Featured Poets

Mykola Martyniuk * Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard * Karn Praktisha

Norman Ernest Borlaug ~ 1970





The Year of Peace Celebrating past Nobel Peace Prize Recipients

The Poetry Posse 2020

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



July 2020

The Poetry Posse

inner child press, ltd.

The Poetry Posse 2020

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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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 VII July 2020 Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2020

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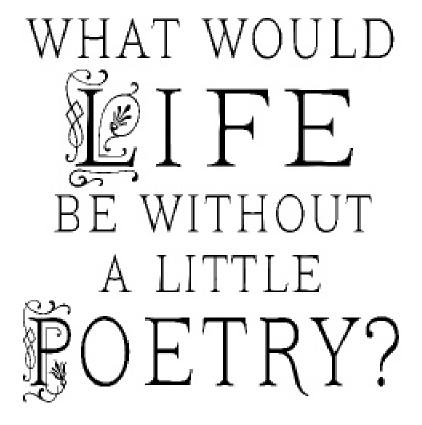
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This Book is dedicated to

Humanity, Peace & Poetry

the Power of the Pen can effectuate change!

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



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

Janet P. Caldwell

Table of Contents

Foreword Preface Norman E. Borlaug	ix	
	xi	
	xv	

The Poetry Posse

Gail Weston Shazor	1
Alicja Maria Kuberska	9
Jackie Davis Allen	13
Tezmin Ition Tsai	21
Shareef Abdur – Rasheed	27
Kimberly Burnham	35
Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo	41
Joe Paire	49
hülya n. yılmaz	57
Teresa E. Gallion	65

Table of Contents . . . continued

Ashok K. Bhargava	71
Caroline Nazareno-Gabis	77
Swapna Behera	83
Albert Carassco	91
Eliza Segiet	97
William S. Peters, Sr.	103

July's Featured Poets 115

Mykola Martyniuk	117
Orbindu Ganga	125
Roula Pollard	131
Karn Praktisha	137

Inner Child News145Other Anthological Works173

Foreword

Welcome to the 79th volume of *The Year of the* Poet brought to you by the Inner Child Press Poetry Posse plus a few featured friends. Within the microcosm of peace and Nobel Peace Prize winners, this month we turn our attention to sustainability, a green revolution that has been building for a long time. We amplify the voice of one man who wanted to see each person feed. We ask ourselves how we can help sustain the world, not just those who are rich, those who are in urban environments, or just those in rural farms, and we are still looking for answers 79 or so years after Norman Borlaug started helping Mexico become self-sufficient in wheat. An American born in 1914, Borlaug won the 1970 Nobel Peace Prize. His goal was to strike a balance between population growth food and production—creating enough food to sustain everyone's dreams and ambitions. Borlaug's success in Mexico made him a much sought-after adviser especially in South American and Asian countries where food production was not keeping pace with population growth.

As poets we use our creativity, awareness, and pens to bring both peace and sustainability to the world. With enough creativity to find solutions that have been overlooked, spreading the word about the possibility for greatness in a world where every child is nourished, we bringing consciousness through sharing our thoughts, listening to those around us, and reflecting back our community wisdom. In a diverse environment many great ideas can thrive, grow, and be amplified by those who listen and see the beauty in diversity and sustainability for all. A pen, a computer, letters on a sheet of paper, we say are mightier than the sword. We lay down our swords to write, think and pray for a spark that will ignite a generation bringing peace and justice to the darkness.

Peace can grow and hunger subside when each person's contribution matters, is seen and valued. As you read these poems listen to the cacophony of voices they represent, not because we few are representative of all but because we each grow in different environments, learn unusual things and listen to those in our diverse communities. Our words reflect our love of one person, a community, the natural world, or an idea. As we put pen to paper or fingers to the keyboard, we seek to create a world in which each voice is valued, and each person is nurtured.

Il this while, still realizing that we live in a world where we have the power to amplify certain voices and affirm: Black Lives Matter.

Kimberly Burnham, Spokane, WA

Preface

Dear Family and Friends,

Ges I am excited and feel accomplished as we enter our seventh year of publishing what I and many others deem to be a worthy enterprise, *The Year of the Poet*.

This past year we have aligned our vision with that of Nober Peace Prize Recipients. We have title this year's theme. The Year of Peace! Hopefully thorugh our sharing each month, our poetry can have a profound effect on our global consciousness and the need for peace while educating ourselves and our readership about some of the individuals who have made history through their efforts to promulgate peace for all of humanity.. We are on our way to hitting yet another milestone. Needless to say, I am elated.

To reiterate, 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 poets, 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 audience. 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 coming year we have elected to continue our focus of choosing what we consider a significant subject . . . PEACE! In each month's volume you will have the opportunity to not only read at least one poem themed by our Poetry Posse about members such celebrated Peace Ambassadors, but we have included a few words about each individual in our prologue. 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.

Cnjoy 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

PS

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

Available here

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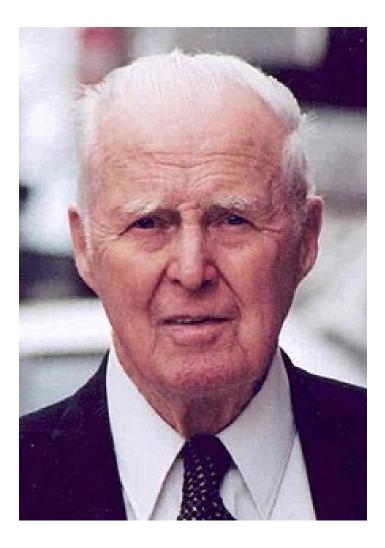
Norman E. Borlaug 1970

Each month for the year of 2020, which we have deemed as *The Year of Peace*, we at Inner Child Press International will be celebrating through our poetry a few Nobel Peace Prize Recipients who have contributed greatly to humanity via their particular avocations. This month of Julu 2020 you will find select poems from each Poetry Posse member on this month's celebrants.

In 1970, The Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to Norman E. Borlaug.

For more information about visit :

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Norman_Borlaug or www.nobelprize.org/prizes/peace/1970/borlaug/bi ographical/





worldhealingworldpeacefoundation.org





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 . . .

 $\sim wsp$





Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

 $\sim wsp$



Gail Weston Shazor



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

Author of . . .

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

Lies My Grandfathers Told Me

available at Inner Child Press.

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Words Over Water

Civilization as it is known today could not have evolved, nor can it survive, without an adequate food supply.

Speaking those words over the water Help me heal mother earth Give me the ways For all reasons To bring your life to the people on this soil Ache us to listen So that we may remember your ways

We have always been a people of reaping So our color is so Dark of the earth Brought from the soil Made of seed Cracked in the despair Of infinite birth

To call us civilization Is at best, a lie Please mother, show us Something more than destruction As we learn to be civil to you Teach us once again To love you As you love us.

Sickness

I am writing Between every wheeze and cough On the edges of my breath Sometimes the thought seeps Out in my sleep between parted lips And noisy snores I hear my words trying to catch up With the images in my head That tread pillow to pillow

I can't breathe I turn incessantly in my Empty fishbowl The fear and sweat pores Stain my radiance Into a tangle of raven wings Blackened As I imagine the whispers Of what I want to say Caught in my throat

I can't sleep Drug induced wakings Scatter my heartbeats Pounding in my ears Often mimicking a burglar Or the neighbors walking In the apartment next door Banging On their own risers

I am in pain And I fail to find the words That will explain to you Just how this feels This Can't breathing Can't sleeping And hurting with every breath With every movement Carefully

I am waiting For sleep to come And the rest to happen The breathing to become deep I want to dream easy Without the need for the Water glass I keep by my bed To drown my coughs

Remember

Remember

Dismembered

Commemorated

Enshrinement

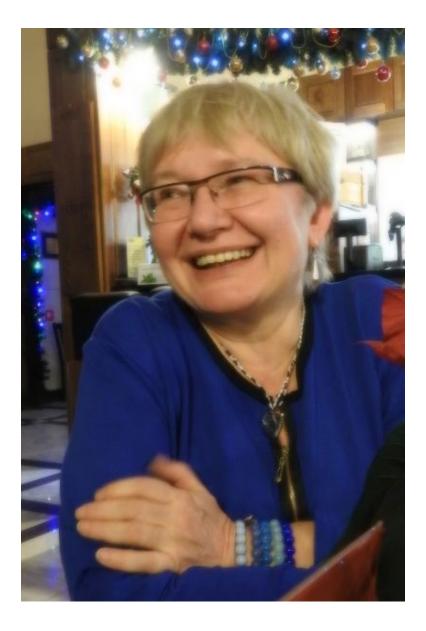
Retrospectment

Revivement

Conjuring

Memorializement

Alicja Maria Kuberska



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.

History like a fairy tale

A poem dedicated to Norman E. Borlaug

The wheat queen set out to conquer the world. She threw a golden coat of ears over her shoulders. and she tucked red poppies, and cornflowers in her light hair. On the banners there were words "green revolution".

A powerful army conquered fields and countries. The wind, the ruler's silent ally, sang joyfully about victory over hunger and sprayed yellow pollen in the air like fireworks, that it would smell of bread and hope

Scientist in the comfort of his laboratory did a miracle to create a new species. He hid the vital forces In inconspicuous grains to provide rich crops to humanity

Abundance and satiety prevailed in the world. One man - a modern hero saved more lives from death than anyone else before him

Stigmatized by hatred

They declare the glory of death loudly and walk in puddles of blood. Wrapped in bands of dynamite, they believe they will soar to the gates of paradise.

Someone persuaded them that contempt for life is sacred. They depart, assisted by the brutally murdered, burdened with tears like a curse.

God separates victims from executioners.

Wislawa Szymborska

We have not met in person. She takes pride of place in my living room, on the autographed photograph. She is looking at me now with playful, twinkling eyes.

I have got her volumes. She is discrete in the silence of the plants as she confides to a swallow about love. The ringing phone is in her dreams and she wanders around the children's cemetery. I can see her standing among the people on the bridge.

We see each other every day. She speaks to me in the words of her poems as I meander through her poetry.

She left and stayed. Everything can be forever. I read the letters of her poetical mail and I can hear her voiceless laughter

Jackie Davis Allen



Jackie Davis Allen, otherwise known as Jacqueline D. Allen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the Name of Hunger

From a young farm boy, To later, a bright shining star, Somehow, Norman E. Borlaug knew. Knew that from determination's persistence, The diligent pursuit of education Would take him far.

From hunger of knowledge To acquisition of interest's same, Norman E Borlaug found a way. A way to increase wheat's production.

The genetic modification's solution Spread wide and far, across the land.

From countries in dire straits' hunger To elevated academic-fame, acclaim came. From heart's desire, in 1970, awarded for his efforts, Norman E. Borlaug was awarded The Nobel Peace Prize. Lush wheat fields, Whispering, still, remember his name.

Confessional: As Is Her Right

On fence post, on guard, sits a bird a mother-to-be. Smell the fresh air, where Beneath the indulgent blue Not a cloud may be seen sailing by

Fat are the lilac buds, unfurled; Standing near by, a host of daffodils. And waiting in the wings, alert, a little bird, leaning neither left nor right.

The silence is broken; hear her plaintive cry. Do not disturb her little nest! Cautioning any and all, she threatens To dive-bomb those who would try.

The Loving-Tree

When mornings are born each day, and anew, And skies are painted a crystal-clear, robin's egg blue, The sun dances and kisses with hot lip's breeze, The shoulders of the Loving-Tree.

A canopy of inciting passion blooms flowers. Sweetly perfumed with honeyed scent Of romance. Beneath the branches, love makes A path. And in its all-knowing, leaves footprints.

When shadows of dissension fall dark On the shoulders of the Loving-Tree, Amid suspicion, or shades of dread, they dare to paint Rejection's countenance with fear of revenge.

Should not love, then, bend in time with the weather? As young saplings do? If they are to survive? Should not lovers then take time to brave the tempest? Should not love have a chance to grow anew?

The canopy of the Loving-Tree blooms flowers. Flowers, sweetly perfumed with honeyed scent Of romance. Beneath its branches, love makes a path. And in its knowing leaves footprints.

Tzemin 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.

Dwarfing, The Later Role

Pain is going to pass In its name Not in its name Many of the people who worked hard were starving How foods changed their blood All of this Left scars on him

Semi-dwarf wheat. When the days were getting shorter In the north, were planting, at low elevation and high temperature Take the best seed south When days were getting longer There was lots of rain Soon we had varieties that fit the whole range of conditions

Selecting an individual A hungry world symbolizing agriculture and food Both for bread and for peace Whether by genetic modification or for freedom from hunger Most people still fail to comprehend the population Monster This is convincing or the whole thing was a hoax Oh, Pain is going to pass In its name Not in its name

Smile In Heart For The Smiling Flower

That drizzle always a misty white My husband accompanied with a smile hide under an umbrella Losing part of bold and straightforward of being young Only laughed at me gently You are a nerd The smiling flowers inside others' walls Unexpectedly, more real than that psychological thoughts lay at your heart You came so often and stop here Begging the owner who came to answer the door Allowed to pick several flowers Through the breeze blowing This old book Paging through the page that have been pressed countless times That mottled imprints Accepted my request without a word Eager heart Before patience was exhausted Pressed flowers made of smiling flowers Keep all the fragrance with the envelope Sent to my son thousands of miles away The smiley flower that endured the pain still smiled Seems, it understands This spring let me How grieved?

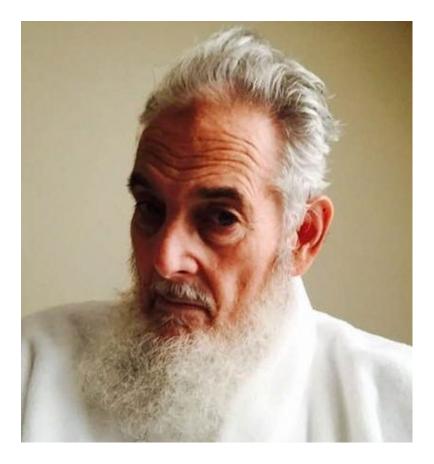
Chanting For Falling Flowers

There was a long time I thought that poem Just to show gorgeous Or just to show good qualities Better than The bright moon at night

There was a long time I thought that poem Just to help others laugh Or just to suppress the sadness of parting Dispatching the loyalty of emotions Made the evil spirits and the gods sad

Great conjecture, since Only I understood in the world Your thin and beautiful frame Was as pretty as the poignant beauty of plum blossoms Only you knew in the world I have looked the messages in poetry lighter and lighter No longer complaining that the good-looking was so easy to die away Beyond this mortal world Why, I Needed to hold up this black nib Created all this endless spring, boundless thinking

Shargef Abdur Rashged



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

Norman Borlaug

born to feed humanity

immediately occurred to me Norman Borlaug was born to feed humanity dedicated almost entirely lifetime study produce food feed humanity scientist of Agronomy plant pathology, genetics saw mankind pathetic many millions starving, dying decided the need supplying grains, wheat to feed globally increased opportunity for wars to cease increase the peace shut down savage beast starvation kills at will feasts on corpses until it's fat, full Borlaug gave his life's work to change that Nobel Peace Prize recipient 1970 supplied food for humanity fact indeed instrumental saving billions

food4thought = education

Virtue..,

where are you seems your hiding while millions dying devils applying deadly measures permeate landscapes motives born of hate ignorance, evil dominates north, south, west, east controlled by beast do not possess the least amount of qualities virtue reduced to concepts abstract almost extinct language to be exact few eyes see much less what hearts beat too virtue equals honor, loyalty, honesty, consistency upholding responsibility reliability, dependability almost nowhere does god fear appears to be seen maybe rarely if any words ain't worth a penny bull\$#!+ a plenty this world seems empty

thus, what is prognosis terminal at best? mankind flunked the smell test yet goodness still in some of us and thee creator exist in full effect will fulfil his promise thus, begin to correct no doubt about stay tuned, remain on the look out

food4thought = education

presence of..,

evidence at crime scene some seen some unseen was it traces of blood semen, fingerprints rounds spent, hair shoe prints, nails? no none of that instead... dignity, respect, family, unity, morals, god fear somebody was here this isn't natural straight up homicide " death by deprivation " said the M,E. who did the autopsy bled out large amounts of trust, peace, security due to over abundance of hate, inhuman assault denial of god given rights life drained out there seems to be a serial killer out and about stalking, stoking flames designed to kill and maim especially people's of african descent until not a one remains it's not enough that they were

brought here in chains stripped of identity, language, culture, religion, name endure over 400 years of inflicted pain epitome of all deemed inhumane until this second remains as the innocent still killed at will deprived, slain all in jesus name

food4thought = education

Kimberly Burnham



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. Kim's poetry weaves through 70 volumes of *The Year of the Poet, Inspired by Gandhi, Women Building the World, A Woman's Place in the Dictionary*, Tiferet Journal, Human/Kind Journal and more.

https://www.nervewhisperer.solutions/ https://www.linkedin.com/in/kimberlyburnham/

Peace and Sustainability Begins With You

In Kaqchikel an indigenous language of Mexico and the Guatemalan highlands peace begins with U said "uxlanibel c'u'x" literally "rest of the heart"

"Cukul -c'u'x" is translated calm confident and faith and I wonder which comes first faith, confidence or calmness or perhaps in a unique swirl of synchronicity all three arrive together with good health "cukul vachaj"

While "cukuba' vachaj" is to cheer up and I consider the relationship between health and happiness the place where we meet when the heart is at rest and great lives are sustainable

Sparks of Life Unite

A spark of fire in the eyes of an activist lights the way

In the heart of a grandmother holding her first grandson

Feeding the belly of an entrepreneur trying to create a future for his family

As a child learns about Norman E. Borlaug a green revolution paves the way to a Nobel Peace Prize and plenty

United we sparks are enough to light the darkness

Forming a world warm and welcoming for all bellies, hearts and minds satisfied

Pleasant Taste of Peace

In a Mayan language of the Yucatan peninsula "Ci" or "Cici" means pleasant and agreeable originally "what is pleasant to taste"

"Ol" is the mind, intention or will while peace is "ciciol" also joy, pleasure and happiness from "cici" and "ol"

As if when we have the pleasant taste of peace we are agreeable and happy life is a pleasure joy surrounds us

And we feel "Cicithan" words of love or a blessing from "cici" and "than" words may we all be blessed to savor the pleasant taste of peace

elizabeth e. 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.

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The Man Who Saved Lives

In a starving and ailing world Along came a noble man, The hero of a billion lives The Father of the "Green Revolution" Must not forget his valuable contribution Dedicated his entire life To feed the hungry, Let us not ever forget The Man Who Saved a Billion Lives. It's just once in a lifetime a real hero arrives Bourlaug, the Man Who Fed the World.

Courage to be True

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

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

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

True, happy people don't have to mask their true selves, For they don't seek validation or appreciation from others, Simply by being their own self, being honest to what they feel,

Open doors of love and acceptance for those who truly care.

The Invisible Thread

I'm your first baby, Always remain to be a little girl of my Daddy You sheltered me under your strong wings, Protected me from harm With a solemn prayer Each time I leave your side.

Even when I grew older You still haven't outgrown treating me like a little girl, I look up to you with such glorious respect For you are a once in a lifetime Dad We will never ever forget.

This invisible thread that connects us They cannot decipher, Maybe even if I'll be counting years Your serene face in my mind Still can vividly remember.

In the heavens I know You were welcomed by Grandpa and Grandma, With such a warm embrace Upon entering its Holy gates.

You like telling fond memories of your childhood As me and my sister lie on bed with you Every afternoon when we we're still kids, Your kind of music still lingers on And your thoughtful love for us We would truly miss.

You may have suffered in silence Kept the pain just inside you Worrying still about us And even in your death bed Your love for us you still showed.

The invisible thread that connects The souls of a father and his daughter Is truly special nothing can ever replace For even if you're at the other side I still can feel your comforting touch Each time I shed tears missing you.





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

Plant Man

Norman Ernest Borlaug could see the benefit of growing strong wheat "Academic butterflies" need not apply For the focus of it all, is so people can eat

Population explosions take tolls and defuse the idea The method of growth was made quite clear It's so hard to adhere and appear to be ethical Norman held fast, and his crops were exceptional

Peace through cereal grains, cease through material gains Profits never profit on an ethereal plain Norman got down in the dirt with his fellow man There's a street named somewhere in honor of him

Bread and water for basic sustenance Why not enhance the yield for the populous Thriving metropolis to surviving apocalypse Norman cared enough and continued to stay on top of it

Nobel peace prize winner, there's even bicker over food Who knew what wars were brewed over mead? Who stewed over seeds, who produced over greed? Teach them to be self-sufficient, it's ammunition

Norman Ernest Borlaug could see the benefit of growing strong wheat "Academic butterflies" need not apply For the focus of it all, is so people can eat

Pacified

I've seen the news and been behind the scenes People are being saddled and bridled As life is supposed to be, as opposed to free "They shoot horses don't they" So why won't they kill a "Trigger" "Hi Ho Silver" to Jay Silver's Kemosabe it's okay to rob me, pacify through policy Spend crumbs on an apology never applied Much less implied, more like implicated Human element totally vacated The constitution say's its like that and that's the way it is Shackled like cattle from majority fears it's never cool, to do the right things The rules are to act like who would be king. King of the block, Best at what's best at Where does it stop? I can only question the end

I've seen the news and been behind the scenes I've been pronounced guilty for a crime I didn't commit Change of policy after no apology Just another loophole for the celebrated noose hold No ban on the choke hold for its they; that seek a pacifier I seem to be important now my needs are not distorted now, it's always been about respect but WOW! I know I'm not martyr material Abolishing symbols and constant reminders just how far behind we are on a "Level playing field" if we shovel like we did, no questions asked because we better not ask, arranged fruit or remain mute, the square root of uppity is? Don't pacify me while I question this.

I don't wrestle with the obvious I have no job in this No place in a society whose sobriety is to hate me Belittle, undermine and berate me Census take me for a number of how many crumbs to spend, while cronies need only be a host now and then, so proud within the margins Blackout the Senate bargains, no point in arguing what Barr gains, law games with jargon to jettison a pardon let us get up on them, who juggle with the truth While struggling with the proof, there's a blackline through it only a judge's eyes, now who's stupid? When will the voters will be law? When the voters quill these laws It's true the rules are flawed but pacify me oh lord I can't dance today.

I Miss Me

Every year was the same I could watch time go by as easy as Counting sunsets I knew before the trees what a winter this would be An eclipse was soon to happen I stood on the wrong side of the moon I won't be doing anything this summer

My collection is growing, I must sell my repeats I suffer from what is known as, yet I'm so discrete Bone in teeth never let's go, I've never said let's go So, she took me for a ride, I miss me saying so I'd wish we stayed at home Everything ain't for everybody I knew before the trees what a winter this would be

Duplicity or duplicated, I must sell my repeats For the archeologist among you I'm trying to stop my bad deeds improve some sad things I never do anything Just to wet my feet. addictive behavior is not predictive behavior I took the long way home. hülya n. yılmaz



Liberal Arts Emerita, hülya n. yılmaz is a published author, literary translator, and Co-Chair and Director of Editing Services at Inner Child Press International. Her poetic work appeared in an excess of eighty-five anthologies of global endeavors and has been presented at numerous national and international poetry events. In 2018, the Writer's International Network of British Colombia, Canada honored yılmaz with a literary award. As of 2017, two of her poems remain permanently installed in *Telepoem Booth* – a U.S.-wide poetic art exhibition. 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

can you imagine?

you live to be 79 two years before your death a Nobel Peace Prize is awarded to you

many an outstanding achievement stand by all to your credit as a highly notable scientist your accomplishments in the field of agriculture remain for generations in the public eye

not only have you founded The World Food Prize but have worked throughout your adult life to feed the hungry globally

you have persevered in your tireless efforts to integrate your field's numerous research branches into sustainable technologies to nourish the world, never wavering from your efforts to convince political leaders that the fruits of the advances you had introduced all over the globe needed to be harvested properly for the sake of the entirety of humanity

the war you fought against has not been one of weaponry you have instead battled persistently for food to ensure the survival of all not only in your own country but rather all-inclusively

then . . .

as imagination would and could have it . . .

a little over a decade after your death you watch yourself being honored through poetry by a globally conscious writer-community

and . . .

as, once again, imagination would and could have it . . .

you thus bear witness to the fact that you have done far more than your share

so, in the comfort of this precious insight you now rest peacefully through eternity

can you imagine?

Green Revolution

land is aplenty

reject the false narrative

Earth can feed us all

Singing Along with Louis Armstrong

I am on a road trip, passing by acres and acres of land; unoccupied, yet not at all barren, waiting to house life for the hungry. Starving people across the globe are aplenty.

I shut down my mind and wake up my soul. The tenderly tip-toeing melody from the exceptional vocal cords of world's biggest legends of all-time begins to embrace me ever so warmly.

Louis Armstrong whispers into my ear . . .

The colors of the rainbow So pretty in the sky Are also on the faces Of people going by I see friends shaking hands Saying, "How do you do?" They're really saying "I love you"

There is no rainbow for me to witness at this moment, but I have been fortunate enough in the past to see many. I know how the sky becomes exceptionally pretty whenever that magical bow, nature's suspending bridge of colors dons its mesmerizing beauty. We are driving too fast to detect expressions on people's faces; but when we stop to take a break,

some extend their arms to shake our hands. They don't hold back the gift of universal unity, otherwise known as our inborn dignity and integrity. The color of love beams all around ever so brightly.

I thus join Louis Armstrong in his unforgettable song . . .

The colors of the rainbow So pretty in the sky Are also on the faces Of people going by I see friends shaking hands Saying, "How do you do?" They're really saying "I love you"





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

Green Revolution

Borlaug received the credit for the Green Revolution. World peace through increasing the food supply to save lives from starvation merited him the Nobel Peace Prize.

Crop failure in third world countries led to food insecurity and starvation. Borlaug's lifelong dedication to feeding the hungry earned him the title, father of the Green Revolution.

His work led to disease resistant, high yield crops through genetic modification that resulted in worldwide initiatives to increases agricultural production.

Science and controversy collide in the 21st century. As the society continues to evolve, the negative impact of genetically modified food has come to the table.

Hope Waits

Climb to highest point on hope mountain. My guide points to a beacon of light across the deep chasm that can be seen for many miles.

She whispers in my ear: If you hold patience close and faith surrounds your heart, hope always waits for you to come.

I bend both knees toward the light. Then lie down to sleep on the mountaintop next to a boulder. Wisdom massages my soul.

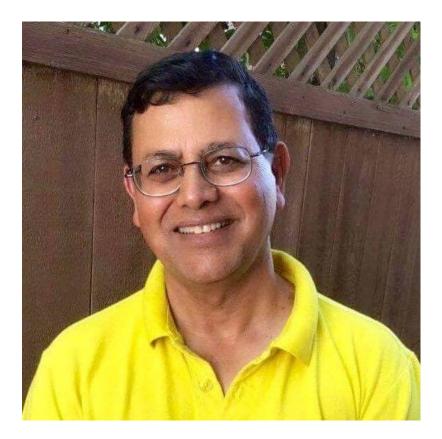
A warm sunrise gently nudges. My eyes open to morning. A smile embraces my face with joyful anticipation for a new day.

Medical Housekeeping

The cleaning ladies and gents need someone to lean on too. The forgotten warriors come from the rear to support the front line. Give them a thank you and virtual hug so they know someone cares.

Sanitation, cleaniness, infection control, a critical battalion in the corona battle. Unsung heroes on journey to overcome and survive the pandemic war.

Spray rooms with chemical cleaners, disinfect walls, floors and all equipment. Strip everything from each room, vital to saving lives including theirs. Pray with the dying when requests come from a patient all alone. Working hard for the sick and scared. 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.

Tears for Peace

Just past the entrance sill where the footpath leads to the open courtyard a man sweeps the dust of others who walked there and some of his own.

Under his broom on the marble tile is a bullet mark in the shape of a tear – a legacy of Operation Blue Star blood has dried up since. no other unusual sign

except a dry leaf circling around in the wind whispering defiance a cry of the muzzled spirit. I kiss the bullet mark down to its tongue to let the pain run through my lips.

I bow my head and fold my hands in prayer in the bone-chilling wind blowing on my fingers once held by the hands of a friend. This scratch in marble will never decay

because this bullet shaped tear is caught forever between the unwary God and uncaring man. Sin against God is one thing but sinning against man is worse.

We are when We are

Why lose precious time if there is nothing meaningful to pursue

Follow the freshness of today not the fragrance of wilted flowers

Don't hang loose like threads drying crying hard

Create a new destiny dream a new dream yesterday won't return

Stoke the inner embers to light you wish to light

Life has no set meaning simply live and that will give it a meaning

For Pastime Only

at dawn a dim silhouette translucent frivolously catches a fish

his stares on the other side of his face a dazzling horizon morning light peeps into his darkened space

through his wrinkled hands he lets fish slip away to live another day Caroling 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno Gabis



Caroline 'Ceri Naz' Nazareno-Gabis, 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 7 th Prize Winner in the 19 th and 20 th Italian Award of Literary Festival; Writers International Network-Canada "Amazing Poet 2015", The Frang Bardhi Literary Prize 2014 (Albania), the sair-gazeteci or Poet Journalist Award 2014 (Tuzla, Istanbul, Turkey) and World Poetry Empowered Poet 2013 (Vancouver, Canada). She's a featured member of Association of Women's Rights and Development (AWID), The Poetry Posse, Galaktika Poetike, Asia Pacific Writers and Translators (APWT), Axlepino and Anacbanua.

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

Links to her works:

panitikan.ph/2018/03/30/caroline-nazareno-gabis apwriters.org/author/ceri_naz www.aveviajera.org/nacionesunidasdelasletras/id1181 .html

a small dream of a small world Dedicated to Norman E. Borlaug

'saved more lives than any other person who has ever lived''

in the earth's vastness, a small voice wakes a small dream sees the constant wonder of free life in an overflowing stream touches and smells the hope of never fleeting springs, the meekness of a small heart shares the beauty of the evergreens heals hunger and famine because of LOVE AND PEACE within, the green revolution rise from believing a new dawn for all the newborn small from a small dream, that saved all.

The Wings and Halo In My Womb

I can see you In Me Metamorphosed life My little angel, my little one How I wonder, how that excitement come to infinity Happiness and gift beyond compare The Big Bang wings, the Galactic halo So pure, naked existence This paint a love, a life's tale In the womb of bliss And chronicles of sacrifice.

Orbitals

let's meet at the skyscraper of love
all can pass, all can enter, with equality keys
let's rebuild the Eiffel Tower
where lovelocks will hold us all together
let's ramp our oneness in our own Hollywood dreams,
be hopeful and hold on to the very stars we try to scatter in our sky,
let's circumnavigate our earth of meekness
and have the sphere of persistence,
let's flow our connected circuits of understanding
as we spread compassion,
we'll sow hearts to become
a greater humanity

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 Gold Cross of Wisdom Award, the Prolific Poetess Award, The Life time Achievement Award, The Best Planner Award, The Sahitya Shiromani Award, ATAL BIHARI BAJPAYEE AWARD 2018, Ambassador De Literature 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 LLSF. Her one poem A NIGHT IN THE REFUGEE CAMP is translated into 50 languages. 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. 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 U.S.

miscarriage of musing

just a minute ; words are marching pressure cooker whistles my amma is shouting " uff ! come fast ; a cockroach in the room" the red rose nodding in the spring seduces me with radiant colours vendors are shouting on the sub lane in front of the apartment selling fresh river fish in the bath room a line of black ants where is the sound? who is whispering ?

every where only the silence of a graveyard

someday the lights will step down the humming birds will announce frozen heart will break the arid zone

I will put on the scarlet sky as my mangal sutra

yes ,I shall wait for my groom with lamp in my hand no more propaganda of a mask the liberation moment is so precious ...

just a fraction of a second only a single word in the net a flash of lightning with a hooting "catch me if you can" the restless fish skips through the keyhole of the door

Oh no ! the miscarriage is so painful for it takes an era or may be another turbulent time zone to conceive ...

a miscarriage after all blood strainsin the horizon may be ready for next germination

{ amma:- mother Mangalsutra :- the necklace that the husband ties round the neck of the wife on the marriage alter }

the lost child

the lost child looks at the sky the kites ,the balloons ,clouds the river ,the trees ,the wood, the sugar candy

who has the time for her? mother in the office father with the computer food served on the table order placed on line

where is the time to cook? hot rice ,green vegetables everything is instant instant coffee, instant expression of love instant gift ,instant break up

the world is compressed in the key board she shouts ,screams within the tall man of the neighbour squeezed her soul who behaves as a perfect gentleman gives instant solution to mummy and papa they take every suggestion from that monster but when they leave he enters

where is the time to listen ? her anger, frustration ,depression ,scars on the breasts she is an artist, a singer of the church coir leads prayer in the school

where is the time to sing with her? the baby doll is slowly transforming ... a leader is dying within ..

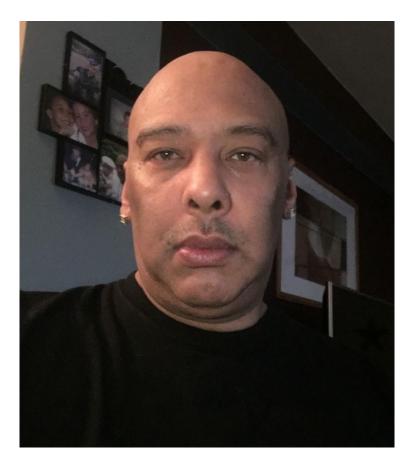
where is the time ? tears are the mirrors she wants a life ... she needs a life

she needs you and me

the father of green revolution

and he says "social justice is adequate food for all; food is the moral right " an agro scientist Dr Norman Borlaug researched on plant pathology, genetics, plant breeding ,entomology and soil science for high yield ,dwarf variety and disease resistant wheat a great lover of humanity Nobel Peace Prize recipient, rewarded in India, Hungary and Sweden a crusader to end world hunger his life dedicated to solve plant disease, drought and desolation created a wheat-rye hybrid known as triticale advocated biotechnology, genetically modified crops integrated various streams of agriculture wheat was grown three times more history remembers Norman as humanitarian hero for he saved a billion lives from starvation yes, he is the father of green revolution

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-infinitecarrasco/infinite-poetry/paperback/product-21040240.html

Norman E. Borlaug

Born: March 25, 1914 Died: September 12, 2009. Mr. Borlaug was born on a farm in Cresco Iowa to Henry and Clara. His movement was wheat improvement. After primary and secondary education, Borlaug enrolled in the university of Minnesota where he studied forestry, Received his Bachelor of science degree, Worked for the U.S Forestry service, Then went back to Minnesota to study plant pathology. He received his masters and doctorate too in 1942. His studies helped countless families, He felt food was a right from birth and that no man woman or child should go hungry. Borlaug was a humanitarian who was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, The Presidential metal of Freedom, The Vannevar Bush Award, Public Welfare Medal, Congressional Gold Medal and the Padma Vibhushan Mr Borlaug saved about 1 billion people from famine and starvation.

My homie, the old timer

They won't let me see him because of the pandemic. A video call isn't suffice especially since I've known him for almost my entire life. I'm hearing that his final day is near, I want to be by his bedside holding his hand at the point where he see's the light, so I can tell him to walk to it and that I'll see him when I get there, or my touch will be assurance that he's not alone fighting, I'll be holding his hand like ... I'm right here. To me death isn't something new, I've lost a lot of men I knew, it doesn't get easier, so I hope he pulls thru because his family and I aren't ready to mourn him too. We lived in the same building, i was on six, he was one floor under, He's about twenty years older, no cross in him, a loyal brother, he was out there with me in this cold world when all year long was summer. If I got locked up he came to court with bail money and my retained lawyer, it didn't matter where I got bagged, in 161st he used the bruckner, the tombs he used the west side and FDR, if I was OT he'll be on the interstate with black smoke coming out the exhaust of "Betsy" to get me. He never switched, he was there when things were good and when life was a bitch. Im praying for him, what's breaking him down, only GOD can fix.

I bleed urban poetry

When it comes to urban poetry I'm the hardest, I'm not just talking about status, I'm talking about the impact of my words when they're read or heard thru recording and amplifying apparatuses. I've been in the game a long time reppn my genre... blood money, poverty, drugs, guns, jail and murder. I give y'all the sunshine, pain and everything in between those final three days of rain. I give y'all the highs and lows, like the different tones of screams heard when funeral directors at last viewings say ... in a few minutes the casket will close. The bottom was ugly, we dreamt of beauty. Dreams became true. the top was lovely until bulbs became the only light some will see or until high beams followed the caddy as it drove around home base slowly with a playas body, that's when the top got ugly. The phrase the more money, the more problems is an understatement to me. Money came in but Im losing sandbox kin, with all the life loss, sitting on a million isn't a win. It's crazy when I think back to when the game begun and how we thought that if we reached a million... no matter what, we won.





Eliza Segiet - A graduate of Jagiellonian University, The author of poetry volumes. Romans z sobg [Romance with Oneself] (2013), Myślne miraże [Mental Mirages](2014), Chmurność [Cloudiness] (2016), Magnetyczni (2018) Magnetic People- translation published in The USA in 2018, Nieparzyści [Unpaired] (2019), A monodrama Prześwity [Clearance] (2015), a farce Tandem [Tandem] (2017), Mini novel Bezgłośni [Voiceless](2019). Her poems can be found in numerous anthologies both in Poland and abroad. She is a member of The Association of Polish Writers and The World Nations Writers Union. The laureate of The International Annual Publication of 2017 for the poem Questions, and for the Sea of Mist in Spillwords Press in 2018. 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 amidst the hundred best poems of 2018 by International Poetry Press Publication Canada. In The 2019 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 1^{st} Place Laureate (Foreign Poetry category) – in Contest *Quando* \dot{E} *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).

In November 2019 she is a nominee for Pushcart Prize.

Justice

In memory of Norman E. Borlaug - Nobel Peace Prize laureate in 1970.

He saw the world divided, people divided,

those who do not know the meaning of *poverty*, and those, to whom *exorbitance* is merely a word

- The constant threat of a hungry tomorrow.

Appeasement of the hungry was his goal. He still aimed for a human to win the war against the enemy, that devoured more than just human lives.

He knew, that peace could only happen, when there would be justice.

An empty stomach of full nations doesn't give orderliness a chance.

The right of all humans is the food.

Translated by Ula de B

Copiously

Copiously hungry I await even for an apple core. Maybe I will tempt someone and eventually they will throw me out of this paradise of death?

I do not want to waste time, I do not want to be in a place about which nothing good can be said.

Copiously hungry I wait to make the world aware that people simply want – to live.

Translated by Artur Komoter

Flaw

To talk about a world where people, more important than things, can enjoy themselves.

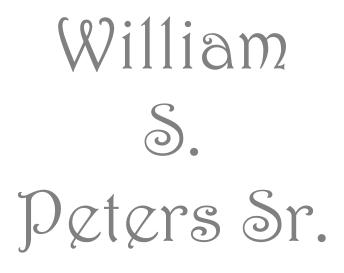
A space of mutual tolerance – different cultures, love without division of color, faith.

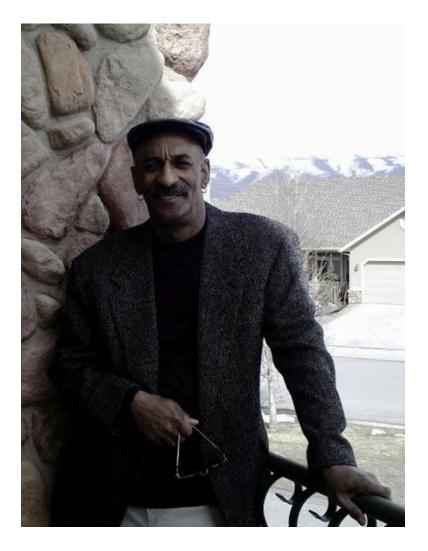
A strange message!

Often a human does not understand a human, except for one – themselves with their needs.

It has a flaw in distinguishing values.

Translated by Artur Komoter





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

Norman E. Borlaug

Give a man a seed, teach him how to plant, how to nurture, and he shall feed himself and his family \ldots teach him how to teach, and the world shall be fed. \sim wsp

The revolution was green And I saw the possibilities Growing in the fields Abundantly Filling the storehouses And the tables of families Around the world

I said to my self We can do more, We can increase our yield, Our bounty, So, I searched, And searched And I found a way

In the arid lands With temperate unyielding soils There lived a possibility That spoke . . . 'We could do more', So we did, And now there is bounty That all can eat . . .

But sadly so, There along came ...

Politics, And again Unnecessarily The people suffered

Now the question is yours to answer . . . 'what are we going to do about it?'

Sow your seeds

From The Christed One ...

And he told them many things in parables, saying: "Listen! A sower went out to sow. And as he sowed, some seeds fell on the path, and the birds came and ate them up. Other seeds fell on rocky ground, where they did not have much soil, and they sprang up quickly, since they had no depth of soil. But when the sun rose, they were scorched; and since they had no root, they withered away. Other seeds fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked them. Other seeds fell on good soil and brought forth grain, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. Let anyone with ears listen!" Then the disciples came and asked him, "Why do you speak to them in parables?" He answered, "To you it has been given to know the secrets of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it has not been given. For to those who have, more will be given, and they will have an abundance; but from those who have nothing, even what they have will be taken away. The reason I speak to them in parables is that 'seeing they do not perceive, and hearing they do not listen, nor do they understand



The Poem

400 years and more Sowing seeds of anguish, Seeds of despair, Seeds of hope, Waiting for the Sun to rise

My eyes, Our eyes affixed Upon the horizon With great expectations Of and for The 'Day' That soon comes

Yes, we have sown our seeds Upon the paths of Righteousness, Tolerance, Forgiveness, Patience... We have sown them In the fields of A wanting soul, But those who had none Heard us not

There has been many a roadside, City streets, Jail Cells, And ... Poplar Trees, And all other

Instruments of a Worldly death Where our seeds Of the future Have met their untimely demise

Fathers, Mothers, Sisters And Brothers ... Children if the One Called home too early Because their purpose Was to be the chosen martyrs Of a people

The others had a hate Of self That overwhelmed Their spiritual reason So they heard not, But pretended they knew

We have, Yes we have Taken your bleached-out Jesus And once again Made him that of our own ... Don't you remember From whence He came?

Oh you foolish one, You, Child of Perdition, When will you learn,

That the fires you have started,

Will consume you. When will you learn, That the parables spoken Unto you, I By the Mystics of old Are founded in an Irrefutable truth, That none can escape ...

There is no priviledge That can provide you with Leniency of sentence, There is only The Hell of your own making Waiting for you

My advice, you better hurry And get to sowing Some good seed On some good ground ... And put your heart into it!!!!

Your eternal life, Or death Will be your reward.

'you reap what you sow'

Touch

The touch Crossing invisible barriers Felt only by the heart Intimately known Only by Soul

Not to be seen Through the lens Of your worldly ways

I have been here before A garden where Fragrant petals Litter the pathways Of my travels, A trail Mystics Have walked before, And before again

I have tasted the wine Bore from the fruit That I picked From the makings Of the sweat of my brow

The world has forgotten me, But I have not yielded My sovereignty To that of the false light Of dark deceits

The fears are rampant And has clothed the minds of many In its ignorance, But I remember the 'True Light', That which abides In me,

In you

Let me touch you my beloved, Let me be that candle In the room That assists you In seeing your way Back to you, Your authentic self

Together we shall vanquish the Demons For we know their names . . . As it is said, "That which you can name, You tame"

As the cycle goes Round and round, We shall step off And observe The 'Zero Point' From which all Was manifested, And we shall Re-hull that sacred seed, And lock it away In the spiritual chambers For a time . . . And time In all of its illusory glory Shall come again, And again, Testing our mettle As it has always done

We shall tear down That we may build up,

Using that 'Stone of Certainty' Of the foundation of One, The foundation of One, The foundation of ALL things

The children shall no longer dance In meaningless circles As does their mentors Of the empirical workings . . . Rote, rite and religion Shall be cast into the great abyss Where the vanity of nothingness Is revealed For what it is

Smiles shall be authentic, Borne of the true heart Of love, For that which is not Shall wither And waste away, And be forgotten

Let us touch and agree, For time soon approaches To test the hearts of men And angels alike

Come on in, Where there is safety and solace. It soon grows tempestuous In the world And the faint ones Shall not survive

July 2020 Featured Poets



Mykola Martyniuk Orbindu Ganga Roula Pollard Karn Praktisha



Mykola Martyniuk



Mykola Martyniuk was born on March 14, 1971 in the village Zalibivka of Rivne oblast (Ukraine). Since 1986, he lives in Lutsk in the Volyn oblast.

Poet, writer, literary scholar, literary critic and translator. A member of the National Association of Ukrainian Writers (2014) and National Association of Ukrainian Journalists (2000).

Author of a number of poetry, prose, translation and scholarly books (e.g. *Eleventh Command*, 1997, *Mushroom Rain*, 2004, *World beyond the Braille*, 2012, *Under the Walls of the Fortress*, 2012, *Above the Svitjaz' Window*, 2013, *Or...Or...*, 2014 and others, as well as selections in almanacs, anthologies and other professional and literary editions.

He translates from Bulgarian, Polish, Czech, Byelorussian and Russian. His poetry has been translated into Bulgarian, Polish, English, Greek, Byelorussian and Russian.

Розписане модерно на палітрі дня вітрами небо ховала за Чорний квадрат Малевича ніч А над ранок барви вицвітали перетворюючи учорашній шедевр на сьогоднішню банальну копію палімпсест з і *на* полотні генія

Де вже їм знати що найновітніша найдовершеніша і найповніша гармонія не здатна врятувати і вберегти цей світ від передчасної старості

was hiding the sky painted by winds in a contemporary style on the palette of the day behind the black square of Malevič And by morning the colors went pale transforming yesterday's masterpiece into today's banal copy palimpsest *with* and *on* the canvas of a genius

How can they know that the newest most perfect and most complete harmony is unable to save and protect this world from premature aging

і не класичний вірш Життя верлібр стилізований під химерні сакральні кола на воді написані стилом стихії



Life is not a prose and not a classical verse Life is a free verse stylized into strange sacral circles on water drawn by the stylo of an element

Моє аутодафе

Не відмовляюся від Світу хоч він давно мене вже зрікся Тепер ми Квити



My auto-da-fé

I do not forsake the World Even though he long ago has forsaken me Now we are Even

Orbindu Ganga



Orbindu Ganga is a post-graduate in science and the first recipient of Dr. Mitra Augustine gold medal for academic excellence. He worked in financial, banking and publishing domains. Proved his finesse as a Soft Skills Trainer and Content Account Manager (Client Relationship Manager).

Orbindu Ganga is a multilingual poet, author, critic, content writer, sketch artist, researcher, and spiritual healer. His poems have been published in many international publications and anthologies. He has published two research papers in poetry. His painting and article have been published in a spiritual journal - Awakening. He has authored the book "SAUDADE."

Hiding her tears...

Never she had a thought To get soaked, She sprinkled To wet the dust, Poured to see The farmers smile, Drenched many To cleanse, A few realised Her oeuvre, She was shedding Her tears To hide her Pain, For years she Gave the species life, None bother To see her tears.

Flowing...

Sliding along the slides To give a path for the rest, Giving the flow the pebbles To cleanse in the middle, Dust is steady to rinse Making her cleanse, Some jerks open the vault To let the path decide, Riots within unfold The seed to grow, Without any hesitation Gave the line The thirst to flow, Many fissures Were created, Never to be Silenced in the journey, Flowing is her will To flow with joy.

Waiting...

Dried rivers search For a source, A drop is a hope To replenish self, Meadows are down With wilted souls. Gathering the memories To rekindle the thought, Droplets are hard To find in these days, Strained mind can Open the pores to sweat, Yestreen thoughts Still haunts every night, The lacuna is waiting For the showers, Least does it know Drops are a seed, Hoping against the hope We shall wait for the shower.

Roula Pollard

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Roula Pollard, Greek poet, writer, playwright, translator, literary promoter, social, peace and environmental activist has published four Poetry collections short stories, essays and literary criticism. "Century of Love" was translated into Telugu by Dr L Sr Prasad. Her poems have been translated into Italian, French, Spanish, Albanian, Urdu, Hindi and Telugu. She has promoted more than 200 poets and artists and participated in international Poetry festivals. She is included in more than 90 international poetry anthologies and besides Humanitarian projects, she co-operates with Hollywood and USA artists, European, Indian, and African academics, poets, artists and environmentalists.

Love Is, On The Open Sea

Do I love you my sea, like a window of hope in the wind or like my heart on an operation table and, what else? Like blossoming flower I watch you from distance. Yes, I love you like an ancient sea like a sea of love horizon nutritive love. land of the sea unseen sails like sea on the sky Not like a derelict sea, not like an orphan. I love you like you love me, as healing is performed by light does people's vision protect you?. Or are you drowned like war refugees, orphan children on transit. The sea is not an orphan its parents, you and me protect her, or try to try to, we protect you with love

To Aylan, A Two Year Old Refugee Syrian Boy

How much pain a name contains Aylan Curdi isolated island, isolated continent by our indifference. You are the infinite like an angel in eternity. You, a symbol when a child drowns the whole world drowns

By your name one continent all continents hear your cries. Does your pain rise like air, cries above the earth as if refugee children, my child Never die. Do not die my angel! I hold you, my child, alive. We are holding you all poets caressing your hand

A War Refugee Mother : *How much should my children remember?*

Memory has her own home, do I live in a non-habitable memory land? I did have a land of memory of me and my childhood my parents, the lakes and rivers of our land. Now, many rivers run out of water or do you truly want to know? Blood and ruins; ruins of history from darkness of inconceivable and inexplicable acts.

Where am I now? I am an orphan, orphan child of the world

carrying in plastic bags lost feelings, emptiness of feelings carrying and rushing my children, my food, my feet to the new, new land of hope, in search of memory. My children, I want you to forget the frozen floors of your tender childhood. Remember the beach and the palm trees of this Athenian coast, remember ice cream running down your knees, remember playing football barefoot, remember your mum like a flower. These memories are enough for you.

And when you fall asleep, forget the color of blood. Try only to remember the rain running down through the holes of our tent. Remember the path of hope dreams like the lane that runs along the tram tracks in a blossoming afternoon full of spring flowers of hope

Karn Praktisha



Pratiksha karn resides from India and she has authored book THE LOCKED EPISODE at the age of 19 and co authored 20 anthologies. Her writing creates positive impact on social cause. She has also won the title of WORLD POETIC STAR , MOST INFLUENTIAL WOMAN 2020 and VOICE OF INDIAN LITERATURE.

Little

These little sitches of sore let them numerate , In the way and more To light your attempts one by one These stars reflect the vigour within you.

These little cracks of way. Let them skate. all along your play. To shelter your will, At every turns and ridges. This Sphere restores itself until, You mount your steps .

Leftover Winter

Glance from window is more appealing Month of February, This month, the winter calms To withdraw the risk of severe cold When the darkness unites the morn, With little mist and spray, Signing a allot for spring to come. Speak for this version of sprinkle. So loud for curing, The sore human outburst. To play with bad and good in all, Within the of circle user and creater. From the tranquil rest to labour,toil. This soothing chill wind, Pierce the lost sinews, To begin again a fresh trust.

Red

Menace are marked with the colour red. "The red is wars is a terrifying dread". You even wrap the serenity with colour red. "The red in warmth is a pacifying shed". Skipping and escaping from danger threat, Or captivating sway of magnetic love net. How the beautiful scenerio so exist.. Differ so wide but clear same admist. You fear hard by the colour red. You gear adorations by the colour red. Twain role of mysterious breath. The two facet ,is ethos of person in depth.

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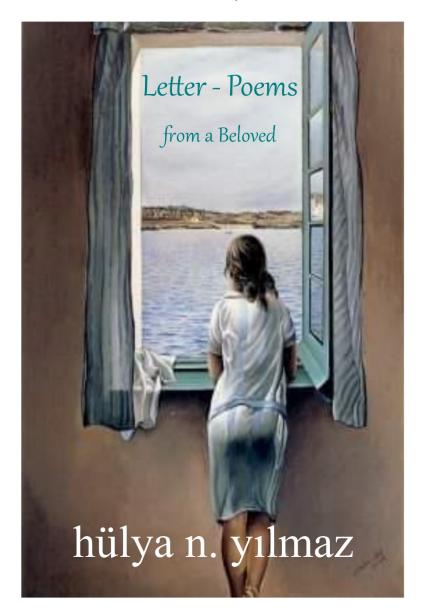
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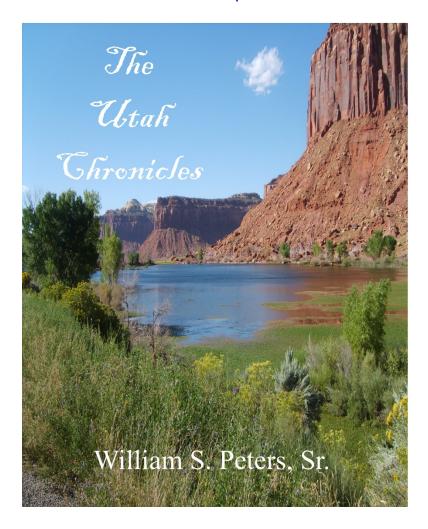
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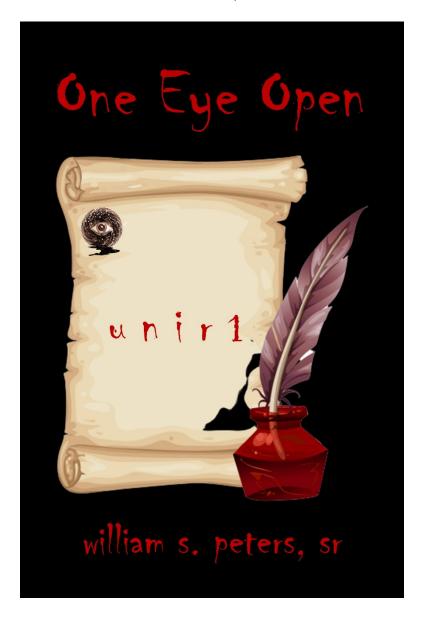
We are so excited to share and announce a few of the current books, as well as the new and upcoming books of some of our Poetry Posse authors.

On the following pages we present to you ...

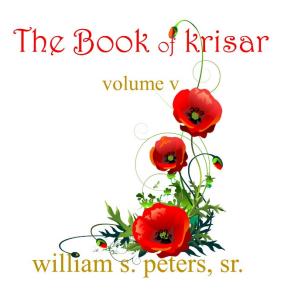
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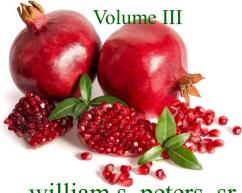
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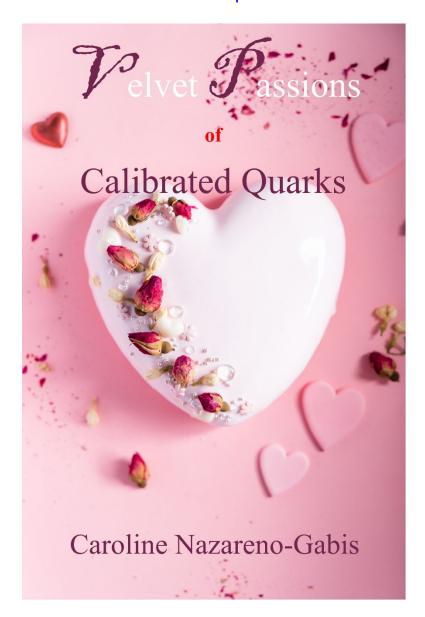
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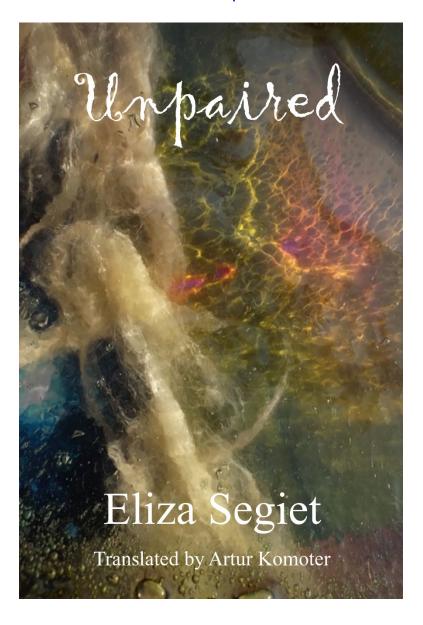
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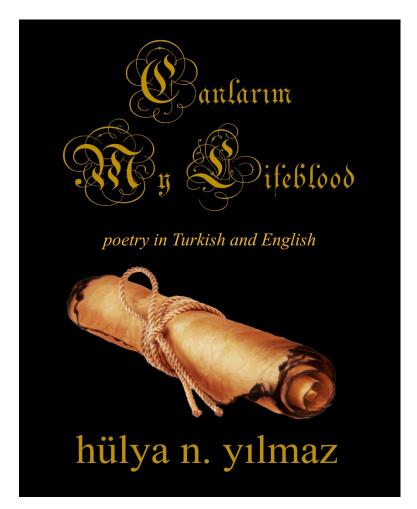
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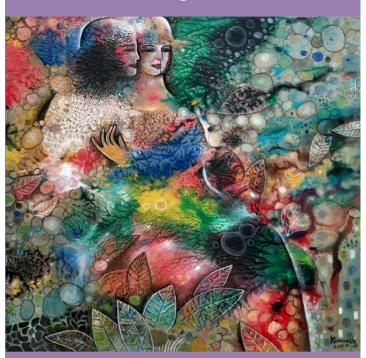


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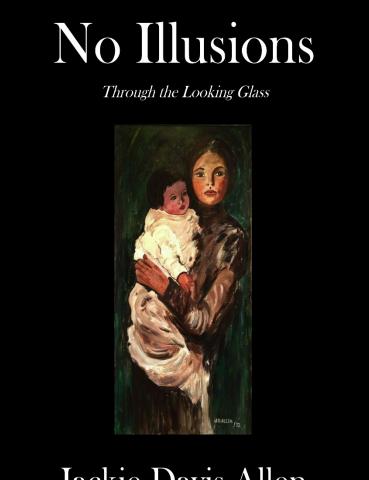




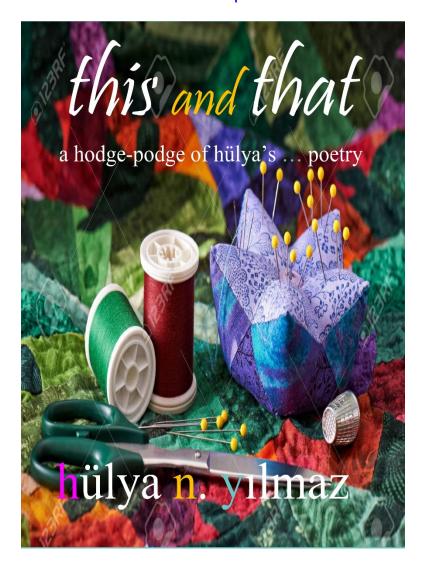
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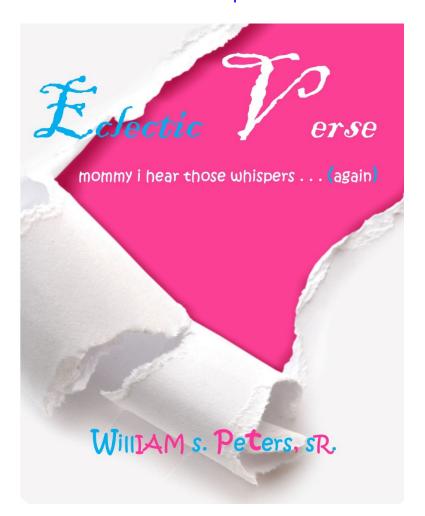
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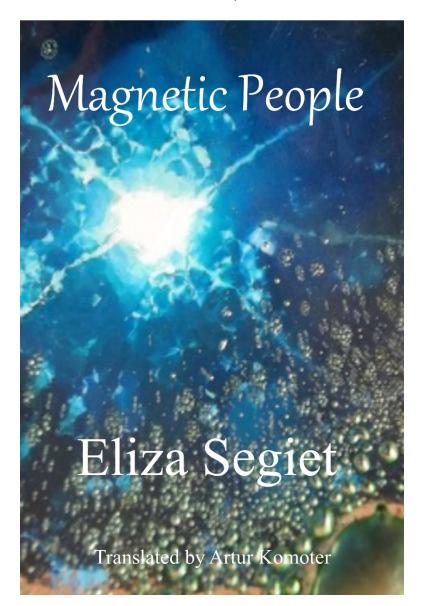


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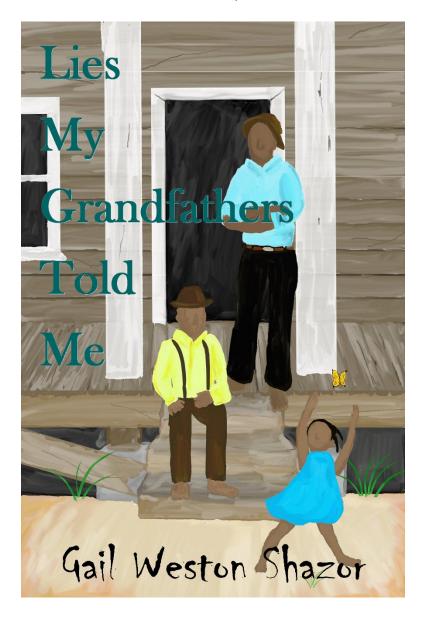
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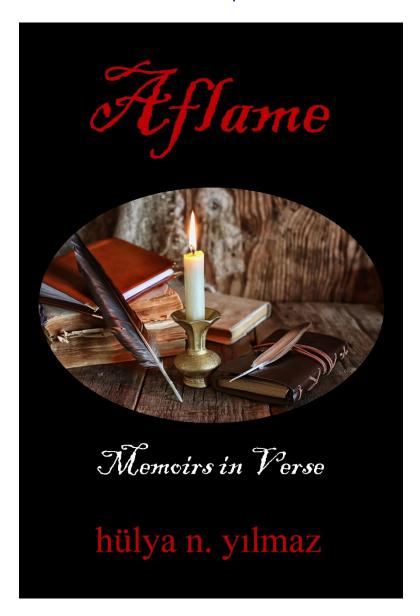


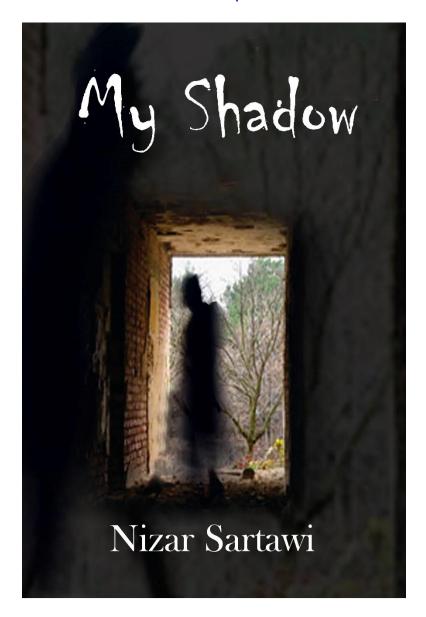
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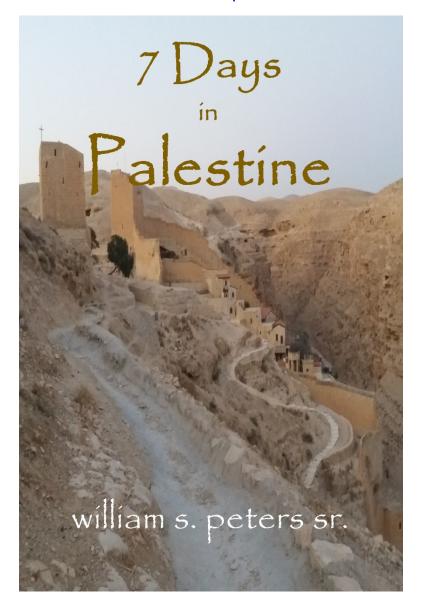
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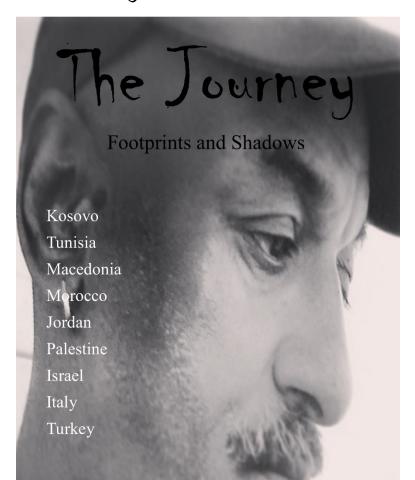


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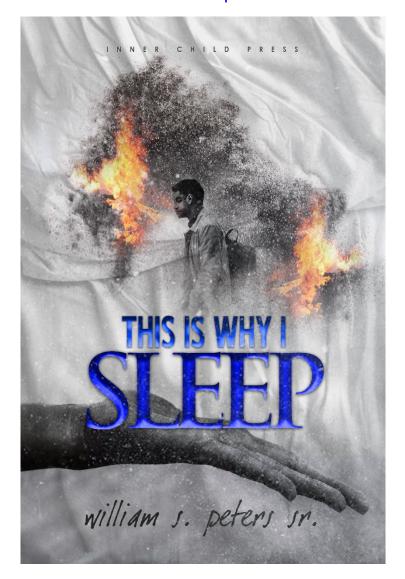


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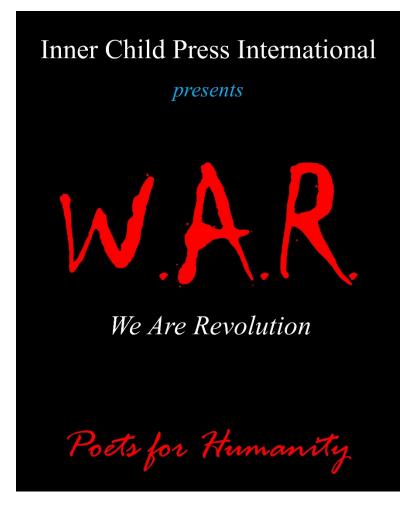
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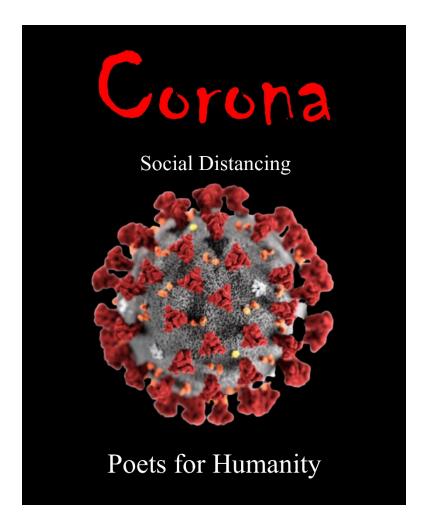
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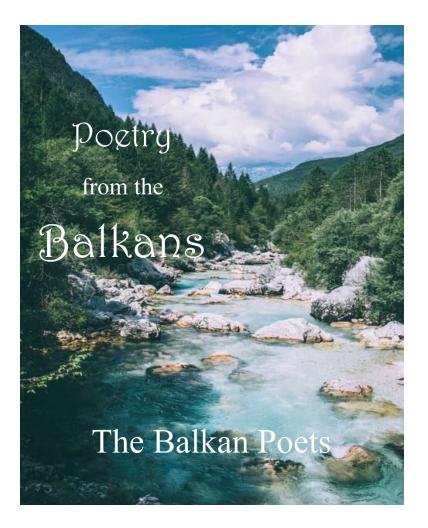


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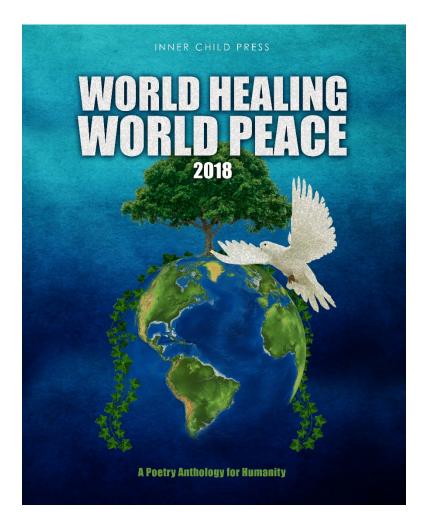
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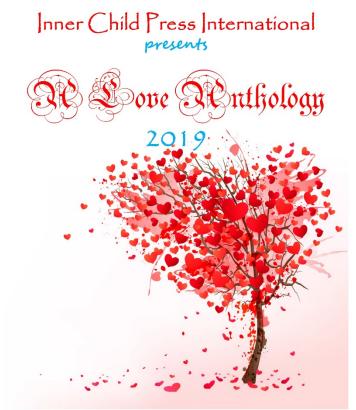






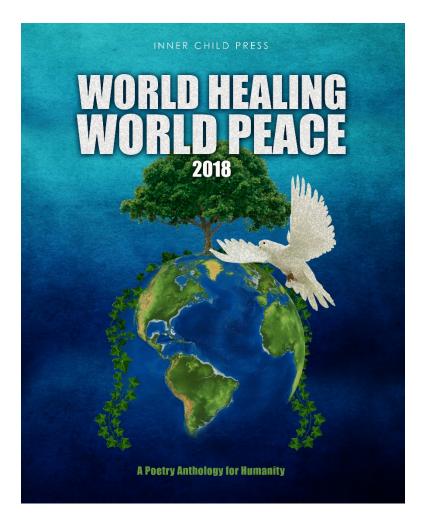
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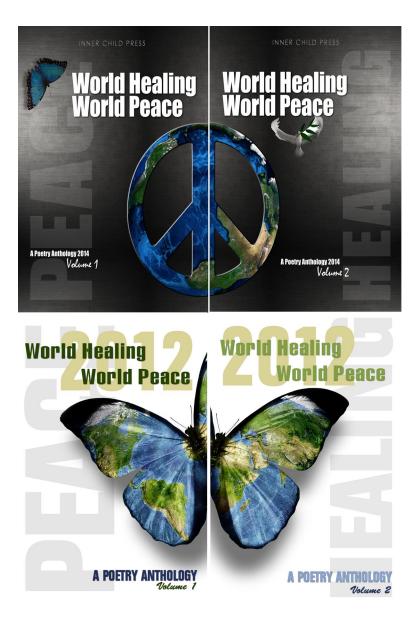


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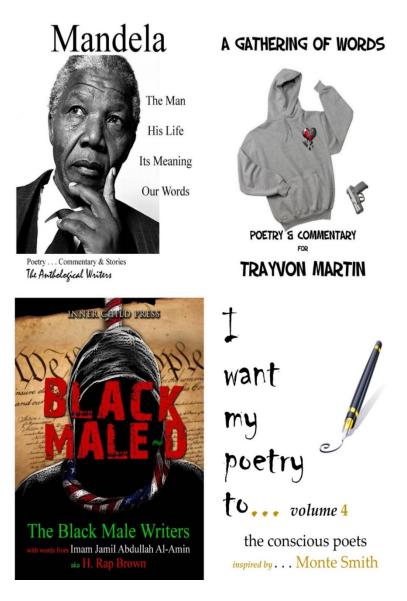


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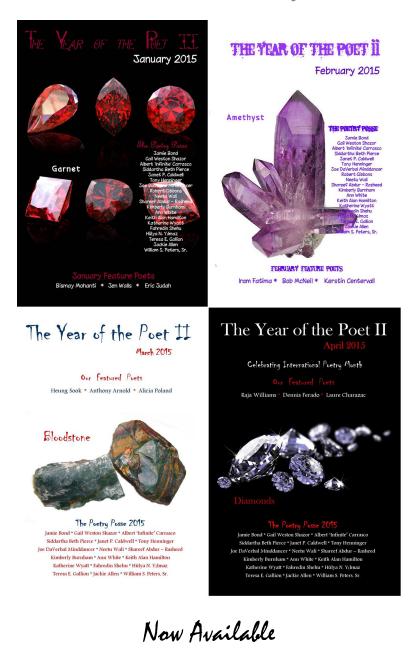
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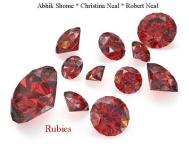
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The Year of the Poet 11

June 2015



The Poetry Posse 2015

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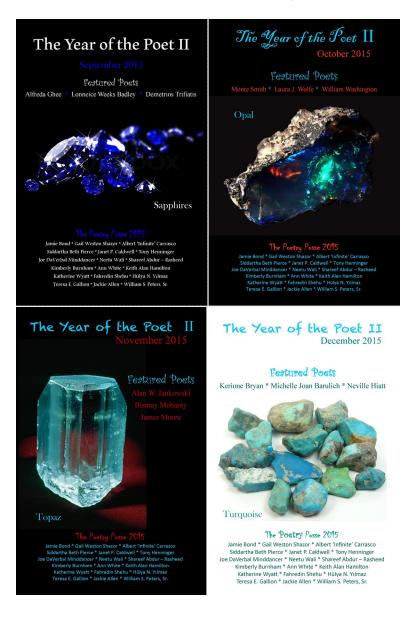
August 2015

Peridot Gayle Howell Ann Chalasz Christopher Schultz

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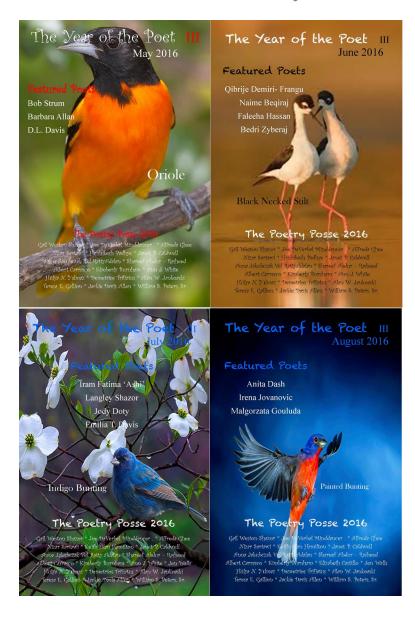
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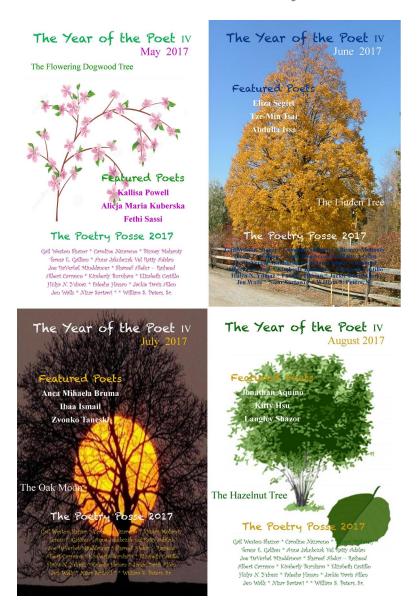
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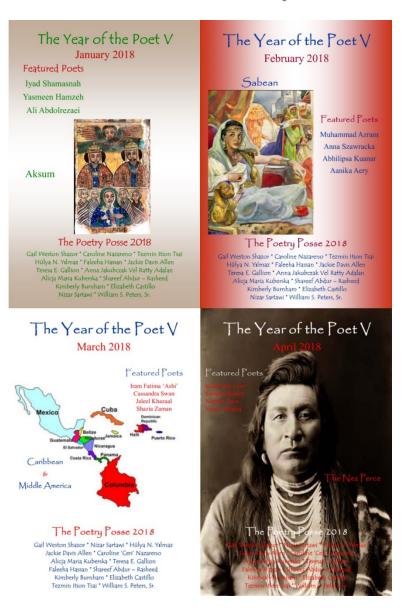
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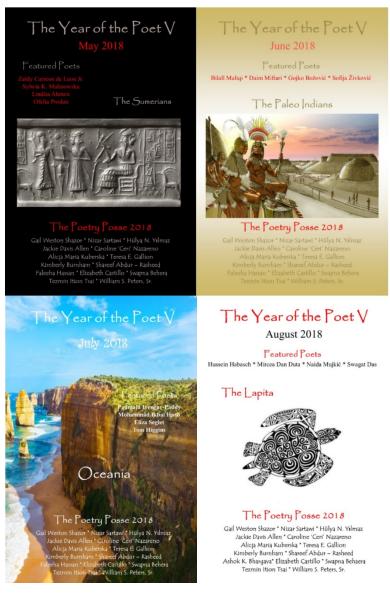
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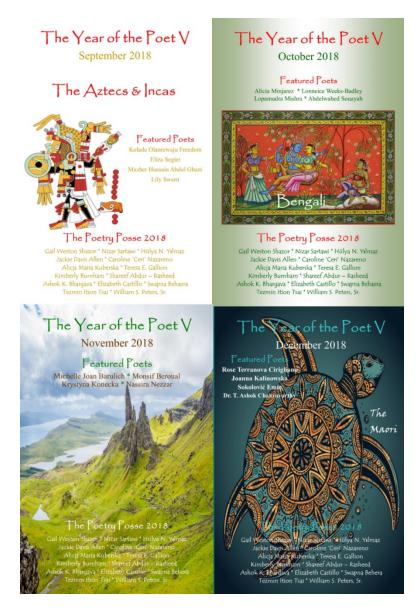
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The Year of the Poet VI February 2019

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



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March 2019

Ashok K. Bhargava * Elizabeth Castillo * Swapna Behaera

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Dream Catcher

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



The Caribbean

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he Year of th April 2019

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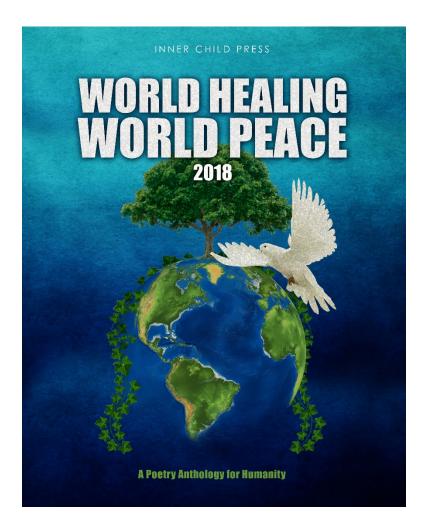


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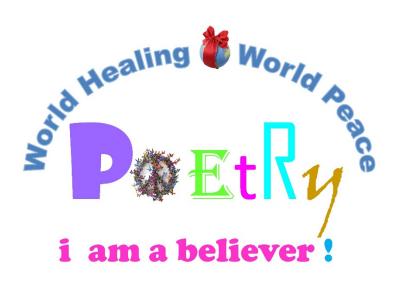
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The Poetry Posse ~ 2020



July 2020 ~ Featured Poets



Mykola Martyniuk



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