

The Year of the Poet II

June 2015

June's Featured Poets

Anahit Arustamyan * Yvette D. Murrell * Regina A. Walker



Pearl

The Poetry Posse 2015

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco

Siddhartha Beth Pierce * Janet P. Caldwell * Tony Henninger

Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur – Rasheed

Kimberly Burnham * Ann White * Keith Alan Hamilton

Katherine Wyatt * Fahredin Shehu * Hülya N. Yılmaz

Teresa E. Gallion * Jackie Allen * William S. Peters, Sr.

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inner child press, ltd.

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General Information

The Year of the Poet II June Edition

The Poetry Posse

1st Edition : 2015

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WHAT WOULD

LIFE

BE WITHOUT

A LITTLE

POETRY?

Dedication

This Book is dedicated to

Poetry . . .

its Patrons,

the Spirit of our Everlasting Muse

&

the Power of the Pen.



Foreword

*To see the Summer Sky
Is Poetry, though never in a Book it lie-
True Poems flee-, Emily Dickinson, 1879*

Summertime brings the sun's warmth, adventure and fun. Running through the sprinkler and local fairs with rides and sweet treats are some of my fondest memories of summer. Cookouts by the campfire, smores and stories told by candlelight are many of the things to be enjoyed during this lovely season.

Chasing fireflies, collecting wild raspberries and making homemade iced tea are a few of the fun things we like to do with family.

This collaborative book of poetry for June 2015 explores in a myriad of voices, a fine selection of poems that explore the theme of summertime fun and adventure.

Please enjoy.

Siddartha Beth Pierce

Preface

Greetings Family, Poets and Readers,

Here we are and ½ the Year has slipped on by. As Writers, and especially Poets, we tend to chronicle the passing of time for the sake of posterity. This month of June we are speaking on Summer Fun, and other such merry moments we all may experience, either personally or vicariously. Have a read and see what our dynamic collection of Poets have to say about it all . . . enjoy

Bless Up

Bill

*Thank God for Poetry
otherwise
we would have a problem !*

~ wsp

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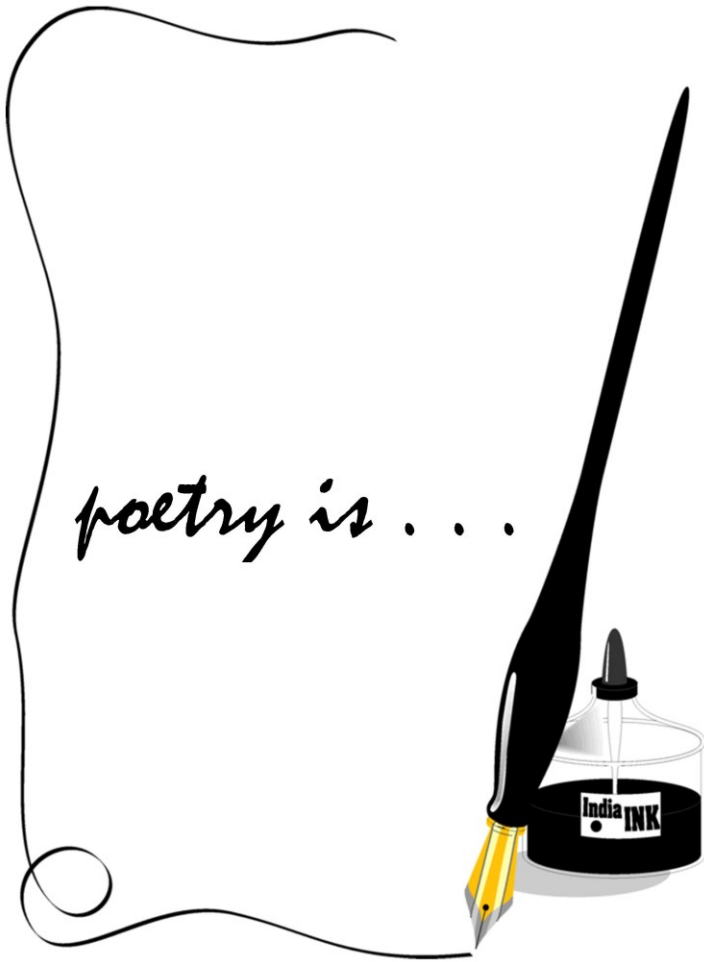
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Poets, Writers . . . know that we are the
enchanting magicians that nourishes the
seeds of dreams and thoughts . . . it is our
words that entice the hearts and minds of
others to believe there is something grand
about the possibilities that life has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

~ wsp



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Poetry succeeds where instruction fails.

~ wsp

Jamie Bond

Jamie Bond



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Jamie Bond aka UnMuted Ink is an authoress, radio show hostess, poetess and spoken word maven.

She is; as she says “google-able” if you type in itsbondjamiebond or unmuted ink; you'll find her on various social networks. Born and raised in Brick City aka Newark, NJ. Jamie Bond has been recognized publicly by her peers in various genres for her poetic influences. Her Poetic resume is extensive and her spoken word performances go far beyond 1,000 stage appearances globally. Best known for her networking and marketing skills; her future goals are to become more grounded as a liaison for a variety of fundraisers, activism, volunteering as an advocate as she uses her pen and voice to empower and raise the consciousness of those around her.

Her Motto

Help me to help you to help us... BUT if helping you hurts me, then I can't help you!

<http://www.facebook.com/IBJB.BrickCity>

I Cry Out

Tears are Summer showers to the soul. ~ Alfred Austin,
Savonarola

When I need a way out I cry out. When I'm frustrated about things that are overrated, when my heart is overjoyed and the haters hate it. I cry out for those who limp and whimper, for those lost souls who feel faded like a pair of clippers

I cry out I shout I walk like my swag has credit and clout,
And I try to live in such a way, so they can say damn...
Jamie just reminded me what God is about

I cry out when I got a pocket full of lint that makes no cents, I cry out with gratefulness when clarity and disparity makes sense. I cry out because I want more like minded to have additional common sense

And I cry out for those who need a way out of situations exhibiting false pretense. I cry out in past present and future perfect tenses, and I cry out because I can, for the weak the meek the used and abused. For those exhausted spouses who pay for the other to go away
And for families bearing the brunt of deployment strains, I scream out from the tops of roofs of others minds with my truths

I shout out for those who aren't comfortable or accepted in their own skin, I spit turbulent words like tropical hurricane winds...Blowing typhoons into their souls that I now refuse to whisper in. I cry out for the disabled and differently-abled, And for parents struggling to put food on the table. My third eye sees and feels what most will never appreciate

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and I cry out for New Jersey from the bowels of Brick City
In this deflowered flowerless garden state

I cry out when folks act like they have no choice but to
stand by, act shy and tongue tied.

When a helping hand, a kind word or quote Or a hug could
have changed someone's life

I cry out because I battle more negative demons in my
cipher; than what I could possibly attract in my past or
lifetime for that matter

And I cry out because I can, because I have breath and
air...Because my lungs and my eyes take in all I can stand.
And I cry out like a warrior in a religious slam, going hard
for my God even when it's against all odds. And I dare any
man to tell me I'm wrong, I dare any woman to tell me I
don't belong. I cry for the brothers who insist on treating
women wrong and I cry out for the lack of empowerment in
a young woman's song

I shout about injustice when it feels like it's Just US. I cry
out for all of the hate crimes Committed against my sisters
and brothers and I cry out to God so we can cry out for
each other. I cry out, and I cry a joyous cry when
everything falls into place... I put life in a choke hold I cry
out on this mic, for all the black kids UN televised missing
without a trace...When I happen upon like-minded and
who meet at this place

I cry out for those who can't let go of hazardous
situations... I cry out for the spiritual lives of those in
charge of congregations, for tomorrow's leaders and for
today's victims

And for the wisdom of the leaders of our nations

Jamie Bond

I cry out for the obvious lack of energy and absence of enthusiasm in careers and education. For the safety of those in the armed forces and lasting peace in our nation Then I cry out for myself and I cry out silent tears in my sleep... And I cry out for YOU because you can't see

I cry out for my moral integrity and my opportunity to be a blessing to you today, despite my discrepancies and my idiosyncrasies. For the 1 out of 4 kids born with autism. For the lack of participation and activism and our youths disunity in our communities

And I cry out and I shout and sometimes I even cuss and fuss, Because it keeps me in check reminding me to work on myself...Because I'm far from perfect and redevelopment of self is a must. I'll continue to cry out until my tear ducts transform into stallions and stampede these streets, Fermenting hope to the helpless and GODS way supersedes.

And my ink will always bleed and cry for those who are in need, and I won't shut my mouth till every child in the ghetto achieves! I cry out for any and everyone who's ever been hurt... And I cry out because I'm heard ...and I know it WORKS!!!

Dedicated and Inspired by Godsent and the entire my entire Verses family Newark, NJ

The Birth of Wisdom

It is said that ...
The life purpose of an angels' soul
picks the parents for a child
In a world so cold...

That it is destiny to be born
To belong to the one who
Deserves to give birth to you

I happen to agree wholeheartedly
I think it's a vital part of
Me and my being...
Whatever purpose your life is
IT'S thru me; it is my parental test
And ultimate testament
to teach you the lessons
Learned by me ... and lucky me...
The day I was truly blessed
Was not when I conceived
But when the three of you were
Able to truly be cradled and embraced by me

And so; for so long ...
I have longed and dreamed of each one of you
I've had 3 awesome opportunities
to get this right... and so here I am...
Each time perfecting it like make up exams
passing with honors on the Dean's list of life
thanking God for the chance to keep right...

Two happily married Virgo parents
Gave birth to Two Capricorns and an Aquarius
and we were so grateful and blessed beyond measure

Jamie Bond

None of you were ever question marks
each of you were explanation points in our lives
and the joy you've brought our hearts is just
Unexplainable...We are honored to unconditionally love
you

While you retained sunshine in our lives and pride in our
eyes
The legacy of our heritage flows thru your veins and DNA
we undeniably love you... Indelibly ALWAYS in ALL
WAYS....

Dedication to our 3 sons ~~ Jason, Steven & Donovan

Invisible Rainbow

Into this life of yours
You were born alone
Caught by arms so as not to hit the floor
Undeveloped lungs and wings
Destined to achieve anything
Some births like a flare for a fleeting moment
Designed to exist solely to keep your soul humbled

Every whimper an unprocessed scent from a past life
Each touch a future whisper in an un deciphered language
Every blink encompassing the sound of a fond memory
Echoing hum's of a heart beating like Morse code to the
soul

She gives birth to the right child by the wrong guy
Refusing to become shallow within hollow visions
Non- sedated in these times of surgical enhanced lies

She tries.....

To recall names places and things in the past of her
trenches
Objectively adding adjectives to future perfect tenses of
tension
Comes home to an empty nest filled with anticipation
Visibly absent her bundle of joy of missing in action....

Jamie Bond

Gail
Weston
Shazor

Gail Weston Shazor



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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

available at Inner Child Press.

www.facebook.com/gailwestonshazor

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Lonesome Valley

The songwriters says
That we have to go alone
And I am sure that they
Really meant that to be true
But I never do so
Whenever I walk through
The lonesome valley
I am always with you
And I am always 5 years old
Always holding my grandmother's hand
Walking on a dusty gravel road
I bend to pick up a pebble
And I hear your voice
Though you are not with me
“don't chunk those rocks, shug”
And then we see it
Round the bend, the church house
And the lonesome valley stretches
Far and wide enough for tears
My heart aches in the memory
That not many seem to share with me
So how can I hold on to this moment
When all the loves in my life are dead
But I can feel the dirt on my shoes
And I can hear the sound in my ear
“youuuu haaaavvvveeee to goo
Throoooouggghh the lonesome valley”
No music
Just voices
No timbre
Only the pain of

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Being a black man who does the best he can
In a world where he has no place
Holding on to a white god
That is not his God
In the key of a deep moan
And I am comforted by this sound
This low familiar sound
That echoes down through my right now
“yyyoooouu haaaave to gooooo byyyy
Yoooouurrrself”
But they never leave you alone or by yourself
All the roads I have taken
They were there, holding my hand
All the music I hear is without instruments
All the lessons I know
I know by heart
All the humming jones I know
I know in love

Scars

I don't remember getting burned
Even when I look at the scars
That I still have on my wrist
I cannot recall the pain
Nor the incident of the lamp
I have heard the stories of this and others
I have heard the pain in your voice
When you told me of this new time
Before I could even walk good
And I chased you around
Until momma told me not to
But you didn't listen
And gathered me up to your chest
When it was time to see a man about a dog
Eager to ride and happy to go
You said
I think I must have been
The luckiest little yellow girl
In all of Mississippi
And you so dark
Keeping me in the shadow of yourself
I can't remember getting burned
When I look at the scars on my wrist
I can only remember being loved

Every Summer

June came and it was time to go
The chug chug chug of the engines
Got louder as the day approached
We became more excited as the planning began
Gifts for the grands
Food for the negro porter on the train
And the dreams began
The red and white bobber
Bopped up and down
Under the attack of the perch
And totally disappeared when the catfish struck
Each morning I would awake tired from the exhaustion
Of dreaming my memories
All ready to make new ones
This next every summer

Gail Weston Shazor

Albert
'Infinite the Poet'
Carrasco

Albert 'Infinite the Poet' Carrasco



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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>

Our summer road trip

Come on kids its time to go. Our yearly road trip awaits us. Yay, we're ready!. Two in the front, two in the middle and one in the back. In our SUV there's clothes, non perishable food and water tightly packed. For this twenty six hundred mile round trip we are fully equipped. The weather in New York is hot but we're going somewhere hotter, the sunshine state...Florida.

We're driving through many states enjoying the change of scenery. The only time we stopped was to stretch and use the restroom. Halfway in the ride my precious cargo looks sleepy, next thing you know it's just the moon, all the stars that don't shine through New York smog and me, the captain navigating the vessel, the head of the family. By the time they wake up we'll be just a few hours left until our destination... To see my mother and brothers then Donald, goofy, Snow White's castle, minnie and Mickey at Disney.

Infinite the poet 2015

Driving through the neighborhood

Cars are shining, convertibles are down and sunroofs are open.
Shades, shorts and summer dresses are this seasons attire.
Water bottles and towels are at hand to quench thirst and wipe sweat as we perspire.
Terraces, stoops and Fire escapes are hang outs,
Parks are full,
Streets are full,
Pools and beaches are open,
The weather is beautiful.
Roller skaters,
Bikers,
Joggers,
No destination walking explorers,
The day couldn't get any better.
People are playing sports of all sorts,
Sky writers are scribbling away,
The water looks so pretty,
So many boats and crafts that it looks like a floating city.

BBQ'S

Hip hop, R N B, Spanish and reggae is blaring, everybody is either talking, dancing or sun bathing. Hennessy, vodka and coronas for older folk, for the kids and non drinkers it's juice, soda and water. Beach chairs are setup everywhere, towels and sheets are all over, hammocks hang on trees in the shade for those that want to rest and enjoy the breeze. There's tables with all types of food. Rice with beans, peas or cut up chicken sausage. lasagna, ziti, macaroni with cheese, macaroni salad, potato salad, sea food, etc... The rest is up to me. The grill is ready and the charcoal is lite. Shrimp, chicken and beef kabobs is first, then burgers and franks, then the steak and chicken for the main entrée for the day. Kids continue to play baseball, volley ball and frisby, older folk continue dance and get tipsy at one of our weekend barbecues with friends and family

Infinite the poet 2015

Siddhartha
Beth
Pierce

Siddhartha Beth Pierce



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Siddartha Beth Pierce is a Mother, Poet, Artist and African and Contemporary Art Historian. Her art, poetry and teaching were featured on PBS in April 2001 while she was the Artist-in-Residence and Assistant Professor at Virginia State University in Petersburg, Virginia. She received her BA in Studio Art from George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia and her M.A.E. from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia. She continued into PhD. Studies in African and Contemporary Art studies at Virginia Commonwealth University where she is now All but Dissertation. Her works of poetry and art have been featured in numerous newspaper articles, journals, magazines and chapbooks.

<http://youtu.be/6PcR9TsBQxo>

PBS Interview

www.innerchildpress.com/siddartha-beth-pierce.php

Dances in the Rain

Dances in the rain
glancing off of each windowpane

Sprinting from silvered fingers forth
promising all that she is worth
Giving all and taking none

A true friend for those that need one

Summer's warmth dances with the refrains
sharing with each her secret knowledge

That to live is a luxury to never be admonished.

Believe, love and to give once more
are the traits that she sets forth.

Summer's warmth dances in the rain
glancing off of each windowpane.

When you hear that patter on the tin roof
you know then-
that you are near heart and hearth.

Here by the Sea

I can not say why
the midnight sky
brings tears to my eyes?

Perhaps it is the longing
for you to see
me
here upon the beach
alone in despair
because you are not here
to delight in the miracle
that divines from above
like the flight of the morning dove
that soars so sweetly
cooing its charm.

As I can not seem to sleep
this day
while you are away
removed from the blessing
that is falling down
all around
me
here by the sea.

*Previously published in the book *Fit Me Like a Glove*, 2015
by innerchildpress*

Down by the River

Down by the river
she gave a mighty bow
to the winds that came
the change
set upon her
in the tides of the seasons
from winter to summer
the bluebells now let out
a mighty call
to see her standing there
amidst their perfect aroma
as the sweat of her brow
gathered in tiny droplets
in the rays of the sun
and she drops to her knees
to collect the flowers
for her drawings
set in finery
upon the pages of the books
she keeps nearby
pressing them passionately
into place
the magestic purple
reflects upon her face
dances within the flicker
in her eyes
as the wood ducks
swiftly ride by.

Janet
Perkins
Caldwell

Janet Perkins Caldwell



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Janet P. Caldwell has been writing for 40 years and has been published in print newspapers and held a byline in a small newspaper in TX. She also has contributed to magazines and books globally. She has published 3 books, *5 degrees to separation* 2003, *Passages* 2012, and her latest book *Dancing Toward the Light . . . the journey continues* 2013, and contributed to countless anthologies yearly. She is currently editing her 4th book, written and to be published 2015. All of her Books are available through Inner Child Press, along with Fine Book Stores Globally.

Janet P. Caldwell is also the Chief Operating Officer of Inner Child, which includes the many Inner Child Facebook groups, Inner Child Newspaper, Inner Child Magazine, Inner Child Radio and The Inner Child Press Publishing Company.

To find out more about Janet, you may visit her web-site, Face-book Fan Page and her Author page at Inner Child Press.

www.janetcaldwell.com

<https://www.facebook.com/JanetPCaldwell>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/janet-p-caldwell.php>

Hot Fun in the Summertime

Hot fun in the summertime
those song lyrics
or should I say, the first line
keeps running through my mind.

The days of youth and fancy are gone
replaced by a wrinkled, smiling face
and thanking the heavens
for responsibilities, ever so long.

But hey, it is never too late
to stretch myself again.
Being silly and giggling
for no apparent reason
is my favorite thing, ya know.

Joyously expressing mirth
and to have some good, clean fun
in the season of the sun.

I intend to capture a bit of this
by letting my hair down
no makeup or frills, my bed
is made from the earth's solid ground.

We will fly kites today
play made up games
and toss a Frisbee around.

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

We'll also dance in the moonlight
and blow rainbow bubbles
watching them float like clouds
before bursting and dripping
without a sound.

This time . . .

with my grandchildren
running all around.
Observing their contagious happy faces
being themselves
between cuddles and snuggles
and our familial love freely shared.

Blankets on the soil
for rest
night-time fire for light
and roasted marshmallows
crackling, singeing black
in an orange glow.

What a show !

Listening to the music
of frogs croaking, crickets chirping
children giggling
picking wild flowers
and greenery
putting them in our hair.
Our own halos, hand-made
so fair.

Telling stories of nature
and listening to the water's flow
from the serene rivulet below.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

I know, this is a time
that we'll treasure
and worth a few bug bites
to experience the glee
of simple pleasures
in nature's glorious treasures
with these grand-babies o'mine.

*Boop-boop-ba-boop-boop, when i want to . . .
Hot fun in the summertime.*

*(Many thanks to Sly & The Family Stone, Sylvester Stewart
and Mijac Music)*

A Time to Be

Remember the days
before conservation
when we took the lids
off of the fire hydrants ?
The water shooting into the street
for me, it was the 1960's.

The low spot in the road
gathered the pooling water
and for us
it was time to twirl and dance
in the summer sun
with cool bare feet.

Some did lie on the ground
until it got too deep.
Almost swimming
it seemed to me.

Arms flailing
some friends
spewing and splattering
from swallowing
the reservoir's liquid
but all having the time of our lives
giggling, splashing, twirling and dancing.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Though our knees and elbows
were scraped
it was a sight to see
a time to remember
this child's
freedom . . .

A Time to Be.

Fireworks

The minute the fireworks show had begun
I was mesmerized, they reminded me
of shooting stars.
Or what I imagined them to be.

Lying back on an old soft quilt
all carefully stitched by the gentlest hands
the one that grandmother made for me.

I watched as the colors exploded
into the sky above. I saw them all
red, pink, yellow, blue and green.
Some were even shooting through the trees.

Some were shaped like spiny flowers
others like my psychedelic posters
of an earlier age
and the drugs that went with them
in the crazy daze of the seventies.

At one point, someone set off
a bottle rocket that zoomed passed my face.
Freaked me out a bit
but I calmed down
and refused to let it bother me.

Summer fun is memorable
and the heat lets you know
that you're alive.
With temples pounding
eating ice, skinny dipping
and wide awake tonight.

Janet Perkins Caldwell

Jackie
Allen

Jackie Allen



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

My name is Jacqueline D. Allen, otherwise known as Jackie. I grew up in the Cumberland Mountains of Appalachia, one of ten children. As a child, of a coal miner and a stay at home mother, I told stories at night to my younger siblings in an attempt to lull them to sleep. That was the tool I used so that I might return to my homework, uninterrupted. Much to my delight they begged me to bring the "books" home so that they could see the pictures for themselves. As delighted as I was that they loved my stories, it was difficult to endure the disappointment on their faces when I told them the truth: I had made up all of the stories that they had so loved.

Many years after those early seeds of story telling began, after college, after work, after raising my children, I began to write poetry. I find writing poetry the creative fabric from which I am able to weave whole cloth from both truth and fiction. Inspired by real life events, memory, imagination and enhanced by the sheer joy of playing with words, my poetry satisfies my need to be creative.

And, if ever there are days when I wonder why it took so long for the writer in me to reveal itself, I simply pick up my pen, or in most cases, go to the computer, and begin writing yet another poem.

A Moment for all Time

Scenes of design, origin.
Cherry, gingko, or maple trees,
A Japanese screen transplanted in kind.
Some five koi splashed blue;
How beautiful their value's worth.

Painted odd spots of orange,
A winged one, yellow, black. Some gold
Flits and flutters amongst old, spotted blue;
A sun kissed garden pink blushed,
Passionately lush, through and through.

Come lovers of nature,
Peonies for her hat; mossy green
His cap... consider the blue waters~
Hope for enlightenment.
Linger to drink, linger to think.

Scent of garden's sweet face,
Nature's ancient brush paints anew
A portrait orientally sublime.
Pen and ink yields a love
Linked scroll; poetry finds its way.

Like truth endowed, in awe~
Inspired and draped in harmony
Hearts race, passions pace,
And with strange delight....
Catching breath, resting now,
Birds, the swallows, twitter their songs.

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Note: Once school resumed in September, an elementary school teacher asked all the students in my class to write a paper on "My Summer Vacation." When I complained that I hadn't gone anywhere or done anything, (too poor to afford such a luxury) she said in no uncertain terms, "I don't care if all you did was sit in the corn field. Write something about that!" Today I credit her for stimulating some of my imagination.

A Mountain Full of Dreams

One sunny morning got me to thinking
About how the housework was awaiting,
About how Momma was always certain
To say, “No, it’s too dangerous to go.
You can not play in the mountains today.”

So, a choice I had to make, cry and pout
Or face the hard decision before me.
There was little that I could do or say.
Yet memory helped me devise a plan.

Who was there to say, when I, old and gray,
Wouldn’t have preferred Momma’s punishment
Which was sure to come my way for having
Chosen to spend the day amongst the trees,
In the mountains, ones that knew me by name?

Mother Nature knew where it was I became
Quite tame and why my bedroom-window’s eyes
Meeting mine, knew the same thing. Then did my
Heart beat joyfully with expectation,

Exerting my childish will, my hands now
In the old familiar place, I lifted
The window frame up, and quickly climbed out.
I scraped my knee, yet was happily free.
Shame nor disgrace played a part in my scheme.

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

At the tender age of ten I mostly was
Oblivious to sin. Still, a spanking
Seemed a reasonable price to pay then,
Today, and always, for living out my dreams.

Note: This poem would have been an "eye-opener" for my elementary school teacher had I dared shared these sentiments with her. However, it certainly would have fit her expanded version of a "vacation" theme.

A Moment of Brilliance

What kind of night is this, so dark
And velvety, that in its brilliance
The moon and the stars above
The mountain tops appear
As diamonds, as precious jewels?

What is this that quickens my heart
As it streaks, burns and passes
Through the earth's atmosphere,
Then brushes the distant trees
With specks of its golden dust?

What kind of night is this, that as I
Lift up my voice in praise of its mystery,
It becomes an aria of echoes,
A message to the heavens
And to all the constellations?

What kind of night is this that gifts
With the sight of a meteorite
Falling to its death, to where
God only knows, extinguished
Except for its treasured memory?

What kind of night is this, that in its fading
My heart leaps with joy at the vision
Of the golden orb rising with the dawn?

Far brighter still than a shooting star,
Its warmth kisses the smile on my face.

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Note: I sometimes go back in memory and relive the sweet delight of standing out on the porch, chin tilted up and me gazing into the darkened sky high above the mountains, There, unknowingly, the moon, no larger than a skinny silver half-dime and a myriad of twinkling stars added yet another dimension to the dreams that were beginning to fill my head.

Jackie Allen

Tony
Henninger

Tony Henninger



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Tony Henninger is the current president of The Permian Basin Poetry Society of Texas in West-Texas. His first book, “A Journey of Love”, is a collection of love poems dedicated to his wife Deanne and is available at InnerchildPress.Com and Amazon.com.

He has been published in several anthologies including: Permian basin and Beyond 2014, We are the 500 (West Texas poets), Hot Summer Nights 2013 and 2014 editions, and World Healing/World Peace. He is, also, one of the co-authors of the 12 volume Anthology “Year of the Poet 2014” at InnerChild.

He is currently working on his second book of poetry to be published in early 2015.

Born in Frankfurt, Germany and growing up in Colorado, He now resides in Texas.

Tony Henninger on Facebook

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Tony Henninger

On This Summer Evening

Walking along the beach,
the stars coming out soon,
as night approaches and
the sun smiles at the moon.

I can feel the mighty ocean
beckoning me to come home
to a place oh so beautiful, but
to most, remains unknown.

Where no man is an island.
Where everyone can be free.
Where all may dive right in to
cleanse their souls of disharmony.

Oh, how I love these evenings
where my soul can escape its binding
as the stars become brighter still
on this summer evening.

WOLF CUBS

As spring turns into summer
and the sun rises higher in the sky,
come forth the hungry children
out of the mountains high.

So beautiful in their stride,
running through the trees.
Chasing each other with delight,
relishing the warm summer breeze.

Frolicking in the lush grasses
after all the snow and rain.
Enjoying nature's warmest season,
though their future remains uncertain.

Facing serious threats everyday,
they flourish without dismay.
Not caring about what may come
on this beautiful summer day.

Tony Henninger

Visit To A Wolf Sanctuary

(Summer 2010)

On a warm summer's eve,
I sat among a pack called "LOBO".
Some warily approached me
to see if I was friend or foe.

One came and sat close beside me
and allowed me to touch him.
Though his eyes were firmly upon me,
mine were firmly upon him.

He began to speak to me in images
of the beauty of nature and how he saw it.
His proudness, the love of family, and
how all life together was meant to fit.

Then, I saw his eyes grow dim
as he stared at me with intent.
Showing me images of his discontent.
The plight of his brothers and sisters.
The deaths of many of his kin.
The pain they must endure because
Man desires their skin.
Images of Nature's receding power
to recuperate from Man's damage done.
How it, all too soon, could be gone.

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Teaching me the respect
all of nature deserves
if Man wants to preserve
the beauty of the Earth.

Then, he let out a howl
one can hear for many miles.
I joined in his howling
as tears began to fill my eyes.

When it was all over,
he looked into me once more,
and he knew my life was
changed forevermore.

Tony Henninger

Joe
DaVerbal
MindDancer

Joe Da Verbal Minddancer



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

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.

<https://www.facebook.com/joe.minddancer>

A Day On The Sand

So hot is the day
I want to cool off
The Sun at high noon is welcoming sight
Other's take cover under awnings and umbrellas
The winter's chill still lay deep in my bones
I want to go home
I want to go home

There's an ocean before me
It draws me in
I hear the waves whispering
I taste the sea breeze
One hundred yards of scorching sand
Broken bottles
Tanning bodies make obstacles
I remain unstoppable
I'm being cooked by the sand
Before I reach my mother land
So near
So near
I can feel my mother dear
Place me back in your womb
My ocean blue
Two weeks to lay in you
Two weeks to play in you
My vacation with you is now
Sunsets on your shore
Sunrise on your deck
I sit back and reflect
I love your moon your rising tide
These two weeks with you have flown by.

Yellow Malibu

I can't remember if I was 9 or 10
Where we were going or how it began
All I know it was one of life's hurdles
My very first ride in this Chevy convertible
A friend of the family, his name escapes me
The year was 1962 and times were crazy
He was the summer man
We got our summer tans
Top down cruising down the highway
We laughed as he asked is my hair blowing

So much separation between humanity
They had there's and we had our beach
But the ocean knows no boundaries
And the signs began to appear
60 miles to go, they seemed like an eternity
Are we there yet became a common phrase
We were past the days for school
We were ready for the cool water

The Yellow Malibu was receiving waves
We've yet to dip our feet in the ocean
And suddenly a commotion
Voices got louder, the highway was crowded
Bumper to bumper as we slowly drove in
Vacation began at the first whiff of sea breeze
It seems summer fun always begins
In the last two weeks before it ends
There's never any planning just happenstance
Until the summer man comes by
Last year his car was used
This year a brand new Yellow Malibu.

First Cast

Early in the morning as the fog covers the lake
I rise with the scent of fresh coffee
Boiled in an old pot over a campfire
The air is cool way before drain of humidity
It's a perfect time for fishing
Man and his wits against nature
The water is teeming with fish
They feed on what will soon feed on me
I hope to feed on the fish

There's an iron skillet awaiting the flame
There's an old friend whom I'll never see again
This was our spot where we talked things out
This place of serenity belongs to no one
Yet there's clearly a path showing wear
Could it be the perfect spot?
I've come home empty aplenty
Danger lurks above and below
And once I saw a bear.

I still brave the elements to come up here
I share the air with past haunts
I string my rod with lure on end
Mimicking the movement of a minnow
It spins so in the still water
I've never fished with my daughter
With my son when he was young
There was a moment...
And in the mornings eerie light
I got my first bite.

Neetu
Wali

Neetu Wali



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Hi! I am Neetu. Who am I? This question is very difficult to answer.

Well! If you insist, let me reveal. I am a human and like every other human I eat, sleep, drink, dance, sing, laugh, smile, cry and so on. Hang on! There is a difference. Unlike most of the human beings, I breathe and when I breathe, I relax. When I am relaxed, I draw. I draw sketches of me in words.

I have been orbiting around sun for forty years now. I started this journey on the Valentine day of 1974. I have seen people craving for heaven and I was born in the only heaven on earth (Kashmir). My Grandfather was a spiritual personality and a renowned poet of his time. Though he left me around 35 years ago, I couldn't let him go. I carry him in my eyes and mind and will do that till the end of my life. I hate words, yet I am full of words. I know words cannot express, yet I express me through words, because they are the only medium I am familiar with. That is why I try to express me as much as possible with as minimum words as possible.

When I did Masters in business administration, I never knew, writing will be the only business in my life. More than hobby writing is a necessity for me, because it helps me get the load of thoughts off my head. I don't remember when it that I wrote my first poem was. But I surely know the time of my last poem. Surely, not before my last breath.

Me the Poem

I am a plain piece of paper
Staring at me the pen
How I wish this pen
To grow in every dimension
From roots to sky
From horizon to horizon
Wide like the ocean
Of universe
Such a pen, I am sure
Can quench my thirst
Of words
Words sweeter than
The song of a nightingale
Its ink will be a hail
A frozen drop of moment
Revolving in space
In all the directions
I pray for this to happen
Then only, me the poem can begin
To be born
Taking birth again and again
Till infinity and eternity

Silence Kills

Come on!
Talk to me
Hit me
Abuse me
Punish me
I can't live
With this any more
Your silence kills
He said, his eyes
Reflecting a pit of guilt
She got up,
Walked to him
Now she was
Too close to
His face
Looking into his eyes
She replied,
What you said?
Come again?
It kills, he repeated
His words
She smiled,
Hiding a secret
In her smile
I didn't hear
What you said?
I said your silence.....
He couldn't complete his words
Now she laughs bitterly
You know what?
She said, her lips curled
I heard it
When you said it
First time

Heart Over Head

If my heart had a say
It would make its way
Into the deepest of seas
The Steepest of mountains
The darkest of tunnels
The wildest of oceans
But no way!
Head placed itself above
Forcefully, like a Nazi
I wish my heart
Climbs up my veins
Like a tree and rest it
Above my head
Eating into it
Slowly and gradually
It is a treat to roam
Headless or rather
Heart-headed
I am tired of
Being a wood head
Let my heart
Begin its brunch
By eating into my eyes
I, the happiest
No colours, No shapes, No forms
To bear with, including mine
Then comes the turn of ears
How delightful it is
Without the words of

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Applaud and humility
Now it attacks my nose
Immediately after
And I love it
Ah! No nose
To smell no fishy
I, tired of fake smile
Pleased to get rid of lips
I am sure for my heart to stop
As it arrives at chin
Because they say
Chin is the bone, alone
That can hold
The maximum load

Kidding?

He came to me
His little fingers
Carrying a brilliant rose
Marry me?
He said seriously
On his knees
I didn't know
What to say
I just laughed
I kissed him and said
Ok! Let's go to the church,
Nearby
Are you mad?
He said, returning me

Neetu Wali

Serious looks
Women are just women
He muttered while smashing
His head
I am a kid
I was kidding
You are not supposed
To be kidding
At this age, saying this
He got busy, playing
With his friends
And I asked myself
Who said?

Shareef
Abdur
Rasheed

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

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 42 Grandchildren (24 Boys and 18 Girls).

For more information about Shareef,
contact or follow him at :

<http://www.facebook.com/shareef.abdurrasheed1>

<http://zakirflo.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/shareef-abdur-rasheed.php>

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Muslim-Writers-Forum/370511683056503>

may...

the warmth of summer invigorate
let the blessings bring you to
appreciate
gift of life precious, breath of air
delicious
sight, sound, smell, touch
senses bestowed to allow us to
do service, worship the bestower
he who showers mankind with
miraculous benefits
undeserved by all of us
gratitude being the constant
expression from within
manifested externally with devotion
minimizing sin
maximizing humility, sincerity,
utilizing gifted capabilities
to give service to the needy
for the pleasure of he who
granted treasures abundantly
not without a test to determine
state of heart and mind
there will never be enough time
to express positive attitude of genuine
gratitude
setting down to zero altitude
on the ground in prostration
most humble demonstration

food 4 thought!

pour..,

milk ' n ' honey into my cup
divine nectar never get enough
pleasure from Ar-Rahmin's
(Thee Merciful) endless,
inexhaustible treasure's
tapping the storehouse
earth's richness still bountiful
though diminished from men's
abuse
doomed to get worst due to
exploitive, disrespectful, greedy
use
non the less much is still left
in the creator's treasure chest
and the rotation of creation
goes on
bringing with it renewal
the jewels of season change
earth dies in winter
then " springs " back to life again
look at the transformation
clear signs invoking validation
of divine revelation
sent down before to all tribes
and nations
reminding mankind of the power
of the divine
to bring hope to the hearts
enlightenment to minds

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

behold the glow of a summer
morning we have all have come to
know
but do we really though,
even stop to reflect the gifts
bestowed?
through unmatched mercy
never owed, always underserved.
all this and yet you ask.,
"and to who and what do we owe
and to who and what do we serve?"

food 4 thought!

Return...

cold of winter harsh taxing
fades into the background
back in the cycle
taking it's place
keeping pace
now comes respite
earth blooms back to life
behold the creator's might
giver ' n ' taker of life
architect, designer, planner,
engineer, executer,
don't need no help
does it all by himself
he says " BE " and it is
wants winter " Be " winter!
wants spring " Be " Spring!
wants summer " BE " summer!
wants fall " BE " fall!
that simple, that's all!
and we all enjoy
do we ponder, wonder in awe,
or just simply enjoy and ignore
how we're here every minute, hour
day, month, year?
through the mercy and the power
of he who put us here
and what's more he who did this
implores...,
be mindful of the purpose of it all
from the one who willed it
comes the command " Fulfill it! "

food 4 thought!

Shareef Abdur ~ Rasheed

Kimberly
Burnham

Kimberly Burnham



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

As a 28 year-old photojournalist, Kimberly Burnham appreciated beauty. Then an ophthalmologist diagnosed her with a genetic condition, "Consider life if you become blind." From those devastating words, she forged a healing path with insight and vision. Today, a brain health expert, Kimberly helps people experience richer, more nourishing environments.

"People, who feel better, make better choices for themselves, their community and our world."

Her PhD in Integrative Medicine and extensive training in Craniosacral Therapy, Reiki, Acupressure, Integrative Manual Therapy, Health Coaching, and Matrix Energetics enable her to serve as a catalyst, gently shifting your ability to feel better physically, think more clearly, and be more creative.

A 2014 Poetry Posse member, Kimberly and Creating Calm Network's Ann White, assist small enterprises in crafting business booming words and robust social media platforms. Kimberly won SageUSA's 2013 story contest with a poem from *The Journey Home*, chronicling her 3,000 mile Hazon Cross-USA bicycle trip. Her poetry books include, *Live Like Someone Left The Gate Open* and the upcoming *Healing Words—Poetry for Thriving Brains*. With Elizabeth Goldstein she edited the anthology, *Music—Carrier of Intention in 49 Jewish Prayers*.

Experience greater health & success @ (860)221-8510
<http://ParkinsonsAlternatives.CreatingCalmNetwork.com>
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Vision Story: <http://youtu.be/JhG3-qwkVvK>

My Natural Mind

In "every animal the capacity
to lose hold
from time to time"
chants Braitman in *Animal Madness*

There is a chameleon inside
colorful and cute
if you want me
to be
full to the skin of adaptability
a whirling world
I hold tight
to what is real

A totem bear
grasping sacred my own
defining my family
seen through wise eyes

A fox ready to run
or snarl and growl
if threatened yet
like the Little Prince's
ready to be tamed
by those who mean
something to me

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Ready to jump and play
a dolphin indulging in
the pleasures of life
circling bubbles
ready to dive in

An osprey willing to hope
for eternal love
near the water
high above the drama
swirling within
my mind

- Originally written for Tiferet Journal's 2015 Poem-A-Thon

Summer Rain

Pierced by sunlight
summer rain
brings green leaves
red tomatoes
blue hydrangeas
a double rainbow
burning bright

Steady beats
soothing sounds
watering plants
driving us indoors
to games and books

Cooling the earth
slowing passage
emitting an earthy smell
soaked up by an unquenchable thirsty
to grow and learn

We cannot stop the summer rain
but choose how
to spend the time
while sky dances
with the land

Planting Seeds, A Garden Villanelle

Full of magic my hands hold a seed envelope
bringing to life the land around us
as with her I plan a future brimming with hope

Garden buds Jerusalem artichokes cantaloupe
we sit on the redwood swing and gently discuss
the magic my hands hold in a seed envelope

Children, bikes, blue hydrangeas swirling kaleidoscope
time and fresh space a plus
as with them I plan a future brimming with hope

A meditation labyrinth of rope
I chart a walnut tree at the center lush
full of magic my hands hold a seed envelope

Previous chapters closed once wrote
looking forward to the years of tasty nutritious nuts
as with her I plan a future brimming with hope

Hiking to the mailbox down the slope
enjoying birds aerial stunts
full of magic my hands hold a seed envelope
as with her I plan a future brimming with hope

Kimberly Burnham

Ann
J.
White

Ann J. White



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Amazed and inspired by her own life, Ann White has lived the life of a grasshopper buffeted about by wild winds, yet always landing safely and creating a home wherever she finds herself.

Highlights include working with astronaut Frank Borman, sharing a hot dog with Ross Perot, enjoying a coffee with Florida Governor Chiles, and attending a ballet with Imelda Marcos. Ann has also survived childhood sexual abuse, one terrorist coup, two burglaries, one rape and countless misadventures – making her grateful for each of life’s moments.

An international management consultant, board certified family attorney, rabbi, grief counselor, and trauma chaplain – Ann has worn many professional hats.

These days she spends her time in her enchanted cottage and chicken farm by Lake Michigan in Sheboygan, Wisconsin with two very weird dogs and six quirky hens.

Ann is the author of *The Sacred Art of Dog Walking*, *Living with Spirit Energy*, *Code Red – a Stress Rx for Trauma Workers*, and *So You Want to Be a Radio Host*. She has also been featured in numerous anthologies. She is the co-owner of The Creating Calm Network Broadcasting and Publishing Group along with Kimberly Burnham.

Ann produces and hosts several programs on CCN as well as officiating weddings and distributing Young Living Essential Oils and It Works! Body Wraps.

You can find her at:

www.HealthandWellnessbyAnnJWhite.com

www.CreatingCalmNetwork.com

I Can't Wait

I can't wait for school to get out so I can play all summer
Can't wait for school to start cuz I miss my friends
Can't wait for recess so I can climb on the monkey bars
Can't wait for the end of the day so I can go home
Can't wait to finish high school and go away to college
Can't wait to finish college so I will be an adult
Can't wait to find a job and get my own place
Can't wait to meet my true love and live happily ever after
Can't wait to walk down the aisle and start a new life
Can't wait for my first child to be born
Can't wait for my child to start walking
Can't wait until my child starts school
Can't wait until my child learns to drive
Can't wait until my child goes off to college
Can't wait for my child to get married
Can't wait to become a grandparent
Can't wait to retire
Oh No!
I forgot to live this one life of mine

I Long For Autumn

Grasshoppers fly
Sidewalks sizzle
White faeries float from what once were grand yellow
dandelions
Children frolic
Days are long
Old men wear sleeveless shirts stained with sweat
Tempers are short
Nights are hot
Open windows share family secrets
Garbage rots
Flies bite
Ice cream trucks create cacophonous melodies polluting the
peace
Kites soar
Smells linger
Beaches are blanketed with bodies sunburned and pock
marked with sand
The air is thick
Mosquitoes are bold
Families haunt porches and meager yards in search of
shelter from the heat
It is summer
I long for autumn

A Lover of Summer, I Am Not

I sit under a hot pink parasol
On my lime green chaise
Sipping icy sweet lemonade
Dragonflies flit and butterflies drift in the wind
Gentle breezes dance the tendrils of my hair on my
forehead
The sun, she kisses my face leaving a gentle hint of
dampness
....In my dreams

In my reality....
I lie on my damp sheets with the stillness of death
Awaiting the faintest movement of air
Anticipating the quick tickle on my skin as a rare and
phantom breeze tiptoes across my bed
Ever so brief
Providing paltry relief from the sauna in which I rest.

A lover of summer, I am not
She burns too torrid for my spirit
Hot with passion, searing and sensual
Steaming and sultry is this Goddess of the Sun.

I court Spring as she teases me with the riches of daffodils
and gentle rains
She grants me relief from ice and gray horizons in which I
slumber
She awakens my heart and whispers promises of abundance
Breathing in the newness of life all around.

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

I embrace Winter as a harbinger of hibernation – the dark nights come early
To my nest I drift, buried under bundles of blankets with the glow of the fireplace to warm my soul
A time to slumber and allow this delicious dormancy to nurture my creative energetic flow
She gifts me with the splendor of snowflakes sparkling as they lay down a pure white blanket to cover the earth for her annual rest.

Autumn is my distant lover – a love so brief I caress it with a bittersweet aching in my heart
A time so vibrant, so rich in aroma – colors defying an artist's palette
She enters my life tenderly at first- then boldly with power and presence, only to fade away as the winds of winter bid her farewell
If I could hold her just a bit longer – but she tears away with the promise of return.

Ann J. White

Keith
Alan
Hamilton

Keith Alan Hamilton



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

~Keith Alan Hamilton~ is an Author who writes a spiritually philosophical blend of poetry and prose that's often further pictorialized with his Smartphone photography. Keith is the online publisher/editor of three blogs which includes The Hamilton Gallery ~ Online.com Blog, the Keith Alan Hamilton.com Blog and the NatureIQ.com Blog. Keith is also an exhibited artist, a fervent promoter of other artists and a professional Information Specialist/Investigator (Private/Corporate Sector – LPI).

Keith firmly believes, “The true act of creating art, is for it to be used for the everlasting benefit of all humanity” by using art to create change.

Driven by that belief, Keith's mission is within the spirit brought forth in his book series Nature ~ IQ: Let's Survive, Not Die! to see the value of proactively working together to improve the overall well-being of humanity. So people become more willing and able to help themselves and then do the same for others. To exemplify this mission a portion of the proceeds from the Keith's book series and his Art Store are donated to help support promising research into the cause, treatment, and management of MS, Fibromyalgia, Diabetes, Cancer, Hydrocephalus and mental conditions (Bipolar, Depression, Autism, etc.).

summer breeze ~ CAM

This poem is dedicated to my first love as a teenager, CAM. The many love poems I wrote to her, helped me as an adult to appreciate and comprehend the power of the many female muses that have influenced my creativity as an artist. Peace and love CAM.

I dream of a world
full of peace
peace can be real
right ~
'cause like the air
~ flowing through
my lungs
I've felt
and still remember peace
its presence
as a teenager
in the afternoon
while laying
on my bed
daydreaming

~ sometimes
about my first love
CAM
who had moved away
from Freeland
to Zilwaukee
she inspired me to write
many love poems
later to help me
appreciate and comprehend
the power
of the many

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

female muses
that have
influenced my creativity
as an artist ~

I'd hear
the chimes clanging
out in the yard
from the summer breeze
.... blowing
through the window
screen
yes
peace
momentarily
comforted me
made me feel at ease
similar
to the feeling you get
on a summer vacation
after the martini
sets in for the night
thank you
Schmidt & Regine
Seals & Crofts
for *Summer Breeze*
and to the essence
of breeze
through a window ~
~ the hope for peace
it gives
and too
the sweet memories
of love

peace out

the why: on summer vacation ~ Pd

This poem is dedicated to my muse, dear friend and fellow artist Pd Lietz. Pd was the first artist to take a chance, have the faith and confidence to do a Image with Words collaboration with me. Not a shabby start for this small town artist from Freeland, Michigan. 'Cause Pd Lietz is one of the greatest, highly recognized and published artists in the present day world.

on summer vacation
first week of September
the highlands
of Cape Breton
sung sweetly
to me
as if
given an angelic air
according to the wind
driven on its course
over hill and dale
~ accompanied
~ harmoniously
from the rush of sea
beating
ever so steadily
upon the ragged shore
sculptured in rocks
stenciled
with weathered
lines of character
where water and land
are roofed with
the veil of sky
not only home to
~ the cloud

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~ the sun
~ the moon
but ~ the bald eagle
neither one nor two
the many
swooping
majestically about
all the while below
the moose walks
and runs
with beige or gray
covered legs
along the zigzag path
of rugged terrain
and too
under
the same shadow
of the eagle's wing
right off
the best kept secret
on the Cabot Trail
Meat Cove

~ the whale
breaching together ~ freely
in synchronized swimming
purely ~ unequivocally
breathtaking

.....
~ for if I knew
the day and time
my end would come
this is where
this place
I would sit
upon the ground
on the hill

Keith Alan Hamilton

above that cove
with love one in arm
I would
without fear
face north
to peer across
the Gulf of St. Lawrence

and whisper goodbye
to Pd Lietz
my dear friend
and fellow artist
in Manitoba

I'd patiently
and peacefully
wait in silence
for my maker
accompanied by
the angel of death

it would be then
with poise
I would ask the creator

the why
~ for all this living

peace out

the season of summer ~ MTS

This poem is dedicated to the author of *Leaving the Hall Light On*, Madeline Sharples. She is one of my closest and dearest friends on planet earth. My hero ! I love her so.....

summer brings to mind
fun in the sun
and vacation
~ sittin'
on the deck
with martini in hand
~ cookin'
on the grill
~ hangin'
with friends
and neighbors
~ nuttin'
wrong with that I say
but for me
this year
I'll be having fun
on June 27th
~ kickin'
off
the summer season
~ walkin'
16 plus miles
the event
Out of the Darkness
Overnight walk in Boston
with one of my heroes
in life

author

Keith Alan Hamilton

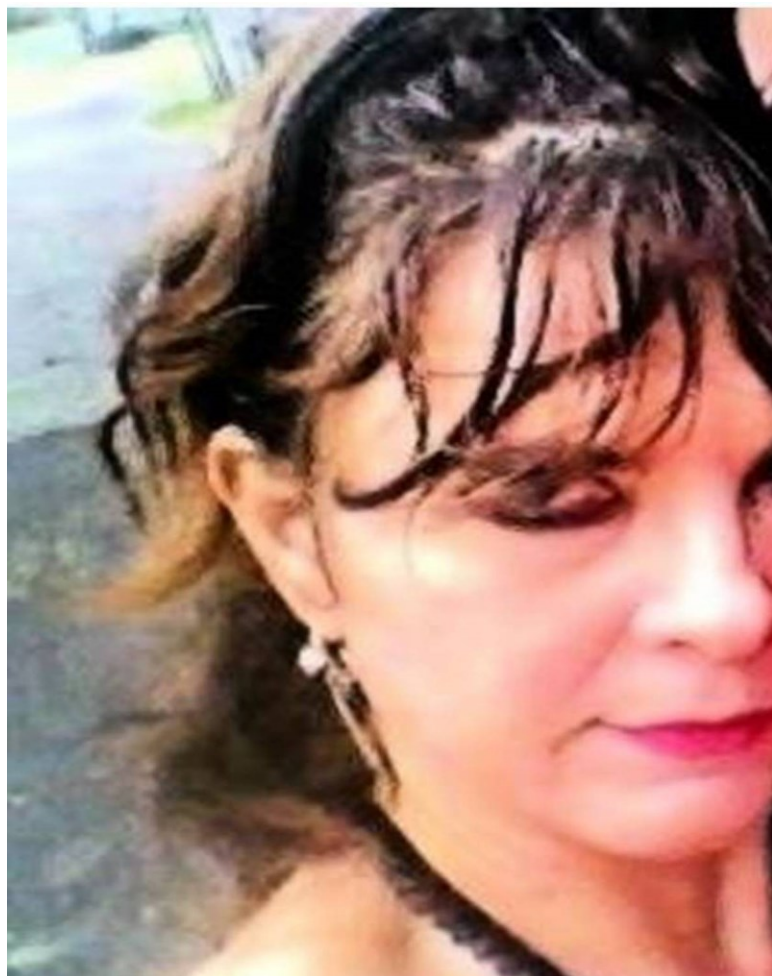
Madeline Sharples
who wrote a memoir with poems
Leaving the Hall Light On
to preserve the memory
of her son Paul
who had bipolar disorder
and committed suicide
how she and her family
managed to live on
afterwards

as I said
~ doin'
something like that
is fun
for me
in mind and body
and spiritually refreshing
to the soul
truly a break from it all
a vacation
of the highest order
selfless service
the act of
~ givin'
way more than just
~ takin'
from the experience
of life
~ durin'
the season of summer

peace out

Katherine
Wyatt

Katherine Wyatt



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Katherine Wyatt, born in Pittsburgh, PA., comes from a family of artists and writers that date back into the fifteen hundreds. Her mother was a cartoonist whose work was published globally. Her father was a writer in the corporate world, and he started his career as a journalist as a young man. Katherine was formally a ballet dancer who was trained at the prestigious School of American Ballet and danced the New York City Ballet repertoire for many years. She then went to college and got a BA and an MA in World Religions, and MA in Humanities and another MS in Instructional Design for Online Applications. She Attended Florida State University, among other. She then taught college students for three years. Katherine has written all of her life, but mostly academically until eight years ago. When she was seventeen she began a spiritual journey that led her around the world, and to Rishikesh, India. There she studied yoga in the tradition of the Himalayan Masters. She also has spent the last four years studying the history and traditions of Native Americans, and is still learning much in this area. With a strong background in the arts and her deep interest in spirituality her poetry often reflects the human connection to the divine. Her work is inspired by both eastern and western tradition. Katherine is currently and academic writer who loves to write poetry and has two books published.

Katherine's work can be found at Facebook as well
<https://www.facebook.com/katherinewyatt.trinitypoetry>

She can also be found at Reverbnation and SoundCloud
<https://soundcloud.com/katherine-wyatt-trinity>
http://www.reverbnation.com/katherinewyatt?profile_view_source=header_icon_nav

Katherine Wyatt

~serious moonlight

*My breath is moonlight
dancing
upon your sway
moving together*

*waves gathering momentum
crashing together
on the shores of*

*a moment
seeming to last forever....*

*We awaken to reality
on a hot midday afternoon*

~spirit-dancing

Softly dancing in the moonlight
across the waters
they come in filmy groups
 shining through the banyans
dancing a dance they recall from
 those days when they carried a form....

When the sunburst climbs through the palms
they are still dancing upon the brackish waters
feeling the heartbeat of the Earth
 as it ripples across the bayous

Re (membering) themselves
 drums heard beyond the veils,
while the waters of their Earth home beckon them
they dance with the herons
flying to the stars until the next gathering

Shadows of light
catching a glimpse of those who are
not bound by time and space
we re(member) ourselves...
if we listen closely
... can you see them?

Katherine Wyatt

They come that their dancing
reminds us of the rhythms of the Earth
connecting us to our own roots
reconnecting us to our own strength
dancing in a circle upon the bayous
so that we too

can dance another day

~pulse

Metal colliding with metal
full impact
sparks from the swords raining down
like meteors...

Feathers coated in the spray of sacred blood
lay strewn across the green and asphalt
floating down the drainpipes
slithering underground...
mourning in crimson tide

Written across sapphire blue skies
is a mist of blood spelling out the names
of the fallen

No one would know they chose it
these bloody wounds where wings
once gave them flight

The night falls under the spell of a Blood Moon
silent except for the groaning
of the changes...
morphing from angel into human
where wings are exchanged
for a glimpse

even just the hope
of
Love

Oh what we mortals take for granted....

Katherine Wyatt

Fahredin
Shehu

Fahredin Shehu



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Born in Rahovec, South East of Kosova, in 1972. graduated at Prishtina University, Oriental Studies.

Actively works on Calligraphy discovering new mediums and techniques for this specific for of plastic art.

Certified expert in Andragogy/ Capacity Building, Training delivery, Coaching and Mentoring, Facilitating etc.

In last ten years he operated as Independent Scientific Researcher in the field of World Spiritual Heritage and Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin Shehu is a highly *Noted* and *Acclaimed* World Renowned Poet, Author, Teacher and so much more. He graduated from Prishtina University with a Degree in Oriental Studies. In his continuing Education he received an M.A. in Literature. and a PhD in Sacral Esthetics.

Fahredin hails from Rahovec, South East of Kosova and has been embraced affectionately for his acutely gifted insightful poetic expressions by the Global Poetry Community. The depth and knowledge of many spiritual aspects that affect Humanity subtly shines through in his work. *Pleroma's Dew & Maelstrom* are very graceful works that serves to add to the accolades of this much celebrated Poet / Author / Philosopher.

<http://www.innerchildpress.com/fahredin-shehu>

My Nest Eggs

Every particle we have thrown
In the ether has been assembled
In lumps of Love
Somewhere in the realm of Jupiter

They told us: You shall possess
Wisdom to understand the Poetry
Of the one who is called?
The Martyr of Love
For Love is nothing but
A God who is giver and forgiving

Love makes the Creation
Orbit in its axis and
Oscillates in Center and periphery
Occupies Nadir and Horizon and
Contains “Nothing”, for itself

When the summer was in its peak
And the Seagulls flying over
We’ve been heavy white clouds
Bringing shade
On the shore the senile were
Drinking poison for they failed
To love nor did they laid
The Nest eggs to toast “Today”, even
The drop of elixir sipped
In the deepest layers of their
Heart- membrane

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Otherwise I've been in Love
From and for Eternity and a day more
Despite the ignorant refused my Art
And said: this is not Poetry- and I did
And do say: No it is not Poetry- right!!!
It is more than that
It is an elixir
A life giving drop
To the about to die
And to the "Alive"

Our Man

Plenty has been said
Recently
In Men history
Memory remains calm
As calm less as we are
Ants and bees
Germans and Japanese

Lazy we think we are
But sincere

We write for another
Age for the Men to come
We paint like a child
How happy we are

For man has nothing to do with us
Behold Man
Interfering in our destiny

The Time rolls
In its pace
Just as we do

Under the Neon Moon

Foams of Adriatic Sea and
The air full of iodine
Spawn of tough sharks
Light Zephyr

We
Under the Palm
With the golden leaves

The boy is screaming
The Moon is full
The dog barks at it
The Moon does not care
Nor do we...

Fahredin Shehu

Hülya
N.
Yılmaz

Hülya N. Yılmaz



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

hülya n. yılmaz was born and raised in Turkey but has been living in the U.S. as a university instructor since she earned her liberal arts doctoral degree from The University of Michigan. During her studies, she gave birth to her life source – a daughter who is now a mother herself. yılmaz authored a then groundbreaking research book in German on the literary reflections of cross-cultural interactions between the West and the Islamic East. She has a chapter published in a research book and presented her smaller scholarly projects at various national and international conferences. A few were published in academic journals.

A member of the Academy of American Poets, Dr. yılmaz authored with Inner Child Press, Ltd. her debut book, *Trance*. In this book of poetry in English, German and Turkish, hülya offers a venue for deliberations on identity formation and assertion within a multi-cultural context. Her narrations then alert readers to the urgent need for a re-visit to the often-unquestioned patriarchal mindset across the world. Several of her other creative work continue to appear in other Inner Child Press, Ltd. publications.

A licensed freelance writer and editor and a member of the Editorial Freelancers Association, hülya n. yılmaz served as editorial consultant for a large number of literary manuscripts, having published several book evaluations and critiques. She has also extensive experience in literary translations between English, German and Turkish in any direction – an example of which is present in *Trance*.

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<http://www.innerchildpress.com/hulyas-professional-writers-services.php>

<http://dolunaylaben.wordpress.com>

Hülya N. Yılmaz

Summer, Fun Poem I

i read your poem again the other day
you exhaled not your last breath but life to it
another stepping stool on my rocky path
your favorite *Taka lowered for me the anchor

how intense your pain was for the void
after your mother still too young
the baby of the family your birth-sick brother
the middle sibling your esteemed little sister
barely thirty gorgeous daughter
a brand new love-struck mother

i aim to find you inside their circle
to dive your eyes into the white-foamed abyss
dancing your charm on the you-obedient waves
humming your “taka taka, taka taka, taka taka”

i will be alright
while i crave for the burning kiss of our sun
for the eternal embrace of Diogenes’ sea
in an around our beloved Sinop
on a mass-transit Taka – unlike yours yet
heeding your route in its soul-cuddling lullabye
to ensue your “taka taka, taka taka, taka taka”

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

* Especially popular in the Turkish Black Sea region, this referent signifies a single-masted boat of whose distinct sound the area people resonate, saying the same word in doubling repetition. With it, I am honoring a musical poem my newly deceased uncle had composed in Turkish. I heard it from his own voice numerous times. In his verses, he reminisces his carefree and happy childhood, revealing his much adored mischievous toddler behaviors and undertakings. It is in his refrain, “taka” that he seemed to be journeying in utmost delight through the countless evening returns of fishermen to the peninsula where he was born to multiple generations of Sinopians. I have been utterly fortunate for having experienced his beloved Sinop the way he adored it.

Summer, Fun Poem II

splash
smash
slumber

all crispiest crests
the juiciest melon
on our ancestry's share-a-cot

ingest
radiate
imitate

seasalt atop mommy-made *Nokul trays
the moonlight wet from the sand's rays
huge-smiles the day gulped down for us

jump
chain
multiply

over the grumpy neighbor's *Nar orchard
granny's floured sugary fingers
the kitchen's wee-hours-timer-smell

sorrow
hope
laughter

can't avoid the exit sign
moves in with our antique settee
pins itself on the ceiling's sassy paint

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

splash
smash
slumber

brr
plop
zzz

aah

* Nokul is a pastry specialty originating from Sinop. “Nar” is the Turkish equivalent of pomegranate, a fruit that has for decades served as a core object of literary imagery to countless writers and poets of Turkey.

***Seyfi**

hey Seyfi
come on already
hop on your side of my seesaw
look how high my hands can reach
one just touched that giraffe's ear
there see the giraffe over there
don't you want to do the same

join me inside my hula hoop for tomorrow
can't you see all ills piled up in my pail
the tide here loves to tear them asunder
let's have friends over for chitter and chatter
their circlet has been calling out to us
it's our turn now to join up their biggest fuss

*A male name in Turkish, used here to resonate the end-sound of its ensuing English word.

Teresa
E.
Gallion

Teresa E. Gallion



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

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>

Teresa E. Gallion

River Travel

Water rolls over stones,
massages my bones,
plays music to my heart,

whispers love notes in my ears.
Sound power of the river commands
a grin across my face.

Slick rock intimacy with water clears
all sadness, anger, grief and pain,
melts them in the river.

Nothing is left but the water's gurgle and me
taking communion together.
I detach from the body,

frolic in the Jemez River,
hold the chilly water close to my heart,
free like the hawk soaring above me.

A delicious taste of gratitude
walks me to the palace of inner peace.
Time travel embraces my soul.

Incident at Sedona

She climbs Cathedral Rock,
shouts in the middle of the climb,
“What are you thinking?”
Taking on a 90 degree vertical
of slick rock and toe holds
just to look at a rock formation.

This is not the first time
she has challenged 60 plus years of wisdom.
Sometimes it is more fun
to not be an adult about some things.
The view at the end of the climb is a thrill.

As she approaches the top,
a little one tugs at his Daddy’s pant leg,
points and says “look Daddy,
old people can get up here too”.
His parents with fire engine red cheeks
bow their heads, fail to see
the child learned a valuable lesson.

She turns to the child and says,
“you are right little one.
When you become an old man
you can get up here too.”
He hugs her leg and says,
“I know and I like you”.

Teresa E. Gallion

High Altitude with Attitude

Architecture binds the valley.
Concrete receives the blizzard of flakes
that melt into cleansing water.
The purity of the road is tainted

by motorcars rolling on black rubber.
Whiteout, the mountain disappears,
trees of spring put back on their winter coats.
Mother is not done yet,

throws a tantrum or two still.
But I am grateful, hunger not
as blessings come with sunrise:
the bliss of indigo skies,

clouds expand across the horizon,
evergreen intensity, flowers run
across meadows flirt
in red, yellow, violet, white.

I live in a state of gratitude, smile
as brother wind massages my lip.
I travel backroads with the wind
at high altitude with attitude.

William
S.
Peters Sr.

William S. Peters, Sr.



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Bill's writing career spans a period quickly approaching 50 years. Being first Published in 1972, Bill has since went on to Author 28 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 is the Founding Director of Inner Child Enterprises as well as the Past Director of Publicity for Society Hill Music.

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

William S. Peters, Sr.

Negril

on the north side of the island
walking towards West End
the Ocean's on my right side
there is nothing to defend

the waves languidly lapping
caressing my Here my Now
for Ego has surrendered
with reverence some way, some how

the Sun with love embraces
the divineness of all "BE"ing
the soft gentle breeze dusts off my lenses
and now my Soul is seeing

that all is One and One IS All
as my toes dig in the sand
i have escaped the confines of Self
and now i understand

if i but just let go and be
the limits do not exist
"i am" the genesis of what "i am"
be it anguish be it bliss

in . . .Negril . . .

Venice at the Beach

Venice at the Beach
a world apart
within a world
of heart

the eclectic expression
adorned
where all can see

hear the color speak
taste the music
of our collective humanity

rolling, strolling
cajoling spirits
to speak clearly through
the dichotomous illusions
of conformity

yes, there are standards
i think
but i am under the Palm Tree
drinking in Shade's coolness
aloof
from my fool-less
self

passive skies of blue
painted as a blank
life canvass
back dropped to the
Pacific horizon
begging for an identity
only found in self expression

William S. Peters, Sr.

no confessions required
no tolls to pass through
the gate
for it only exists
where you deem it so

so
perhaps this is
the new garden
filled with new Soul soils
here for our pleasure
to discover one's own archetypical
architectural abilities
to conjure new meanings
to old things
in a meaningless void
that is being bleached
by the Sun
from opaque

and now we become translucent
and all . . . all good things are seen
for the shadows
which once appeared
as definitions
and shapes of containment
have now fled

the light of me
thee
has bled me
and sped me
propelled me

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

to this quickening
and the re-growth
of my etheric wings
that i may fly
through the dimensional veil
to now embrace God
as i embrace you,
the oneness of the collective
of energy
which dispels
all previous allusion
of the contusive truths
we lovingly
convexingly
endured

and i tasted the Cotton Candy
on the promenade
of Venice at the Beach
so eat me

William S. Peters, Sr.

beaches of existence

i was walking along the beaches of my existence
contemplating my shore and my Seas of deep
as i realized how far i have come and gone
i just stood and i started to weep

once again i have been delivered
to the safe harbor of dry land
i look to the Heavens with gratitude
for here is another day and i stand

i know once again i shall embark
on yet another journey, another quest
i pray that i may gather my light
as i enter thy dark with my best

i will don my armour of hope
to discover things i know not of
i shall depart with the zeal of the Midnight Stars
and give my light to the night with love

as you stand on the beaches of your existence
can you hear the Ocean's mythical song
come with me and we shall quest as One
and let us fill our cup with that which we long

. . . love !

June
2015

Features

~ * ~

Anahit Arustamyan
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Anahit
Arustamyan

Anahit Arustamyan



ANN

The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

My name is Anahit Arustamyan. I was born in Yerevan, Armenia, in 1963 on 21 May. I wrote my first poem at the age of eleven. Some of my poems were published when I was at high school. After graduating from university I had more works published in the local magazines and newspapers. I am an author. I have e-books on Lulu and Amazon. I have published works in a few anthologies too. I write poems in prose which are both lyrical and philosophical. My works are rich in metaphors. I love music and art. Literature is my great passion. I haven't travelled much but the books I read gave me wings to travel all over the world through time and distances.

WE HAVE TALK WITH OUR TIME

We talk together at the same time. We walk together in different parts. Another generation will arrive. So many poppies will rise to smile. Some other generations will remember us. Cheer up, my friends as your ink is becoming a blue-eyed flood! It will remain in any green-eyed bud. Another generation will come to write. Nothing would be ice in a poet's heart. Some scissors may shape any flying kite. No scissors can change our endless light. We have a talk with our time. Who knows whose window doesn't shine? Who knows whose meadow is painted white? Let's drop some mint into our sour wine! Other generations will remember us.

TRUMPET

Trumpet, play your music to give a beggar a small crumb!
Trumpet, play your music to join my heart's drum!
Trumpet, play your music to make my notes rush! A
beggar's crumb might have been something lush. No-one
might wait for me but this dew in the dusk. Trumpet, play
your music to lead a seagull! Trumpet, your sound will
never be dull. My pulse is weary but it's my only waltz.
Trumpet, play your music with my heart's drum! This pale
breeze has hugged me to lull.

SEAGULL!

Seagull! Are you a bride or a bird? Did you use to have an embroidered skirt? Don't take any sail for your lover's shirt! Never tell the sea that you were a girl! The sea knows you as a white bird. The sea wouldn't say what you were first. A sail is a wave which hasn't burst. Don't take any sail for your lover's shirt! Seagull, you will keep the voice you heard.

Yvette
D.
Murrell

Yvette D. Murrell



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Yvette D. Murrell is a dynamic catalyst in the community for compassionate social change. She is a facilitator, consultant and life coach for people in government, non-profit, educational and for profit institutions. As a spoken word artist, she has performed original works at venues around Milwaukee. Yvette does television commercials; radio and voice over work and professional community theater. She has also had the honor of poetically introducing the esteemed Racial Justice Filmmaker, Dr. Shakti Butler.

As an avid practitioner of transformational deep change work, Yvette co-leads Liberation Skills training, is a graduate of the Center for Creative Learning and has over 25 years of experience in a wide array of professional and indigenous transformative processes. She is a spoken word artist, improvisational theatre performer, co-founder and “Connector” of Playback Milwaukee Theatre Company (<https://www.facebook.com/PlaybackMilwaukee>), and practices American Indian and West African indigenous ceremony and ritual in her life and her restorative justice work with students in schools and community centers. She holds a B.A. in Business Administration with a minor in modern/jazz dance from Beloit College.

Mrs. Murrell resides in Milwaukee with her loving husband, Dr. James A. Murrell and is continually inspired by their young adult son, Ramsey.

Walking into love...

I never fell in love with you...

No, I never fell in love because

Falling is for those who close their eyes to the secrets that suffocate their soul... leaving faint memories of whispered promises and fragile dreams...

Falling is for those whose egos suffer from indulgent moments of blind romance...

You know the kind... where you squeeze your eyes so tight that you overlook the ache in your heart... thankful that someone was willing to touch you tonight...

So, you keep falling in love as you choke back wishes upon stars of being touched forever...

Star light. Start bright.

First Star I see tonight.

I wish I may. I wish I might.

Deny my soul it's BLISS tonight...

Denial is like salve on wounded secrets... hush baby, just hush...

No, I never fell in love with you.

Instead I held tightly to my pain, let go of my breath, dove deep into the ocean of grief and held my heart gently... offering it to the deepest darkest parts of myself.

I walked from secret to secret, at the bottom of my grief and there, I offered my heart.

I walked from secret to secret, at the pit of my shame and there I offered my heart.

I walked from secret to secret, at the core of my

Loneliness

Desperation

Denial and Rage... And there you were...

Walking in love with me.

A Puddle & A Pause...

Reflection, thrust to the earth. This is in it.

We have finally landed. Momma Earth's Magic Mirror has all the allure. Dancing droplets, too infinite to count, invite us to pause and notice ourselves again.

The truth was open to me, but reality was oppressive.

The sky was open to me, but the clouds were doubtful.

The trees were open to me, but the birds were reticent.

The wind was open to me, but the butterflies were skittish.

The river was open to me, but the rocks were stoic.

The puddle was open to me,

So I paused, smelled the rain, felt warm sunshine, listened generously, inhaled deeply, held my breath, snapped the picture, and exhaled gratitude when the LIBERATION of Mother Nature showed up in my neighborhood!

I live in a house full of men.

I live in a house full of men.

Men who come and go and find their flow in the rhythm of Mother Earth.

Beautiful Black Men who know they come from women and respect the gifts divine feminine offers to each of them.

Courageous Black Men who embrace the deep gifts of insanity/femininity, not because they googled it, or heard about it on NPR, or read about it in some book...

But because they've touched it with their own tenderness, and choose to ask for a hug, rather than wall-off.

I live with powerful Black Men who hug abundantly, cook fluidly, and listen generously; Men who are not afraid of questions with no easy answers.

I live where wondering and meditation is as common as breathing.

I live with Men who nurture good food and young boys with the same immersed, focused and strategic attention.

It is clear that the Black Men I live with are unearthing their secrets, and extending them to each other, and being greeted with a reverent nod and a nervous chuckle.

Each day & each night, we talk long enough to feel each other's pain and soothe the rough edges with sacred fire.

Phoenix fires, glowing flowing blood embers, reminds us that fire is magic.

I whisper quiet prayers of appreciation to Baba Ogun.

So, we reach deep within ourselves and risk experimenting.

When each soul responds to the guidance of spirit, then we feast on the community meal from the mother land, filled with sweet silence, crackling wood and tasty veggies that nourish our soul.

Tonight, Ogun sings the song of police sirens which serve as acceptance of our soul's offerings.

Regina
A.
Walker

Regina A. Walker



The Year of the Poet ~ June 2015

Regina was born in NYC and grew up in NJ until she ventured to college in Vermont at age 17. After graduating from Bennington College, Regina made NYC her home and attended graduate school at Fordham University.

Regina says . . .

NYC has been the landscape of my adulthood.

NY has been my primary muse, my consistent model.

Muse

My psychic landscape
Sprinkled with landmines
Around which I dart,
narrowly avoiding exploding.

The demon lives beside the common man.
An intricate balance
but not truly a balance at all.

Emotions are like waves that ebb and flow,
Taking and leaving something with each
receding.

On a stormy night,
stranded on the bridge
linking death to immortality,
I grew wings.

Chimera

Sometimes the pain is worth it.

Sometimes the right thing to do really isn't.

Sometimes loss is a relief.

Sometimes getting what I want is scary.

Sometimes fear is a savior.

Hiraeth

I am the water
That washes the fruit
My children will eat.

I am the tear
That falls from the eye
Of the mother at her child's graveside.

I am the shot of fluid
That escapes the needle
Before that moment of relief.

I am the last drop of vodka
The alcoholic swallows
Before he says "no more."

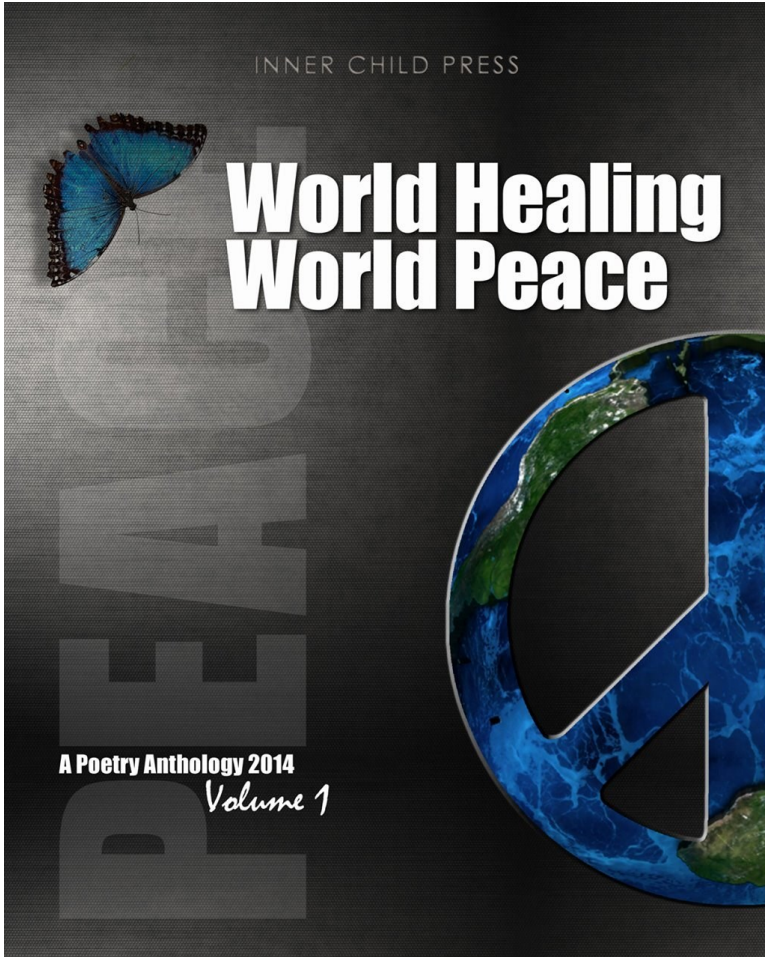
I am the dirty melted snow
That trickles into the gutter
Bringing along small pieces of garbage and debris.

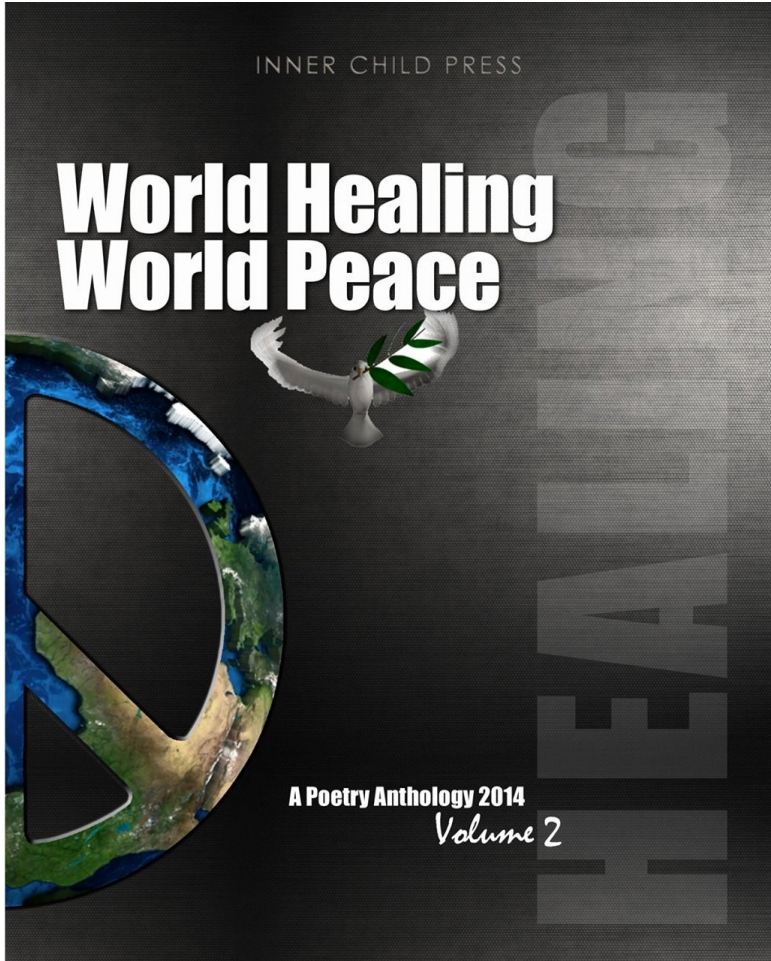
I am the stream
That slowly, slowly wears away the stone.
Moving, traveling, disappearing....

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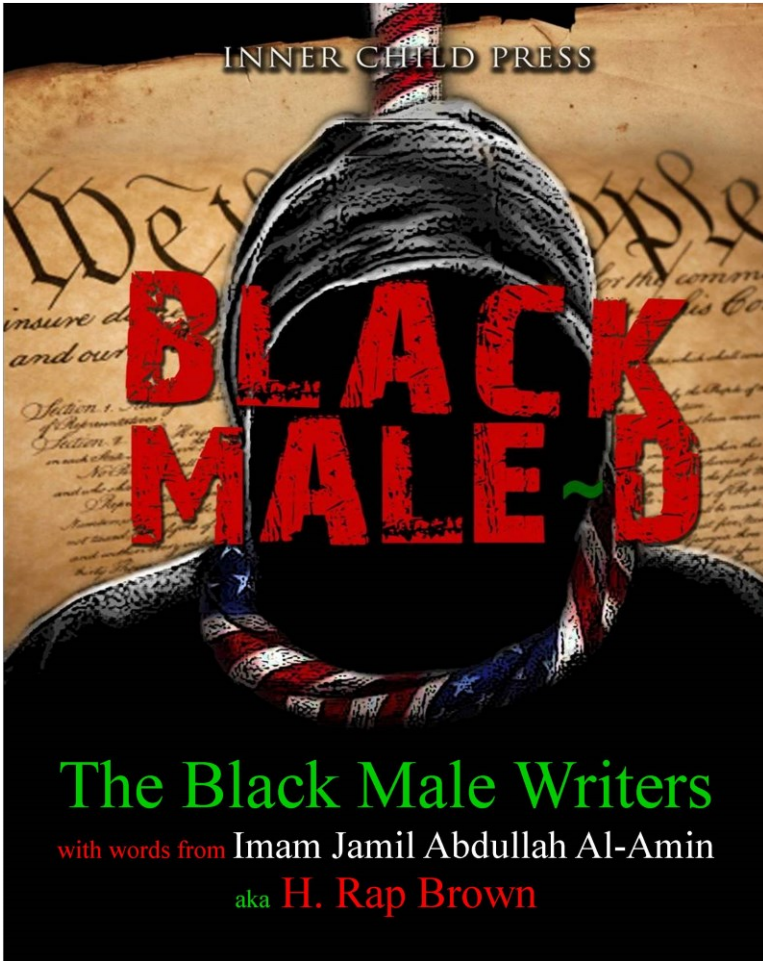
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The Year of the Poet II

May 2015

May's Featured Poets

Gerri Algeri
Akin Mosi Chinnery
Anna Jakubczak

Emeralds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

April 2015

Celebrating International Poetry Month

Our featured Poets

Raja Williams * Dennis Ferado * Laure Charazac



Diamonds

The Poetry Posse 2015

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

The Year of the Poet II

March 2015

Our Featured Poets

Heung Sook * Anthony Arnold * Alicia Poland

Bloodstone



The Poetry Posse 2015

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

THE YEAR OF THE POET III

January 2015



Garnet



The Poetry Posse

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

January Feature Poets

Bismay Mohanti * Jen Walls * Eric Judah

THE YEAR OF THE POET

December 2014



Narcissus

The Poetry posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Soe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

December Feature Poets

Katherine Wyatt* WrittenInPain* Santos Taino* Justice Clarke

THE YEAR OF THE POET

November 2014

Chrysanthemum



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

November Feature Poets

Jocelyn Mosman * Jackie Allen * James Moore * Neville Hiatt

THE YEAR OF THE POET

October 2014

Red Poppy



The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

October Feature Poets

Ceri Naz * Raśendra Padhi * Elizabeth Castillo

The Year of the Poet

September 2014

Aster

Morning-Glory



Wild Charm of September-Birthday Flower

September Feature Poets

Florence Malone * Keith Alan Hamilton

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond * Gail Weston Shazor * Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco * Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell * June 'Bugg' Barefield * Debbie M. Allen * Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer * Robert Gibbons * Neetu Wali * Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham * William S. Peters, Sr.

The Year of the Poet

August 2014



Gladiolus

The Poetry Passé

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

August Feature Poets

Ann White * Rosalind Cherry * Sheila Jenkins

The Year of the Poet

July 2014

July Feature Poets

Christena A. V. Williams
Dr. John R. Strum
Kolade Olanrewaju Freedom

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert Infinite Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June Bugg Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr



Lotus

Asian Flower of the Month

the Year of the Poet

June 2014



Rose

Love & Relationship

June's Featured Poets

Shantelle McLin
Jacqueline D. E. Kennedy
Abraham N. Benjamin

The Poetry Passe

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

the year of the poet

May 2014

May's Featured Poets

ReeCee
Joski the Poet
Shannon Stanton

Dedicated To our Children

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddhartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
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Lily of the Valley

the Year of the Poet

April 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DeVerbal 'Minddancer'
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.



Our April Featured Poets

Fahredin Shehu
Martina Reisz Newberry
Justin Blackburn
Monte Smith



Sweet Pea

celebrating international poetry month

the Year of the Poet

March 2014

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
Kimberly Burnham
William S. Peters, Sr.

daffodil

Our March Featured Poets

Alicia C. Cooper & hülya yılmaz

the Year of the Poet

February 2014



violets

The Poetry Posse

Jamie Bond
Gail Weston Shazor
Albert 'Infinite' Carrasco
Siddartha Beth Pierce
Janet P. Caldwell
June 'Bugg' Barefield
Debbie M. Allen
Tony Henninger
Joe DaVerbal Minddancer
Robert Gibbons
Neetu Wali
Shareef Abdur-Rasheed
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Our February Features

Teresa E. Gallion & Robert Gibson

The Year of the Poet

January 2014



Carnation

The Poetry Posse

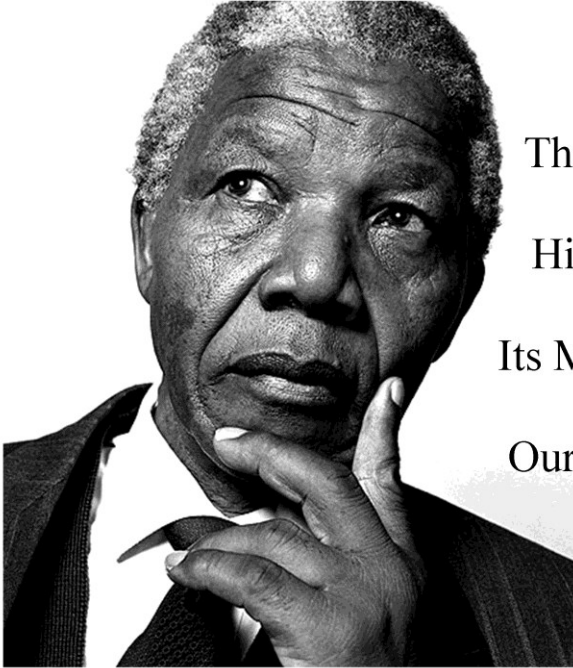
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Our January Feature

Terri L. Johnson

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Mandela



The Man

His Life

Its Meaning

Our Words

Poetry . . . Commentary & Stories

The Anthological Writers

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POETRY & COMMENTARY
FOR

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World Peace**



A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 1

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World Healing World Peace



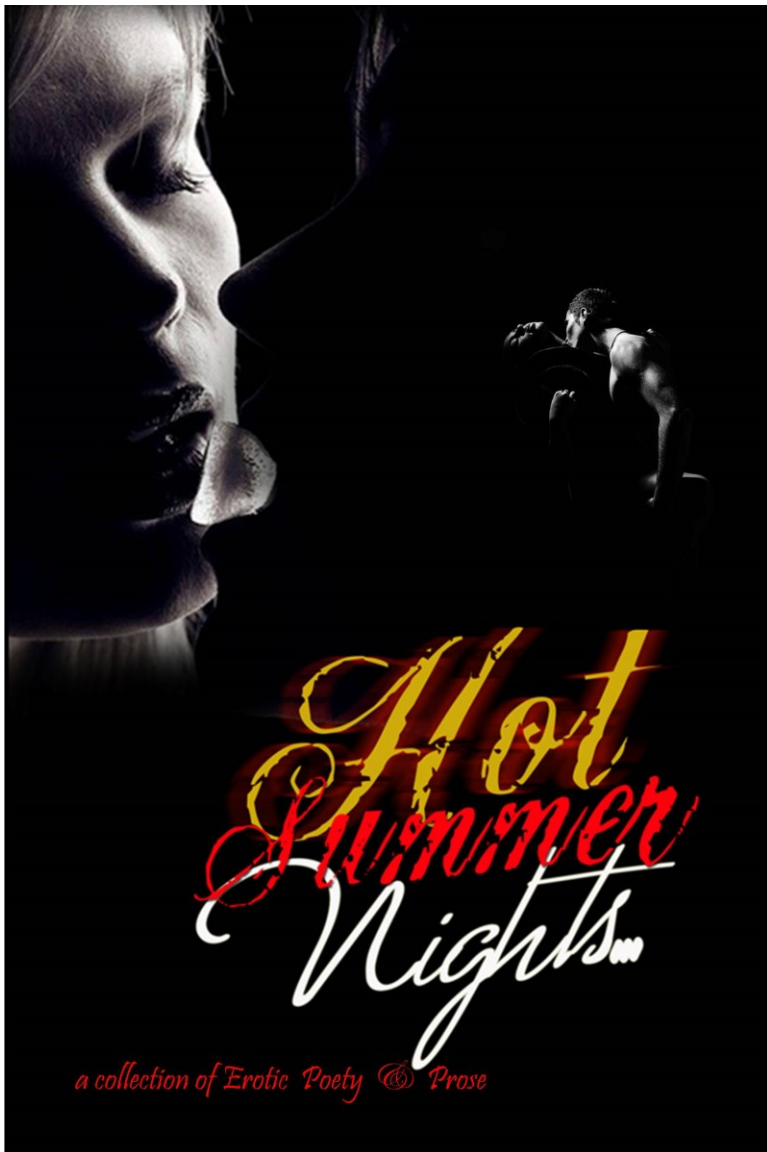
A POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Volume 2

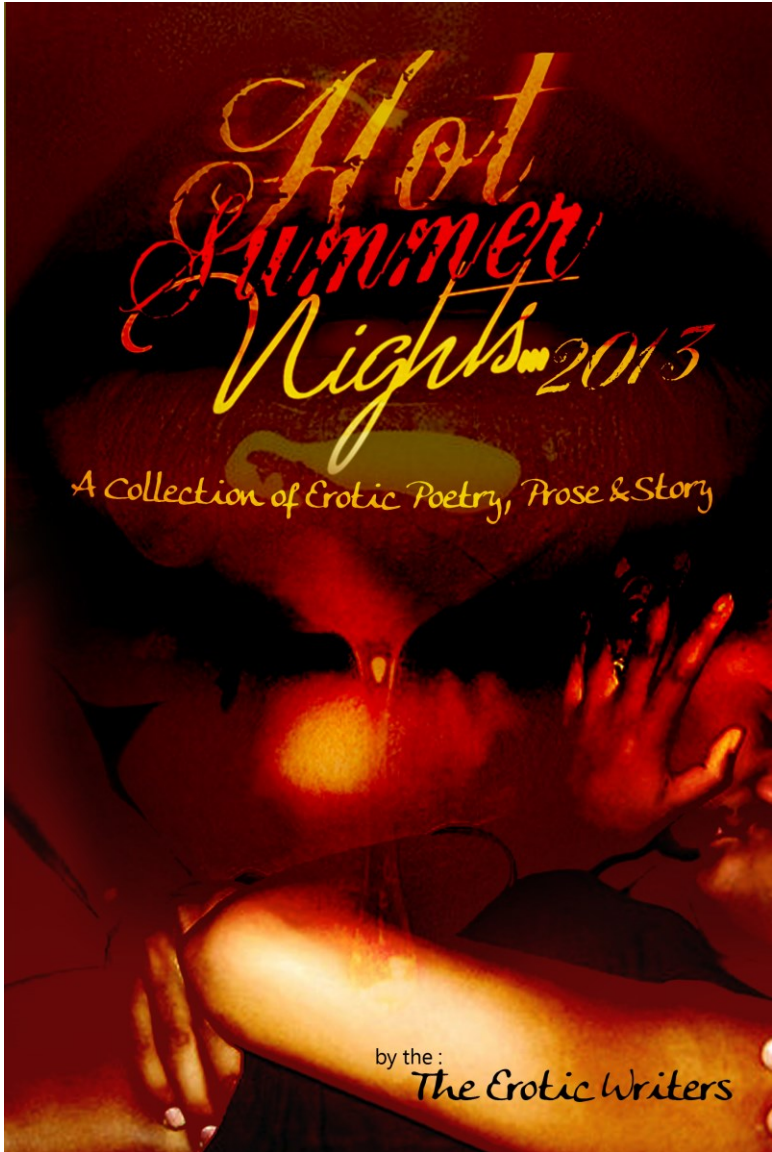
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healing through words



Poetry ... Prose ... Prayer ... Stories

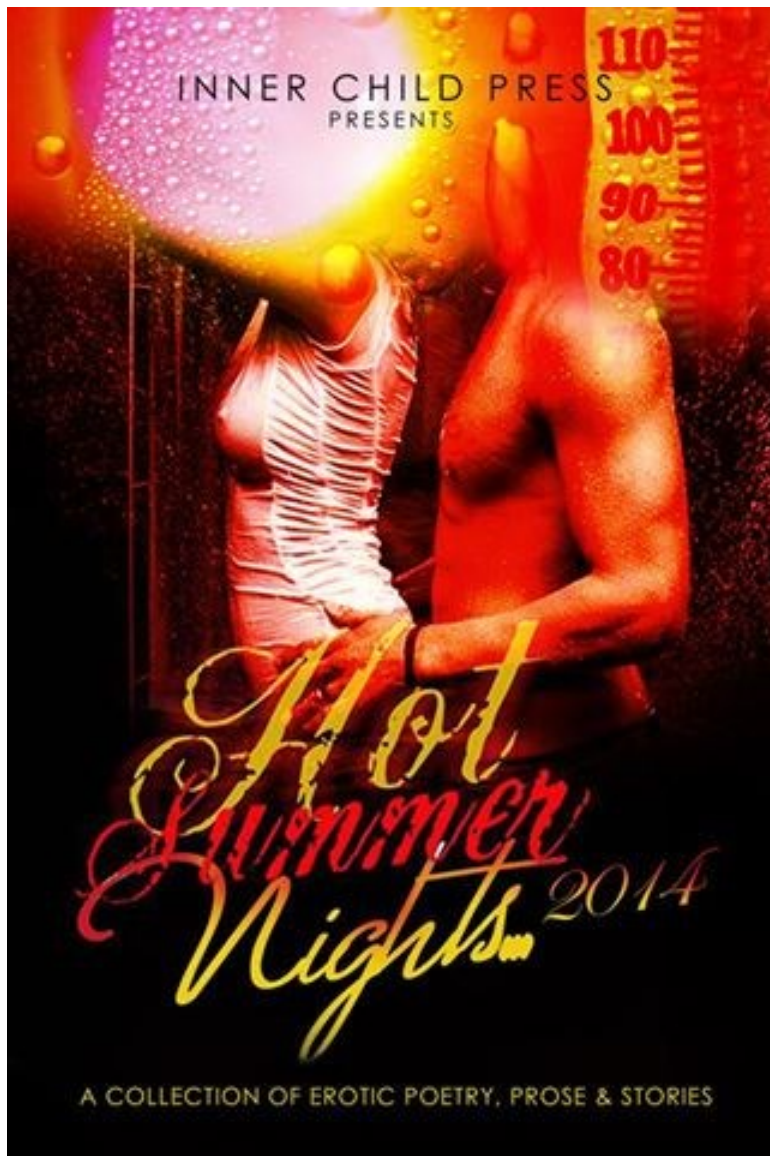




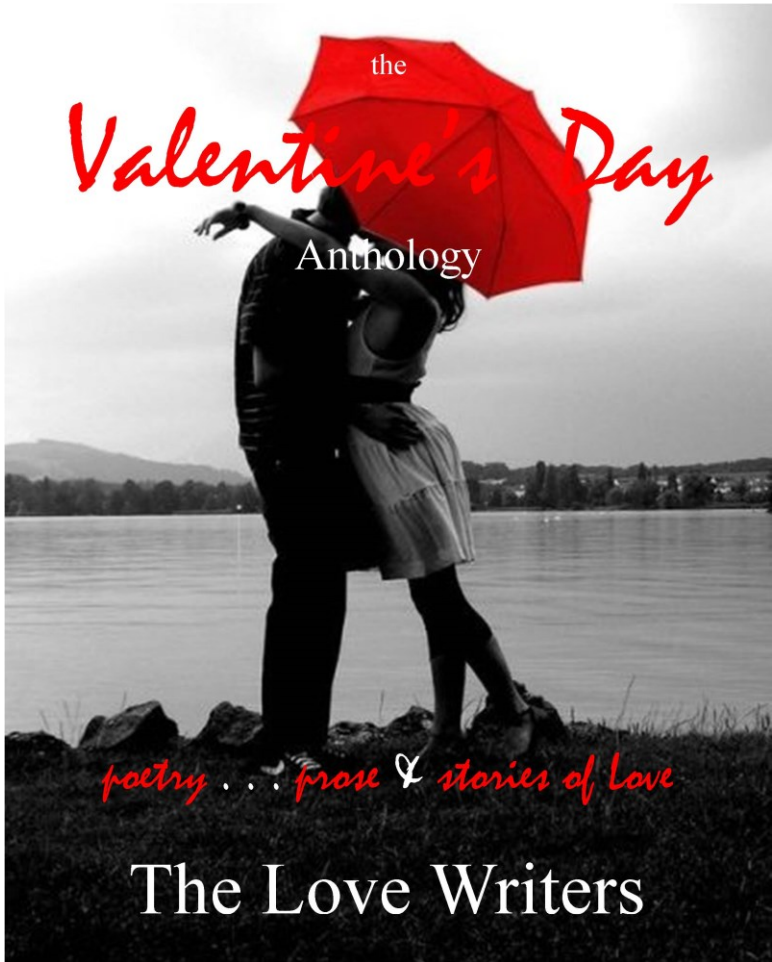
*Hot
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Nights 2013*

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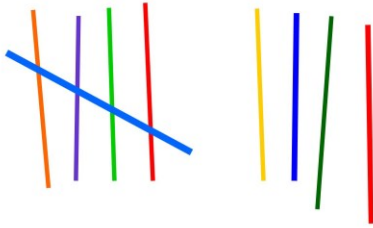
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to . . .

volume II

11 Words



(9 lines . . .)

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The Poetry Posse



June's Featured Poets



Anahit Arustamyan



Yvette D. Murrell



Regina A. Walker



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