990 he founded the Ajneha (Wings) Band for Heritage and Culture.

He has published nine books of poetry, including *An Oasis Of Hope* (1993), *In The Notebook of The Dream* (1997), *The Heights Of Shadow* (1997), *I See What Yamama Saw* (2009), *Alone Save For The Shirt Of Songs* (2015), and *Innocent Bleeding*(2018). He has also published a novel entitled *Death Does Not Always Come* (2002).

Details...

Translated from Arabic by : Dr. Sahar Khalil

Details of this bitter Absence dissolved me Since I promised to slaughter the lambs which got fat As seasons yet depart my realm .. My ever lasting wonder For what may hide in the Earth's fur After wild winter's ploughs, of awaiting worries

Like a spilling dream came I From a flower in withering sphere And on the touch of fingers I became a fossil in the heart .. But sea did not cherish this Shine

Thus, cloned he waves after waves, To through us in deep of the seas

Neither the Shark sharps his teeth To behold our Beauty at the last Wedding .. And swallow the Sacrifice Spittle As folks feed their Joys, once to the huge ocean And once to the deep of deeps

Nor the Whale opens a gate For us to get rest, while its hollow carry us on Towards a land, of arbours with season's grapes Over whom we cross, wounded and hurt So she grants our bodies to the dust ..

Like clouds, picked I came When seasons ceased to exist

To reach out the point of all seas, who kidnapped my lust All at once ..

And here I reach the rescue years
On the cairn of our dreams
Like some dervish and believers I prayed
That no other choice I had

It was my dissolve's details that I reached And still, I didn't improvise my songs Which stormed me much as I register them on the hymn of the hearts of the poor

Outside the door stands a crew of hungry people And behind the windows is the semen of our Dominants They have their share, We must obey

Forced by heredity to have my blood Chronic in my blood

I tamed my hand through the fingers To slightly rub the match And feel pity for it from the burn

Who can, then, light the tar in the sea gloominess? So can the boats without me pass ..

Just as we, Lamps get bribed as well
Oils of food,
tar,
and stoves
And so awake beacons from the lamp's dormancy

Like the sleep, are bribed with their dreams, longer they stay
But longer they lost

Fond of women's neigh I am Who made of their trills, A map for Joy

Once, in the wedding of virgins
Another, when they seek to ride the Reversion
To the saddle of Death
When crowned with Martyrdom and promotion

Impressed by the wind Who might whisper the Silence of the seas To award the waves a song among the emptiness

Shut is the way to release Merely belongs to release!

Now digital is this World So dig in the heap of wind, and fetch my digit Out from your archives Thou who are deeply busy investigate!

Now, through this frothing Ether Between my ink and my Molar

My digit is not hard in your possession My voice now is only my whisper!

And here I swear in my Name And in the Remedy's in the churches And in our impregnable Verses and in my sacred Jerusalem That uttered now Is my own voice, my own sensation

It's all mine now
Do not overstrain with investigation

However, after every Elapse I will declare that what you hear is only nonsense!

And that what lies in my mouth is a sting As a pursued man in the territory of "Abs" *

^{* &}quot;Abs" was one of the most famous Arabic tribes with strong fighters in the past history.

Like an ancient door

Translated from Arabic by : Dr. Sahar Khalil

Like an ancient door
They step all mornings on my threshold
Then I listen
To the last passengers

Whenever a knocker stroke my wood My ribs protest Against me to the passengers

When few of them passed me, said to me;-Sandalwood is mine And that I am root natured Others said:- waterwheels On such this strider rounds

It is the Extreme And embezzled crossing is now easy through Before, all those who passed my threshold were Bending if they wished to pass across

My woodworm gnawed me
I never believed but her
When she said:
You, door
You are nothing but a crossing terminal
But I have no sin except of
That I the door's wood rot

You door! you can
Only still be an ancient door
a way
for the incomings to seek shield in your shadow
when they step the steps

when they pass their hands on the door over what the good formers have left and flow over into the under wing of the graves

out of you door, come out all brides at wedding at you begins the line up at the king's doors starts the weak people bend

I never believed but her And she goes on snorting me And there she widely opens Abyss in the wall leading to my attic In the last passage

Little Bird.. sing

Translate from Arabic by : D . Sahar Khaleel

wrote this by the inspiration of a little bird on the riverbank of Jordan's river by the baptism,
Drop by my grave ..

And mention do not wave Infatuated he was, with poplar trees, by the fence of his village ..

Carrying in his hands a little bird's repast Who was gasping to cross the fence ..

Wind was hodgepodge of things .. Most of glass ...

Feather of wings over wings.. Migrates to lands he just left

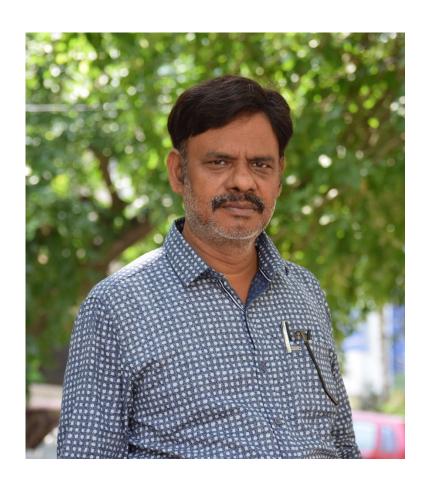
And draws among the pine trees A melody song symbolize the lover's kiss

Thousand doors shut the wind And .. Broke the bar!

fetch the nest when you return for its tune And warble enough soon To make every body hear And between your hands every fain bends And capricious wakes up

Oh little bird, warble as much as you can So the nest on your lips will still be shown Wherever folded you the ways of disperse

Alok Kumar Ray



Bio: Dr. Ray teaches political science to both undergraduate and postgraduate students. He is a bi-lingual poet and writes both in Odia and English. Many poems written by him have been published in a number of national and international journals, anthologies, tabloids and newsletters. He regularly contributes poems to a number of online poetry groups of repute. He resides at the district headquarters of Jagatsinghpur in the state of Odisha, India.

illusion

not a day dreamer i am not a person who indulges in sarcasms still then in wee hours of a fine morning before birds could start chirping dews could dazzle grasping golden morning sun a surreal dream me before i could wake up a nymph was dancing in the air her flowerly vessel navigating the blue sky velvety ambience engulfing the whole fragrance of flowers mesmerizing the meadow spinning she like a whirlwind i was engrossed in deep ecstatic view her alluring but crooked look, luscious lips entangled me like the ring of satrun her song was sweety, intoxicating suddenly found i morning sun painted the sky in yellowish hue went away she from my thought purview sweat rolled on my forehead signaling fright i discovered me in a meadow where the zyphr was leisurely blowing so soothing the vicinity, i was surprised suddenly i woke up drenched with anxiety i found me in a bed ravaged by rotten thought, very unrealistic

i am walking away

i walking away for greener pasture i am walking away with painful gesture i am walking away to rebuild my stature some men are like straight line they don't intersect but shine i belong to this genre very fine

no place is there for compromise in my dictionary its better to leave than to live sans essential glossary i don't think life can be plagued by occasional treachery i will revert back chasing cacophonous humdrum i will set new goals amidst enchanting spectrum treat this my dear as my last ultimatum

i have the required tenacity to embrace stride your rancorous rues i will submerge being tide life is a huge canvas to bring laurel if one deserts pride

imagination, take me there where i have never been

- i am longing to live life of the countryside, unmindful of any rule of loss or gain to abide
- want to play from morning to night, no restriction that may cause fright
- with friends i will compete to catch butterflies, to get relief from defeat i will rely on cries
- swim and sink in the nearby river, till parents browbeat to block my entry to home for ever
- spend the whole night with friends sans parent's approval, in the morning come back home and face trial
- ride up to top of the tree to pluck berry, falling down unluckily and bear minor injury
- skip school and go the nearby fair, return in the evening and get thrashing by dad seems unfair
- tear papers from notebooks to make paper boats very fancy, get ultimatum from teachers for delinquency
- imagination, take me there where i have never been, being a city child which i have never seen

Fahredin Shehu



Fahredin Shehu is a writer, a critic, Independent Scientific Researcher in the fields of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics and a certified expert in Adult learning on the platforms of Capacity Building, Training, Coaching, Mentoring and Facilitating. A member of the European Academy of Poets and the Poetry Center at Roehampton University in London, Shehu is Director and Organizer of the Kosova International Poetry Festival.

Born in 1972 in Rahovec – South-East of Kosova, Shehu graduated from Prishtina University with a degree in Oriental Studies. Passionate about Calligraphy, he actively works on discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific form of plastic art.

Three Fives by Nine

5.

- 1. You said: "Be!" and it became six times
- 2. the repetition of foreign genetic code.
- 3. The red dice I throw in the Sea of Galilee.
- 4. I saw senile while drinking the last absolute of life.
- 5. Nard, Amber, Jasmine, Cedre, Horse skin.
- 6. I also made an elixir of aromas- to wait
- 7. thus that multiple wing light
- 8. to transport me to the below Arctic
- 9. and from there to the tears that I alone must smell

5.

- 1. We tried to get drunk by dews and by drunkenness
- 2. our wine turned blood, until we got sick and
- searching for the diluted ecstasy. We remained intoxicated
- 4. as those in love in the eyes of whom is visible only
- 5. the star distance, while cheeks are wet by tears and turn
- 6. to nacre. Here we are oh you Giants of Soul,
- 7. the God's servants. Not like us, not like anyone else, but like you. The white
- 8. light while it enfolds you, while it covers
- 9. your rainbow color luminosity.

5.

- 1. I saw them crying and crying I felt
- 2. in suspicion shall I preserve this
- 3. stream of love for all
- 4. worlds in order to keep the freshness like
- 5. dew drops when they moisten a bending
- 6. grass-leaves. Doves observing and
- 7. butterflies with fluttering wings only
- 8. temporarily showing their beauty so to
- 9. leave their vestige like poets leaves their verses.

Andrew 'Andy' 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 a classrooms, judge poetry competitions as well as be published worldwide in such publications as The Art of Being Human, Battered Shadows and The Broken Ones. His books, *Snake With A Flower, The Phoenix Has Risen, The Path, The Storm Is Coming* and *Through My Eyes* are available now. *Searching* is his fifth poetry collection.

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

http://twitter.com/JustMaritimeBoy

http://andrewmscott.com

http://www.facebook.com/andymscott

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Paradise Gone

Rosie looks from a cracked sidewalk that is covered in fresh soot from the fresh, burned out home that was once Rosie's.

Not even the wooden frame is left.

All taken by the hunger of a fire.

Flames that feasted, leaving Rosie to stare, confused at what to do with her dream, paradise gone.

Old Ned walks down the smoldering road that is covered in the burnt remains of the businesses that are no longer in the once postcard town.

Now full of the colour of black and ash, lined with shells of cars and trucks that are now burned to a skeleton of the once picturesque paradise, now gone.

Defeated firefighters laying motionless in a make shift camp in a nearby town. Thoughts of what they could not save. The flames won the battle against all they had.

The winds pushed the destruction to a place where they had to surrender. A retreat, leaving possessions and people behind. Finding those that could not be saved. Tears did not exhaust the flames that continue to dance in their numb minds for the rest of their and everyone's lives. The paradise is gone.

Shaking In A Hole

Little Jane covers herself in a trusty blanket, shielding herself from the sunlight and the unpredictability of the outside world.

The worries about how others will see her. Thoughts of how her clothes look. Are the hair and make-up just right? People are harsh within their eyes.

Little Jane worries about the front lawn and how walker-bys see the flowers. Poor husband has to weed each weekend to get her to stop fretting about perfection.

An everyday job at the bakery is the only time Jane goes out even then the internal fight to walk through those doors.

The days outside are too much, inside is so much better so no one can judge her as Little Jane stares, shaking in her hole.

The Mutant

The explosion just happened. I did not even feel anything until I woke up four days later, laying in a hospital bed.

The nurses and doctors tried to explain as they dressed and undressed bandages on my hot face as to why I was there.

The steam from a pressured pipe burned the face and neck after bursting while I was being our home's plumber. This is what I was told. I remember nothing of that day.

The healing took months with the skin graphs to cover the burned portions or what could be covered.

My face has the scars.
Red, blistered scars with lines.
I will never be able to hide them.
Not from the people that stare
when I am seen without a hat and hoodie
that is constantly hiding the evidence.

My workplace gave me a walled office so others would not stop looking and talking or so no one would see customers flinching.

My house has gotten quieter as my partner left months after I walked back through the door. Affection was hard for her to give. The sadness in her face said everything. Do not blame her for getting affection elsewhere.

I sit in the dark a lot now most of the time hoodie still on. It is a habit now. Hiding this mutant from even myself.

Remembering

our fallen soldiers of verse

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

Glan W. Jankowski 16 March 1961 ~ 10 March 2017





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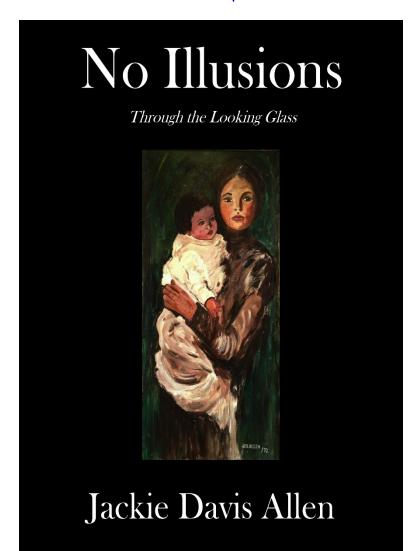
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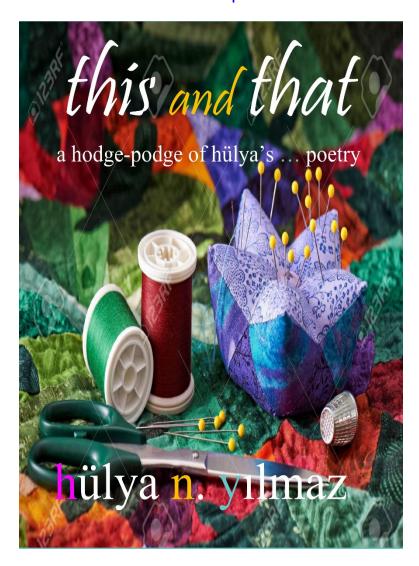
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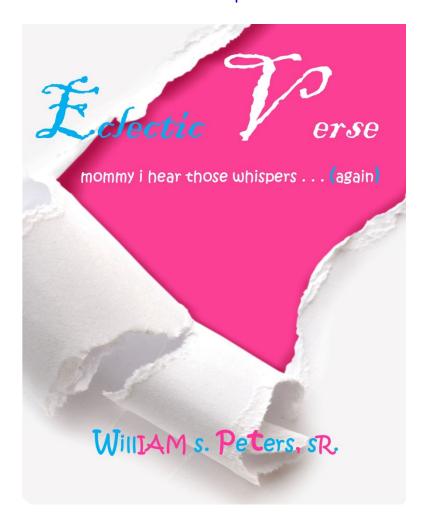
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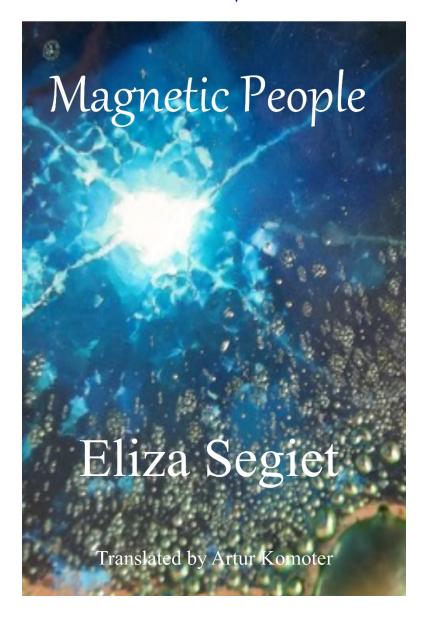
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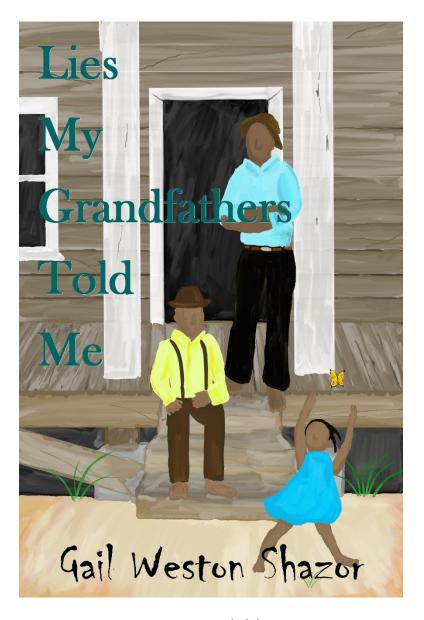


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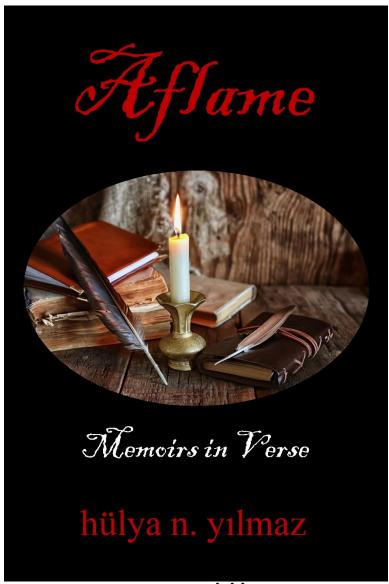
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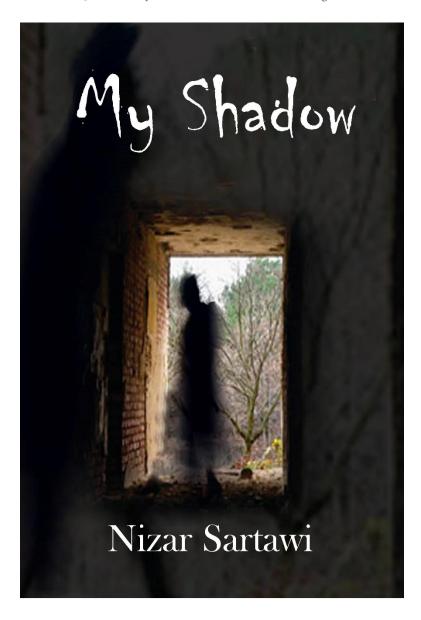
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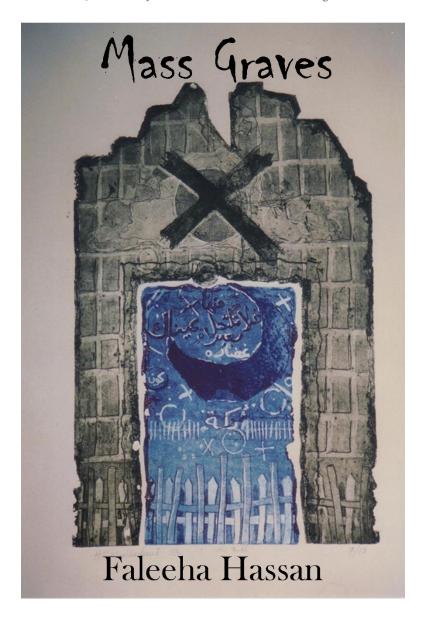
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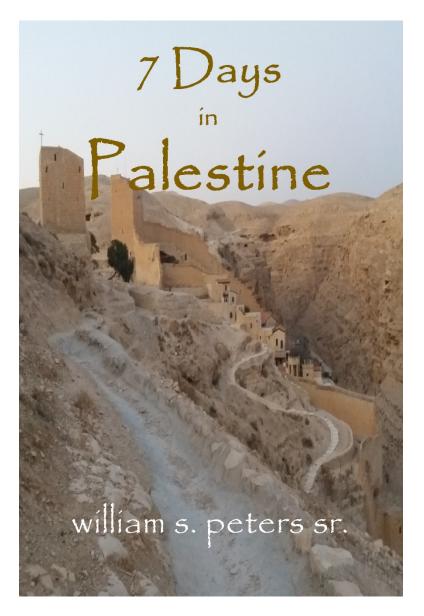
for

Butterflies



Faleeha Hassan

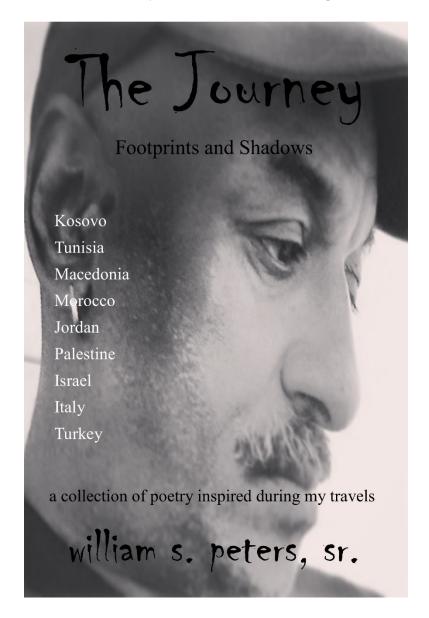
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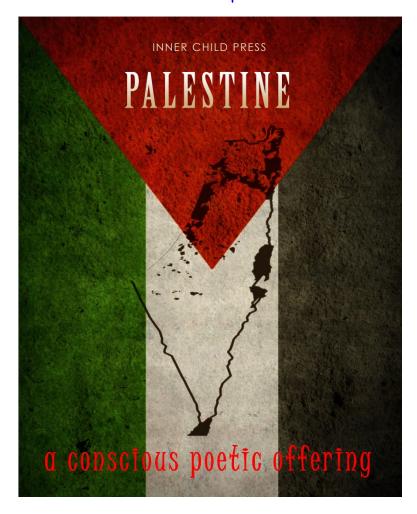
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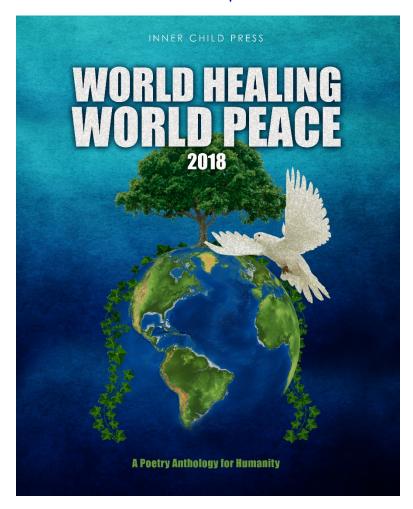
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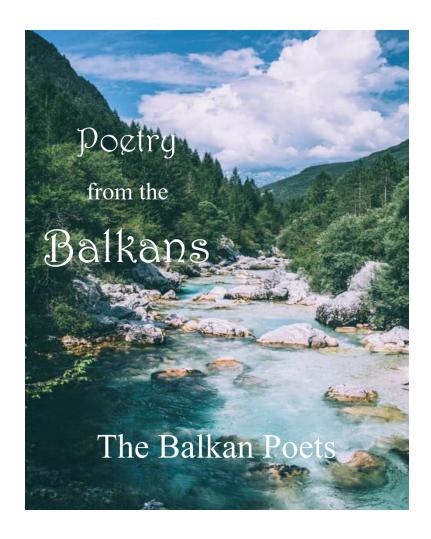
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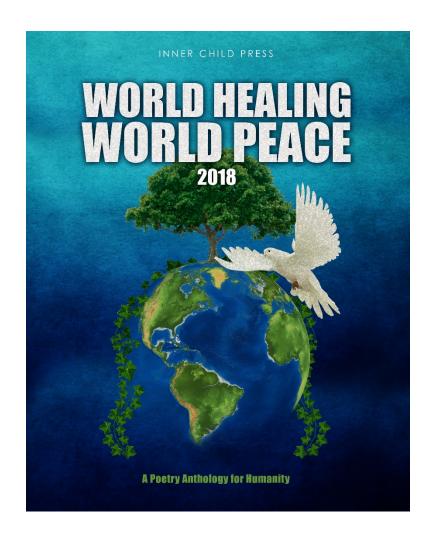
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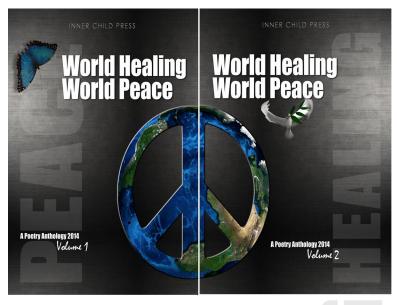


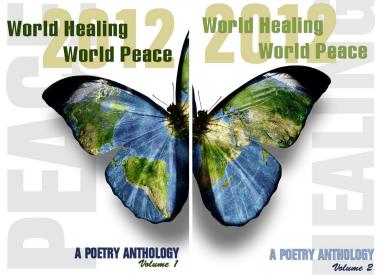
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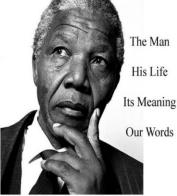


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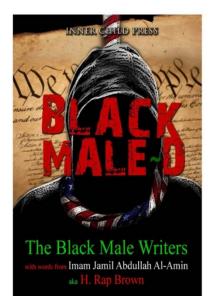
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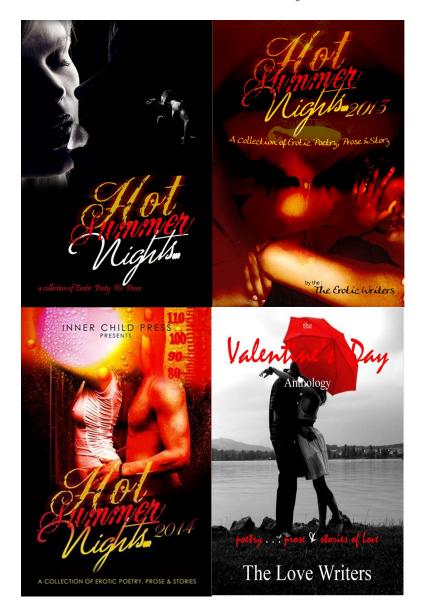




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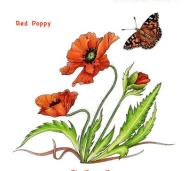
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The Tooling Tosse

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October 2014



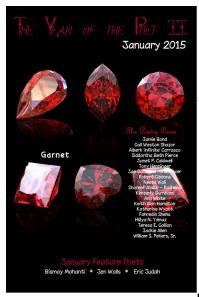
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October Feature Poets
Ceri Naz * Rajendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo



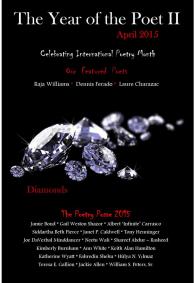


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June 2015

June's Featured Poets



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July 2015

The Featured Poets for July 2015

Abhik Shome * Christina Neal * Robert Neal



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August 2015



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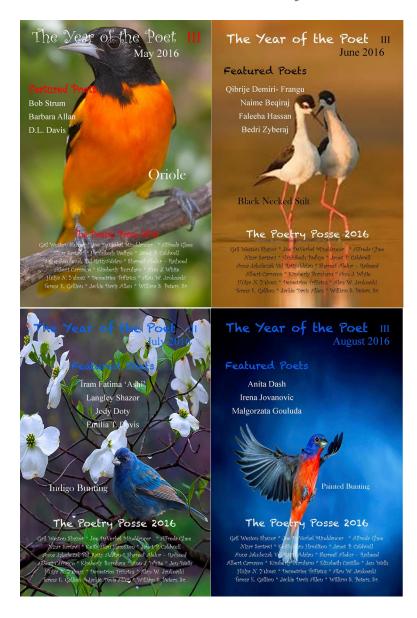
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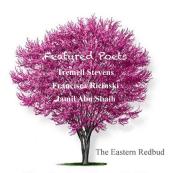


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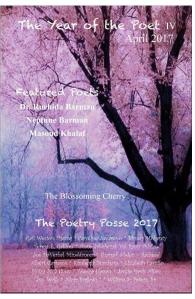
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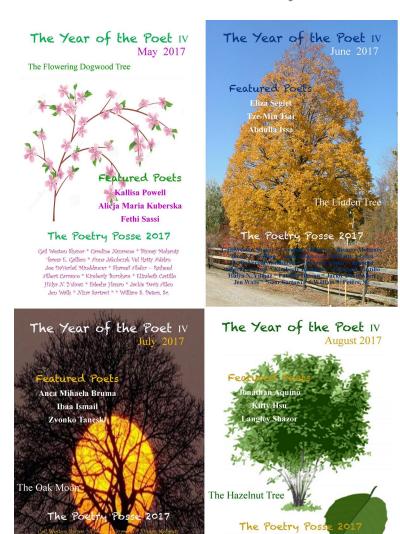


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98 Weston etgzon of the Common waterbase of April Adelan Joe DeVerbel Minddancer "Shareef Albdur — Rasheed Albert Cerresco "Kimberly Burnham" Elizabeth Cestillo Hulya N. Vulmaz "Faleshe Hasson" Jackie Dreis Allen Jen Wells "Nor Sartavi" "William S. Peters, Sr.

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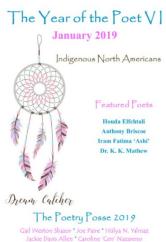
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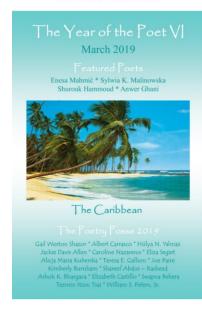


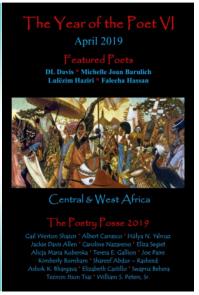
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June 2019

Featured Poets

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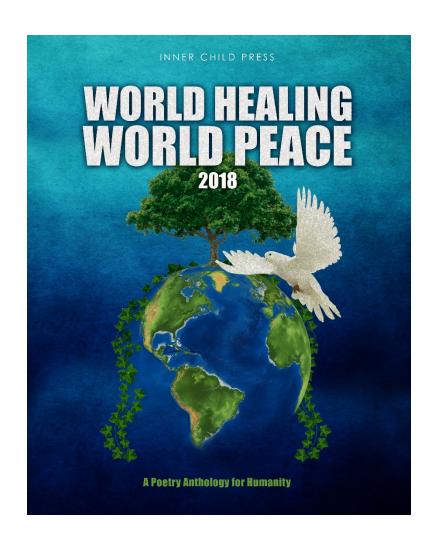
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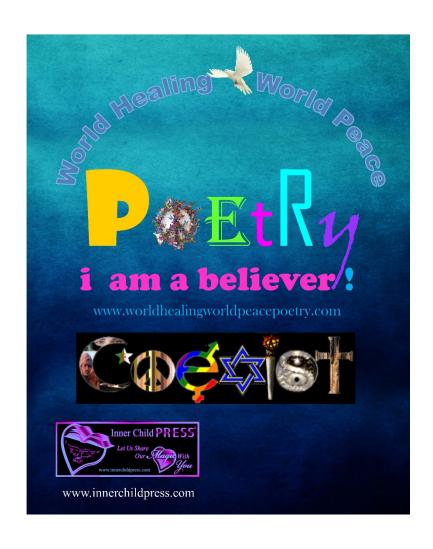
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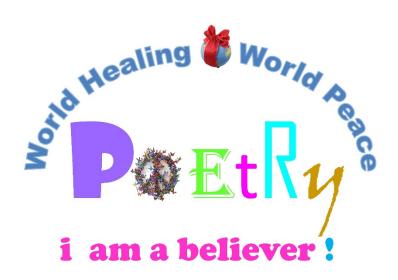
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